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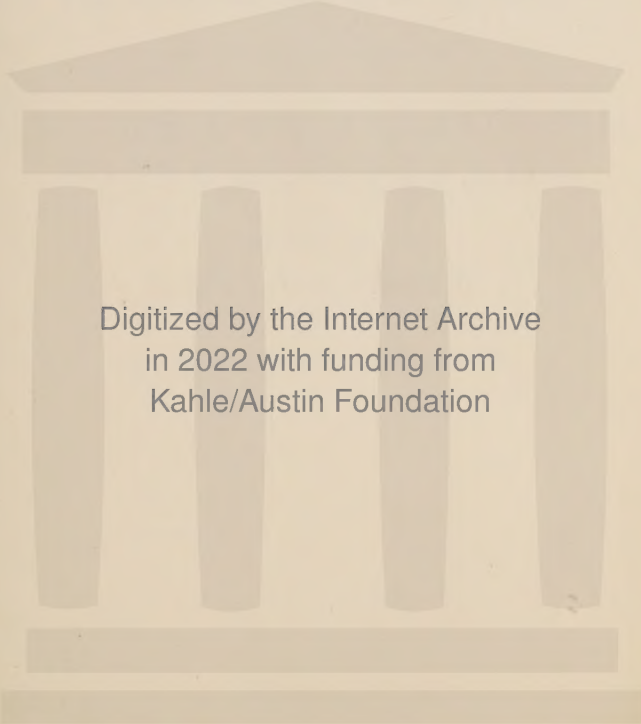
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*The Cambridge Edition of the Poets*

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ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH  
POPULAR BALLADS

EDITED BY

HELEN CHILD SARGENT

AND

GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE









*F. J. Child*

# ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS

Cambridge Edition



*Illustrated*

BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY  
The Riverside Press, Cambridge





ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH  
POPULAR BALLADS

IN GRANGER'S INDEX

EDITED

FROM THE COLLECTION OF  
FRANCIS JAMES CHILD, 1845-1912

BY

HELEN CHILD SARGENT

AND

GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE



BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY  
The Riverside Press Cambridge

IN GRAY'S INDEX

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## PREFACE

THE English and Scottish Popular Ballads, edited by the late Francis James Child, was published in ten parts, forming five large volumes, from 1882 to 1898. It contains three hundred and five distinct ballads, but the number of texts printed in full is much larger than this, for Professor Child's plan was to give every extant version of every ballad. Thus of No. 4, 'Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight,' he published nine different versions; of No. 58, 'Sir Patrick Spens,' eighteen; of No. 173, 'Mary Hamilton,' twenty-eight, — and so on. Each ballad has an introduction dealing with the history and bibliography of the piece, and containing a full account of parallels in foreign languages, and, in general, of the diffusion of the story, with other pertinent matter. There are also exhaustive collations, elaborate bibliographies, an index of published ballad airs, a collection of tunes, — and, in a word, all the apparatus necessary for the study of this kind of literature.

The present volume offers a selection from the materials collected and edited by Mr Child, and is prepared in accordance with a plan which he had approved. Each of the three hundred and five ballads in his large collection (except Nos. 33, 279, 281, 290, and 299) is represented by one or more versions, without the *apparatus criticus*, and with very short introductions. The notes, which are necessarily brief, give specimens (and specimens only) of significant stanzas from versions not included in the volume. The numbers (1-305) and letters (A, B, etc.) correspond to the designations used in the large collection, and there is, in every case, an implied reference to that work for further information. For instance, 'The Twa Sisters' (No. 10) is here represented by two versions, A and B, selected from those published by Mr Child, which (as the note on p. 642 indicates) are twenty-seven in number. To A is prefixed (both in this volume and in the large collection) a memorandum of the four sources (a, b, c, d) from which Mr Child derived this version. The text, as printed on pp. 18, 19, is identical with the text of a as edited by Mr Child, but the variant readings, fully-registered in the large collection, are omitted. The short introduction to No. 10 is extracted from Mr Child's eight-page introduction, to which the student who wishes to pursue the subject will naturally have recourse. Mr Child's own words are retained whenever that was possible. The present volume, it will be observed, is neither a new edition of the collection of Mr Child nor a substitute for it. It differs from that work in scope and purpose. Yet it is, in a manner, complete in itself. It affords a conspectus of English and Scottish ballad literature which, it is hoped, may be useful to the general reader and may lead those who feel a more particular interest in the

subject to acquaint themselves at first hand with the full collection of texts and other apparatus in Mr Child's admirable volumes.

The Glossary is based on that in the larger work. It is not intended to furnish material for linguistic investigations, but merely to assist the reader.

For obvious reasons, it has seemed best to reproduce the List of Sources entire. For other bibliographical lists the large collection may be consulted.

The general Introduction has been written especially for this book. It attempts to sum up, as simply and judiciously as may be, the present state of a very complicated discussion.

The portrait of Mr Child is from a photograph belonging to Miss Catharine Innes Ireland.

Professor Neilson has had the great kindness to relieve the editors of the difficult task of preparing the glossary, and Miss Ireland has rendered invaluable assistance in proof-reading. Without the help of these generous and self-sacrificing friends the appearance of the book would have been long delayed.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., March 16, 1904.

# CONTENTS

ALLAD	PAGE	BALLAD	PAGE
INTRODUCTION . . . . .	xi	50. THE BONNY HIND . . . . .	92
1. RIDDLES WISELY EXPOUNDED . . . . .	1	51. LIZIE WAN . . . . .	93
2. THE ELFIN KNIGHT . . . . .	3	52. THE KING'S DOCHTER LADY JEAN . . . . .	94
3. THE FAUSE KNIGHT UPON THE ROAD . . . . .	4	53. YOUNG BEICHAN . . . . .	95
4. LADY ISABEL AND THE ELF-KNIGHT . . . . .	4	54. THE CHERRY-TREE CAROL . . . . .	98
5. GIL BRENTON . . . . .	7	55. THE CARNAL AND THE CRANE . . . . .	100
6. WILLIE'S LADY . . . . .	9	56. DIVES AND LAZARUS . . . . .	101
7. EARL BRAND . . . . .	11	57. BROWN ROBYN'S CONFESSION . . . . .	102
8. ERLINTON . . . . .	14	58. SIR PATRICK SPENS . . . . .	103
9. THE FAIR FLOWER OF NORTHUMBER- LAND . . . . .	16	59. SIR ALDINGAR . . . . .	106
10. THE TWA SISTERS . . . . .	18	60. KING ESTMERE . . . . .	111
11. THE CRUEL BROTHER . . . . .	20	61. SIR CAWLIN . . . . .	114
12. LORD RANDAL . . . . .	22	62. FAIR ANNIE . . . . .	117
13. EDWARD . . . . .	24	63. CHILD WATERS . . . . .	122
14. BABYLON; OR, THE BONNIE BANKS O FORDIE . . . . .	26	64. FAIR JANET . . . . .	125
15. LEESOME BRAND . . . . .	27	65. LADY MAISRY . . . . .	128
16. SHEATH AND KNIFE . . . . .	30	66. LORD INGRAM AND CHIEL WYET . . . . .	131
17. HIND HORN . . . . .	31	67. GLASGERION . . . . .	136
18. SIR LIONEL . . . . .	33	68. YOUNG HUNTING . . . . .	139
19. KING ORFEO . . . . .	37	69. CLERK SAUNDERS . . . . .	142
20. THE CRUEL MOTHER . . . . .	37	70. WILLIE AND LADY MAISRY . . . . .	146
21. THE MAID AND THE PALMER (THE SAMARITAN WOMAN) . . . . .	39	71. THE BENT SAE BROWN . . . . .	148
22. ST STEPHEN AND HEROD . . . . .	40	72. THE CLERK'S TWA SONS O OWSEN- FORD . . . . .	150
23. JUDAS . . . . .	41	73. LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET . . . . .	152
24. BONNIE ANNIE . . . . .	42	74. FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WIL- LIAM . . . . .	157
25. WILLIE'S LYE-WAKE . . . . .	44	75. LORD LOVEL . . . . .	159
26. THE THREE RAVENS (THE TWA CORBIES) . . . . .	45	76. THE LASS OF ROCH ROYAL . . . . .	161
27. THE WHUMMIL BORE . . . . .	46	77. SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST . . . . .	164
28. BURD ELLEN AND YOUNG TAMLANE . . . . .	46	78. THE UNQUIET GRAVE . . . . .	167
29. THE BOY AND THE MANTLE . . . . .	46	79. THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL . . . . .	168
30. KING ARTHUR AND KING CORNWALL . . . . .	49	80. OLD ROBIN OF PORTINGALE . . . . .	170
31. THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAIN . . . . .	54	81. LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BAR- NARD . . . . .	172
32. KING HENRY . . . . .	58	82. THE BONNY BIRDY . . . . .	174
33. KEMP OWYNE . . . . .	59	83. CHILD MAURICE . . . . .	175
34. ALLISON GROSS . . . . .	61	84. BONNY BARBARA ALLEN . . . . .	180
35. THE LAILY WORM AND THE MACH- REL OF THE SEA . . . . .	62	85. LADY ALICE . . . . .	181
36. THOMAS RYMER . . . . .	63	86. YOUNG BENJIE . . . . .	183
37. THE WEE WEE MAN . . . . .	66	87. PRINCE ROBERT . . . . .	183
38. TAM LIN . . . . .	66	88. YOUNG JOHNSTONE . . . . .	186
39. THE QUEEN OF ELFAN'S NOURICE . . . . .	69	89. FAUSE FOODRAGE . . . . .	188
40. HIND ETIN . . . . .	70	90. JELLON GRAME . . . . .	191
41. CLERK COLVILL . . . . .	74	91. FAIR MARY OF WALLINGTON . . . . .	193
42. THE BROOMFIELD HILL . . . . .	76	92. BONNY BEE HOM . . . . .	195
43. THE TWA MAGICIANS . . . . .	77	93. LAMKIN . . . . .	196
44. KING JOHN AND THE BISHOP . . . . .	78	94. YOUNG WATERS . . . . .	199
45. CAPTAIN WEDDERBURN'S COURTSHIP . . . . .	83	95. THE MAID FREED FROM THE GAL- LOWS . . . . .	200
46. PROUD LADY MARGARET . . . . .	86	96. THE GAY GOSHAWK . . . . .	202
47. YOUNG ANDREW . . . . .	88	97. BROWN ROBIN . . . . .	205
48. THE TWA BROTHERS . . . . .	91	98. BROWN ADAM . . . . .	207
		99. JOHNNIE SCOT . . . . .	208
		100. WILLIE O WINSBURY . . . . .	210

BALLAD	PAGE	BALLAD	PAGE
101. WILLIE O DOUGLAS DALE . . . . .	211	153. ROBIN HOOD AND THE VALIANT KNIGHT . . . . .	360
102. WILLIE AND EARL RICHARD'S DAUGHTER . . . . .	213	154. A TRUE TALE OF ROBIN HOOD . . . . .	362
103. ROSE THE RED AND WHITE LILY . . . . .	215	155. SIR HUGH, OR, THE JEW'S DAUGHTER . . . . .	368
104. PRINCE HEATHEN . . . . .	219	156. QUEEN ELEANOR'S CONFESSION . . . . .	372
105. THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON . . . . .	220	157. GUDE WALLACE . . . . .	374
106. THE FAMOUS FLOWER OF SERVING-MEN . . . . .	221	158. HUGH SPENCER'S FEATS IN FRANCE . . . . .	378
107. WILL STEWART AND JOHN . . . . .	222	159. DURHAM FIELD . . . . .	381
108. CHRISTOPHER WHITE . . . . .	228	160. THE KNIGHT OF LIDDESDALE . . . . .	386
109. TOM POTTS . . . . .	229	161. THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN . . . . .	386
110. THE KNIGHT AND SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER . . . . .	235	162. THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT . . . . .	393
111. CROW AND PIE . . . . .	238	163. THE BATTLE OF HARLAW . . . . .	400
112. THE BAFFLED KNIGHT . . . . .	239	164. KING HENRY FIFTH'S CONQUEST OF FRANCE . . . . .	402
113. THE GREAT SILKIE OF SULE SKERRY . . . . .	240	165. SIR JOHN BUTLER . . . . .	403
114. JOHNNIE COCK . . . . .	240	166. THE ROSE OF ENGLAND . . . . .	404
115. ROBYN AND GANDELEYN . . . . .	244	167. SIR ANDREW BARTON . . . . .	407
116. ADAM BELL, CLIM OF THE CLOUGH, AND WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLEY . . . . .	245	168. FLODDEN FIELD . . . . .	412
117. A GEST OF ROBYN HODE . . . . .	254	169. JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG . . . . .	413
118. ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE . . . . .	278	170. THE DEATH OF QUEEN JANE . . . . .	418
119. ROBIN HOOD AND THE MONK . . . . .	282	171. THOMAS CROMWELL . . . . .	419
120. ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH . . . . .	286	172. MUSSELBURGH FIELD . . . . .	420
121. ROBIN HOOD AND THE POTTER . . . . .	289	173. MARY HAMILTON . . . . .	421
122. ROBIN HOOD AND THE BUTCHER . . . . .	293	174. EARL BOTHWELL . . . . .	423
123. ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTAL FRIAR . . . . .	297	175. THE RISING IN THE NORTH . . . . .	424
124. THE JOLLY PINDER OF WAKEFIELD . . . . .	301	176. NORTHUMBERLAND BETRAYED BY DOUGLAS . . . . .	426
125. ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN . . . . .	302	177. THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND . . . . .	429
126. ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER . . . . .	305	178. CAPTAIN CAR, OR, EDMOND O GORDON . . . . .	434
127. ROBIN HOOD AND THE TINKER . . . . .	307	179. ROOKHOPE RYDE . . . . .	439
128. ROBIN HOOD NEWLY REVIVED . . . . .	309	180. KING JAMES AND BROWN . . . . .	441
129. ROBIN HOOD AND THE PRINCE OF ARAGON . . . . .	311	181. THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY . . . . .	443
130. ROBIN HOOD AND THE SCOTCHMAN . . . . .	314	182. THE LAIRD O LOGIE . . . . .	444
131. ROBIN HOOD AND THE RANGER . . . . .	315	183. WILLIE MACINTOSH . . . . .	446
132. THE BOLD PEDLAR AND ROBIN HOOD . . . . .	316	184. THE LADS OF WAMPHRAY . . . . .	447
133. ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR, I . . . . .	318	185. DICK O THE COW . . . . .	449
134. ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR, II . . . . .	319	186. KINMONT WILLIE . . . . .	453
135. ROBIN HOOD AND THE SHEPHERD . . . . .	324	187. JOCK O THE SIDE . . . . .	456
136. ROBIN HOOD'S DELIGHT . . . . .	325	188. ARCHIE O CAWFIELD . . . . .	461
137. ROBIN HOOD AND THE PEDLARS . . . . .	327	189. HOBIE NORIE . . . . .	465
138. ROBIN HOOD AND ALLEN A DALE . . . . .	329	190. JAMIE TELFER IN THE FAIR DOD-HEAD . . . . .	467
139. ROBIN HOOD'S PROGRESS TO NOTTINGHAM . . . . .	330	191. HUGHIE GRAME . . . . .	470
140. ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THREE SQUIRES . . . . .	332	192. THE LOCHMABEN HARPER . . . . .	472
141. ROBIN HOOD RESCUING WILL STUTLY . . . . .	334	193. THE DEATH OF PARCY REED . . . . .	473
142. LITTLE JOHN A BEGGING . . . . .	336	194. THE LAIRD OF WARISTON . . . . .	474
143. ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP . . . . .	338	195. LORD MAXWELL'S LAST GOODNIGHT . . . . .	475
144. ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD . . . . .	340	196. THE FIRE OF FRENDRAUGHT . . . . .	477
145. ROBIN HOOD AND QUEEN KATHERINE . . . . .	341	197. JAMES GRANT . . . . .	480
146. ROBIN HOOD'S CHASE . . . . .	346	198. BONNY JOHN SETON . . . . .	481
147. ROBIN HOOD'S GOLDEN PRIZE . . . . .	347	199. THE BONNIE HOUSE O AIRLIE . . . . .	482
148. THE NOBLE FISHERMAN, OR ROBIN HOOD'S PREFERENCE . . . . .	349	200. THE GYPSY LADDIE . . . . .	483
149. ROBIN HOOD'S BIRTH, BREEDING, VALOR, AND MARRIAGE . . . . .	350	201. BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY . . . . .	485
150. ROBIN HOOD AND MAID MARIAN . . . . .	354	202. THE BATTLE OF PHILIPPAUGH . . . . .	486
151. THE KING'S DISGUISE, AND FRIENDSHIP WITH ROBIN HOOD . . . . .	356	203. THE BARON OF BRACKLEY . . . . .	487
152. ROBIN HOOD AND THE GOLDEN ARROW . . . . .	358	204. JAMIE DOUGLAS . . . . .	490
		205. LOUDON HILL, OR, DRUMCLOG . . . . .	491
		206. BOTHWELL BRIDGE . . . . .	492
		207. LORD DELAMERE . . . . .	493
		208. LORD DERWENTWATER . . . . .	494
		209. GEORDIE . . . . .	495
		210. BONNIE JAMES CAMPBELL . . . . .	497
		211. BEWICK AND GRAHAM . . . . .	498
		212. THE DUKE OF ATHOLE'S NURSE . . . . .	502
		213. SIR JAMES THE ROSE . . . . .	503

BALLAD	PAGE
1. THE BRAES O' YARROW . . .	504
2. RARE WILLIE DROWNED IN YARROW, OR, THE WATER O' GAMRIE . . .	506
3. THE MOTHER'S MALISON, OR, CLYDE'S WATER . . .	507
4. THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS . . .	509
5. THE FALSE LOVER WON BACK . . .	511
6. THE GARDENER . . .	513
7. THE BONNY LASS OF ANGLESEY . . .	513
8. KATHARINE JAFFRAY . . .	514
9. BONNY BABY LIVINGSTON . . .	517
10. EPPIE MORRIE . . .	519
11. THE LADY OF ARNGOSK . . .	520
12. ROB ROY . . .	520
13. LIZIE LINDSAY . . .	522
14. BONNY LIZIE BAILLIE . . .	524
15. GLASGOW PEGGIE . . .	526
16. EARL CRAWFORD . . .	527
17. THE SLAUGHTER OF THE LAIRD OF MELLERSTAIN . . .	528
18. THE EARL OF ERROL . . .	528
19. RICHIE STORY . . .	530
20. ANDREW LAMMIE . . .	531
21. CHARLIE MACPHERSON . . .	533
22. THE EARL OF AROYNE . . .	534
23. THE LAIRD O' DRUM . . .	535
24. THE DUKE OF GORDON'S DAUGHTER . . .	536
25. GLENLOGIE, OR, JEAN O' BETHELNIE . . .	538
26. LORD SALTOUN AND AUCHANACHIE . . .	539
27. THE RANTIN LADDIE . . .	541
28. THE BARON O' LEYS . . .	541
29. THE COBLE O' CARGILL . . .	542
30. JAMES HARRIS (THE DEMON LOVER) . . .	543
31. JAMES HATLEY . . .	546
32. YOUNG ALLAN . . .	547
33. REDESDALE AND WISE WILLIAM . . .	549
34. LADY ELSEPAT . . .	550
35. THE GREY COCK, OR, SAW YOU MY FATHER? . . .	551
36. AULD MATRONS . . .	552
37. HENRY MARTYN . . .	553
38. LANG JOHNNY MORE . . .	554
39. THE KITCHIE-BOY . . .	557
40. THOMAS O' YONDERDALE . . .	559
41. LORD WILLIAM, OR, LORD LUNDY . . .	560
42. WILLIE'S FATAL VISIT . . .	561
43. ALISON AND WILLIE . . .	562
44. BURD ISABEL AND EARL PATRICK . . .	563
45. BROUGHTY WA'S . . .	565
46. LORD THOMAS STUART . . .	565
47. LORD THOMAS AND LADY MARGARET . . .	566
48. LADY ISABEL . . .	567
49. LORD LIVINGSTON . . .	569

BALLAD	PAGE
263. THE NEW-SLAIN KNIGHT . . .	570
264. THE WHITE FISHER . . .	571
265. THE KNIGHT'S GHOST . . .	572
266. JOHN THOMSON AND THE TURK . . .	573
267. THE HEIR OF LINNE . . .	576
268. THE TWA KNIGHTS . . .	580
269. LADY DIAMOND . . .	583
270. THE EARL OF MAR'S DAUGHTER . . .	584
271. THE LORD OF LORN AND THE FALSE STEWARD . . .	586
272. THE SUFFOLK MIRACLE . . .	592
273. KING EDWARD THE FOURTH AND A TANNER OF TANWORTH . . .	594
274. OUR GOODMAN . . .	597
275. GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR . . .	600
276. THE FRIAR IN THE WELL . . .	601
277. THE WIFE WRAPT IN WETHER'S SKIN . . .	603
278. THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE . . .	605
280. THE BEGGAR LADDIE . . .	606
282. JOCK THE LEG AND THE MERRY MERCHANT . . .	607
283. THE CRAFTY FARMER . . .	608
284. JOHN DORY . . .	609
285. THE GEORGE ALOE AND THE SWEEP-STAKE . . .	610
286. THE SWEET TRINITY (THE GOLDEN VANITY) . . .	611
287. CAPTAIN WARD AND THE RAINBOW . . .	613
288. THE YOUNG EARL OF ESSEX'S VICTORY OVER THE EMPEROR OF GERMAN Y . . .	614
289. THE MERMAID . . .	615
291. CHILD OWLET . . .	617
292. THE WEST-COUNTRY DAMOSEL'S COMPLAINT . . .	617
293. JOHN OF HAZELGREEN . . .	619
294. DUGALL QUIN . . .	620
295. THE BROWN GIRL . . .	621
296. WALTER LESLY . . .	623
297. EARL ROTHES . . .	624
298. YOUNG PEGGY . . .	624
300. BLANCHEFLOUR AND JELLYFLORICE . . .	625
301. THE QUEEN OF SCOTLAND . . .	626
302. YOUNG BEARWELL . . .	627
303. THE HOLY NUNNERY . . .	628
304. YOUNG RONALD . . .	629
305. THE OUTLAW MURRAY . . .	631
FRAGMENTS . . .	636
NOTES . . .	639
SOURCES OF THE TEXTS . . .	675
GLOSSARY . . .	685
INDEX OF BALLAD TITLES . . .	725





## INTRODUCTION

A BALLAD is a song that tells a story, or — to take the other point of view — a story told in song. More formally, it may be defined as a short narrative poem, adapted for singing, simple in plot and metrical structure, divided into stanzas, and characterized by complete impersonality so far as the author or singer is concerned. This last trait is of the very first consequence in determining the quality or qualities which give the ballad its peculiar place in literature. A ballad has no author. At all events, it appears to have none. The teller of the story for the time being is as much the author as the unknown (and for our purposes unimportant) person who first put it into shape. In most forms of artistic literature the personality of the writer is a matter of deep concern to the reader. The style, we say, is the man. The individuality of one poet distinguishes his works, however they may vary among themselves, from the works of all other poets. Chaucer, for instance, has his way, or his ways, of telling a tale that are not the way, or the ways, of William Morris. If a would-be creative literary artist has no individuality that we can detect, we set him down as conventional, and that is an end of him and of his works. In the ballad it is not so. There the author is of no account. He is not even present. We do not feel sure that he ever existed. At most, we merely infer his existence, at some indefinite time in the past, from the fact of his product: a poem, we think, implies a poet; therefore somebody must have composed this ballad. Until we begin to reason, we have no thought of the author of any ballad, because, so far as we can see, he had no thought of himself.

We may go a step farther in this matter of impersonality. Not only is the author of a ballad invisible, and, so far as the effect which the poem produces on the hearer is concerned, practically non-existent, but the teller of the tale has no rôle in it. Unlike other songs, it does not purport to give utterance to the feelings or the mood of the singer.<sup>1</sup> The first person does not occur at all, except in the speeches of the several characters. Finally, there are no comments or reflections by the narrator. He does not dissect or psychologize. He does not take sides for or against any of the *dramatis personae*. He merely tells what happened and what people said, and he confines the dialogue to its simplest and most inevitable elements. The story exists for its own sake. If it were possible to conceive a tale as *telling itself*, without the instrumentality of a conscious speaker, the ballad would be such a tale.<sup>2</sup>

So far we have dealt in generalities and impressions. What has been said is obvious enough, and it is admitted by everybody. There is, as we shall see presently, no agreement among scholars as to the origin and history of what are called popular ballads, but as to the fact of their impersonal quality there is no dispute. Nor will it be denied that this quality puts them in a class by themselves. Whatever the cause or causes,

<sup>1</sup> This distinguishes the ballad, strictly so called, from the purely lyrical poem. Such a song as 'Waly, waly, gin love be bony' (p. 667) is, then, not a ballad, though it tells a story. It should be noted that, in common parlance, the term ballad is very loosely applied.

<sup>2</sup> There are, of course, slight departures from the type in particular cases, but these are readily accounted for, and do not affect the integrity of the type.



the bare fact is clear and undeniable. No one can read 'The Hunting of the Cheviot,' or 'Mary Hamilton,' or 'Johnie Armstrong,' or 'Robyn and Gandeleyne,' or 'The Wife of Usher's Well,' and fail to recognize that, different as they are from each other in theme and in effect, they belong together. Yet no two of them are the works of the same author. Their common element is not the personality of the writer but his impersonality and this distinguishes the ballad, as a class, from the productions of the conscious literary artist. In studying ballads, then, we are studying the "poetry of the folk," and the "poetry of the folk" is different from the "poetry of art."

Poetry of the folk is, perhaps, a dangerous phrase; but it is too convenient to be lightly rejected, and, if we proceed with caution, we may employ it without disaster. Let us hasten to acknowledge that in introducing the term at this stage of our discussion we have gone somewhat farther than the logic of the situation warrants. We have seen, to be sure, that all poetry is divisible into two great classes, — that which is manifestly the work of the conscious artist, and that which is not. We have recognized a characteristic difference between 'The Prioress's Tale' and 'Julian and Maddalo' on the one hand and 'Johnie Armstrong' and 'The Wife of Usher's Well' on the other. But we have not yet discovered anything that justifies us in calling the ballads *folk-poetry*, and we have not defined the folk, though that is a term which assuredly requires explanation.

The alphabet was no doubt a great invention, and everybody should be happy to know that he can write. But now and then it would be convenient if one's thoughts could dissociate literature for a moment from the written or printed page. In theory this is easy enough to do. Practically, however, it is difficult for even a professed student of linguistics to remember that a word is properly a sign made with the vocal organs, and that the written word is merely a conventional symbol standing for the word that is spoken. We are in the habit of thinking that a word should be pronounced as it is spelled, rather than that it should be spelled as it is pronounced. *Author* means to us a man with a pen in his hand, — a *writer*, as we call him. It requires a combined effort of the reason and the imagination to conceive a poet as a person who cannot write, singing or reciting his verses to an audience that cannot read. History, as we understand it, is the written record or even the printed volume; it is no longer the accumulated fund of tribal memories handed down from father to son by oral tradition. Yet everybody knows that, quite apart from what we usually call literature, there is a great mass of song and story and miscellaneous lore which circulates among those who have neither books nor newspapers. To this oral literature, as the French call it, education is no friend. Culture destroys it, sometimes with amazing rapidity. When a nation learns to read, it begins to disregard its traditional tales; it feels a little ashamed of them; and finally it loses both the will and the power to remember and transmit them. What was once the possession of the folk as a whole, becomes the heritage of the illiterate only, and soon, unless it is gathered up by the antiquary, vanishes altogether.

To this oral literature belong the popular ballads, and we are justified, therefore, in calling them "folk-poetry." They are not, like written literature, the exclusive possession of the cultivated classes in any community. They belonged, in the first instance, to the whole people, at a time when there were no formal divisions of literate and illiterate, when the intellectual interests of all were substantially identical, from the king to the peasant. As civilization advanced, they were banished from polite society, but they lived on among the humble, among shepherds and ploughboys and "the spinsters and the knitters in the sun," until even these became too sophisticated to care for them and they were heard no more.

The process just sketched is not imaginary or merely inferential. It is, to be sure, impossible, from the nature of the case, to cite documentary evidence for every step in the history of the ballads of a given people. But we are not confined to the limits of a single nationality. Every country of Europe may be laid under contribution for evidence, and not a little testimony has come in from other continents. All stages of civilization are represented in the material that scholars have brought together, so that we are enabled to speak with entire confidence. Positive chronology may be out of the question, but relative chronology is all that one can require in such matters. The hostility between education and balladry is not conjectural; its history is known in Great Britain for at least two hundred years. The homogeneous folk — that is, the community whose intellectual interests are the same from the top of the social structure to the bottom — is no fiction; examples in abundance have been observed and recorded. The ability of oral tradition to transmit great masses of verse for hundreds of years is proved and admitted. Ballads themselves exist in plenty, fortunately preserved in old manuscripts or broadsides or taken down from singing or recitation in recent years. It is possible to be ignorant of the evidence, no doubt, but it is not possible to doubt when once the evidence is known. *The popular ballads are really popular, that is, they belong to the folk.* So much is clear. There are problems enough remaining, — the relation of the ballads to written literature, their sources, their origin, the manner of composition, and so on. But these are secondary questions. The main point is established, and, indeed, there has never been any reason to dispute it.

The authorship of popular ballads is a question of great difficulty, which must be considered in due season, but which may be deferred for the present. Before discussing the different theories that have been proposed it is well to refer to other matters that admit of a more satisfactory settlement.

Professor Child's great collection, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, in five volumes (Boston, 1882-98), comprises the whole extant mass of this material. It includes three hundred and five pieces, most of them in a number of different versions, with full collations and other pertinent apparatus. A few variants of this or that ballad have come to light since the publication of this admirable work, but no additional ballads have been discovered. Ballad-making, so far as the English-speaking nations are concerned, is a lost art; and the same may be said of ballad-singing. A few of the ballads in Mr Child's collection are still in oral circulation; but most of them are completely forgotten or are known only in versions derived from print. Among those which survive may be mentioned 'Lord Randal,' 'The Wife of Usher's Well,' 'The Maid Freed from the Gallows,' 'Sir Hugh,' and 'The Twa Sisters.' Much has been lost, and some of the most precious relics of tradition that we possess have been saved by mere accident and in a sadly mutilated condition. Yet what has been preserved is considerable in amount and, on the whole, of excellent quality. No country has better ballads than those of England and Scotland.

On pages 677-684 of the present volume will be found a chronological list of the manuscripts, broadsides, and printed books from which Professor Child derived the texts which make up his collection. Only eleven ballads, it will be observed, are extant in manuscripts older than the seventeenth century. The unique copy of 'Judas' (No. 29) dates from the thirteenth century; next, by a long interval, comes 'Riddles Wisely Expounded' (No. 1), which occurs in a manuscript of about 1445; slightly later, perhaps, are the manuscripts which contain 'Robin Hood and the Monk' (No. 119), 'St Stephen and Herod' (No. 22), and 'Robyn and Gandelcyn' (No. 115); from about 1500 come our

copies of 'Robin Hood and the Potter' (No. 121) and 'Crow and Pie' (No. 111); from about 1550 those of 'The Battle of Otterburn' (No. 161) and the older version of 'The Hunting of the Cheviot' (No. 162); 'Sir Andrew Barton' (No. 167) and 'Captain Car' (No. 178) occur in manuscripts of the seventeenth century. The Percy Folio, which is the most important of all our ballad manuscripts, is in a hand of about 1650. A few ballads are found in printed copies of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Miscellanies of the seventeenth century preserve a number of texts, and broadsides of the same century are plentiful. Then we come to the collectors of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, to whose enthusiasm for popular poetry are due the majority of the texts which we possess.

Evidently, then, the written and printed documents which we are studying are, in the main, modern documents. But we are not to infer that the ballads themselves are necessarily of recent origin. A sharp distinction must be made between the date of the book or manuscript in which a ballad occurs and the date of the ballad itself.

There is ample evidence for the antiquity of popular ballads in England. Nobody doubts that the Angles and Saxons had them in abundance when they invaded Britain, and the mediæval chroniclers testify to the continuance of the ballad-singing habit. Indeed, there is no difficulty in proving beyond a reasonable doubt that there were ballads in plenty from the dawn of English history (not to speak of what lies before this epoch) down to the seventeenth century, when written and printed documents begin to abound. From the nature of the case, however, such songs very seldom got written down. The substance of many Anglo-Saxon ballads may be preserved in *Béowulf*, but this is an epic poem of considerable pretensions to artistic structure and finish, and we cannot hope to extract from it the separate songs which its author or authors utilized. Much ballad material is doubtless preserved in chronicles, but the ballads themselves are not there. Only a limited class of ballads (those of an heroic or historical character) were likely to afford material to chroniclers and epic poets. What the people sang would only be recorded by accident. Thus it is not surprising that we have but a single ballad written down in the thirteenth century. The existence of this one text, the 'Judas,' completely popular in metre, in phraseology, and in what we call atmosphere, is a valuable piece of evidence. The lack of similar texts for the next two hundred years is no evidence at all, except, perhaps, of the fact that such pieces were in the possession of the folk and circulated from mouth to mouth, but that nobody cared to commit them to writing. 'St Stephen and Herod' is just such another piece as 'Judas' and may be quite as old, yet it did not achieve the perpetuity of pen and ink until about 1450. 'The Maid and the Palmer' (No. 21), which is a popular version of the story of the Samaritan woman in the gospel, belongs to the same class. So far as we know, however, it was not written down until about 1650, when it was included in that extraordinary miscellany known as Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript. When Percy discovered this manuscript it was lying under a bureau in the parlor of a country gentleman's house, and the maids were using it to light fires. Suppose it had escaped Percy's notice. Another month, another week, would have sent it up Humphrey Pitts's chimney in smoke. We should then have no knowledge of the existence of 'The Maid and the Palmer' in English, except for three stanzas and half of the burden, which Sir Walter Scott remembered and which were first printed in 1880 in the second edition of Sharpe's Ballad Book; but we should make a great mistake if we inferred that 'The Maid and the Palmer' was to be dated in accordance with the time when it was first printed or even the time when it was communicated to Sharpe by Scott. To avoid a possible misapprehension it may be

added that Scott was not aware that this ballad occurs in the Percy Manuscript. His knowledge of it, in other words, came from pure oral tradition which was in no manner affected by the accident that some scribe in the seventeenth century wrote down a version that was then in circulation. The case of 'The Maid and the Palmer' is so instructive that we must dwell on it a little longer. The ballad is not confined to England. There are versions in Danish, in Färöe, in Norwegian, in Swedish, and in Finnish. The Danish ballad was printed as a broadside about 1700, and was also taken down from recitation in 1848 and again in 1869. The Färöe version is known from about the end of the eighteenth century, and the same is true of one of the Swedish texts. A memorandum in the handwriting of Arne Magnusson proves that the ballad existed in Icelandic in the seventeenth or early eighteenth century. All these facts are quite independent of the scribe of the Percy Manuscript and of the recollection of Sir Walter Scott. Geographical distribution, then, may give valuable testimony to the antiquity of a ballad. A striking example is 'Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight' (No. 4). This was first printed, so far as we know, in a broadside of about 1765,<sup>1</sup> and next in 1776 by Herd, who took it down from singing or recitation. But these dates are of no value in determining the age of the ballad. What convinces us that 'Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight' came to the printer of the broadside and to Herd from an oral tradition of indeterminable antiquity is its existence among all the nations of Europe. "It is nearly as well known to the southern as to the northern nations. It has an extraordinary currency in Poland. The Germans, Low and High, and the Scandinavians, preserve it, in a full and evidently ancient form, even in the tradition of this generation."<sup>2</sup> No one can turn over the pages of Mr Child's introduction to 'Lady Isabel' without perceiving that nothing has less significance for the date of any ballad than the precise moment at which it first excited the interest of some collector who reduced it to writing, or of some catchpenny publisher who had it struck off on poor paper in battered type for the gratification of those who, like Mopsa, love a ballad in print a-life.

So long as a ballad continues to be handed down by oral tradition, it is, of course, continuously subjected to the processes of change which every language undergoes. Hence, a version derived from recitation or singing in the nineteenth century will conform, in the main, to the habitual dialect of the singer or reciter, and thus will be, in a real sense, modern. But this has nothing to do with the age of the ballad itself. In printed versions, the linguistic forms may be considerably older than the date of publication, and the same is true of copies preserved in manuscript. Thus, the language of the 'Gest of Robin Hood' (No. 117) is much earlier than 1500, the approximate date of the first edition that we know of. There is nothing surprising in this, for Robin Hood ballads were in circulation a good while before 1377, as the casual mention of them in Piers Plowman proves.

The considerations set forth in the preceding paragraphs have an important bearing on another question which has been much debated,—the relation between ballads and metrical romances. Such romances are, on the whole, preserved in manuscripts much older than the sources from which we derive our ballad texts, and it has therefore seemed natural to many scholars to assume without argument that when a romance and a ballad tell the same story, the ballad is merely a *rifacimento* of the romance. Such an inference is, however, by no means a matter of course. Most romances were literary productions, composed as modern novels are composed, pen in hand. Clearly, then, if a written

<sup>1</sup> Roxburghe Ballads, Ballad Society, vii, 383-4.

<sup>2</sup> Child, English and Scottish Popular Ballads, i, 22 (1882).



romance was in a given case based upon a ballad which had never been committed to writing, and which continued to circulate from mouth to mouth for a century or two before anybody took it down, the romance, though in fact later than the ballad, would appear, so far as documentary evidence is concerned, to be the older of the two. No doubt certain ballads are based upon metrical romances. Such appears to be the case with 'The Lord of Lorn and the False Steward' (No. 271), which may probably be a retelling of 'Roswall and Lillian,' but in general, there is no presumption in favor of the priority of the romance; and even when the extant ballad does demonstrably go back to a romance, it is sometimes probable that the romance itself goes back to a still older ballad which has perished. *A priori* considerations are of little or no value in solving these problems. Each case requires to be investigated by itself. The reader may find abundant materials for such investigation in Professor Child's introductions to 'Hind Horn' (No. 17), 'Sir Lionel' (No. 18), 'King Orfeo' (No. 19), 'Sir Aldingar' (No. 59), and 'Fair Annie' (No. 62). What has been said of ballads and romances is equally true of ballads and literary material in general. 'Lady Diamond' (No. 269) is unquestionably derived in some way from Boccaccio's Decameron, but nothing is more certain than that Boccaccio's own tale goes back in the long run to distinctly popular sources. Certain historical ballads may come from chronicles, but, on the other hand, it is well known that chroniclers have often drawn without scruple from legendary songs and other forms of oral tradition. Only by comparative study of extensive material and patient scrutiny of details can one hope to arrive at a satisfactory result in these matters, and it often happens that the truth lies too far back for us to discover.

Some ballads are historical, or at least are founded on actual occurrences. In such cases, we have a manifest point of departure for our chronological investigation. The ballad is likely to have sprung up shortly after the event and to represent the common rumor of the time. Accuracy is not to be expected, and indeed too great historical fidelity in detail is rather a ground of suspicion than a certificate of the genuinely popular character of the piece. There can be no object in enumerating the obviously historical ballads in the present collection; the reader will easily find most of them for himself by running through the Table of Contents. But two cautionary observations are necessary. Since history repeats itself, the possibility and even the probability must be entertained that every now and then a ballad which had been in circulation for some time was adapted to the circumstances of a recent occurrence and has come down to us only in such an adaptation. It is also far from improbable that many ballads which appear to have no definite localization or historical antecedents may be founded on fact, since one of the marked tendencies of popular narrative poetry is to alter or eliminate specific names of persons and places in the course of oral tradition. A good example, though not in a case of historical derivation, may be seen in 'Hind Horn' (No. 17), and another in 'King Orfeo' (No. 19). In 'Hind Horn,' but one name is kept, that of the hero himself, which happened to afford the opportunity for a kind of pun ("Drink to Horn from the horn"), and so was preserved. Were it not for this name, we could only say that the ballad belongs to a great class of stories of which the romance of 'King Horn' is also a member; we should have no right to postulate any special connection between the romance and the ballad. The pretty little Shetland ballad of 'King Orfeo' comes in some way from the classical tale of Orpheus and Eurydice, apparently by way of a Middle English lay or romance, but it has lost the name of the hero and has transformed that of the heroine into Isabel.

A popular ballad, as we have seen, seldom or never has an ascertainable date. In fact

the precise date of its composition is not significant in the sense in which the date of an ode or a sonnet is significant. An artistic poem receives its final form at the hands of the author at the time of composition. That form is fixed and authoritative. Nobody either has or supposes that he has the right to modify it. Any such alteration is an offence, a corruption, and the critic's duty is to restore the text to its integrity so that we may have before us what the poet wrote and nothing else.<sup>1</sup> The composition of an ode or a sonnet, then, may be regarded as a single creative act. And with the accomplishment of this creative act, the account is closed; once finished, the poem is a definite entity, no longer subject to any process of development. Not so with the popular ballad. Here the mere act of composition (which is quite as likely to be oral as written) is not the conclusion of the matter; it is rather the beginning. The product as it comes from the author is handed over to the folk for oral transmission, and thus passes out of his control. If it is accepted by those for whom it is intended, it ceases to be the property of the author; it becomes the possession of the folk, and a new process begins, that of oral tradition, which is hardly second in importance to the original creative act. As it passes from singer to singer it is changing unceasingly. Old stanzas are dropped and new ones are added; rhymes are altered; the names of the characters are varied; portions of other ballads work their way in; the catastrophe may be transformed completely. Finally, if the tradition continues for two or three centuries, as it frequently does continue, the whole linguistic complexion of the piece may be so modified with the development of the language in which it is composed, that the original author would not recognize his work if he heard it recited. Taken collectively, these processes of oral tradition amount to a second act of composition, of an inextricably complicated character, in which many persons share (some consciously, others without knowing it), which extends over many generations and much geographical space, and which may be as efficient a cause of the ballad in question as the original creative act of the individual author. It would be a great mistake to regard the results of what we may call, for want of a better term, collective composition, as identical with the corruptions of scribes and editors in the case of a classical text.<sup>2</sup> Individually they are sometimes indistinguishable from such corruptions, but in the aggregate they amount to a distinct kind of authorship which every student of popular literature is obliged to recognize, not only as actually operative in the production of ballads, but as legitimate. They may even result in the production of new ballads to which no individual author can lay claim, so completely is the initial act of creative authorship overshadowed by the secondary act of collective composition. We may compare the processes of language. A word is created by somebody. It then becomes the property of the whole body of those who speak the language, and is subjected to continuous modification from generation to generation. The primary act of the original creator of the word is not more important, and may be far less so, than the secondary acts of his countrymen who transmit his creation and make it their own as they pass it on.

It follows that a genuinely popular ballad can have no fixed and final form, no sole authentic version. There are *texts*, but there is no *text*. Version **A** may be nearer the

<sup>1</sup> The author, of course, may revise his own work from time to time; but that does not affect the principle involved. If such revisions are made, the author's latest revised text becomes the authoritative version, and, for our present purpose, simply supersedes the first draught, which, except for minute questions of literary history, is cancelled and practically ceases to exist.

<sup>2</sup> Of course there are also headlong, blundering corruptions which are comparable to those that take place in the transmission of a written or printed text; but these may, if necessary, be distinguished from the proper and lawful modifications which are of the very nature of oral tradition.

original than versions **B** and **C**, but that does not affect the pretensions of **B** and **C** to exist and hold up their heads among their fellows. It would be interesting if we could have every one of Mr Child's three hundred and five ballads exactly as it came from the lips or hands of its first composer ; but such versions, if we could arrive at them, would not cancel the variants that have come down to us. Oral transmission and its concomitants are not the accidents of the ballad, they are essential to it ; they are constituent elements of its very nature. Without them the ballad would not be the ballad.

Hitherto we have assumed that ballads are initially the work of individual authors like any other poem, and this may probably be the truth with respect to most and perhaps all of the English and Scottish ballads which have survived, although, as we have seen, the function of the individual author is far less significant in the production of a genuinely popular ballad than in the case of poems which are made by the well-defined process of artistic composition. A different theory of ballad origins was held by James Grimm ; and the mystery in which his indistinct utterances involved the subject has long been a matter of controversy. Grimm's general views on myth, popular poetry, and fairy tales are well known, and need not here be particularized. He held that they were, in the fullest sense, the expression of the spirit of the folk, and that they perpetuated themselves, ever changing and continually fitting themselves to new environments, but with little or no intentional alteration on the part of any given reciter. That these theories were somewhat too far-reaching was pointed out by his own contemporaries. In the main, however, if understood with some reserves in particular cases and with ample allowance for exceptions, little fault can be found with them. The "mystery" is reached when Grimm declares that the people, as a whole, composes poetry ; *das Volk dichtet*.<sup>1</sup> It is easy enough to understand that the material for ballads is in the possession of the folk. It is not more difficult to see that a ballad, when once it exists, becomes the possession of the folk, and is subjected to those vicissitudes of oral tradition which, as we have seen, are hardly less important than the initial act of composition. But the difficulty comes when we try to figure to ourselves the actual production of a ballad in the first instance without the agency of an individual author. For this difficulty Grimm has nowhere provided, nor is it certain that he was entirely clear in his own mind as to the scope or the bearings of his theory in this crucial point.

Modern criticism has made merry with Grimm's theory of ballad authorship. Composition, it is held, must be the act of an individual ; it is inconceivable otherwise ; ballads were composed like other poems ; the folk has no voice as a community ; it cannot pour forth unpremeditated and original song in unison. Thus baldly stated, the objections to Grimm's theory are unanswerable, for they speak the words of truth and soberness. But Grimm, though he has not expressed himself with precision, — though perhaps he may even be charged with avoiding the direct issue, — cannot have meant anything so grossly unreasonable as the tenets which his opponents ascribe to him. He was not deficient in common sense, and he certainly had a profound and rarely sympathetic knowledge of popular literature and of the popular spirit in all its manifestations. No doubt he uttered dark oracles, but, though we cannot accept his doctrine in any literal sense, still that is no valid reason for flying off to the opposite pole, — for denying the existence of any problem and asserting that the only difference between ballads and other poems turns on the question of anonymity. Such an explanation is far too simple ; it ignores too many

<sup>1</sup> This famous phrase is to be regarded as a summing up of Grimm's theory rather than as a direct quotation. Professor Gummere notes that A. W. Schlegel anticipated Grimm, though he subsequently protested against Grimm's doctrine (*Beginnings of Poetry*, p. 134).



observed facts and leaves uncorrelated too many phenomena which seem to be connected and which bear at least the appearance of being significant. Before we allow ourselves to be quite so radical as this, we should at all events examine Professor Gummere's theories as to the beginnings of poetry and as to the connection between communal composition and the ballad.<sup>1</sup>

"Folk" is a large word. It suggests a whole nation, or at all events a huge concourse of people. Let us abandon it, then, for the moment, and think rather of a small tribal gathering, assembled, in very early times, or — what for the anthropologist amounts to the same thing — under very simple conditions of life, for the purpose of celebrating some occasion of common interest, — a successful hunt, or the return from a prosperous foray, or the repulse of a band of marauding strangers. The object of the meeting is known to all; the deeds which are to be sung, the dance which is to accompany and illustrate the singing, are likewise familiar to every one. There is no such diversity of intellectual interests as characterizes even the smallest company of civilized men. There is unity of feeling and a common stock, however slender, of ideas and traditions. The dancing and singing, in which all share, are so closely related as to be practically complementary parts of a single festal act. Here, now, we have the "folk" of our discussion, reduced, as it were, to its lowest terms, — a singing, dancing throng subjected as a unit to a mental and emotional stimulus which is not only favorable to the production of poetry, but is almost certain to result in such production. And this is no fancy picture. It is the soberest kind of science, — a mere brief chapter of descriptive anthropology, for which authorities might be cited without number.

Let us next consider the manner in which poetry (the word is of course used under pardon) is produced in such an assembly. Here again we can proceed upon just grounds of anthropological evidence. Different members of the throng, one after another, may chant each his verse, composed on the spur of the moment, and the sum of these various contributions makes a song. This is communal composition, though each verse, taken by itself, is the work of an individual. A song made in this way is no man's property and has no individual author. *The folk is its author.*

Communal composition, as just described, is a very simple matter and its products are infinitely crude. That, however, was to be expected. Nobody will hold that 'Robin Hood and the Monk' or 'King Estmere' is the direct result of communal composition. It is unlikely that even the simplest of our extant ballads were made in this fashion. We are not now concerned with the connection, if any there be, between the ballad and the composing folk. That question will come up presently. What is of importance at this stage of the discussion is to get clearly in mind not merely the theoretical possibility of communal composition on a small scale, but the actual fact of its occurrence. The danger of misapprehension comes from attaching too dignified a sense to the phrase or from conceiving the process which it designates as something systematic or elaborate. All that is required is a starting-place. It is necessary to know whether men in a low stage of advancement are familiar with this method of composing, and that point is satisfactorily established. Further, the persistence of the habit among civilized peoples in modern

<sup>1</sup> These are based on a profound and extensive acquaintance with the material, and are developed with great originality and acuteness. See *Old English Ballads* (Athenæum Press Series), Boston, 1894 (Introduction); *The Ballad and Communal Poetry*, in the *Child Memorial Volume of Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature*, Boston, 1896; a series of three papers on *Primitive Poetry and the Ballad*, in *Modern Philology*, vol. 1, Chicago, 1903-4; and especially, *The Beginnings of Poetry*, New York and London, 1901.

times is a matter of common knowledge. In the Färöe Islands, a few generations ago, it was common for a group to surround some fisherman who had been unlucky, or had otherwise laid himself open to ridicule, and to improvise a song about him, each contributing his verse or stanza. In the Russian cigarette factories, the girls who roll the cigarettes amuse themselves, while at work, by composing songs about each other in a similar way. One girl begins the song, another follows, and so on, till the result of this act of strictly communal composition is a piece of verse which, in some instances, is retained in the memory and achieves a more or less permanent local reputation. Everybody has heard children engaged in the communal composition of satirical rhymes.

Communal composition, then, is nothing unusual or paradoxical. Not only do we find it among simple peoples in a low state of civilization, but everybody can remember instances of it which have come under his own observation among his contemporaries or in which he has taken part himself. With us it has sunk to the position of a mere amusement, a children's game perhaps, just as the elaborate dances of our forefathers have survived only in such childish dancing games as "Here we go round the gooseberry bush."<sup>1</sup> The products of communal composition among us are trivial and ephemeral, and we fail to observe them, or, at all events, we seldom think of associating them with literature. We have come to associate "authorship" with something quite different from the singing and dancing throng. To us, as has already been said, an author is a solitary individual sitting in his study, pen in hand. When, therefore, we read of "communal authorship," the very idea seems strange and even preposterous. Yet as soon as we begin to consider, we perceive that we have always been familiar with the phenomenon in some form or other; only we have not associated it in our minds with "authorship" at all.

The origin of poetry, like the origin of language, lies too far back for us to find. The singing, dancing throng, with its few rude staves, primitive as it seems in comparison with the multifariousness of artistic literature, must still be very far from primitive in the literal sense. For our purpose, however, we need follow the trail no farther back than this throng. What came before it is, like the probably arboreal, no concern of ours in the present discussion. Our business is with the later history of poetry. Our task is to discern the connection between the authorship of the extant English and Scottish ballads and the conditions of communal composition as described by the anthropologists.

As we examine the most characteristic of these extant ballads with a view to any peculiarities of technique that may distinguish them from other poetry, we immediately note certain features which point straight back to the singing, dancing throng and to communal composition. These elements have been carefully studied by Mr Gummere, so that their significance is unmistakable. First comes the refrain, which, though its history is one of the obscurest chapters in literature and art, is manifestly a point of connection between the ballad and the throng. The refrain can never have been the invention of the solitary, brooding author of our modern conditions. It presupposes a crowd of singers and dancers. Accordingly, as ballads get farther and farther away from the people or from singing, they tend to lose their refrains; the recited ballad has no need of them. It is not meant that all the ballads in this collection were composed for singing; still less that all of them once possessed the refrain. Mr Child's three hundred and five numbers include, as we shall see in a moment, ballads of many kinds and illustrate

<sup>1</sup> For proof that games of this kind are descended from dances that were once popular in society see W. W. Newell, *The Games and Songs of American Children*.

every grade of popularity. What is meant is rather that there is abundant evidence for regarding the refrain in general as a characteristic feature of ballad poetry which gradually ceased to be essential. Some ballads, therefore, retain this feature; others occur both with and without the refrain; still others took shape at a time when its use was no longer obligatory. Exact dates in a matter of this sort are quite out of the question, and indeed would be destitute of significance if we could arrive at them, for periods in the history of literary forms are not like dynasties; one does not come to an end when the next begins. The refrain, wherever it occurs, whether in 'Robyn and Gandeleyne,' which was written down about 1450, or in 'The Bonny Birdy,' as sung by Mrs Brown about 1783, is a very ancient survival which brings the whole category of ballads into close relations with the singing, dancing throng.

Other elements which point in the same direction are commonplaces, or recurrent passages, varying from a line to several stanzas in length. These are to the ballad very much what idiomatic phrases are to language. Each of them must, at some time, have been the creation of an individual, but all of them have become common property. The balladist who utilizes, for example, the stock stanzas —

'Whare will I get a bonny boy,  
Wad fain wun hos and shoon,  
That wud rin on to my Wayets,  
And quickly cume again?'

'Here am I, a bonny boy,  
Wad fain wun hoes and shoon,  
Wha wull run on to your Wayets,  
And quickly cume again,'<sup>1</sup>

is not inventing. We may go farther. He is not even quoting from an individual predecessor, any more than you and I are when, in the course of conversation, we say "That depends upon circumstances," or "without let or hindrance."<sup>2</sup> The testimony of commonplaces is, indeed, to some extent ambiguous. Their occurrence is consistent with several different theories of ballad authorship and ballad growth. Yet they warn us away from our modern prepossession for the solitary writer, and direct our thoughts toward less sophisticated and more communal conditions of authorship.

Simple repetition is so familiar a feature of the ballad style that it may be dismissed with a word. A message, for instance, is regularly delivered at full length and in precisely the terms in which it was entrusted to the messenger. A similar trait, to which Mr Gummere has given the apposite name of "incremental repetition," is even more noteworthy. It may be seen, for instance, in 'The Twa Sisters' (No. 10), 'The Cruel Brother' (No. 11), and many other ballads. Thus in stanzas 21-26 of 'The Cruel Brother' we have:—

'O what will you leave to your father dear?'  
'The silver-shod steed that brought me here.'

'What will you leave to your mother dear?'  
'My velvet pall and my silken gear.'

<sup>1</sup> No. 66 C (Child, II, 131).

<sup>2</sup> Examples of commonplaces are No. 82, st. 4, lines 1, 2; No. 39, A 8; No. 42, A 6, lines 1, 2; No. 47, A 2, lines 1, 2; No. 49, B 3; No. 63, A 2, lines 1, 2; No. 64, B 21, lines 1, 2. For a long list, see Child, v, 474, 475 (Index, s. v.).

'What will you leave to your sister Anne?'  
'My silken scarf and my gowden fan.'

'What will you leave to your sister Grace?'  
'My bloody cloaths to wash and dress.'

'What will you leave to your brother John?'  
'The gallows-tree to hang him on.'

'What will you leave to your brother John's wife?'  
'The wilderness to end her life.'

With these stanzas before us, incremental repetition defines itself: — each stanza repeats the substance of the preceding, but with some variation which advances the story. Here again, a composing throng is not necessary to explain the phenomenon, but, given the composing throng as an historical fact, we cannot fail to recognize this kind of repetition as a stylistic feature that suits the conditions admirably, and may probably have arisen in the communal period. Once established, such a feature would become what we find it — a bit of ballad technique.

It appears, then, that there is no lack of characteristic traits — besides the general air of impersonality — which justify the conjecture that the history of balladry, if we could follow it back in a straight line without interruptions, would lead us to very simple conditions of society, to the singing and dancing throng, to a period of communal composition. Demonstration, however, is not to be expected, since, from the very nature of the material, the evidence can never be even approximately complete in the case of any particular people. Fortunately, we are not confined to the boundaries of a single nation or language. What has perished in one country has often survived in another, and for the earlier stages of the process we can adduce the plentiful materials which travellers and anthropologists have collected, — materials which have the greater value for our purposes because they were gathered by men who had no thought of any theory of ballad authorship and were not concerned with the origin of poetry.

So far we have said nothing of the professional minstrel, to whom it was formerly the practice of scholars to ascribe the authorship of ballads. Undoubtedly the minstrel is a very ancient figure; we can trace him, in various guises, to remote antiquity. In England, for example, we can follow him back to a time earlier by many centuries than the oldest ballad text that has come down to us.<sup>1</sup> But, during the periods which we are able to study, we do not find that the minstrel stands in any such relation to the genuine and characteristic popular ballad as justifies us in imagining that he is to have the credit of originating or perpetuating that class of popular literature. Such ballads as have been recovered from oral tradition in recent times (and these, as we have seen, comprise the vast majority of our texts) have not, except now and then, been taken down from the recitation or the singing of minstrels, or of any order of men who can be regarded as the descendants or the representatives of minstrels. They have almost always been found in the possession of simple folk whose relation to them was in no sense professional. They were the property of the people, not of a limited class or guild of entertainers. A great number of them (among all nations) have been derived from women, — the most stationary part of the community and the farthest removed, by every instinct and habit, from the roving and irresponsible professionalism which characterizes the minstrel.

<sup>1</sup> This, it will be remembered, is 'Judas' (No. 23), which is preserved in a thirteenth-century manuscript.



Take an example. 'The Cruel Brother' (No. 11) was furnished to Professor Child by Miss Margaret Reburn in a version<sup>1</sup> current in Ireland about 1860. With this as a starting-point, let us see how far back we can trace the ballad as actually in oral circulation. In 1858 Aytoun remarks that "this is, perhaps, the most popular of all the Scottish ballads, being commonly sung and recited even at the present day." In 1846 Dixon notes that it is still popular among the peasantry in the west of England. In 1827 Kinloch recorded it in his manuscripts from the recitation of Mary Barr of Clydesdale. In 1800 Alexander Fraser Tytler obtained a copy from Mrs Brown of Falkland, to whose well-stored memory we owe some of the best versions of the Scottish ballads. In the last years of the eighteenth century Mrs Harris learned the piece, as a child, and she recited it to her daughter long afterward. In 1869 it was printed in Notes and Queries as "sung in Cheshire amongst the people" in the preceding century. In 1776 David Herd recorded it in his manuscript as he had heard it sung. Thus we have a succession of *testimonia* for 'The Cruel Brother' from 1860 back to 1776. Nowhere is there any contact with professional minstrelsy. So much for very modern times.

With 'Johnie Armstrong' (No. 169) the test may be applied for a century earlier. Goldsmith, who was born in 1728, recalls, in a famous passage in his Essays (1765), the effect which this ballad had upon him when a child: "The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairymaid sung me into tears with Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen." In 1658 the ballad was in existence and was printed in Wit Restor'd under the title of 'A Northern Ballet,' and there is no more reason for supposing that it had been in the possession of the minstrel class between that date and Goldsmith's boyhood than for supposing that it was their property between Goldsmith's boyhood and the middle of the nineteenth century. It is superfluous to multiply examples. The reader can collect as many as he likes from Mr Child's volumes. The following proposition will hardly be controverted by any scholar who is familiar with the subject: It is capable of practically formal proof, that for the last two or three centuries the English and Scottish ballads have not, as a general thing, been sung and transmitted by professional minstrels or their representatives. There is no reason whatever for believing that the state of things between 1300 and 1600 was different, in this regard, from that between 1600 and 1900, — and there are many reasons for believing that it was not different.

One other piece of evidence, complementary to that which we have been discussing, makes the case against minstrel authorship almost superfluously convincing. We not only fail to find any special connection between the professional minstrel and the great mass of popular ballads, but we do find an intimate connection between the minstrels and works of an altogether different order. Ballads are one thing: the mediæval *Spielmannsdichtung* or minstrel poetry is another. The two categories are recognized as distinct by all literary historians. In fact, they are much more than distinct, — they are incommensurable. It is not conceivable that the same order of mind and the same habits of thought should have produced them both. The ballads, then, belong to the folk; they are not the work of a limited professional class, whether of high or of low degree.

Let us not misunderstand the situation. It is not maintained that the minstrels never meddled with ballads at all. It was their business to know all kinds of poetry so as to make themselves acceptable to all sorts and conditions of men. No doubt they had a share in carrying ballads from place to place and in transmitting them to posterity. There is direct proof of this. We owe our early copy of the 'Hunting of the Cheviot'

<sup>1</sup> Child's J, not printed in this volume.

(No. 162) to Richard Sheale, a humble member of the guild; but we know that he did not compose the ballad, for we have not only strong external evidence to the contrary but also four pieces of Sheale's own (not ballads) which settle the question forever. Of course the minstrels did sometimes compose in the popular strain. We have a few minstrel ballads, like 'The Boy and the Mantle' (No. 29) and 'Crow and Pie' (No. 111), which put this beyond a peradventure. Not all ballads are of the same origin, as we shall see presently. But the existence of such ballads is only additional proof that the bulk of our traditional material is not of minstrel authorship. The difference between 'The Boy and the Mantle' and the ballads that come straight from the folk is very striking. It is the difference between sophistication and artlessness.

It is time to gather up the threads of our discussion. We have examined the popular ballad from various points of view, and have weighed and measured a good many opinions about it. Let us apply our conclusions to the material that survives, and, so far as possible, let us see what is to be thought of the origin of the three hundred and five ballads that lie before us in Professor Child's collection.

The extant ballads of England and Scotland represent, in the main, the end of a process of which the beginning may not improbably be discovered in the period of communal composition. They were not themselves composed in this way, but were, in the first instance, the work of individual authors, at least in the great majority of cases. These authors, however, were not professional poets or minstrels, but members of the folk, and their function was in many respects different from that which we ascribe to an author to-day. Let us try to figure to ourselves a typical instance. In the first place, the ballad poet stands in a relation both to his material and to his audience that distinguishes his activity from that of the conscious literary artist. His subject is not his own, — it belongs to the folk. It is a popular tradition of immemorial antiquity, or a situation so simple and obvious as to be matter of general experience, or a recent occurrence which has been taken up by the mouth of common fame. He has no wish to treat the theme in a novel way, — no desire to utter his peculiar feelings about it or to impress it with his individuality. He is not, like the artistic poet among us, an exceptional figure with a message, either of substance or form. He takes no credit to himself, for he deserves none. What he does, many of his neighbors could do as well. Accordingly, he is impersonal and without self-consciousness. He utters what everybody feels, — he is a voice rather than a person. Further, his composition is not a solitary act. He improvises orally,<sup>1</sup> with his audience before him, — or rather, with his audience about him. There is the closest emotional contact between him and his hearers, — a contact which must have a distinct effect on the composer, so that the audience, even if they kept silence (as they can hardly be supposed to do), would still have a kind of share in his poetic act. Here is the strongest contrast to the situation of the modern literary artist, who, in the solitude of his sound-proof study, writes down his own thoughts and feelings, uncertain who will read them, or even if anybody will read them, — addressing himself to an audience *in posse*, who know neither his face nor his voice, nor even his handwriting. And the difference, it will be observed, consists in the function which the throng (the "folk") performs — by its mere presence, if nothing more — in the production (the "authorship") of ballad poetry.

<sup>1</sup> Improvisation in verse is a lost art among us, and we instinctively regard it as a very special mark of exceptional genius. But this is a serious misapprehension. It survives in full vigor among the folk in most countries, and is well known to be far less difficult, in itself, than the art of speaking extempore in well-turned prose sentences. The point needs no argument, for it is generally admitted.

Commonly, however, the audience will have a far larger function than that of sympathetic and stimulative emotional contact with the author, as we must still call him for want of a better name. As he composes, the author draws freely on a large stock of commonplaces which are public property. These are, of course, entirely familiar to every person in the company, as well as the points in any narrative (for these are also fixed by long-standing tradition) at which the conventional stanzas must come in. When the author arrives at such a point, the audience join their voices with his. So also in passages which merely repeat, in identical terms, what has already been said or sung, as in the delivery of a message. Again, in a succession of stanzas constructed on the principle of incremental repetition, the author and the audience may become merged in the same way, even if the first stanza of the series is in some degree original. Thus we have arrived at a state of things which is in effect scarcely to be distinguished from the supposedly inconceivable phenomenon of a unanimous throng composing poetry with one voice. That dark oracle *das Volk dichtet* has interpreted itself in action, though not without the license which every Delphic utterance may claim.

For the sake of concreteness, let us apply what has just been said to a specific example, — ‘The Hangman’s Tree,’<sup>1</sup> — taken down from singing in America a few years ago. Miss Backus, who obtained the ballad, remarks, on the basis of local information: “This is an old English song, . . . which was brought over to Virginia before the Revolution. It has not been written for generations, for none of the family have been able to read or write.”

### THE HANGMAN’S TREE

- 1 ‘Hangman, hangman, howd yo hand,  
O howd it wide and far!  
For theer I see my feyther coomin,  
Riding through the air.
- 2 ‘Feyther, feyther, ha yo brot me goold?  
Ha yo paid my fee?  
Or ha yo coom to see me hung,  
Beneath tha hangman’s tree?’
- 3 ‘I ha naw brot yo goold,  
I ha naw paid yo fee,  
But I ha coom to see yo hung  
Beneath tha hangman’s tree.’
- 4 ‘Hangman, hangman, howd yo hand,  
O howd it wide and far!  
For theer I see my meyther coomin,  
Riding through the air.
- 5 ‘Meyther, meyther, ha yo brot me goold?  
Ha yo paid my fee?  
Or ha yo coom to see me hung,  
Beneath tha hangman’s tree?’
- 6 ‘I ha naw brot yo goold,  
I ha naw paid yo fee,  
But I ha coom to see yo hung  
Beneath tha hangman’s tree.’

<sup>1</sup> ‘The Hangman’s Tree’ is a version of ‘The Maid Freed from the Gallows’ (No. 95), and was first printed in the Additions and Corrections in Mr Child’s fifth volume (p. 296).



- 7 ' Hangman, hangman, howd yo hand,  
O howd it wide and far!  
For theer I see my sister coomin,  
Riding through the air.
- 8 ' Sister, sister, ha yo brot me goold?  
Ha yo paid my fee?  
Or ha yo coom to see me hung,  
Beneath tha hangman's tree? '
- 9 ' I ha naw brot yo goold,  
I ha naw paid yo fee,  
But I ha coom to see yo hung  
Beneath tha hangman's tree.'
- 10 ' Hangman, hangman, howd yo hand,  
O howd it wide and far!  
For theer I see my sweetheart coomin,  
Riding through the air.
- 11 ' Sweetheart, sweetheart, ha yo brot me goold?  
Ha yo paid my fee?  
Or ha yo coom to see me hung,  
Beneath tha hangman's tree? '
- 12 ' O I ha brot yo goold,  
And I ha paid yo fee,  
And I ha coom to take yo froom  
Beneath tha hangman's tree.'

Suppose now that 'The Hangman's Tree' is a new ballad, sung for the first time by the improvising author. The audience are silent for the first two stanzas and until the first line of the third has been finished. After that, they join in the song. So inevitable is the course of the narrative, so conventionally fixed the turn of the phraseology, that they could almost finish the piece by themselves if the author remained silent. At most they would need his prompting for "meyther," "sister," and "sweetheart" in stanzas 4, 7, and 10, and for a few words in stanza 12. If, in accordance with an hypothesis which is justifiable in many cases, they were familiar with the outline of the plot though they had never heard a ballad on the subject, they would not require even so much assistance as this. The song is ended, the creative act of composition is finished, — and what has become of the author? He is lost in the throng.

'The Hangman's Tree' is, to be sure, an extreme instance of simplicity in plot and of inevitableness in both structure and diction; but that does not make it an unfair example. It is a survival<sup>1</sup> of an archaic type-specimen, in full vigor of traditional life, at a very late date, when most of our ballads belong to much more highly developed genera. As we study it, we are carried farther back in the direction of communal composition than we could reasonably hope to get at this age of the world, — so far, in truth, that a sanguine theorist might regard the broken line as repaired again. And 'The Hangman's Tree' is by no means a solitary specimen of its kind. The ballad literature of Europe affords examples enough of almost or quite as high a degree of structural and stylistic simplicity,

<sup>1</sup> Or, if one prefers, a reversion to the type. The distinction is of no consequence, since we are here concerned not with 'The Hangman's Tree' itself, but with what it stands for.

and similar traits are visible in many English and Scottish pieces, though seldom to quite the same extent.

We have described the characteristic method of ballad authorship as improvisation in the presence of a sympathetic company which may even, at times, participate in the process. Such a description is in general warranted by the evidence; and though it cannot be proved for any of the English and Scottish ballads, is not improbable for some of them. The actual facts with regard to any particular piece in this collection are beyond our knowledge, and the matter need not be insisted on. Even if none of our ballads were composed in this way, still many of them conform to a type which was established under the conditions of authorship referred to. It makes no difference whether a given ballad was in fact composed in the manner described, or whether it was composed (or even written) in solitude, provided the author belonged to the folk, derived his material from popular sources, made his ballad under the inherited influence of the method described, and gave it to the folk as soon as he had made it, — and provided, moreover, the folk accepted the gift and subjected it to that course of oral tradition which, as we have seen, is essential to the production of a genuine ballad. That most of the three hundred and five numbers in Mr Child's collection satisfy these conditions is beyond question. In other words, most of these poems are genuine popular ballads within the limits of any reasonable definition of that term. It remains to speak of certain other pieces and to account for their inclusion in the book.<sup>1</sup>

The "minstrel ballad" has already been referred to. Three undoubted examples, all of first-rate quality, are 'The Boy and the Mantle' (No. 29), 'King Arthur and King Cornwall' (No. 30), and 'The Marriage of Sir Gawain' (No. 31). Their characteristics are felicitously summed up by Professor Child in his introduction to 'The Boy and the Mantle.' They are, he says, "clearly not of the same rise, and not meant for the same ears, as those which go before. They would come down by professional rather than by domestic tradition, through minstrels rather than knitters and weavers. They suit the hall better than the bower, the tavern or public square better than the cottage, and would not go to the spinning-wheel at all." All three, it should be noticed, stand in close relation to the materials of mediæval romantic fiction, even if they are not directly derived from metrical romances. Yet they are indubitably ballads, composed in the popular style and perpetuated for a time by oral tradition. With them should be compared 'Sir Cawline' (No. 61). This looks as if it were simplified from a romance in stanzas, which, however, would very probably itself have been constructed on the basis of ballads now lost. Minstrel ballads of a later and less popular type are such historical pieces as 'Durham Field' (No. 159), 'The Rising in the North' (No. 175), 'Northumberland Betrayed by Douglas' (No. 176), and 'The Rose of England' (No. 166). The last-mentioned is remarkable for its use of allegory, which makes it seem far more artificial than the others. 'The Earl of Westmoreland' (No. 177) is a curious combination of historical material with romantic fiction of a conventional order. The cynical 'Crow and Pie' (No. 111) is clearly the work of a minstrel, and stands in a class by itself; as a whole, it might be refused the designation of popular ballad, but it contains one passage (stanzas 9-14) which justifies its inclusion in a collection of this kind, especially in view of the age of the manuscript.

"Broadside ballads" are of two main classes, which are really quite distinct: those that are traditional and those that are not. In the seventeenth century there was a great demand for printed ballads, and there grew up a class of professional "purveyors to the press," as Mr Child calls them, who were kept busy in supplying materials for the single-

<sup>1</sup> In what follows no complete enumeration is made under the several categories.

page issues which were hawked about by pedlars and with which every alehouse seems to have been papered. Many traditional ballads were printed in this form, usually in debased versions. Now and then a good old ballad was made over by some hack-writer, and when this was the case, the broadside text, though a pitiful specimen of Grub Street versification, may preserve the substance of a lost traditional ballad. A probable instance is 'The Famous Flower of Serving-Men' (No. 106). Still more remarkable is 'The Suffolk Miracle' (No. 272), which is the only representative in English of the so-called Lenore cycle. The great majority of the broadside ballads, however, belong to the second, or non-traditional class, and have no claim to be admitted into a collection like that of Professor Child. It is to rubbish of this character that the scornful allusions to ballad-mongers in Shakspere and the other Elizabethan dramatists have reference. Hundreds of such pieces have been reprinted by the Ballad Society. They are generally composed in some form of the ballad stanza, and they use some of the commonplaces of the ballad style, but they are destitute of merit, and, though they are of value to the student of language and manners, they have nothing to do with the subject of this essay.

Several broadside ballads of the poorer sort will be found among the thirty-eight numbers (117-154) relating to Robin Hood. Some of these are inserted because they presumably or conceivably are based on earlier and more traditional pieces; others because they embody a situation which occurs in genuine ballads; still others because, though of no value in themselves and destitute of any claim to traditional antecedents, they are a part of the evidence about the famous outlaw and illustrate the literary history of balladry. Taken as a whole, the Robin Hood pieces afford materials of the highest interest for the study of ballad and epic. The older ballads are in the best traditional vein. The 'Gest' (No. 117) is, as Mr Child says, "a popular epic, composed from several ballads by a poet of a thoroughly congenial spirit. No one of the ballads from which it is made up is extant in a separate shape, and some portions of the story may have been of the compiler's own invention." It may be contrasted with Nos. 149 and 154. The former, 'Robin Hood's Birth, Breeding, Valor, and Marriage,' is a jocular piece, the work of some seventeenth-century rhymester who cared nothing for tradition and to whom the simplicity of the ballad style suggested only a temptation to good-humored caricature. The latter, Martin Parker's 'True Tale of Robin Hood,' is a prosaic *omnium gatherum*, professing to be authentic biography. It is the only text in Mr Child's whole collection which is the work of a known author. 'Robin Hood and the Prince of Aragon' (No. 129) is a kind of metrical romance in the ballad stanza. Garlands, or little pamphlets of verse, differing from broadsides only in their form, are the authorities for several of our Robin Hood texts.<sup>1</sup>

The mere fact that a ballad is derived from recitation is of course no positive proof that it is traditional. Imitations and counterfeits may be fabricated orally or may be written down and furnished to guileless collectors as from the mouths of the people. Some of the later pieces in this collection are very suspicious and others are almost certainly spurious. What to include and what to reject is a difficult question, which no two scholars would answer in precisely the same way. It is fitting, however, that the student of literary history should have before him specimens of the decadent period. Occasionally, too, such imitations contain stanzas of value, or are otherwise significant. Thus 'Willie's Fatal Visit' (No. 255) is a hotch-potch of three ballads with one stanza from a fourth; yet it contains a very spirited passage (stanzas 15-17) which is unknown elsewhere and worthy of preservation for its own sake. Who put the piece together we

<sup>1</sup> See the bibliographical notes prefixed to the several ballads.

cannot tell,—perhaps the blind beggar whom Buchan employed to collect for him. In any case, the conglomerate is instructive; for it shows how new ballads may come into existence by a process of amalgamation, and this is a process which is quite as active among the folk as in the laboratory of the counterfeiter. David Herd is above suspicion, and he lived at a time when good ballads were abundant and tradition was still pure and rigorous; whatever occurs in his manuscripts may be unhesitatingly accepted as a faithful transcript from the lips of the people. Yet he records a copy of ‘Clerk Saunders’ (No. 69) consisting of forty-one stanzas, the last fifteen of which are merely ‘Sweet William’s Ghost’ (No. 77) slightly modified so as to fit what precedes. This is the simplest kind of traditional compounding. A similar example may be seen in the copy of ‘The Clerk’s Two Sons o Owsenford’ (No. 72) preserved in the memory of the grandmother of Robert Chambers, which concludes with a beautiful fragment of ‘The Wife of Usher’s Well’ (No. 79). Complications less easy to disentangle may be seen by studying the relations of ‘Willie o Douglas Dale’ (No. 101), ‘Willie and Earl Richard’s Daughter’ (No. 102), and ‘Rose the Red and White Lily’ (No. 103) to each other and to ‘Leesome Brand’ (No. 15). Here both tradition and manufacture have been operative. A good example of contamination which has not resulted in the genesis of a new ballad occurs in the “old lady’s” version of ‘The Mother’s Malison’ (No. 216 A), which has appropriated an incident that belongs to ‘The Lass of Roch Royal’ (No. 76). To appreciate the full effects of oral tradition in this and other directions, the investigator must have recourse to the full body of variants printed by Professor Child in his large collection. The present volume, however, contains examples enough to illustrate and enforce what has been said of the significance of oral tradition in the problem of ballad “authorship.”<sup>1</sup> It was no doubt the feeling that the popular ballad is a fluid and unstable thing that has prompted so many editors—among them Sir Walter Scott, whom it is impossible to assail, however much the scholarly conscience may disapprove—to deal freely with the versions that came into their hands. “Doch Homeride zu seyn, auch nur als letzter, ist schön”!

Of literary “imitations of the ancient ballad” little need be said. Even when the polite authors of such pieces have palmed them off as genuine, one must rather wonder what the imposture succeeded than give way to anger at the attempt. Nobody who is at all well-read in genuine “oral literature” can be deceived. Lady Wardlaw’s ‘Hardy-nute,’ which puzzled many brains in its time, has not a single ballad touch; its two good lines,—

Stately stept he east the wa’  
And stately stept he west,

have nothing popular about them. The Rev. Mr Lamb’s ‘Laidley Worm of Spindleston Heughs,’ which he gave out as “made by the old Mountain Bard, Duncan Frasier, living on Cheviot, A. D. 1270,”<sup>2</sup> was hardly meant to deceive, and would not be dangerous if it had been so meant. In short, the traditional ballad appears to be inimitable by any person of literary cultivation, and we may well feel grateful to those poets and poetasters who have tried their hands at it, for their invariable failure is one of the strongest proofs—amounting almost to demonstration—that there is a difference between the “poetry of the folk” and “the poetry of art.” A solitary, though doubtful, exception is ‘Kinmont Willie’ (No. 186), which is under vehement suspicion of being the work of Sir

<sup>1</sup> See p. xvii, above.

<sup>2</sup> See Child, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, i, 308.



Walter Scott. Sir Walter's success, however, in a special kind of balladry for which he was better adapted by nature and habit of mind than for any other, would only emphasize the universal failure. And it must not be forgotten that 'Kinmont Willie,' if it be Scott's work, is not made out of whole cloth; it is a working-over of one of the best traditional ballads known ('Jock o the Side'), with the intention of fitting it to an historical exploit of Buccleuch's. Further, the exploit itself was of such a nature that it might well have been celebrated in a ballad, — indeed, one is tempted to say that it must have been so celebrated. And finally, Sir Walter Scott felt towards "the Kinmont" and "the bold Buccleuch" precisely as the moss-trooping author of such a ballad would have felt. For once, then, the miraculous happened, — and, when we study the situation, we perceive that, for this once, it was not so great a miracle after all.

Peter Buchan's blind beggar has been casually mentioned, but he is too notorious a personage to dismiss without more formality. There is a good deal of his work in Mr Child's collection (most of it omitted in the present volume), and an attempt must be made to determine his position, and in particular his significance, in the history of oral tradition. It is hard to be patient with James Rankin (for that was his name), but perhaps we may see occasion for something better than patience before we have done with him. Liar though he was, his falsehoods may give evidence that a truth-teller could not afford us.

Buchan's Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland, for which Rankin's industry as collector, composer, and rhapsodist furnished much of the material, appeared in 1828. Some of the ballads which it contains are found nowhere else, and most of these are suspicious enough, though several of them are reproduced by Mr Child, and repeated in this volume, on the same principle which has led to the inclusion of certain dubious broadsides — because they may preserve more or less genuine material in a disguised shape. Most of Buchan's texts, however, are versions of ballads otherwise vouched for. In this case, they are almost always the longest versions known, padded with superfluous details (often silly beyond expression), tricked out with pinchbeck finery, and thoroughly vulgarized in style and spirit. Here we have the work of Rankin, who seems to have been paid by the yard, and who found his honest patron an easy man to cajole. Now the significance of James Rankin lies in the fact that he was in effect a professional minstrel of the humbler order, or at least the lineal descendant or representative of the minstrel class of former times. When we compare his own productions, or the versions which he has recomposed, with those which other collectors were deriving at about the same time from non-professional sources, — shepherds, ploughmen, nurses, and other simple bodies who had no touch of literature and no ambition except to sing the old songs as they had heard them sung, — we see in a moment the absurdity of the notion that our popular ballads were composed or even largely transmitted by minstrels. And thus one chapter, and a troublesome one, of our investigation is brought to a satisfactory close.

We have touched upon most of the problems that confront the investigator of the popular ballad. Certain others, like that of the transmission of ballads from country to country, which includes the special question of kinship between the English and Scottish ballads and those of Scandinavia, do not come within the scope of this introduction. The same is true of the history of ballad collections, which would take much space, and in lieu of which the reader is referred once more to the List of Sources on pp. 677-684.

Of the merit of the English and Scottish ballads nothing need be said. It is unhesitatingly admitted by all persons who care for ballads at all. There is no occasion to make comparisons as to excellence between these pieces and the poetry of art. Such

comparisons are misleading ; they tend only to confound the distinctions between two very different categories of literature. The ballads must stand or fall by themselves, not by reason of their likeness or unlikeness to Dante or Shakspeare or Milton or Browning. Above all things, they should not be judged indiscriminately or in the lump. There are good ballads and poor ballads, as there are good dramas and poor dramas, and this volume contains an abundance of both sorts. On the whole, however, the average of excellence is probably as high as in most volumes of verse of equal dimensions. Finally, the popular ballad, though it may be despised, cannot be ignored by the student of literature. Whatever may be thought of the importance of such verse in its bearing on the origin of poetry in general, or of epic poetry in particular, the ballad, like other forms of popular material, has in the last two centuries exercised a powerful influence on artistic literature, and it will always have to be reckoned with by the literary historian.

G. L. K.





# ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS

## 1

### RIDDLES WISELY EXPOUNDED

In the oldest version (A\*) the devil threatens to carry off a maiden if she cannot answer certain riddles. She solves them all, and (at the end) calls the devil by his right name, thus no doubt putting him to flight. The "good ending" of A (sts. 19-23) is a modern perversion.

Riddles play an important part in popular story, and that from very remote times. No one needs to be reminded of Samson, Œdipus, Apollonius of Tyre. Riddle tales, which, if not so old as the oldest of these, may be carried in all likelihood some centuries beyond our era, still live in Asiatic and European tradition, and have their representatives in popular ballads. The largest class of these tales is that in which one party has to guess another's riddles, or two rivals compete in giving or guessing, under penalty in either instance of forfeiting life or some other heavy wager (see No. 45). In a second class, a suitor can win a lady's hand only by guessing riddles (see No. 46); there is sometimes a penalty of loss of life for the unsuccessful. Thirdly, there is the tale of the Clever Lass, who wins a husband, and sometimes a crown, by guessing riddles, solving difficult but practicable problems, or matching and evading impossibilities (see No. 2).

#### A\*

Rawlinson MS. D. 328, fol. 174 b, Bodleian Library, in a hand of about 1450.

*Inter diabolus et virgo.*

1 WOL ȝe here a wonder thyng  
Betwyxt a mayd *and* ȝe fowle fende ?

2 Thys spake ȝe fend to ȝe mayd:  
'Beleue on me, mayd, to day.

3 'Mayd, mote y thi leman be,  
Wyssedom y wolle teche the:

4 'All ȝe wyssedom off the world,  
Hyf pou wolt be true *and* forward holde

5 'What ys hyer ȝan ys [ȝe] tre ?  
What ys dypper ȝan ys the see ?

6 'What ys scharpper ȝan ys ȝe ȝorne ?  
What ys loder ȝan ys ȝe horne ?

7 'What [ys] longger ȝan ys ȝe way ?  
What is rader ȝan ys ȝe day ?

8 'What [ys] bether than is ȝe bred ?  
What ys scharpper than ys ȝe dede ?

9 'What ys grenner ȝan ys ȝe wode ?  
What ys sweetter ȝan ys ȝe note ?

10 'What ys swifter ȝan ys the wynd ?  
What ys recher ȝan ys ȝe kyng ?

11 'What ys ȝeluer ȝan ys ȝe wex ?  
What [ys] softer ȝan ys ȝe flex ?

12 'But pou now answey me,  
Thu schalt for sope my leman be.'

13 'Thesu, for ȝy myld myȝth,  
As thu art kyng and knyȝt,

14 'Lene me wisdome to answere here ryȝth,  
And schylde me fram the fowle wyȝth !

15 'Hewene ys heyer than ys the tre,  
Helle ys dypper ȝan ys the see.

16 'Hongyr ys scharpper than [ys] ȝe  
thorne,  
ȝonder ys lodder than ys ȝe horne.

17 'Loukyng ys longer than ys ȝe way,  
Syn ys rader ȝan ys the day.

18 'Godys fesse ys betur ȝan ys the brede,  
Payne ys strenger ȝan ys ȝe dede.

- 19 'Gras ys grenner pan ys þe wode.  
Loue ys swetter pan ys the notte.
- 20 'Þowt ys swifter pan ys the wynde,  
Ihesus ys rechter pan ys the kyng.
- 21 'Safer is ȝeluer than ys the wexs,  
Selke ys softer pan ys the flex.
- 22 'Now, thu fende, styl thu be;  
Nelle ich speke no more *with* the !'

## A

a. 'A Noble Riddle Wisely Expounded,' broadside in the Rawlinson collection, 4to, 566, fol. 193, Wood, E. 25, fol. 15. b. Pepys, III, 19, No. 17. c. Douce, II, fol. 168 b. d. Pills to Purge Melancholy, IV, 130, ed. 1719.

- 1 THERE was a lady of the North Country,  
Lay the bent to the bonny broom  
And she had lovely daughters three.  
Fa la la la, fa la la la ra re
- 2 There was a knight of noble worth  
Which also lived in the North.
- 3 The knight, of courage stout and brave,  
A wife he did desire to have.
- 4 He knocked at the ladie's gate  
One evening when it was late.
- 5 The eldest sister let him in,  
And pin'd the door with a silver pin.
- 6 The second sister she made his bed,  
And laid soft pillows under his head.
- 7 The youngest daughter that same night,  
She went to bed to this young knight.
- 8 And in the morning, when it was day,  
These words unto him she did say :
- 9 'Now you have had your will,' quoth she,  
'I pray, sir knight, will you marry  
me ?'
- 10 The young brave knight to her replied,  
'Thy suit, fair maid, shall not be deny'd.
- 11 'If thou canst answer me questions  
three,  
This very day will I marry thee.'

- 12 'Kind sir, in love, O then,' quoth she,  
'Tell me what your [three] questions  
be.'
- 13 'O what is longer than the way,  
Or what is deeper than the sea ?
- 14 'Or what is louder than the horn,  
Or what is sharper than a thorn ?
- 15 'Or what is greener than the grass,  
Or what is worse then a woman was ?'
- 16 'O love is longer than the way,  
And hell is deeper than the sea.
- 17 'And thunder is louder than the horn,  
And hunger is sharper than a thorn.
- 18 'And poyson is greener than the grass,  
And the Devil is worse than woman  
was.'
- 19 When she these questions answered had,  
The knight became exceeding glad.
- 20 And having [truly] try'd her wit,  
He much commended her for it.
- 21 And after, as it is verifi'd,  
He made of her his lovely bride.
- 22 So now, fair maidens all, adieu,  
This song I dedicate to you.
- 23 I wish that you may constant prove  
Vnto the man that you do love.

## C

'The Unco Knight's Wowing,' Motherwell's MS., p. 647. From the recitation of Mrs Storie.

- 1 THERE was a knight riding frae the east,  
Sing the Cather banks, the bonnie  
brume  
Wha had been wooing at monie a place.  
And ye may beguile a young thing  
sune
- 2 He came unto a widow's door,  
And speird whare her three dochters  
were.
- 3 The auldest ane 's to a washing gane,  
The second 's to a baking gane.

- 4 The youngest ane 's to a wedding gane,  
And it will be nicht or she be hame.
- 5 He sat him down upon a stane,  
Till thir three lasses came tripping  
hame.
- 6 The auldest ane 's to the bed making,  
And the second ane's to the sheet spread-  
ing.
- 7 The youngest ane was bauld and bricht,  
And she was to lye with this unco  
knight.
- 8 'Gin ye will answer me questions ten,  
The morn ye sall be made my ain.
- 9 'O what is heigher nor the tree ?  
And what is deeper nor the sea ?
- 10 'Or what is heavier nor the lead ?  
And what is better nor the breid ?
- 11 'O what is whiter nor the milk ?  
Or what is safter nor the silk ?
- 12 'Or what is sharper nor a thorn ?  
Or what is louder nor a horn ?
- 13 'Or what is greener nor the grass ?  
Or what is waur nor a woman was ?'
- 14 'O heaven is higher nor the tree,  
And hell is deeper nor the sea.
- 15 'O sin is heavier nor the lead,  
The blessing 's better nor the bread.
- 16 'The snaw is whiter nor the milk,  
And the down is safter nor the silk.
- 17 'Hunger is sharper nor a thorn.  
And shame is louder nor a horn,
- 18 'The pies are greener nor the grass,  
And Clootie's waur nor a woman was.'
- 19 As sune as she the fiend did name,  
He flew awa in a blazing flame.

## 2

## THE ELFIN KNIGHT

This ballad is related to a remarkable group of stories, covering, by representatives which

are still extant or may be shown to have existed, a large part of Asia and Europe. In the particular type to which our ballad belongs, a clever girl wins a husband by her quickness of wit ; the man imposes tasks, of which the girl stands acquitted if she can match each of them with another of no less difficulty. The elf is an interloper from some other ballad (cf. No. 4); the suitor should be a mortal.

## A

'A proper new ballad entituled The Wind hath blown my Plaid away, or, A Discourse betwixt a young [Wo]man and the Elphin Knight;' a black letter broadside, of about 1670, in the Pepysian library, bound up at the end of a copy of Blind Harry's 'Wallace,' Edinburgh, 1673.

My plaid awa, my plaid awa,  
And ore the hill and far awa,  
And far awa to Norrowa,  
My plaid shall not be blown awa.

- 1 The elphin knight sits on yon hill,  
Ba, ba, ba, lilli ba  
He blows his horn both lowd and shril.  
The wind hath blown my plaid awa
- 2 He blowes it east, he blowes it west,  
He blowes it where he lyketh best.
- 3 'I wish that horn were in my kist,  
Yea, and the knight in my armes two.'
- 4 She had no sooner these words said,  
When that the knight came to her bed.
- 5 'Thou art over young a maid,' quoth he,  
'Married with me thou il wouldst be.'
- 6 'I have a sister younger than I,  
And she was married yesterday.'
- 7 'Married with me if thou wouldst be,  
A courtesie thou must do to me.
- 8 'For thou must shape a sark to me,  
Without any cut or heme,' quoth he.
- 9 'Thou must shape it knife-and-sheer-  
lesse,  
And also sue it needle-threedlesse.'
- 10 'If that piece of courtesie I do to thee,  
Another thou must do to me.

- 11 'I have an aiker of good ley-land,  
Which lyeth low by yon sea-strand.
- 12 'For thou must eare it with thy horn,  
So thou must sow it with thy corn.
- 13 'And bigg a cart of stone and lyme,  
Robin Redbreast he must trail it hame.
- 14 'Thou must barn it in a mouse-holl,  
And thrash it into thy shoes soll.
- 15 'And thou must winnow it in thy looff,  
And also seek it in thy glove.
- 16 'For thou must bring it over the sea,  
And thou must bring it dry home to me.
- 17 'When thou hast gotten thy turns well  
done,  
Then come to me and get thy sark then.'
- 18 'I'l not quite my plaid for my life ;  
It haps my seven bairns and my wife.'  
The wind shall not blow my plaid awa
- 19 'My maidenhead I'l then keep still,  
Let the elphin knight do what he will.'  
The wind's not blown my plaid awa

## 3

### THE FALSE KNIGHT UPON THE ROAD

This singular ballad is known only through Motherwell. The idea at the bottom of the piece is that the devil will carry off the wee boy if he can nonplus him. There is a curious Swedish ballad of the same description, in which an old crone, possibly a witch, is substituted for the false knight.

## A

Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Introduction, p. xxiv. From Galloway.

- 1 'O WHARE are ye gaun ?'  
Quo the fause knight upon the road :  
'I'm gaun to the scule,'  
Quo the wee boy, and still he stude.
- 2 'What is that upon your back ?' quo etc.  
'Atweel it is my bukes,' quo etc.

- 3 'What's that ye've got in your arm ?'  
'Atweel it is my peit.'
- 4 'Wha's aucht they sheep ?'  
'They are mine and my mither's.'
- 5 'How monie o them are mine ?'  
'A' they that hae blue tails.'
- 6 'I wiss ye were on yon tree :'  
'And a gude ladder under me.'
- 7 'And the ladder for to break :'  
'And you for to fa down.'
- 8 'I wiss ye were in yon sie :'  
'And a gude bottom under me.'
- 9 'And the bottom for to break :'  
'And ye to be drowned.'

## 4

### LADY ISABEL AND THE ELF- KNIGHT

Of all ballads this has perhaps obtained the widest circulation. It is nearly as well known to the southern as to the northern nations of Europe. It has an extraordinary currency in Poland. The Germans, Low and High, and the Scandinavians, preserve it, in a full and evidently ancient form, even in the tradition of this generation. Among the Latin nations it has, indeed, shrunk to very meagre proportions, and though the English forms are not without ancient and distinctive marks, most of these have been eliminated, and the better ballads are very brief. In A and B the supernatural character of the Elf-Knight is retained (less clearly in B); in others it is lost completely, and he has become merely "false Sir John" or the like.

The Dutch ballad, 'Halewijn,' is far better preserved than the English. Heer Halewijn sang such a song that those who heard it longed to be with him. A king's daughter asked her father if she might go to Halewijn. "No," he said; "those who go that way never come back." So said mother and sister, but her brother's answer was, "I care not where you go, so long as you keep your honor." She dressed herself splendidly, took the best horse from her father's stable, and rode to the wood, where she found Halewijn waiting for her. They then rode on further, till they came to a gallows, on which many women were hanging.

Halewijn offers her the choice between hanging and the sword. She chooses the sword. 'Only take off your coat first; for a maid's blood spirts a great way, and it would be a pity to spatter you.' His head was off before his coat, but the tongue still spake. This dialogue ensues:—

'Go yonder into the corn,  
And blow upon my horn,  
That all my friends you may warn.'

'Into the corn I will not go,  
And on your horn I will not blow:  
A murderer's bidding I will not do!

'Go yonder under the gallows-tree,  
And fetch a pot of salve for me,  
And rub my red neck lustily.'

'Under the gallows I will not go,  
Nor will I rub your red neck, no,  
A murderer's bidding I will not do.'

She takes the head by the hair and washes it in a spring, and rides back through the wood. Half-way through she meets Halewijn's mother, who asks after her son; and she tells her that he is gone hunting, that he will never be seen again, that he is dead, and she has his head in her lap. When she came to her father's gate, she blew the horn like any man.

And when the father heard the strain,  
He was glad she had come back again.

Therenpon they held a feast,  
The head was on the table placed.

#### A

a. 'The Gowans sae gay,' Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, I, 22. b. Motherwell's MS., p. 563.

1 FAIR lady Isabel sits in her bower sewing,  
Aye as the gowans grow gay  
There she heard an elf-knight blawing  
his horn.  
The first morning in May

2 'If I had yon horn that I hear blawing,  
And yon elf-knight to sleep in my bosom.'

3 This maiden had scarcely these words spoken,  
Till in at her window the elf-knight has luppen.

4 'It's a very strange matter, fair maiden,'  
said he,  
'I canna blaw my horn but ye call on me.

5 'But will ye go to yon greenwood side?  
If ye canna gang, I will cause you to ride.'

6 He leapt on a horse, and she on another,  
And they rode on to the greenwood together.

7 'Light down, light down, lady Isabel,'  
said he,  
'We are come to the place where ye are to die.'

8 'Hae mercy, hae mercy, kind sir, on me,  
Till ance my dear father and mother I see.'

9 'Seven king's-daughters here hae I slain,  
And ye shall be the eight o them.'

10 'O sit down a while, lay your head on my knee,  
That we may hae some rest before that I die.'

11 She stroak'd him sae fast, the nearer he did creep,  
Wi a sma charm she lulld him fast asleep.

12 Wi his ain sword-belt sae fast as she ban him,  
Wi his ain dag-durk sae sair as she dang him.

13 'If seven king's-daughters here ye hae slain,  
Lye ye here, a husband to them a'.'

#### B

a. 'The Water o Wearie's Well,' Buchan's MSS., II, fol. 80. b. Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, II, 201. c. Motherwell's MS., p. 561. d. Harris MS., No. 19.



- 1 THERE came a bird out o' a bush,  
On water for to dine,  
An sighing sair, says the king's daughter,  
'O wae's this heart o' mine !'
  - 2 He's taen a harp into his hand,  
He's harped them all asleep,  
Except it was the king's daughter,  
Who one wink couldna get.
  - 3 He's luppen on his berry-brown steed,  
Taen'er on behind himsell,  
Then baith rede down to that water  
That they ca Wearie's Well.
  - 4 'Wide in, wide in, my lady fair,  
No harm shall thee befall ;  
Oft times I've watered my steed  
Wi the waters o' Wearie's Well.'
  - 5 The first step that she stepped in,  
She stepped to the knee ;  
And sighend says this lady fair,  
'This water's nae for me.'
  - 6 'Wide in, wide in, my lady fair,  
No harm shall thee befall ;  
Oft times I've watered my steed  
Wi the water o' Wearie's Well.'
  - 7 The next step that she stepped in,  
She stepped to the middle ;  
'O,' sighend says this lady fair,  
'I've wat my gowden girdle.'
  - 8 'Wide in, wide in, my lady fair,  
No harm shall thee befall ;  
Oft times have I watered my steed  
Wi the water o' Wearie's Well.'
  - 9 The next step that she stepped in,  
She stepped to the chin ;  
'O,' sighend says this lady fair,  
'They sud gar twa loves twin.'
  - 10 'Seven king's-daughters I've drown'd  
there,  
In the water o' Wearie's Well,  
And I'll make you the eight o' them,  
And ring the common bell.'
  - 11 'Since I am standing here,' she says,  
'This dowie death to die,  
One kiss o' your comely mouth  
I'm sure wad comfort me.'
  - 12 He louted him oer his saddle bow,  
To kiss her cheek and chin ;  
She's taen him in her arms twa,  
And thrown him headlong in.
  - 13 'Since seven king's daughters ye've  
drown'd there,  
In the water o' Wearie's Well,  
I'll make you bridegroom to them a',  
An ring the bell mysell.'
  - 14 And aye she warsled, and aye she  
swam,  
And she swam to dry lan ;  
She thanked God most cheerfully  
The dangers she oercame.

**H**

'May Collin,' MS. at Abbotsford. Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy, No. 146.

  - 1 MAY COLLIN  
. . . . . was her father's heir,  
And she fell in love with a falsh priest,  
And she rued it ever mair.
  - 2 He followd her butt, he followd her  
benn,  
He followd her through the hall,  
Till she had neither tongue nor teeth  
Nor lips to say him naw.
  - 3 'We'll take the steed out where he is,  
The gold where eer it be,  
And we'll away to some unco land,  
And married we shall be.'
  - 4 They had not riden a mile, a mile,  
A mile but barely three,  
Till they came to a rank river,  
Was raging like the sea.
  - 5 'Light off, light off now, May Collin,  
It's here that you must die ;  
Here I have drown'd seven king's  
daughters,  
The eight now you must be.
  - 6 'Cast off, cast off now, May Collin,  
Your gown that's o' the green ;  
For it's oer good and oer costly  
To rot in the sea-stream.

- 7 'Cast off, cast off now, May Collin,  
Your coat that 's of the black ;  
For it 's oer good and oer costly  
To rot in the sea-wreck.
- 8 'Cast off, cast off now, May Collin,  
Your stays that are well laced ;  
For thei 'r oer good and costly  
In the sea's ground to waste.
- 9 'Cast [off, cast off now, May Collin,]  
Your sark that 's of the holland ;  
For [it 's oer good and oer costly]  
To rot in the sea-bottom.'
- 0 'Turn you about now, falsh Mess John,  
To the green leaf of the tree ;  
It does not fit a mansworn man  
A naked woman to see.'
- 1 He turnd him quickly round about,  
To the green leaf of the tree ;  
She took him hastily in her arms  
And flung him in the sea.
- 2 'Now lye you there, you falsh Mess  
John,  
My mallasin go with thee !  
You thought to drown men naked and bare,  
But take your cloaths with thee,  
And if there be seven king's daughters  
there  
Bear you them company.'
- 3 She lap on her milk steed  
And fast she bent the way,  
And she was at her father's yate  
Three long hours or day.
- 4 Up and speaks the wylie parrot,  
So wylie and slee :  
'Where is the man now, May Collin,  
That gaed away wie thee ?'
- 5 'Hold your tongue, my wylie parrot,  
And tell no tales of me,  
And where I gave a pickle befor  
It 's now I 'll give you three.'

5

## GIL BRENTON

'Gil Brenton' was taken down from recitation in Scotland about 1783. It has many

Scandinavian relatives. In some of these the father of the heroine had built her bower by the sea-strand, and it was broken open by a company of men, one of whom had robbed her of her honor. This knight proves to be the hero of the ballad. (So, for example, in Grundtvig, No. 274.)

## A

a. Jamieson-Brown MS., No. 16, p. 34. b. William Tytler's Brown MS., No. 3. Both from the recitation of Mrs. Brown of Falkland, 1783, Aberdeenshire.

- 1 GIL BRENTON has sent oer the fame,  
He's woo'd a wife an brought her  
hame.
- 2 Full sevenscore o ships came her wi,  
The lady by the greenwood tree.
- 3 There was twal an twal wi beer an wine,  
An twal an twal wi muskadine:
- 4 An twall an twall wi bouted flowr,  
An twall an twall wi paramour:
- 5 An twall an twall wi baken bread,  
An twall an twall wi the goud sae red.
- 6 Sweet Willy was a widow's son,  
An at her stirrup-foot he did run.
- 7 An she was dressd i the finest pa,  
But ay she loot the tears down fa.
- 8 An she was deckd wi the fairest flours,  
But ay she loot the tears down pour.
- 9 'O is there water i your shee ?  
Or does the win blaw i your glee ?
- 10 'Or are you mourning i your meed  
That eer you left your mither guede ?
- 11 'Or are ye mourning i your tide  
That ever ye was Gil Brenton's bride ?
- 12 'The[re] is nae water i my shee,  
Nor does the win blaw in my glee:
- 13 'Nor am I mourning i my tide  
That eer I was Gil Brenton's bride :
- 14 'But I am mourning i my meed  
That ever I left my mither guede.

- 15 'But, bonny boy, tell to me  
What is the customs o your country.'
- 16 'The customs o't, my dame,' he says,  
'Will ill a gentle lady please.
- 17 'Seven king's daughters has our king  
wedded,  
An seven king's daughters has our  
king bedded.
- 18 'But he's cutted the paps frae their  
breast-bane,  
An sent them mourning hame again.
- 19 'But whan you come to the palace yate,  
His mither a golden chair will set.
- 20 'An be you maid or be you nane,  
O sit you there till the day be dane.
- 21 'An gin you're sure that you are a  
maid,  
Ye may gang safely to his bed.
- 22 'But gin o that you be na sure,  
Then hire some woman o youre bowr.'
- 23 O whan she came to the palace yate,  
His mither a golden chair did set.
- 24 An was she maid or was she nane,  
She sat in it till the day was dane.
- 25 An she's calld on her bowr woman,  
That waiting was her bowr within.
- 26 'Five hundred pound, maid, I'll gi to  
the,  
An sleep this night wi the king for  
me.'
- 27 Whan bells was rung, an mass was sung,  
An a' man unto bed was gone,
- 28 Gil Brenton an the bonny maid  
Intill ae chamber they were laid.
- 29 'O speak to me, blankets, an speak to  
me, sheets,  
An speak to me, cods, that under me  
sleeps ;
- 30 'Is this a maid that I ha wedded ?  
Is this a maid that I ha bedded ?'
- 31 'It's nae a maid that you ha wedded,  
But it's a maid that you ha bedded.
- 32 'Your lady's in her bigly bowr,  
An for you she drees mony sharp showr.
- 33 O he has taen him thro the ha,  
And on his mither he did ca.
- 34 'I am the most unhappy man  
That ever was in christend lan.
- 35 'I woo'd a maiden meek an mild,  
An I've marryed a woman great w  
child.'
- 36 'O stay, my son, intill this ha,  
An sport you wi your merry men a'.
- 37 'An I'll gang to yon painted bowr,  
An see how't fares wi yon base whore.
- 38 The auld queen she was stark an  
strang;  
She gard the door flee aff the ban.
- 39 The auld queen she was stark an steer  
She gard the door lye i the floor.
- 40 'O is your bairn to laird or loon ?  
Or is it to your father's groom ?'
- 41 'My bairn's na to laird or loon,  
Nor is it to my father's groom.
- 42 'But hear me, mither, on my knee,  
An my hard wierd I'll tell to thee.
- 43 'O we were sisters, sisters seven,  
We was the fairest under heaven.
- 44 'We had nae mair for our seven year  
wark  
But to shape and sue the king's son a  
sark.
- 45 'O it fell on a Saturday's afternoon,  
Whan a' our langsome wark was dane,
- 46 'We keist the cavils us amang,  
To see which shoud to the greenwood  
gang.
- 47 'Ohone, alas! for I was youngest,  
An ay my wierd it was the hardest.

- 48 'The cavi' it did on me fa,  
Which was the cause of a' my wae.
- 49 'For to the greenwood I must gae,  
To pu the nut but an the slae ;
- 50 'To pu the red rose an the thyme,  
To strew my mother's bowr and mine.
- 51 'I had na pu'd a flowr but ane,  
Till by there came a jelly hind greeme,
- 52 'Wi high-coldd hose an laigh-coldd  
shoone,  
An he 'peard to be some kingis son.
- 53 'An be I maid or be I naue,  
He kept me there till the day was dane.
- 54 'An be I maid or be I nae,  
He kept me there till the close of day.
- 55 'He gae me a lock of yallow hair,  
An bade me keep it for ever mair.
- 56 'He gae me a carket o gude black beads,  
An bade me keep them against my  
needs.
- 57 'He gae to me a gay gold ring,  
An bade me ke[e]p it aboon a' thing.
- 58 'He gae to me a little pen-knife,  
An bade me keep it as my life.'
- 59 'What did you wi these tokens rare  
That ye got frae that young man there ?'
- 60 'O bring that coffer hear to me,  
And a' the tokens ye sal see.'
- 61 An ay she rauked, an ay she flang,  
Till a' the tokens came till her han.
- 62 'O stay here, daughter, your bowr within,  
Till I gae parley wi my son.'
- 63 O she has taen her thro the ha,  
An on her son began to ca.
- 64 'What did you wi that gay gold ring  
I bade you keep aboon a' thing ?
- 65 'What did you wi that little pen-knife  
I bade you keep while you had life ?

- 66 'What did you wi that yallow hair  
I bade you keep for ever mair ?
- 67 'What did you wi that good black beeds  
I bade you keep against your needs ?'
- 68 'I gae them to a lady gay  
I met i the greenwood on a day.
- 69 'An I would gi a' my father's lan,  
I had that lady my yates within.
- 70 'I would gi a' my ha's an towrs,  
I had that bright burd i my bowrs.'
- 71 'O son, keep still your father's lan;  
You hae that lady your yates within.
- 72 'An keep you still your ha's an towrs;  
You hae that bright burd i your bowrs.'
- 73 Now or a month was come and gone,  
This lady bare a bonny young son.
- 74 An it was well written on his breast-  
bane  
'Gil Brenton is my father's name.'

## 6

## WILLIE'S LADY

This ballad, like No. 5, was written down, from recitation, about 1783. It is extant in two copies, differing very slightly and both derived from Mrs. Brown of Falkland. Danish versions are numerous (see Grundtvig, Nos. 84, 85).

## A

a. A copy, by Miss Mary Fraser Tytler, of a transcript made by her grandfather from William Tytler's manuscript. b. Jamieson-Brown MS., No. 15, p. 38.

- 1 WILLIE has taen him oer the fame,  
He's woo'd a wife and brought her  
hame.
- 2 He's woo'd her for her yellow hair,  
But his mother wrought her mickle  
care.
- 3 And mickle dolour gard her dree,  
For lighter she can never be.

- 4 But in her bower she sits wi pain,  
And Willie mourns oer her in vain.
- 5 And to his mother he has gone,  
That vile rank witch of vilest kind.
- 6 He says : ' My ladie has a cup,  
Wi gowd and silver set about.
- 7 ' This goodlie gift shall be your ain,  
And let her be lighter o her young  
bairn.'
- 8 ' Of her young bairn she 'll neer be  
lighter,  
Nor in her bower to shine the brighter.
- 9 ' But she shall die and turn to clay,  
And you shall wed another may.'
- 10 ' Another may I 'll never wed,  
Another may I 'll neer bring home.'
- 11 But sighing says that weary wight,  
' I wish my life were at an end.'
- 12 ' Ye doe [ye] unto your mother again,  
That vile rank witch of vilest kind.
- 13 ' And say your ladie has a steed,  
The like o'm's no in the lands of Leed.
- 14 ' For he [i]s golden shod before,  
And he [i]s golden shod behind.
- 15 ' And at ilka tet of that horse's main,  
There 's a golden chess and a bell ring-  
ing.
- 16 ' This goodlie gift shall be your ain,  
And let me be lighter of my young  
bairn.'
- 17 ' O her young bairn she 'll neer be  
lighter,  
Nor in her bower to shine the brighter.
- 18 ' But she shall die and turn to clay,  
And ye shall wed another may.'
- 19 ' Another may I ['ll] never wed,  
Another may I ['ll] neer bring hame.'
- 20 But sighing said that weary wight,  
' I wish my life were at an end.'
- 21 ' Ye doe [ye] unto your mother again,  
That vile rank witch of vilest kind.
- 22 ' And say your ladie has a girdle,  
It 's red gowd unto the middle.
- 23 ' And ay at every silver hem,  
Hangs fifty silver bells and ten.
- 24 ' That goodlie gift has be her ain,  
And let me be lighter of my young  
bairn.'
- 25 ' O her young bairn she 's neer be  
lighter,  
Nor in her bower to shine the brighter.
- 26 ' But she shall die and turn to clay,  
And you shall wed another may.'
- 27 ' Another may I 'll never wed,  
Another may I 'll neer bring hame.'
- 28 But sighing says that weary wight,  
' I wish my life were at an end.'
- 29 Then out and spake the Belly Blind ;  
He spake aye in good time.
- 30 ' Ye doe ye to the market place,  
And there ye buy a loaf o wax.
- 31 ' Ye shape it bairn and bairnly like,  
And in twa glassen een ye pit ;
- 32 ' And bid her come to your boy's christ-  
ening ;  
Then notice weel what she shall do.
- 33 ' And do you stand a little fore bye,  
And listen weel what she shall say.'
- 34 ' Oh wha has loosed the nine witch  
knots  
That was amo that ladie's locks ?
- 35 ' And wha has taen out the kaims of care  
That hangs amo that ladie's hair ?
- 36 ' And wha's taen down the bush o wood-  
bine  
That hang atween her bower and mine?
- 37 ' And wha has killd the master kid  
That ran beneath that ladie's bed ?



- 38 'And wha has loosed her left-foot shee,  
And lotten that ladie lighter be?'
- 39 O Willie has loosed the nine witch  
knots  
That was amo that ladie's locks.
- 40 And Willie's taen out the kaims o care  
That hang amo that ladie's hair.
- 41 And Willie's taen down the bush o  
woodbine  
That hang atween her bower and thine.
- 42 And Willie has killed the master kid  
That ran beneath that ladie's bed.
- 43 And Willie has loosed her left-foot  
shee,  
And letten his ladie lighter be.
- 44 And now he's gotten a bonny young  
son,  
And mickle grace be him upon.

## 7

## EARL BRAND

'Earl Brand' has preserved most of the incidents of a very ancient story with a faithfulness unequalled by any ballad that has been recovered from English oral tradition. It has, however, all but lost a circumstance that forms the turning-point in related Scandinavian ballads with which it must once have agreed in all important particulars. This is the so-called "dead-naming," which has an important place in popular superstition. The incident appears as follows in the Danish 'Ribold and Guldborg,' (Grundtvig, No. 82): Ribold is fleeing with his love Guldborg. They are pursued by Guldborg's father and her brothers. Ribold bids Guldborg hold his horse, and, whatever may happen, not to call him by name. Ribold cuts down six or seven of her brothers and her father, besides others of her kin; the youngest brother only is left, and Guldborg in an agony calls upon Ribold to spare him, to carry tidings to her mother. No sooner was his name pronounced than Ribold received a mortal wound. The English and Scottish ballads preserve only the faintest trace of the knight's injunction not to name him. Cf. A\*, st. 27, with 'Erlinton,' A\*, st. 15, B, st. 14.

'Earl Brand,' with the many Scandinavian ballads of the same group, would seem to be-

long among the numerous ramifications of the Hildesaga. Of these, the second lay of Helgi Hundingslayer, in the Poetic Edda, and 'Waltharius,' the beautiful poem of Ekkehard, are most like the ballads. See also 'Erlinton' (No. 8). Percy, in his Reliques, expanded the fragmentary version C to five times its actual length.

## A\*

'The Earl o Bran,' "Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy," No. 22 b, Abbotsford; in the handwriting of Richard Heber.

- 1 DID ye ever hear o guid Earl o Bran  
An the queen's daughter o the south-  
lan?
- 2 She was na fifteen years o age  
Till she came to the Earl's bed-side.
- 3 'O guid Earl o Bran, I fain wad see  
My grey hounds run over the lea.'
- 4 'O kind lady, I have no steeds but one,  
But ye shall ride, an I shall run.'
- 5 'O guid Earl o Bran, but I have tua,  
An ye shall hae yere wael o those.'
- 6 The're ovr moss an the're over muir,  
An they saw neither rich nor poor.
- 7 Till they came to ald Carl Hood,  
He's ay for ill, but he's never for good.
- 8 'O guid Earl o Bran, if ye loe me,  
Kill Carl Hood an gar him die.'
- 9 'O kind lady, we had better spare;  
I never killd ane that wore grey hair.
- 10 'We'll gie him a penny-fie an let him  
gae,  
An then he'll carry nae tiddings away.'
- 11 'Where hae been riding this lang sim-  
mer-day?  
Or where hae stolen this lady away?'
- 12 'O I hae not riden this lang summer-  
day,  
Nor hae I stolen this lady away.
- 13 'For she is my sick sister  
I got at the Wamshester.'

14 'If she were sick an like to die,  
She wad na be wearing the gold sae  
high.'

15 Ald Carl Hood is over the know,  
Where they rode one mile, he ran  
four.

16 Till he came to her mother's yetts,  
An I wat he rapped rudely at.

17 'Where is the lady o this ha ?'  
'She 's out wie her maidens, playing at  
the ba.'

18 'O na ! fy na !  
For I met her fifteen miles awa.

19 'She 's over moss, an she 's over muir,  
An a' to be the Earl o Bran's whore.'

20 Some rode wie sticks, an some wie  
rungs,  
An a' to get the Earl o Bran slain.

21 That lady lookd over her left shoudder-  
bane :  
'O guid Earl o Bran, we 'll a' be taen !  
For yond 'r a' my father's men.

22 'But if ye 'll take my claiths, I 'll take  
thine,  
An I 'll fight a' my father's men.'

23 'It 's no the custom in our land  
For ladies to fight an knights to stand.

24 'If they come on me ane by ane,  
I 'll smash them a' down bane by bane.

25 'If they come on me ane and a',  
Ye soon will see my body fa.'

26 He has luppen from his steed,  
An he has gein her that to had.

27 An bad her never change her cheer  
Untill she saw his body bleed.

28 They came on him ane by ane,  
An he smashed them down a' bane by  
bane.

29 He sat him down on the green grass,  
For I wat a wearit man he was.

30 But ald Carl Hood came him behind,  
An I wat he gae him a deadly wound.

31 He 's awa to his lady then,  
He kissed her, and set her on her  
steed again.

32 He rode whistlin out the way.  
An a' to hearten his lady gay.

33 'Till he came to the water-flood :  
'O guid Earl o Bran, I see blood !'

34 'O it is but my scarlet hood,  
That shines upon the water-flood.'

35 They came on 'till his mother's yett,  
An I wat he rappit poorly at.

36 His mother she 's come to the door :  
'O son, ye 've gotten yere dead wie an  
*English* whore !'

37 'She was never a whore to me ;  
Sae let my brother her husband be.'

38 Sae ald Carl Hood was not the dead o  
ane,  
But he was the dead o hale seeventeen.

## B

'The Douglas Tragedy,' Scott's *Minstrelsy*,  
III, 246, ed. 1803 ; III, 6, ed. 1833 : the copy  
principally used supplied by C. K. Sharpe, the  
last three stanzas from a penny pamphlet and  
from tradition.

1 'RISE up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas,'  
she says,  
'And put on your armour so bright ;  
Let it never be said that a daughter of  
thine  
Was married to a lord under night.

2 'Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,  
And put on your armour so bright,  
And take better care of your youngest  
sister,  
For your eldest 's awa the last night.'

3 He 's mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself on a dapple grey,  
With a bugelet horn hung down by his  
side,  
And lightly they rode away.

- 4 Lord William lookit oer his left shoul-  
der,  
To see what he could see,  
And there he spy'd her seven brethren  
bold,  
Come riding over the lee.
- 5 'Light down, light down, Lady Mar-  
gret,' he said,  
'And hold my steed in your hand,  
Until that against your seven brethren  
bold,  
And your father, I mak a stand.'
- 6 She held his steed in her milk-white  
hand,  
And never shed one tear,  
Until that she saw her seven brethren  
fa,  
And her father hard fighting, who  
lovd her so dear.
- 7 'O hold your hand, Lord William !' she  
said,  
'For your strokes they are wondrous  
sair ;  
True lovers I can get many a ane,  
But a father I can never get mair.'
- 8 O she 's taen out her handkerchief,  
It was o the holland sae fine,  
And aye she dighted her father's bloody  
wounds,  
That were redder than the wine.
- 9 'O chuse, O chuse, Lady Margret,' he  
said,  
'O whether will ye gang or bide ?'  
'I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William,'  
she said,  
'For ye have left me no other guide.'
- 10 He 's lifted her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself on a dapple grey,  
With a bugelet horn hung down by his  
side,  
And slowly they baith rade away.
- 11 O they rade on, and on they rade,  
And a' by the light of the moon,  
Until they came to yon wau water,  
And there they lighted down.
- 12 They lighted down to tak a drink  
Of the spring that ran sae clear,

- And down the stream ran his gude  
heart's blood,  
And sair she gan to fear.
- 13 'Hold up, hold up, Lord William,' she  
says,  
'For I fear that you are slain ;'  
'Tis naething but the shadow of my  
scarlet cloak,  
That shines in the water sae plain.'
- 14 O they rade on, and on they rade,  
And a' by the light of the moon,  
Until they cam to his mother's ha door,  
And there they lighted down.
- 15 'Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says,  
'Get up, and let me in !'  
Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says,  
'For this night my fair lady I 've win.
- 16 'O mak my bed, lady mother,' he says,  
'O mak it braid and deep,  
And lay Lady Margret close at my back,  
And the sounder I will sleep.'
- 17 Lord William was dead lang ere mid-  
night,  
Lady Margret lang ere day,  
And all true lovers that go thegither,  
May they have mair luck than they !
- 18 Lord William was buried in St. Mary's  
kirk,  
Lady Margret in Mary's quire ;  
Out o the lady's grave grew a bonny  
red rose,  
And out o the knight's a briar.
- 19 And they twa met, and they twa plat,  
And fain they wad be near ;  
And a' the world might ken right weel  
They were twa lovers dear.
- 20 But bye and rade the Black Douglas,  
And wow but he was rough !  
For he pulld up the bonny brier,  
And flang 't in St. Mary's Loch.

## F

'The Child of Ell,' Percy MS., p. 57 ; ed.  
Hales and Furnivall, I, 133.

1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

Sayes 'Christ thee saue, good Child of  
Ell!  
Christ saue thee and thy steede!

2 'My father sayes he will [eat] noe  
meate,  
Nor his drinke shall doe him noe  
good,

Till he haue slaine the Child of Ell,  
And haue seene his harts blood.'

3 'I wold I were in my sadle sett,  
And a mile out of the towne;  
I did not care for your father  
And all his merry men !

4 'I wold I were in my sadle sett,  
And a little space him free;  
I did not care for your father  
And all that long him to!'

5 He leaned ore his saddle bow  
To kisse this lady good;  
The teares *that* went them *two* betweene  
Were blend water and blood.

6 He sett himsele on one good steed,  
This lady on a palfray,  
And sett his litle horne to his mouth,  
And roundlie he rode away.

7 He had not ridden past a mile,  
A mile out of the towne,  
. . . . .

8 Her father was readye with her *seven*  
brether,  
He said, 'Sett thou my daughter  
downe!  
For it ill beseemes thee, thou false  
churles sonne,  
To carry her forth of this towne!'

9 'But lowd thou lvest, Sir Iohn the  
knight,  
Thou now doest lye of me ;  
A knight me gott, and a lady me bore ;  
Soe neuer did none by thee.

10 'But light now downe, my lady gay,  
Light downe and hold my horsse,  
Whilist I and your father and your  
brether  
Doe play vs at this crosse.

11 'But light now downe, my owne trew  
loue,  
And meeklye hold my steede,  
Whilist your father [and your *seven*  
brether] bold

\* \* \* \* \*

8

## ERLINTON

This ballad has only with much hesitation been separated from the foregoing. Versions A and B have one correspondence with the Scandinavian Ribold ballad not found in 'Earl Brand,' — the strict watch kept over the lady. But notwithstanding the resemblances to the Ribold story, there is a difference in the larger part of the details, and all the 'Erlinton' ballads have a fortunate ending. The copy in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, III, 235, ed. 1803, was compounded from A\* and a closely related version.

A\*

Abbotsford MS., Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy, No. 20, obtained from Nelly Laidlaw, and in the handwriting of William Laidlaw.

1 LORD ERLINTON had ae daughter,  
I trow he 's weird her a grit sin ;  
For he has bugn a bigly bower,  
An a' to pit his ae daughter in.  
An he has buggin, etc.

2 An he has warn her sisters six,  
Her sisters six an her brethren se'en,  
Thei 'r either to watch her a' the night,  
Or than to gang i the mornin soon.

3 She had na been i that bigly bower  
Not ae night but only ane  
Untill that Willie, her true-love,  
Chappit at the bower-door, no at the gin.

4 'Whae's this, whae's this chaps at my  
bower-door,  
At my bower-door, no at the gin ?'  
'O it is Willie, thy ain true-love ;  
O will ye rise an let me in ?'

5 'In my bower, Willie, there is a wane,  
An in the wane there is a wake ;  
But I will come to the green woods  
The morn, for my ain true-love's sake.'

- 6 This lady she 's lain down again,  
An she has lain till the cock crew  
thrice ;  
She said unto her sisters baith,  
Lasses, it 's time at we soud rise.
- 7 She 's putten on her breast a silver tee,  
An on her back a silken gown ;  
She 's taen a sister in ilka hand,  
An away to, the bonnie green wood  
she 's gane.
- 8 They hadna gane a mile in that bonnie  
green wood,  
They had na gane a mile but only  
ane,  
Till they met wi Willie, her ain true-  
love,  
An thrae her sisters he has her taen.
- 9 He 's taen her sisters ilk by the hand,  
He 's kissd them baith, an he 's sent  
them hame ;  
He 's muntit his ladie him high behind,  
An thro the bonnie green wood thei 'r  
gane.
- 10 They 'd ridden a mile i that bonnie  
green wood,  
They hadna ridden but only ane,  
When there cam fifteen o the baldest  
knights  
That ever boor flesh, bluid an bane.
- 11 Than up bespak the foremost knight,  
He woor the gray hair on his chin ;  
'Yield me yer life or your lady fair,  
An ye sal walk the green woods  
within.'
- 12 'For to gie my wife to thee,  
I wad be very laith,' said he ;  
'For than the folk wad think I was gane  
mad,  
Or that the senses war taen frae me.'
- 13 Up than bespak the niest foremost  
knight,  
I trow he spak right boustrouslie ;  
'Yield me yer life or your ladie fair,  
An ye sall walk the green woods wi  
me.'
- 14 'My wife, she is my world's meed,  
My life, it lyes me very near ;

But if ye be man o your manhood  
I serve will while my days are near.'

- 15 He 's luppen off his milk-white steed,  
He 's gien his lady him by the head :  
'See that ye never change yer cheer  
Till ance ye see my body bleed.'
- 16 An he 's killd a' the fifteen knights,  
He 's killed them a' but only ane ;  
A' but the auld grey-headed knight,  
He bade him carry the tiddins hame.
- 17 He 's gane to his lady again,  
I trow he 's kissd her, baith cheek an  
chin ;  
'Now ye 'r my ain, I have ye win,  
An we will walk the green woods  
within.'

## B

'True Tammas,' MS. of Robert White, Esq.,  
of Newcastle, from James Telfer's collection.

- 1 THERE was a knight, an he had a daugh-  
ter,  
An he wad wed her, wi muckle sin ;  
Sae he has biggit a bonnie bower, love,  
An a' to keep his fair daughter in.
- 2 But she hadna been in the bonnie bower,  
love,  
And no twa hours but barely ane,  
Till up started Tammas, her ain true  
lover,  
And O sae fain as he wald been in.
- 3 'For a' sae weel as I like ye, Tammas,  
An for a' sae weel as I like the gin,  
I wadna for ten thousand pounds, love,  
Na no this night wad I let thee in.
- 4 'But yonder is a bonnie greenwud,  
An in the greenwud there is a wauk,  
An I 'll be there an sune the morn, love,  
It 's a' for my true love's sake.
- 5 'On my right hand I 'll have a glove,  
love,  
An on my left ane I 'll have nane ;  
I 'll have wi' me my sisters six, love,  
An we will wauk the wuds our lane.'
- 6 They hadna waukd in the bonnie green-  
wud,  
Na no an hour but barely ane,



Till up start Tammas, her ain true lover,  
He's taen her sisters her frae mang.

7 An he has kissed her sisters six, love,  
An he has sent them hame again,  
But he has keepit his ain true lover,  
Saying, 'We will wauk the wuds our  
lane.'

8 They hadna waukd in the bonnie green-  
wud  
Na no an hour but barely ane,  
Till up start fifteen o the bravest out-  
laws  
That ever bure either breath or bane.

9 An up bespake the foremost man, love,  
An O but he spake angrily:  
'Either your life—or your lady fair,  
sir,  
This night shall wauk the wuds wi  
me.'

10 'My lady fair, O I like her weel, sir,  
An O my life, but it lies me near!  
But before I lose my lady fair, sir,  
I'll rather lose my life sae dear.'

11 Then up bespak the second man, love,  
An aye he spake mair angrily,  
Saying, 'Baith your life, and your lady  
fair, sir,  
This night shall wauk the wuds wi  
me.'

12 'My lady fair, O I like her weel, sir,  
An O my life, but it lies me near!  
But before I lose my lady fair, sir,  
I'll rather lose my life sae dear.

13 'But if ye'll be men to your manhood,  
As that I will be unto mine,  
I'll fight ye every ane man by man,  
Till the last drop's blude I hae be  
slain.

14 'O sit ye down, my dearest dearie,  
Sit down and hold my noble steed,  
And see that ye never change your cheer  
Until ye see my body bleed.'

15 He's faughten a' the fifteen outlaws,  
The fifteen outlaws every ane,  
He's left naething but the auldest man  
To go and carry the tidings hame.

16 An he has gane to his dearest dear,  
An he has kissed her, cheek and chin,  
Saying, 'Thou art mine ain, I have  
bought thee dear,  
An we will wauk the wuds our lane.'

## 9

## THE FAIR FLOWER OF NORTHUMBERLAND

The earliest copy of this ballad is introduced as 'The Maiden's Song' in Deloney's Pleasant History of John Winchcomb, in his younger years called Jacke of Newberie, a book written as early as 1597. Halliwell reprinted the "9th" edition, of the date 1633, in 1859. We do not find the story of this ballad repeated as a whole among other European nations, but there are interesting agreements in parts with Scandinavian, Polish, and German ballads. There is also some resemblance in the first half to a pretty ballad of the northern nations which treats in a brief way the theme of our exquisite romance of 'The Nutbrown Maid' (see Grundtvig, No. 249). The ballad of 'Young Andrew' (No. 48) has points in common with 'The Fair Flower of Northumberland.'

## A

a. Deloney's Pleasant History of John Winchcomb, 9th ed., London, 1633, reprinted by Halliwell, p. 61. b. 'The Ungrateful Knight and the Fair Flower of Northumberland,' Ritson's Ancient Songs, 1790, p. 169.

1 It was a knight in Scotland borne  
Follow, my love, come over the strand  
Was taken prisoner, and left forlorne,  
Even by the good Earle of Northum-  
berland.

2 Then was he cast in prison strong,  
Where he could not walke nor lie along,  
Even by the goode Earle of Northum-  
berland.

3 And as in sorrow thus he lay,  
The Earle's sweete daughter walkt that  
way,  
And she the faire flower of Northum-  
berland.

4 And passing by, like an angell bright,  
The prisoner had of her a sight,

- And she the faire flower of Northumberland.
- 5 And loud to her this knight did crie,  
The salt teares standing in his eye,  
And she the faire flower of Northumberland.
- 6 'Faire lady,' he said, 'take pity on me,  
And let me not in prison dye,  
And you the faire flower of Northumberland.'
- 7 'Faire Sir, how should I take pity on thee,  
Thou being a foe to our countrey,  
And I the faire flower of Northumberland.'
- 8 'Faire lady, I am no foe,' he said,  
'Through thy sweet love heere was I stayd,  
For thee, the faire flower of Northumberland.'
- 9 'Why shouldst thou come heere for love of me,  
Having wife and children in thy countrie?  
And I the faire flower of Northumberland.'
- 10 'I sweare by the blessed Trinitie,  
I have no wife nor children, I,  
Nor dwelling at home in merrie Scotland.
- 11 'If curteously you will set me free,  
I vow that I will marrie thee,  
So soone as I come in faire Scotland.
- 12 'Thou shalt be a lady of castles and towers,  
And sit like a queene in princely bowers,  
When I am at home in faire Scotland.'
- 13 Then parted hence this lady gay,  
And got her father's ring away,  
To helpe this sad knight into faire Scotland.
- 14 Likewise much gold she got by sleight,  
And all to helpe this forlorne knight  
To wend from her father to faire Scotland.
- 15 Two gallant steedes, both good and able,  
She likewise tooke out of the stable,  
To ride with this knight into faire Scotland.
- 16 And to the jaylor she sent this ring,  
The knight from prison forth to bring,  
To wend with her into faire Scotland.
- 17 This token set the prisoner free,  
Who straight went to this faire lady,  
To wend with her into faire Scotland.
- 18 A gallant steede he did bestride,  
And with the lady away did ride,  
And she the faire flower of Northumberland.
- 19 They rode till they came to a water cleare:  
'Good Sir, how should I follow you heere,  
And I the faire flower of Northumberland ?
- 20 'The water is rough and wonderfull deepe,  
An[d] on my saddle I shall not keepe,  
And I the faire flower of Northumberland.'
- 21 'Feare not the foord, faire lady,' quoth he,  
'For long I cannot stay for thee,  
And thou the faire flower of Northumberland.'
- 22 The lady prickt her wanton steed,  
And over the river swom with speede,  
And she the faire flower of Northumberland.
- 23 From top to toe all wet was shee:  
'This have I done for love of thee,  
And I the faire flower of Northumberland.'
- 24 Thus rode she all one winter's night,  
Till Edenborow they saw in sight,  
The chiefest towne in all Scotland.
- 25 'Now chuse,' quoth he, 'thou wanton flower,

Whe'r thou wilt be my paramour,  
Or get thee home to Northumber-  
land.

26 'For I have wife, and children five,  
In Edenborow they be alive;  
Then get thee home to faire England.

27 'This favour shalt thou have to boote,  
He have thy horse, go thou on foote,  
Go, get thee home to Northumber-  
land.'

28 'O false and faithlesse knight,' quoth  
shee,  
'And canst thou deale so bad with me,  
And I the faire flower of Northum-  
berland ?

29 'Dishonour not a ladie's name,  
But draw thy sword and end my shame,  
And I the faire flower of Northum-  
berland.'

30 He tooke her from her stately steed,  
And left her there in extreme need,  
And she the faire flower of Northum-  
berland.

31 Then sate she downe full heavily;  
At length two knights came riding by,  
Two gallant knights of faire England.

32 She fell downe humbly on her knee,  
Saying, 'Courteous knights, take pittie  
on me,  
And I the faire flower of Northum-  
berland.

33 'I have offended my father deere,  
And by a false knight that brought me  
heere,  
From the good Earle of Northumber-  
land.'

34 They tooke her up behind them then,  
And brought her to her father's againe,  
And he the good Earle of Northum-  
berland.

35 All you faire maidens be warned by  
me,  
Scots were never true, nor never will  
be,  
To lord, nor lady, nor faire England.

## THE TWA SISTERS

This is one of the very few old ballads which are not extinct as tradition in the British Isles. Even drawing-room versions are spoken of as current, "generally traced to some old nurse, who sang them to the young ladies." It has been found in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and was very early in print. The ballad is as popular with the Scandinavians as with their Saxon cousins: we have Danish, Icelandic, Norwegian, Färöe, and Swedish versions. There is a remarkable agreement between the Norse and English ballads till we approach the conclusion of the story, with a natural diversity as to some of the minuter details. According to all complete and uncorrupted forms of the ballad, either some part of the body of the drowned girl is taken to furnish a musical instrument, a harp or a viol, or the instrument is wholly made from the body. Perhaps the original conception was the simple and beautiful one which we find in English B and also in the Icelandic ballads, that the king's harper, or the girl's lover, takes three locks of her yellow hair to string his harp with. Infelicitous additions were, perhaps, successively made: as a harp-frame from the breast-bone, and fiddle-pins formed of the finger joints, and so one thing and another added or substituted, till we end with the buffoonery of English A. All the Norse ballads (see Grundtvig, No. 95) make the harp or fiddle to be taken to a wedding, which chances to be that of the elder sister with the drowned girl's betrothed. Unfortunately, many of the English versions are so injured towards the close that the full story cannot be made out. There is no wedding feast preserved in any of them.

Though the range of the ballad proper is somewhat limited, popular tales equivalent as to the characteristic circumstances are very widely diffused.

## A

a. 'The Miller and the King's Daughter,' broadside of 1656, Notes and Queries, 1st Series, v, 591. b. Wit Restor'd, 1658, in the reprint of 1817, p. 153. c. 'The Miller and the King's Daughters,' Wit and Drollery, ed. 1682, p. 87. d. 'The Miller and the King's Daughter,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, i, 315.

1 THERE were two sisters, they went  
playing,  
With a hie downe downe a downe-a

To see their father's ships come sayling  
in.

With a hy downe downe a downe-a

2 And when they came unto the sea-brym,  
The elder did push the younger in.

3 'O sister, O sister, take me by the  
gowne,  
And drawe me up upon the dry ground.'

4 'O sister, O sister, that may not bee,  
Till salt and oatmeale grow both of a  
tree.'

5 Somtymes she sanke, somtymes she  
swam,  
Until she came unto the mill-dam.

6 The miller runne hastily downe the  
cliffe,  
And up he betook her withouten her  
life.

7 What did he doe with her brest-bone?  
He made him a viol to play thereupon.

8 What did he doe with her fingers so  
small?  
He made him peggs to his viol with-  
all.

9 What did he doe with her nose-ridge?  
Unto his viol be made him a bridge.

10 What did he doe with her veynes so  
blew?  
He made him strings to his viol thereto.

11 What did he doe with her eyes so  
bright?  
Upon his viol he played at first sight.

12 What did he doe with her tongue so  
rough?  
Unto the viol it spake enough.

13 What did he doe with her two shinnes?  
Unto the viol they danc'd Moll Syms.

14 Then bespake the treble string,  
'O yonder is my father the king.'

15 Then bespake the second string,  
'O yonder sits my mother the queen.'

16 And then bespake the strings all three,  
'O yonder is my sister that drowned  
mee.'

17 'Now pay the miller for his payne,  
And let him bee gone in the divel's  
name.'

## B

a. 'The Twa Sisters,' Jamieson-Brown MS.,  
p. 39. b. Wm. Tytler's Brown MS., No. 15.  
c. Abbotsford MS., Scottish Songs, fol. 21. d.  
Jamieson's Popular Ballads, 1, 48.

1 THERE was twa sisters in a bowr,  
Edinburgh, Edinburgh  
There was twa sisters in a bowr,  
Stirling for ay  
There was twa sisters in a bowr,  
There came a knight to be their wooer.  
Bonny Saint Johnston stands upon  
Tay

2 He courted the eldest wi glove an  
ring,  
But he lovd the youngest above a' thing.

3 He courted the eldest wi brotch an  
knife,  
But lovd the youngest as his life.

4 The eldest she was vexed sair,  
An much envi'd her sister fair.

5 Into her bowr she could not rest,  
Wi grief an spite she almos brast.

6 Upon a morning fair an clear,  
She cried upon her sister dear:

7 'O sister, come to yon sea stran,  
An see our father's ships come to lan.'

8 She's taen her by the milk-white han,  
An led her down to yon sea stran.

9 The younges[t] stood upon a stane,  
The eldest came an threw her in.

10 She tooke her by the middle sma,  
An dashd her bonny back to the jaw.

11 'O sister, sister, tak my han,  
An Ise mack you heir to a' my lan.

- 12 'O sister, sister, tak my middle,  
An yes get my goud and my gouden  
girdle.
- 13 'O sister, sister, save my life,  
An I swear Ise never be nae man's  
wife.'
- 14 'Foul fa the han that I should tacke,  
It twin'd me an my wardles make.
- 15 'Your cherry cheeks an yallow hair  
Gars me gae maiden for evermair.'
- 16 Sometimes she sank, an sometimes she  
swam,  
Till she came down yon bonny mill-  
dam.
- 17 O out it came the miller's son,  
An saw the fair maid swimmin in.
- 18 'O father, father, draw your dam,  
Here 's either a mermaid or a swan.'
- 19 The miller quickly drew the dam,  
An there he found a drownd woman.
- 20 You coudna see her yallow hair  
For gold and pearle that were so rare.
- 21 You coudna see her middle sma  
For gouden girdle that was sae braw.
- 22 You coudna see her fingers white,  
For gouden rings that was sae gryte.
- 23 An by there came a harper fine,  
That harped to the king at dine.
- 24 When he did look that lady upon,  
He sighd and made a heavy moan.
- 25 He 's taen three locks o her yallow hair,  
An wi them strung his harp sae fair.
- 26 The first tune he did play and sing,  
Was, 'Farewell to my father the king.'
- 27 The nextin tune that he playd syne,  
Was, 'Farewell to my mother the  
queen.'
- 28 The lasten tune that he playd then,  
Was, 'Wae to my sister, fair Ellen.'

## THE CRUEL BROTHER

This was formerly one of the most popular of Scottish ballads. There are many versions, most of which agree in all essentials. The point of the story is the mortal offense given by the neglect to ask the brother's consent to the marriage. The same idea occurs in a number of Scandinavian ballads. In a very common German ballad, 'Graf Friedrich' (Uhland, No. 122), the bride receives a fatal wound during the bringing home, but accidentally, and from the bridegroom's hand. The peculiar testament made by the bride in 'The Cruel Brother,' by which she bequeaths good things to her friends, but ill things to the author of her death, is highly characteristic of ballad poetry. See 'Lord Randal' (No. 12) and 'Edward' (No. 13).

## A

'[The] Cruel Brother, or the Bride's Testament.' a. Alex. Fraser Tytler's Brown MS. b. Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 66, purporting to be from the recitation of Mrs Arrot of Aberbrothick (probably by mistake for Mrs Brown).

- 1 THERE was three ladies playd at the ba,  
With a hey ho and a lillie gay  
There came a knight and played oer  
them a'.  
As the primrose spreads so sweetly
- 2 The eldest was baith tall and fair,  
But the youngest was beyond compare.
- 3 The midmost had a graceful mien,  
But the youngest lookd like beautie's  
queen.
- 4 The knight bowd low to a' the three,  
But to the youngest he bent his knee.
- 5 The ladie turned her head aside,  
The knight he woo'd her to be his bride.
- 6 The ladie blushd a rosy red,  
And said, 'Sir knight, I 'm too young  
to wed.'
- 7 'O ladie fair, give me your hand,  
And I 'll make you ladie of a' my land.'
- 8 'Sir knight, ere ye my favor win,  
You maun get consent frae a' my kin.'



- 9 He's got consent frae her parents dear,  
And likewise frae her sisters fair.
- 10 He's got consent frae her kin each  
one,  
But forgot to spiek to her brother  
John.
- 11 Now, when the wedding day was come,  
The knight would take his bonny bride  
home.
- 12 And many a lord and many a knight  
Came to behold that ladie bright.
- 13 And there was nae man that did her  
see,  
But wishd himself bridegroom to be.
- 14 Her father dear led her down the stair,  
And her sisters twain they kissd her  
there.
- 15 Her mother dear led her thro the closs,  
And her brother John set her on her  
horse.
- 16 She leand her oer the saddle-bow,  
To give him a kiss ere she did go.
- 17 He has taen a knife, baith lang and  
sharp,  
And stabbd that bonny bride to the  
heart.
- 18 She hadno ridden half thro the town,  
Until her heart's blude staind her gown.
- 19 'Ride softly on,' says the best young  
man,  
'For I think our bonny bride looks pale  
and wan.'
- 20 'O lead me gently up-yon hill,  
And I'll there sit down, and make my  
will.'
- 21 'O what will you leave to your father  
dear?'  
'The silver-shode steed that brought me  
here.'
- 22 'What will you leave to your mother  
dear?'  
'My velvet pall and my silken gear.'

- 23 'What will you leave to your sister  
Anne?'  
'My silken scarf and my gowden fan.'
- 24 'What will you leave to your sister  
Grace?'  
'My bloody cloaths to wash and dress.'
- 25 'What will you leave to your brother  
John?'  
'The gallows-tree to hang him on.'
- 26 'What will you leave to your brother  
John's wife?'  
'The wilderness to end her life.'
- 27 This ladie fair in her grave was laid,  
And many a mass was oer her said.
- 28 But it would have made your heart  
right sair,  
To see the bridegroom rive his haire.

## B

Kinloch's MSS., I, 21, from Mary Barr, May,  
1827, Clydesdale.

- 1 A GENTLEMAN cam oure the sea,  
Fine flowers in the valley  
And he has courted ladies three.  
With the light green and the yellow
- 2 One o them was clad in red :  
He asked if she wad be his bride.
- 3 One o them was clad in green :  
He asked if she wad be his queen.
- 4 The last o them was clad in white :  
He asked if she wad be his heart's  
delight.
- 5 'Ye may ga ask my father, the king :  
Sae maun ye ask my mither, the queen.
- 6 'Sae maun ye ask my sister Anne :  
And dinna forget my brither John.'
- 7 He has asked her father, the king :  
And sae did he her mither, the queen.
- 8 And he has asked her sister Anne :  
But he has forgot her brother John.

- 9 Her father led her through the ha,  
Her mither danced afore them a'.
- 10 Her sister Anne led her through the closs,  
Her brither John set her on her horse.
- 11 It's then he drew a little penknife,  
And he reft the fair maid o her life.
- 12 'Ride up, ride up,' said the foremost  
man;  
'I think our bride comes hooly on.'
- 13 'Ride up, ride up,' said the second man;  
'I think our bride looks pale and wan.'
- 14 Up than cam the gay bridegroom,  
And straucht unto the bride he cam.
- 15 'Does your side-saddle sit awry?  
Or does your steed . . .
- 16 'Or does the rain run in your glove?  
Or wad ye chuse anither love?'
- 17 'The rain runs not in my glove,  
Nor will I e'er chuse anither love.
- 18 'But O an I war at Saint Evron's well,  
There I wad licht, and drink my fill!
- 19 'Oh an I war at Saint Evron's closs,  
There I wad licht, and bait my horse!'
- 20 Whan she cam to Saint Evron's well,  
She dought na licht to drink her fill.
- 21 Whan she cam to Saint Evron's closs,  
The bonny bride fell aff her horse.
- 22 'What will ye leave to your father, the  
king?'  
'The milk-white steed that I ride on.'
- 23 'What will ye leave to your mother, the  
queen?'  
'The bluidy robes that I have on.'
- 24 'What will ye leave to your sister  
Anne?'  
'My gude lord, to be wedded on.'
- 25 'What will ye leave to your brither  
John?'  
'The gallows pin to hang him on.'

- 26 'What will ye leave to your brither's  
wife?'  
'Grief and sorrow a' the days o her life.'
- 27 'What will ye leave to your brither's  
bairns?'  
'The meal-pock to hang oure the arms.'
- 28 Now does she neither sigh nor groan:  
She lies aneath yon marble stone.

## 12

## LORD RANDAL

This ballad may be traced back about a century in English. In Italy it has been popular for more than 250 years. According to the Italian tradition, a young man and his true-love are the object and the agent of the crime. This is also the case in several of the English versions and in some of the German. It is not unlikely, as Scott suggests, that the young man was changed to a child poisoned by a stepmother when the ballad was sung to children.

## A

From a small manuscript volume, lent to Professor Child by Mr. William Macmath, of Edinburgh, containing four pieces written in or about 1710, and this ballad in a later hand (probably of the beginning of the 19th century). Charles Mackie, August, 1808, is scratched upon the binding.

- 1 'O WHERE ha you been, Lord Randal,  
my son?  
And where ha you been, my handsome  
young man?'  
'I ha been at the greenwood; mother,  
mak my bed soon,  
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain  
wad lie down.'
- 2 'An wha met ye there, Lord Randal,  
my son?  
An wha met you there, my handsome  
young man?'  
'O I met wi my true-love; mother,  
mak my bed soon,  
For I'm wearied wi huntin, an fain wad  
lie down.'
- 3 'And what did she give you, Lord Ran-  
dal, my son?

And what did she give you, my handsome young man ?'  
 'Eels fried in a pan ; mother, mak my bed soon,  
 For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down.'

4 'And wha gat your leavins, Lord Randal, my son ?  
 And wha gat your leavins, my handsome young man ?'  
 'My hawks and my hounds ; mother, mak my bed soon,  
 For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie down.'

5 'And what becam of them, Lord Randal, my son ?  
 And what becam of them, my handsome young man ?'  
 'They stretched their legs out an died ; mother, mak my bed soon,  
 For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down.'

6 'O I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son !  
 I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man !'  
 'O yes, I am poisoned ; mother, mak my bed soon,  
 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

7 'What d'ye leave to your mother, Lord Randal, my son ?  
 What d'ye leave to your mother, my handsome young man ?'  
 'Four and twenty milk kye ; mother, mak my bed soon,  
 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

8 'What d'ye leave to your sister, Lord Randal, my son ?  
 What d'ye leave to your sister, my handsome young man ?'  
 'My gold and my silver ; mother, mak my bed soon,  
 For I'm sick at the heart, an I fain wad lie down.'

9 'What d'ye leave to your brother, Lord Randal, my son ?

What d'ye leave to your brother, my handsome young man ?'  
 'My houses and my lands ; mother, mak my bed soon,  
 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

10 'What d'ye leave to your true-love, Lord Randal, my son ?  
 What d'ye leave to your true-love, my handsome young man ?'  
 'I leave her hell and fire ; mother, mak my bed soon,  
 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

### B

'Lord Donald,' Kinloch MSS., vii, 89. Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 110. From Mrs. Comie, Aberdeen.

1 'O WHARE hae ye been a' day, Lord Donald, my son ?  
 O whare hae ye been a' day, my jollie young man ?'  
 'I've been awa courtin ; mither, mak my bed sune,  
 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

2 'What wad ye hae for your supper, Lord Donald, my son ?  
 What wad ye hae for your supper, my jollie young man ?'  
 'I've gotten my supper ; mither, mak my bed sune,  
 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

3 'What did ye get to your supper, Lord Donald, my son ?  
 What did ye get to your supper, my jollie young man ?'  
 'A dish of sma fishes ; mither, mak my bed sune,  
 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'

4 'Whare gat ye the fishes, Lord Donald, my son ?  
 Whare gat ye the fishes, my jollie young man ?'  
 'In my father's black ditches ; mither, mak my bed sune,

For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain  
wad lie down.'

5 'What like were your fishes, Lord  
Donald, my son ?

What like were your fishes, my jollie  
young man ?'

'Black backs and spreckld bellies ;  
mither, mak my bed sune,

For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain  
wad lie down.'

6 'O I fear ye are poisond, Lord Donald,  
my son !

O I fear ye are poisond, my jollie young  
man !'

'O yes ! I am poisond ; mither mak  
my bed sune,

For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain  
wad lie down.'

7 'What will ye leave to your father,  
Lord Donald my son ?

What will ye leave to your father, my  
jollie young man ?'

'Baith my houses and land ; mither,  
mak my bed sune,

For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain  
wad lie down.'

8 'What will ye leave to your brither,  
Lord Donald, my son ?

What will ye leave to your brither, my  
jollie young man ?'

'My horse and the saddle ; mither, mak  
my bed sune,

For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain  
wad lie down.'

9 'What will ye leave to your sister,  
Lord Donald, my son ?

What will ye leave to your sister, my  
jollie young man ?'

'Baith my gold box and rings ; mither,  
mak my bed sune,

For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain  
wad lie down.'

10 'What will ye leave to your true-love,  
Lord Donald, my son ?

What will ye leave to your true-love,  
my jollie young man ?'

'The tow and the halter, for to hang on  
yon tree,

And lat her hang there for the poyson-  
ing o me.'

## J

'The Bonnie Wee Croodlin Dow,' Mother-  
well's MS., p. 238. From the recitation of Miss  
Maxwell, of Brediland.

1 'O WHARE hae ye been a' day, my bon-  
nie wee croodlin dow ?

O whare hae ye been a' day, my bonnie  
wee croodlin dow ?'

'I've been at my step-mother's ; oh mak  
my bed, mammie, now !

I've been at my step-mother's ; oh mak  
my bed, mammie, now !'

2 'O what did ye get at your step-  
mother's, my bonnie wee croodlin  
dow ?' [*Twice.*]

'I gat a wee wee fishie ; oh mak my  
bed, mammie, now !' [*Twice.*]

3 'O whare gat she the wee fishie, my  
bonnie wee croodlin dow ?'

'In a dub before the door ; oh mak my  
bed, mammie, now !'

4 'What did ye wi the wee fishie, my bon-  
nie wee croodlin dow ?'

'I boild it in a wee pannie ; oh mak my  
bed, mammy, now !'

5 'Wha gied ye the banes o the fishie till,  
my bonnie wee croodlin dow ?'

'I gied them till a wee doggie ; oh mak  
my bed, mammie, now !'

6 'O whare is the little wee doggie, my  
bonnie wee croodlin dow ?

O whare is the little wee doggie, my  
bonnie wee croodlin doo ?'

'It shot out its fit and died, and sae  
maun I do too ;

Oh mak my bed, mammy, now, now,  
oh mak my bed, mammy, now !'

## 13

## EDWARD

The affectedly antique spelling in Percy's  
copy (B) has given rise to vague suspicions  
concerning the authenticity of the ballad or of  
the language : but as spelling will not make  
an old ballad, so it will not unmake one. We  
have, but do not need, the later traditional  
copy (A) to prove the other genuine. 'Ed-  
ward' is not only unimpeachable, but has ever

been regarded as one of the noblest and most sterling specimens of the popular ballad. It has an exact counterpart in Swedish and Danish; also in Finnish, probably from the Swedish, but with traits of its own. The last stanza of 'Edward' is peculiar in implicating the mother in the guilt of the murder.

## A

a. Motherwell's MS., p. 139. From Mrs King, Kilbarchan. b. Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 339.

- 1 'WHAT bluid's that on thy coat lap,  
Son Davie, son Davie ?  
What bluid's that on thy coat lap ?  
And the truth come tell to me.'
- 2 'It is the bluid of my great hawk,  
Mother lady, mother lady :  
It is the bluid of my great hawk,  
And the truth I have told to thee.'
- 3 'Hawk's bluid was neer sae red,  
Son Davie, son Davie :  
Hawk's bluid was neer sae red,  
And the truth come tell to me.'
- 4 'It is the bluid of my greyhound,  
Mother lady, mother lady :  
It is the bluid of my greyhound,  
And it wadna rin for me.'
- 5 'Hound's bluid was neer sae red,  
Son Davie, son Davie :  
Hound's bluid was neer sae red,  
And the truth come tell to me.'
- 6 'It is the bluid o my brither John,  
Mother lady, mother lady :  
It is the bluid o my brither John,  
And the truth I have told to thee.'
- 7 'What about did the plea begin,  
Son Davie, son Davie ?'  
'It began about the cutting of a willow  
wand  
That would never been a tree.'
- 8 'What death dost thou desire to die,  
Son Davie, son Davie ?  
What death dost thou desire to die ?  
And the truth come tell to me.'
- 9 'I'll set my foot in a bottomless ship,  
Mother lady, mother lady :

I'll set my foot in a bottomless ship,  
And ye'll never see mair o me.'

- 10 'What wilt thou leave to thy poor wife,  
Son Davie, son Davie ?'  
'Grief and sorrow all her life,  
And she'll never see mair o me.'
- 11 'What wilt thou leave to thy old son,  
Son Davie, son Davie ?'  
'I'll leave him the weary world to wander  
up and down,  
And he'll never get mair o me.'
- 12 'What wilt thou leave to thy mother  
dear,  
Son Davie, son Davie ?'  
'A fire o coals to burn her, wi hearty  
cheer,  
And she'll never get mair o me.'

## B

Percy's Reliques, 1765, I, 53. Communicated by Sir David Dalrymple (Lord Hailes).

- 1 'WHY dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,  
Edward, Edward,  
Why dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,  
And why sae sad gang yee O ?'  
'O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,  
Mither, mither,  
O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,  
And I had nae mair bot hee O.'
- 2 'Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,  
Edward, Edward,  
Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,  
My deir son I tell thee O.'  
'O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,  
Mither, mither,  
O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,  
That erst was sae fair and frie O.'
- 3 'Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat  
mair,  
Edward, Edward,  
Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat  
mair,  
Sum other dule ye drie O.'  
'O I hae killed my fadir deir,  
Mither, mither,  
O I hae killed my fadir deir,  
Alas, and wae is mee O !'



4 'And whatten penance wul ye drie for  
that,

Edward, Edward ?

And whatten penance will ye drie for  
that ?

My deir son, now tell me O.'

'Ile set my feit in yonder boat,

Mither, mither,

Ile set my feit in yonder boat,

And Ile fare ovir the sea O.'

5 'And what wul ye doe wi your towirs  
and your ha,

Edward, Edward ?

And what wul ye doe wi your towirs  
and your ha,

That were sae fair to see O ?'

'Ile let thame stand tul they down fa,

Mither, mither,

Ile let thame stand tul they down fa,

For here nevir mair maun I bee O.'

6 'And what wul ye leive to your bairns  
and your wife,

Edward, Edward ?

And what wul ye leive to your bairns  
and your wife,

Whan ye gang ovir the sea O ?'

'The warldis room, late them beg thrae  
life,

Mither, mither,

The warldis room, late them beg thrae  
life,

For thame nevir mair wul I see O.'

7 'And what wul ye leive to your ain  
mither deir,

Edward, Edward ?

And what wul ye leive to your ain  
mither deir ?

My deir son, now tell me O.'

'The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,

Mither, mither,

The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,

Sic counseils ye gave to me O.'

# 14

## BABYLON; OR, THE BONNIE BANKS O FORDIE

This ballad, with additional circumstances,  
is familiar to all branches of the Scandinavian  
race. The Danish 'Herr Truels' Daughters'

(Grundtvig-Olrik, No. 338) may serve as a  
specimen:—Herr Truels' three daughters  
oversleep their matins one morning, and are  
roused by their mother. If we have overslept  
our matins, they say, we will make up at high  
mass. They set out for church, and in a wood  
fall in with three robbers, who say :

'Whether will ye be three robbers' wives,  
Or will ye rather lose your lives ?'

Much rather death, say they. The two elder  
sisters submitted to their fate without a word ;  
the third made a hard resistance. With her  
last breath she adjured the robbers to seek a  
lodging at Herr Truels' that night. This they  
did. They drank so long that they drank Herr  
Truels to bed. Then they asked his wife to  
promise herself to all three. First, she said,  
she must look into their bags. In their bags  
she saw her daughters' trinkets. She excused  
herself for a moment, barred the door strongly,  
roused her husband, and made it known to him  
that these guests had killed his three daugh-  
ters. Herr Truels called on all his men to  
arm. He asked the robbers who was their  
father. They said that they had been stolen  
by robbers, on their way to school, one day ;  
had had a hard life for fourteen years ; and  
the first crime they had committed was killing  
three maids yesterday. Herr Truels revealed  
to them that they had murdered their sisters,  
and offered them new clothes, in which they  
might go away. "Nay," they said, "not so ;  
life for life is meet." They were taken out of  
the town, and their heads struck off.

# A

'Babylon; or, The Bonnie Banks o Fordie.'  
a. Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 88. b. The  
same. c. Appendix, p. xxii, No. xxvi, ap-  
parently from South Perthshire.

1 THERE were three ladies lived in a  
bower,  
Eh vow bonnie  
And they went out to pull a flower.  
On the bonnie banks o Fordie

2 They hadna pu'ed a flower but ane,  
When up started to them a banisht man.

3 He's taen the first sister by her hand,  
And he's turned her round and made  
her stand.

4 'It's whether will ye be a rank robber's  
wife,  
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife ?'

5 'It's I'll not be a rank robber's wife,  
But I'll rather die by your wee pen-  
knife.'

6 He's killed this may, and he's laid her  
by,  
For to bear the red rose company.

7 He's taken the second ane by the hand,  
And he's turned her round and made  
her stand.

8 'It's whether will ye be a rank robber's  
wife,  
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?'

9 'I'll not be a rank robber's wife,  
But I'll rather die by your wee pen-  
knife.'

10 He's killed this may, and he's laid  
her by,  
For to bear the red rose company.

11 He's taken the youngest ane by the  
hand,  
And he's turned her round and made  
her stand.

12 Says, 'Will ye be a rank robber's wife,  
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?'

13 'I'll not be a rank robber's wife,  
Nor will I die by your wee pen-knife.

14 'For I hae a brother in this wood,  
And gin ye kill me, it's he'll kill thee.'

15 'What's thy brother's name? come  
tell to me.'  
'My brother's name is Baby Lon.'

16 'O sister, sister, what have I done!  
O have I done this ill to thee!

17 'O since I've done this evil deed,  
Good sall never be seen o me.'

18 He's taken out his wee pen-knife,  
And he's twyned himsel o his ain sweet  
life.

15

## LEESOME BRAND

This is one of the cases in which a remarkably fine ballad has been worse preserved in Scotland than anywhere else. Without light from abroad we cannot fully understand even so much as we have saved. Though injured by the commixture of foreign elements, A has still much of the original story. B has, on the contrary, so little that distinctively and conclusively belongs to this story that it might almost as well have been put with No. 16.

The ballad which 'Leesome Brand' represents is preserved among the Scandinavian races under four forms. One form of the story in Danish, 'Redselille og Medelvold' (Grundtvig, No. 271), runs thus: A daughter is forced to acknowledge to her mother that she has been beguiled by a knight. The mother threatens both with punishment, and the daughter, alarmed, goes to her lover's house at night, and informs him of the fate that awaits them. They ride off on his horse and come to a wood. Then her pangs seize her, but unwilling that a man should help her, she sends the knight in search of water. When he comes to the spring, there sits a nightingale and sings, "Redselille lies dead in the wood, with two sons in her bosom." All that the nightingale has said is found to be true. In some versions the knight digs a grave, and lays mother and children in it; in two versions he lays himself in the grave with them. It is not said whether the children are dead or living, and the point would hardly be raised, but for what follows. In certain Danish and Swedish versions, however, it is expressly mentioned that the children are *alive*, and in some Danish and Norwegian versions the children are heard, or seem to be heard, shrieking from under the ground. Nearly all the versions make the knight run himself through with his sword, either immediately after the others are laid in the grave, or after he has ridden far and wide, because he cannot endure the cries of the children from under the earth. This would seem to be the original conclusion of the story; the horrible circumstance of the children being buried alive is much more likely to be slurred over or omitted at a later day than to be added.

A

'Leesome Brand.' a. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 38. b. Motherwell's MS., p. 626.

- 1 My boy was scarcely ten years auld,  
Whan he went to an unco land,  
Where wind never blew, nor cocks ever  
crew,  
Ohon for my son, Leesome Brand !
- 2 Awa to that king's court he went,  
It was to serve for meat an fee ;  
Gude red gowd it was his hire,  
And lang in that king's court stayd  
he.
- 3 He hadna been in that unco land  
But only twallmonths twa or three,  
Till by the glancing o his ee,  
He gained the love o a gay ladye.
- 4 This ladye was scarce eleven years auld,  
When on her love she was right  
bauld ;  
She was scarce up to my right knee,  
When oft in bed wi men I'm tauld.
- 5 But when nine months were come and  
gane,  
This ladye's face turnd pale and wane.
- 6 To Leesome Brand she then did say,  
'In this place I can nae mair stay.
- 7 'Ye do you to my father's stable,  
Where steeds do stand baith wight and  
able.
- 8 'Strike ane o them upo the back,  
The swiftest will gie his head a wap.
- 9 'Ye take him out upo the green,  
And get him saddled and bridled seen.
- 10 'Get ane for you, anither for me,  
And lat us ride out ower the lee.
- 11 'Ye do you to my mother's coffer,  
And out of it ye 'll take my tocher.
- 12 'Therein are sixty thousand pounds,  
Which all to me by right belongs.'
- 13 He's done him to her father's stable,  
Where steeds stood baith wicht and  
able.
- 14 Then he strake ane upon the back,  
The swiftest gae his head a wap.
- 15 He's taen him out upo the green,  
And got him saddled and bridled  
seen.
- 16 Ane for him, and another for her,  
To carry them baith wi might and  
virr.
- 17 He's done him to her mother's coffer,  
And there he's taen his lover's tocher ;
- 18 Wherein were sixty thousand pound,  
Which all to her by right belonged.
- 19 When they had ridden about six mile,  
His true love than began to fail.
- 20 'O wae's me,' said that gay ladye,  
'I fear my back will gang in three !
- 21 'O gin I had but a gude midwife,  
Here this day to save my life,
- 22 'And ease me o my misery,  
O dear, how happy I would be !'
- 23 'My love, we're far frae ony town,  
There is nae midwife to be foun.
- 24 'But if ye 'll be content wi me,  
I 'll do for you what man can dee.'
- 25 'For no, for no, this maunna be,'  
Wi a sigh, replied this gay ladye.
- 26 'When I endure my grief and pain,  
My companie ye maun refrain.
- 27 'Ye 'll take your arrow and your bow  
And ye will hunt the deer and roe.
- 28 'Be sure ye touch not the white hynde,  
For she is o the woman kind.'
- 29 He took sic pleasure in deer and roe,  
Till he forgot his gay ladye.
- 30 Till by it came that milk-white hynde,  
And then he mind on his ladye syne.
- 31 He hasted him to yon greenwood tree,  
For to relieve his gay ladye ;
- 32 But found his ladye lying dead,  
Likeways her young son at her head.

33 His mother lay ower her castle wa,  
And she beheld baith dale and down ;  
And she beheld young Leesome Brand,  
As he came riding to the town.

34 'Get minstrels for to play,' she said,  
'And dancers to dance in my room ;  
For here comes my son, Leesome Brand,  
And he comes merrilie to the town.'

35 'Seek nae minstrels to play, mother,  
Nor dancers to dance in your room ;  
But tho your son comes, Leesome Brand,  
Yet he comes sorry to the town.

36 'O I hae lost my gowden knife ;  
I rather had lost my ain sweet life !

37 'And I hae lost a better thing,  
The gilded sheath that it was in.'

38 'Are there nae gowdsmiths here in Fife,  
Can make to you anither knife ?

39 'Are there nae sheath-makers in the  
land,  
Can make a sheath to Leesome Brand ?'

40 'There are nae gowdsmiths here in Fife,  
Can make me sic a gowden knife ;

41 'Nor nae sheath-makers in the land,  
Can make to me a sheath again.

42 'There ne'er was man in Scotland born,  
Ordaind to be so much forlorn.

43 'I've lost my ladye I lov'd sae dear,  
Likeways the son she did me bear.'

44 'Put in your hand at my bed head,  
There ye'll find a gude grey horn ;  
In thre draps o' Saint Paul's ain  
blude,  
That hae been there sin he was born.

45 'Drap twa o them o your ladye,  
And ane upo your little young son ;  
Then as lively they will be  
As the first night ye brought them  
hame.'

46 He put his hand at her bed head,  
And there he found a gude grey  
horn,

Wi three draps o' Saint Paul's ain blude,  
That had been there sin he was  
born.

47 Then he drappd twa on his ladye,  
And ane o them on his young son,  
And now they do as lively be,  
As the first day he brought them  
hame.

## B

'The Broom blooms bonnie,' etc., Mother-  
well's MS., p. 365. From the recitation of  
Agnes Lyle, Kilbarchan.

1 'THERE is a feast in your father's house,  
The broom blooms bonnie and so is it  
fair

It becomes you and me to be very  
douce.

And we'll never gang up to the  
broom nae mair

2 'You will go to yon hill so hie ;  
Take your bow and your arrow wi thee.'

3 He's tane his lady on his back,  
And his auld son in his coat lap.

4 'When ye hear me give a cry,  
Ye'll shoot your bow and let me lye.

5 'When ye see me lying still,  
Throw away your bow and come run-  
ning me till.'

6 When he heard her gie the cry,  
He shot his bow and he let her lye.

7 When he saw she was lying still,  
He threw away his bow and came run-  
ning her till.

8 It was nae wonder his heart was sad  
When he shot his auld son at her head.

9 He houkit a grave, long, large and  
wide,  
He buried his auld son down by her  
side.

10 It was nae wonder his heart was sair  
When he shoold the mools on her yel-  
low hair.

- 11 'Oh,' said his father, 'son, but thou'rt sad!  
At our braw meeting you might be glad.'
- 12 'Oh,' said he, 'Father, I've lost my knife  
I loved as dear almost as my own life.'
- 13 'But I have lost a far better thing,  
I lost the sheath that the knife was in.'
- 14 'Hold thy tongue, and mak nae din;  
I'll buy thee a sheath and a knife therein.'
- 15 'A' the ships eer sailed the sea  
Neer'll bring such a sheath and a knife to me.'
- 16 'A' the smiths that lives on land  
Will neer bring such a sheath and knife to my hand.'

16

## SHEATH AND KNIFE

Other ballads with a like theme are Nos. 50, 51, 52. See also the introduction to 'Leesome Brand,' No. 15.

## A

a. Motherwell's MS., p. 286. From the recitation of Mrs. King, Kilbarchan Parish, February 9, 1825. b. 'The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 189.

- 1 It is talked the warld all over,  
The brume blooms bonnie and says it is fair  
That the king's dochter gaes wi child to her brither.  
And we'll never gang down to the brume onie mair
- 2 He's taen his sister down to her father's deer park,  
Wi his yew-tree bow and arrows fast slung to his back.
- 3 'Now when that ye hear me gie a loud cry,  
Shoot frae thy bow an arrow and there let me lye.

- 4 'And when that ye see I am lying dead,  
Then ye'll put me in a grave, wi a turf at my head.'
- 5 Now when he heard her gie a loud cry,  
His silver arrow frae his bow he suddenly let fly.  
Now they'll never, etc.
- 6 He has made a grave that was lang and was deep,  
And he has buried his sister, wi her babe at her feet.  
And they'll never, etc.
- 7 And when he came to his father's court hall,  
There was music and minstrels and dancing and all.  
But they'll never, etc.
- 8 'O Willie, O Willie, what makes thee in pain?'  
'I have lost a sheath and knife that I'll never see again.'  
For we'll never, etc.
- 9 'There is ships o' your father's sailing on the sea  
That will bring as good a sheath and a knife unto thee.'
- 10 'There is ships o' my father's sailing on the sea,  
But sic a sheath and a knife they can never bring to me.'  
Now we'll never, etc.

## E

From a half-sheet of paper in Motherwell's handwriting.

- 1 ONE king's daughter said to anither,  
Brume blumes bonnie and grows sae fair  
'We'll gae ride like sister and brither.'  
And we'll neer gae down to the brume nae mair
- 2 'We'll ride down into yonder valley,  
Whare the greene green trees are budding sae gaily.



- 3 'Wi hawke and hounde we will hunt sae rarely,  
And we'll come back in the morning early.'
- 4 They rade on like sister and brither,  
And they hunted and hawket in the valley thegether.
- 5 'Now, lady, hauld my horse and my hawk,  
For I maun na ride, and I downa walk.
- 6 'But set me down be the rute o this tree,  
For there hae I dreamt that my bed sall be.'
- 7 The ae king's dochter did lift down the ither,  
And she was licht in her armis like ony fether.
- 8 Bonnie Lady Ann sat down be the tree,  
And a wide grave was houkit whare nane suld be.
- 9 The hawk had nae lure, and the horse had nae master,  
And the faithless hounds thro the woods ran faster.
- 10 The one king's dochter has ridden awa,  
But bonnie Lady Ann lay in the deed-thraw.

## 17

## HIND HORN

The story of 'Horn,' of which this ballad gives little more than the catastrophe, is related at full in (i) 'King Horn,' a *gest* in about 1550 short verses, preserved in three manuscripts: the oldest regarded as of the second half of the 13th century, or older; the others put at 1300 and a little later. (ii) 'Horn et Rymenhild,' a romance in about 5250 heroic verses, preserved likewise in three manuscripts; the best in the Public Library of the University of Cambridge, and of the 14th century. (iii) 'Horn Childe and Maiden Rimnild,' from a manuscript of the 14th century, in not quite 100 twelve-line stanzas. The relations of these versions to each other and to the ballad are not entirely clear. For the whole matter, see Schofield, *Publications of the Modern Language*

Association of America, XVIII, 1 ff., where full references will be found.

Certain points in the story of Horn — the long absence, the sudden return, the appearance under disguise at the wedding feast, and the dropping of the ring into a cup of wine obtained from the bride — repeat themselves in a great number of romantic tales. More commonly it is a husband who leaves his wife for seven years, is miraculously informed on the last day that she is to be remarried on the morrow, and is restored to his home in the nick of time, also by superhuman means. Examples of such stories are the sixteenth-century chap-book of Henry the Lion; the Middle High German Reinfrid von Braunschweig; Der edle Moringer; Torello, in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, x, 9.

## A

'Hindhorn,' Motherwell's MS., p. 106. From Mrs King, Kilbarchan.

- 1 IN Scotland there was a babie born,  
Lill lal, etc.  
And his name it was called young Hind Horn.  
With a fal lal, etc.
- 2 He sent a letter to our king  
That he was in love with his daughter Jean.
- 3 He's gien to her a silver wand,  
With seven living lavrocks sitting thereon.
- 4 She's gien to him a diamond ring,  
With seven bright diamonds set therein.
- 5 'When this ring grows pale and wan,  
You may know by it my love is gane.'
- 6 One day as he looked his ring upon,  
He saw the diamonds pale and wan.
- 7 He left the sea and came to land,  
And the first that he met was an old beggar man.
- 8 'What news, what news?' said young Hind Horn;  
'No news, no news,' said the old beggar man.
- 9 'No news,' said the beggar, 'no news at a',  
But there is a wedding in the king's ha.

- 10 'But there is a wedding in the king's ha,  
That has halden these forty days and  
twa.'
- 11 'Will ye lend me your begging coat ?  
And I 'll lend you my scarlet cloak.'
- 12 'Will you lend me your beggar's rung ?  
And I 'll gie you my steed to ride upon.'
- 13 'Will you lend me your wig o hair,  
To cover mine, because it is fair ?'
- 14 The auld beggar man was bound for the  
mill,  
But young Hind Horn for the king's hall.
- 15 The auld beggar man was bound for to  
ride,  
But young Hind Horn was bound for  
the bride.
- 16 When he came to the king's gate,  
He sought a drink for Hind Horn's sake.
- 17 The bride came down with a glass of  
wine,  
When he drank out the glass, and dropt  
in the ring.
- 18 'O got ye this by sea or land ?  
Or got ye it off a dead man's hand ?'
- 19 'I got not it by sea, I got it by land,  
And I got it, madam, out of your own  
hand.'
- 20 'O I 'll cast off my gowns of brown,  
And beg wi you frae town to town.'
- 21 'O I 'll cast off my gowns of red,  
And I 'll beg wi you to win my bread.'
- 22 'Ye needna cast off your gowns of  
brown,  
For I 'll make you lady o many a town.'
- 23 'Ye needna cast off your gowns of red,  
It's only a sham, the begging o my  
bread.'
- 24 The bridegroom he had wedded the  
bride,  
But young Hind Horn he took her to  
bed.

## G

Kinloch's MSS., VII, 117; Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 135. From the north of Scotland.

- 1 'HYNDE Horn's bound, love, and Hynde  
Horn's free ;  
Whare was ye born ? or frae what cun-  
tree ?'
- 2 'In gude greenwud whare I was born,  
And all my friends left me forlorn.'
- 3 'I gave my love a gay gowd wand,  
That was to rule oure all Scotland.'
- 4 'My love gave me a silver ring,  
That was to rule abune aw thing.'
- 5 'Whan that ring keeps new in hue,  
Ye may ken that your love loves you.'
- 6 'Whan that ring turns pale and wan,  
Ye may ken that your love loves anither  
man.'
- 7 He hoisted up his sails, and away sailed  
he  
Till he cam to a foreign cuntree.
- 8 Whan he lookit to his ring, it was turnd  
pale and wan ;  
Says, I wish I war at hame again.
- 9 He hoisted up his sails, and hame sailed  
he  
Until he cam till his ain cuntree.
- 10 The first ane that he met with,  
It was with a puir auld beggar-man.
- 11 'What news ? what news, my puir auld  
man ?  
What news hae ye got to tell to me ?'
- 12 'Na news, na news,' the puir man did  
say,  
'But this is our queen's wedding-day.'
- 13 'Ye 'll lend me your begging-weed,  
And I 'll lend you my riding-steed.'
- 14 'My begging-weed is na for thee,  
Your riding-steed is na for me.'

- 15 He has changed wi the puir auld beggar-man.
- 16 'What is the way that ye use to gae?  
And what are the words that ye beg wi?'
- 17 'Whan ye come to yon high hill,  
Ye'll draw your bent bow nigh until.
- 18 'Whan ye come to yon town-end,  
Ye'll lat your bent bow low fall down.
- 19 'Ye'll seek meat for St Peter, ask for St Paul,  
And seek for the sake of your Hynde Horn all.
- 20 'But tak ye frae nane o them aw  
Till ye get frae the bonnie bride herself O.'
- 21 Whan he cam to yon high hill,  
He drew his bent bow nigh until.
- 22 And when he cam to yon town-end,  
He loot his bent bow low fall down.
- 23 He sought for St Peter, he askd for St Paul,  
And he sought for the sake of his Hynde Horn all.
- 24 But he took na frae ane o them aw  
Till he got frae the bonnie bride herself O.
- 25 The bride cam tripping down the stair,  
Wi the scales o red gowd on her hair.
- 26 Wi a glass o red wine in her hand,  
To gie to the puir beggar-man.
- 27 Out he drank his glass o wine,  
Into it he dropt the ring.
- 28 'Got ye't by sea, or got ye't by land,  
Or got ye't aff a drownd man's hand?'
- 29 'I got na't by sea, I got na't by land,  
Nor gat I it aff a drownd man's hand;
- 30 'But I got it at my wooing,  
And I'll gie it to your wedding.'

- 31 'I'll tak the scales o gowd frae my head,  
I'll follow you, and beg my bread.
- 32 'I'll tak the scales o gowd frae my hair,  
I'll follow you for evermair.'
- 33 She has tane the scales o gowd frae her head,  
She's followed him, to beg her bread.
- 34 She has tane the scales o gowd frae her hair,  
And she has followd him evermair.
- 35 Atween the kitchen and the ha,  
There he loot his cloutie cloak fa.
- 36 The red gowd shined oure them aw,  
And the bride frae the bridegroom was stown awa.

## 18

## SIR LIONEL

One half of A (the second and fourth quarters) is wanting in the Percy MS. B can be traced in Banffshire for more than a hundred years, through the old woman that sang it, and her forbears. What we can gather of the story is this. A knight finds a lady sitting in (or under) a tree, who tells him that a wild boar has slain (or worried) her lord and killed (or wounded) thirty of his men. The knight kills the boar, and seems to have received bad wounds in the process. The boar belonged to a giant, or to a wild woman. The knight is required to forfeit his hawks and leash and the little finger of his right hand (or his horse, his hound, and his lady). He refuses to submit to such disgrace, though in no condition to resist; the giant allows him time to heal his wounds, and he is to leave his lady as security for his return. At the end of the time the knight comes back sound and well, and kills the giant as he had killed the boar. C and D say nothing of the knight having been wounded. The wild woman, to revenge her "pretty spotted pig," flies fiercely at him, and he cleaves her in two. The last quarter of the Percy copy would, no doubt, reveal what became of the lady who was sitting in the tree, as to which traditional copies give no light.

The ballad has much in common with the romance of 'Sir Eglamour of Artois' (Percy MS., Hales and Furnivall, II, 338; Thornton

Romances, ed. Halliwell, p. 121). It has also taken up something from the romance of 'Eger and Grime' (Percy MS., I, 341; Laing, Early Metrical Tales, p. 1).

## A

'Sir Lionell,' Percy MS., p. 32, Hales and Furnivall, I, 75.

- 1 SIR Egrabell had sonnes three,  
Blow thy horne, good hunter  
Sir Lyonell was one of these.  
As I am a gentle hunter
- 2 Sir Lyonell wold on hunting ryde,  
Vntill the forrest him beside.
- 3 And as he rode thorow the wood,  
Where trees and harts and all were good,
- 4 And as he rode over the plaine,  
There he saw a knight lay slaine.
- 5 And as he rode still on the plaine,  
He saw a lady sitt in a graine.
- 6 'Say thou, lady, and tell thou me,  
What blood shedd heere has bee.'
- 7 'Of this blood shedd we may all rew,  
Both wife and childe and man alsoe.
- 8 'For it is not past 3 days right  
Since Sir Broninge was mad a knight.
- 9 'Nor it is not more than 3 dayes agoe  
Since the wild bore did him sloe.'
- 10 'Say thou, lady, and tell thou mee,  
How long thou wilt sitt in *that* tree.'
- 11 She said, 'I will sitt in this tree  
Till my friends doe feitch me.'
- 12 'Tell me, lady, and doe not misse,  
Where that your friends dwellings is.'
- 13 'Downe,' shee said, 'in yonder towne,  
There dwells my freinds of great re-  
nowne.'
- 14 Says, 'Lady, Ile ryde into yonder towne  
And see wether *your* friends beene  
bowne.

15 'I my self wilbe the formost man  
That shall come, lady, to feitch you  
home.'

16 But as he rode then by the way,  
He thought it shame to goe away ;

17 And vmbethought him of a wile,  
How he might that wilde bore beguile.

18 'Sir Egrabell,' he said, 'my father was ;  
He neuer left lady in such a case ;

19 'Noe more will I' . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

20 'And a[fter] that thou shalt doe mee  
Thy hawkes and thy lease alsoe.

21 'Soe shalt thou doe at my command  
The litle finger on thy right hand.'

22 'Ere I wold leaue all this with thee,  
Vpon this ground I rather dyee.'

23 The gyant gaue Sir Lyonell such a blow,  
The fyer out of his eyen did throw.

24 He said then, 'If I were saffe and sound,  
As with-in this hower I was in this  
ground,

25 'It shold be in the next towne told  
How deare thy buffett it was sold ;

26 'And it shold haue beene in the next  
towne said  
How well thy buffett it were paid.'

27 'Take 40 daies into spite,  
To heale thy wounds that beene soe wide.

28 'When 40 dayes beene at an end,  
Heere meete thou me both safe and  
sound.

29 'And till thou come to me againe,  
With me thoust leaue thy lady alone.'

30 When 40 dayes was at an end,  
Sir Lyonell of his wounds was healed  
sound.

31 He tooke with him a litle page,  
He gaue to him good yeomans wage.

32 And as he rode by one hawthorne,  
Even there did hang his hunting horne.

33 He sett his bugle to his mouth,  
And blew his bugle still full south.

34 He blew his bugle lowde and shrill ;  
The lady heard, and came him till.

35 Sayes, 'The gyant lyes vnder yond low,  
And well he heares your bugle blow.

36 'And bidds me of good cheere be,  
This night heele supp with you and me.'

37 Hee sett that lady vppon a steede,  
And a litle boy before her yeede.

38 And said, 'Lady, if you see that I must  
dye,  
As euer you loued me, from me flye.

39 'But, lady, if you see *that* I must liue,'

\* \* \* \* \*

### B

'Isaac-a-Bell and Hugh the Græme,' Christie,  
Traditional Ballad Airs, 1, 110. From the sing-  
ing of an old woman in Buckie, Enzie, Banff-  
shire.

1 A KNICHT had two sons o sma fame,  
Hey nien nanny  
Isaac-a-Bell and Hugh the Græme.  
And the norlan flowers spring bonny

2 And to the youngest he did say,  
'What occupation will you hae ?  
When the, etc.

3 'Will you gae fee to pick a mill ?  
Or will you keep hogs on yon hill ?  
While the, etc.

4 'I winna fee to pick a mill,  
Nor will I keep hogs on yon hill.  
While the, etc.

5 'But it is said, as I do hear,  
That war will last for seven year,  
And the, etc.

6 'With a giant and a boar  
That range into the wood o Tore.  
And the, etc.

7 'You'll horse and armour to me pro-  
vide,  
That through Tore wood I may safely  
ride.'  
When the, etc.

8 The knicht did horse and armour pro-  
vide,  
That through Tore wood Græme might  
safely ride.  
When the, etc.

9 Then he rode through the wood o Tore,  
And up it started the grisly boar.  
When the, etc.

10 The firsten bout that he did ride,  
The boar he wounded in the left side.  
When the, etc.

11 The nexten bout at the boar he gaed,  
He from the boar took aff his head.  
And the, etc.

12 As he rode back through the wood o  
Tore,  
Up started the giant him before.  
And the, etc.

13 'O cam you through the wood o Tore,  
Or did you see my good wild boar ?'  
And the, etc.

14 'I cam now through the wood o Tore,  
But woe be to your grisly boar.  
And the, etc.

15 'The firsten bout that I did ride,  
I wounded your wild boar in the side.  
And the, etc.

16 'The nexten bout at him I gaed,  
From your wild boar I took aff his  
head.'  
And the, etc.

17 'Gin you have cut aff the head o my  
boar,  
It's your head shall be taen therfore.  
And the, etc.

18 'I'll gie you thirty days and three,  
To heal your wounds, then come to  
me.'  
While the, etc.



19 'It's after thirty days and three,  
When my wounds heal, I'll come to thee.'  
When the, etc.

20 So Græme is back to the wood o  
Tore,  
And he's killd the giant, as he killd the boar.  
And the, etc.

## C

a. 'The Jovial Hunter of Bromsgrove,'  
Allies, The British, Roman, and Saxon Antiquities and Folk-Lore of Worcestershire, 2d ed., p. 116. From the recitation of Benjamin Brown, of Upper Wick, about 1845. b. Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England, edited by Robert Bell, p. 124.

1 SIR ROBERT BOLTON had three sons,  
Wind well thy horn, good hunter  
And one of them was called Sir Ryalas.  
For he was a jovial hunter

2 He rang'd all round down by the wood-  
side,  
Till up in the top of a tree a gay lady he  
spy'd.  
For he was, etc.

3 'O what dost thou mean, fair lady?'  
said he;  
'O the wild boar has killed my lord and  
his men thirty.'  
As thou beest, etc.

4 'O what shall I do this wild boar to  
see?'  
'O thee blow a blast, and he'll come  
unto thee.'  
As thou beest, etc.

5 [Then he put his horn unto his mouth],  
Then he blowd a blast full north, east,  
west and south.  
As he was, etc.

6 And the wild boar heard him full into  
his den;  
Then he made the best of his speed unto  
him.  
To Sir Ryalas, etc.

7 Then the wild boar, being so stout and  
so strong,  
He thrashd down the trees as he came  
along.  
To Sir Ryalas, etc.

8 'O what dost thou want of me?' the  
wild boar said he;  
'O I think in my heart I can do enough  
for thee.'  
For I am, etc.

9 Then they fought four hours in a long  
summer's day,  
Till the wild boar fain would have got-  
ten away.  
From Sir Ryalas, etc.

10 Then Sir Ryalas drawd his broad sword  
with might,  
And he fairly cut his head off quite.  
For he was, etc.

11 Then out of the wood the wild woman  
flew:  
'Oh thou hast killed my pretty spotted  
pig!  
As thou beest, etc.

12 'There are three things I do demand of  
thee,  
It's thy horn, and thy hound, and thy  
gay lady.'  
As thou beest, etc.

13 'If these three things thou dost demand  
of me,  
It's just as my sword and thy neck can  
agree.'  
For I am, etc.

14 Then into his locks the wild woman flew,  
Till she thought in her heart she had  
torn him through.  
As he was, etc.

15 Then Sir Ryalas drawd his broad sword  
again,  
And he fairly split her head in twain.  
For he was, etc.

16 In Bromsgrove church they both do  
lie;  
There the wild boar's head is picturd by  
Sir Ryalas, etc.

19

## KING ORFEO

Mr Edmonston, from whose memory this ballad was derived, notes that though stanzas are probably lost after the first, which would give some account of the king in the east wooing the lady in the west, no such verses were sung to him. He had forgotten some stanzas after the fourth, of which the substance was that the lady was carried off by fairies, that the king went in quest of her, and one day saw a company passing along a hillside, among whom he recognized his lost wife. The troop went to what seemed a great "ha-house," or castle, on the hillside. Stanzas after the eighth were also forgotten, the purport being that a messenger from behind the grey stane appeared and invited the king in.

We have here in traditional song the story of the mediæval romance of Orpheus, in which fairy-land supplants Tartarus, faithful love is rewarded, and Eurydice (Heurodis, Erodys, Eroudys) is retrieved. There are three versions of this tale (edited respectively by Laing, *Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland*, No. 3; Halliwell, *Illustrations of Fairy Mythology*, p. 37; and Ritson, *Metrical Romanceës*, II, 248). See the critical edition by O. Zielke, Breslau, 1880.

## A

The Leisure Hour, February 14, 1880, No. 1468, p. 109: Folk-Lore from Unst, Shetland, by Mrs Saxby. Obtained from the singing of Andrew Coutts, an old man in Unst, Shetland, by Mr Biot Edmondston.

- 1 DER lived a king inta da aste,  
Scowan ürla grün  
Der lived a lady in da wast.  
Whar giorten han grün oarlac
- 2 Dis king he has a huntin gaen,  
He 's left his Lady Isabel alane.
- 3 'Oh I wis ye 'd never gaen away,  
For at your hame is döl an wae.
- 4 'For da king o Ferrie we his daert,  
Has pierced your lady to da hert.'
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 5 And aifter dem da king has gaen,  
But whan he cam it was a grey stane.
- 6 Dan he took oot his pipes ta play,  
Bit sair his hert wi döl an wae.

- 7 And first he played da notes o noy,  
An dan he played da notes o joy.

- 8 An dan he played da göd gabber reel,  
Dat meicht ha made a sick hert hale.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 9 'Noo come ye in inta wir ha,  
An come ye in among wis a'.'

- 10 Now he 's gaen in inta der ha,  
An he 's gaen in among dem a'.

- 11 Dan he took out his pipes to play,  
Bit sair his hert wi döl an wae.

- 12 An first he played da notes o noy,  
An dan he played da notes o joy.

- 13 An dan he played da göd gabber reel,  
Dat meicht ha made a sick hert hale.

- 14 'Noo tell to us what ye will hae :  
What sall we gie you for your play ?'

- 15 'What I will hae I will you tell,  
An dat 's me Lady Isabel.'

- 16 'Yees tak your lady, an yees gaeng  
hame,  
An yees be king ower a' your ain.'

- 17 He 's taen his lady, an he 's gaen hame,  
An noo he 's king ower a' his ain.

20

## THE CRUEL MOTHER

The Cruel Mother' is strikingly similar to a Danish ballad, recovered by Kristensen in 1870 (*Jydske Folkeviser*, I, 329). Versions A and B of the English ballad, which are fragmentary, were printed in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. P is from a broadside of about 1690.

## A

Herd's MSS, I, 182, II, 191. Herd's Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, 1776, II, 287.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 1 AND there she 's leand her back to a  
thorn,  
Oh and alelladay, oh and alelladay

And there she has her baby born.  
Ten thousand times good night and be  
wi thee

2 She has houked a grave ayont the sun,  
And there she has buried the sweet  
babe in.

3 And she's gane back to her father's ha,  
She's counted the leeleast maid o them a'.

\* \* \* \* \*

4 'O look not sae sweet, my bonie babe,  
Gin ye smyle sae, ye'll smyle me dead.'

\* \* \* \* \*

### B

a. 'Fine Flowers in the Valley,' Johnson's  
Museum, p. 331. b. Scott's Minstrelsy, 1803,  
III, 259, preface.

1 SHE sat down below a thorn,  
Fine flowers in the valley  
And there she has her sweet babe born.  
And the green leaves they grow rarely

2 'Smile na sae sweet, my bonie babe,  
And ye smile sae sweet, ye'll smile me  
dead.'

3 She's taen out her little pen-knife,  
And twinnd the sweet babe o its life.

4 She's howket a grave by the light o the  
moon,  
And there she's buried her sweet babe  
in.

5 As she was going to the church,  
She saw a sweet babe in the porch.

6 'O sweet babe, and thou were mine,  
I wad cleed thee in the silk so fine.'

7 'O mother dear, when I was thine,  
You did na prove to me sae kind.'

\* \* \* \* \*

### C

'The Cruel Mother,' Motherwell's Minstrel-  
sy, p. 161.

1 SHE leaned her back unto a thorn,  
Three, three, and three by three

And there she has her two babes born.  
Three, three, and thirty-three

2 She took frae 'bout her ribbon-belt,  
And there she bound them hand and  
foot.

3 She has taen out her wee pen-knife,  
And there she ended baith their life.

4 She has howked a hole baith deep and  
wide,  
She has put them in baith side by  
side.

5 She has covered them oer wi a marble  
stane,  
Thinking she would gang maiden hame.

6 As she was walking by her father's  
castle wa,  
She saw twa pretty babes playing at the  
ba.

7 'O bonnie babes, gin ye were mine,  
I would dress you up in satin fine.

8 'O I would dress you in the silk,  
And wash you ay in morning milk.'

9 'O cruel mother, we were thine,  
And thou made us to wear the twine.

10 'O cursed mother, heaven's high,  
And that's where thou will neer win  
nigh.

11 'O cursed mother, hell is deep,  
And there thou'll enter step by step.'

### F

'The Duke's Daughter's Cruelty,' broadside  
from the Osterley Park library, British Mu-  
seum, C. 39, k. 6 (60). About 1690.

1 THERE was a duke's daughter lived in  
York,  
Come bend and bear away the bows  
of yew  
So secretly she loved her father's clark.  
Gentle hearts, be to me true.

2 She lovd him long and many a day,  
Till big with child she went away.

- 3 She went into the wide wilderness;  
Poor she was to be pitied for her heaviness.
- 4 She leant her back against a tree,  
And there she endured much misery.
- 5 She leant her back against an oak,  
With bitter sighs these words she spoke.
- 6 She set her foot against a thorne,  
And there she had two pritty babes born.
- 7 She took her filliting off her head,  
And there she ty'd them hand and leg.
- 8 She had a penknife long and sharp,  
And there she stuck them to the heart.
- 9 She dug a grave, it was long and deep,  
And there she laid them in to sleep.
- 10 The coldest earth it was their bed,  
The green grass was their coverlid.
- 11 As she was a going by her father's hall,  
She see three children a playing at ball.
- 12 One was drest in scarlet fine,  
And the other as naked as ere they was born.
- 13 'O mother, O mother, if these children  
was mine,  
I would dress them [in] scarlet fine.'
- 14 'O mother, O mother, when we was  
thine,  
You did not dress us in scarlet fine.
- 15 'You set your back against a tree,  
And there you endured great misery.
- 16 'You set your foot against a thorne,  
And there you had us pritty babes born.
- 17 'You took your filliting off your head,  
And there you bound us, hand to leg.
- 18 'You had a penknife long and sharp,  
And there you stuck us to the heart.

- 19 'You dug a grave, it was long and  
deep,  
And there you laid us in to sleep.
- 20 'The coldest earth it was our bed,  
The green grass was our coverlid.
- 21 'O mother, O mother, for your sin  
Heaven-gate you shall not enter in.
- 22 'O mother, O mother, for your sin  
Hell-gates stands open to let you in.'
- 23 The lady's cheeks lookd pale and wan,  
'Alas !' said she, 'what have I done!'
- 24 She tore her silken locks of hair,  
And dy'd away in sad despair.
- 25 Young ladies all, of beauty bright,  
Take warning by her last good-night.

## 21

## THE MAID AND THE PALMER

The only English copy of this ballad that approaches completeness is furnished by the Percy manuscript, A. Sir Walter Scott remembered, and communicated to Kirkpatrick Sharpe, three stanzas, and half of the burden, of another version, B. The English ballad speaks only of a maid, who does not appear to be any particular person, and of a mysterious palmer, who seems authorized to impose on the sinner certain penances, but whose identity is not declared. In the Scandinavian versions, as well as in a Finnish version, their true characters are seen. In all of these the story of the woman of Samaria (John, iv) is blended with mediæval traditions concerning Mary Magdalen, who is assumed to be the same with the woman "which was a sinner," in Luke, vii, 37, and also with Mary, sister of Lazarus. This is the view of the larger part of the Latin ecclesiastical writers, while most of the Greeks distinguish the three. It was reserved for ballads, says Grundtvig, to confound the Magdalen with the Samaritan woman. The names Maria, or Magdalena, Jesus, or Christ, are found in most of the Scandinavian ballads. There are several Slavic ballads which blend the story of the Samaritan woman and that of 'The Cruel Mother,' without admixture of the Magdalen. The popular ballads of some of the southern nations give us the legend of the Magdalen uncombined.

## A

Percy MS. p. 461; Hales and Furnivall, iv, 96.

- 1 THE maid shee went to the well to washe,  
Lillumwham, lillumwham!  
The mayd shee went to the well to washe,  
Whatt then? what then?  
The maid shee went to the well to washe,  
Dew ffell of her lilly white fleshe.  
Grandam boy, grandam boy, heye!  
Leg a derry, leg a merry, mett, mer,  
whoope, whir!  
Driuanee, larumben, grandam boy,  
heye!
- 2 While shee washte and while shee ronge,  
While shee hangd o the hazle wand.
- 3 There came an old palmer by the way,  
Sais, 'God speed thee well, thou faire maid!
- 4 'Hast either cupp or can,  
To giue an old palmer drinke therin?'
- 5 Sayes, 'I have neither cupp nor cann,  
To giue an old palmer drinke therin.'
- 6 'But an thy lemman came from Roome,  
Cupps and canns thou wold ffind soone.'
- 7 Shee sware by God & good St John,  
Lemman had shee neuer none.
- 8 Saies, 'Peace, ffaire mayd, you are ffor-  
sworne!  
Nine children you haue borne.
- 9 'Three were buried vnder thy bed's  
head,  
Other three vnder thy brewing leade.
- 10 'Other three on yon play greene;  
Count, maid, and there be 9.'
- 11 'But I hope you are the good old man  
That all the world beleeuves vpon.
- 12 'Old palmer, I pray thee,  
Pennaunce that thou wilt giue to me.'

13 'Penance I can giue thee none,  
But 7 yeere to be-a stepping-stone.

14 'Other seaven a clapper in a bell,  
Other 7 to lead an ape in hell.

15 'When thou hast thy penance done,  
'Then thoust come a mayden home.'

## B

A Ballad Book, by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, edited by David Laing, p. 157 f, viii from Sir Walter Scott's recollection.

1 'SEVEN years ye shall be a stone,  
For many a poor palmer to rest him  
upon.  
And you the fair maiden of Gowden-gane

2 'Seven years ye 'll be porter of hell,  
And then I 'll take you to mysell.'

\* \* \* \* \*

3 'Weel may I be a' the other three,  
But porter of hell I never will be.'  
And I, etc.

## 22

## ST STEPHEN AND HEROD

The manuscript which preserves this delightful little legend has been judged by the handwriting to be of the age of Henry VI. The manuscript was printed entire by Thomas Wright, in 1856, for the Warton Club, under the title, Songs and Carols, from a manuscript in the British Museum of the fifteenth century. The story, with the Wise Men replacing Stephen, is also found in the carol, still current, of 'The Carnal and the Crane' (No. 55). The legend of Stephen and Herod, with the miracle of the roasted cock, occurs in a number of Scandinavian ballads. The same miracle is found in other ballads, which, for the most part, relate to the wide-spread legend of the Pilgrims of St James. The miracle occurs as an interpolation in two late Greek manuscripts of the so-called Gospel of Nicodemus (Tischendorf, Evangelia Apocrypha, p. 269, note 3), and seems to have originated in the East.

Sloane MS., 2593, fol. 22 b, British Museum.

1 SEYNT Steuene was a clerk in kyng  
Herowdes halle,  
And seruyd him of bred and clop, as  
euery kyng befall.



- 2 Steuyn out of kechone cam, wyth boris  
hed on honde;  
He saw a sterre was fayr and bryzt ouer  
Bedlem stonde.
- 3 He kyst adoun pe boris hed and went in  
to pe halle:  
'I forsak pe, kyng Herowdes, and pi  
werkes alle.
- 4 'I forsak pe, kyng Herowdes, and pi  
werkes alle;  
per is a chylid in Bedlem born is beten  
pan we alle.'
- 5 'Quat eylyt pe, Steuene? quat is pe be-  
falle?  
Lakkyt pe eyper mete or drynk in kyng  
Herowdes halle?'
- 6 'Lakit me neyper mete ne drynk in kyng  
Herowdes halle;  
per is a chylid in Bedlem born is beten  
pan we alle.'
- 7 'Quat eylyt pe, Steuyn? art pu wod, or  
pu gynnyst to brede?  
Lakkyt pe eyper gold or fe, or ony ryche  
wede?'
- 8 'Lakyt me neyper gold ne fe, ne non  
ryche wede;  
per is a chylid in Bedlem born xal hel-  
pyn vs at our nede.'
- 9 'pat is al so sop, Steuyn, al so sop,  
iwys,  
As pis capoun crowe xal pat lyp here in  
myn dysh.'
- 10 pat word was not so sone seyde, pat word  
in pat halle,  
pe capoun crew Cristus natus est! among  
pe lordes alle.
- 11 'Rysyt vp, myn turmentowres, be to and  
al be on,  
And ledyt Steuyn out of pis town, and  
stonyt hym wyth ston!'
- 12 Tokyn he Steuene, and stonyd hym in  
the way,  
And perfore is his euyn on Crystes  
owyn day.

## JUDAS

This legend, which was first printed (in 1845) in Wright and Halliwell's *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, i, 144, is, so far as is known, unique in several particulars. The common tradition gives Judas an extraordinary domestic history, but does not endow him with a sister as perfidious as himself. Neither is his selling his Master for thirty pieces accounted for elsewhere as it is here, if it may be strictly said to be accounted for here. A popular explanation, founded upon John, xii, 3-6, and current for six centuries and more, is that Judas, bearing the bag, was accustomed to take tithes of all moneys that came into his hands, and that he considered he had lost thirty pieces on the precious ointment which had not been sold for three hundred pence, and took this way of indemnifying himself. There is a Wendish ballad (Haupt and Schmalzer, i, 276) in which Judas receives from Jesus thirty pieces of silver to buy bread, and loses them while gambling with the Jews. At their suggestion he then sells his Master for thirty pieces.

MS. B 14, 39, of the 13th century, library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

- 1 Hit was upon a Scereþorsday pat vre  
louerd aros;  
Ful milde were pe wordes he spec to  
Iudas.
- 2 'Iudas, pou most to Iurselem, oure  
mete for to bugge;  
pritti platen of seluer pou bere up opi  
rugge.
- 3 'pou comest fer ipe brode stret, fer ipe  
brode strete;  
Summe of pine tunesmen per pou meist  
i-mete.'
- 4 Imette wid is soster, pe swikele wimon:  
'Iudas, pou were wrpe me stende pe  
wid ston;
- 5 ['Iudas, pou were wrpe me stende pe  
wid ston,]  
For pe false prophete pat tou bileuest  
upon.'
- 6 'Be stille, leue soster, pin herte pe to-  
breke!  
Wiste min louerd Crist, ful wel he wolde  
be wreke.'

- 7 'Iudas, go þou on þe roc, heie up-on þe  
ston;  
Lei þin heued i my barm, slep þou þe  
anon.'
- 8 Sone so Iudas of slepe was awake,  
þritti platen of seluer from hym weren  
itake.
- 9 He drou hym selue bi þe cop, þat al it  
lauede ablode;  
þe Iewes out of Iurselem awenden he  
were wode.
- 10 Foret hym com þe riche Ieu þat heiste  
Pilatus:  
'Wolte sulle þi louerd, þat hette Ie-  
sus?'
- 11 'I nul sulle my louerd for nones cunnes  
eiste,  
Bote hit be for þe þritti platen þat he  
me bi-taiste.'
- 12 'Wolte sulle þi lord Crist for enes cunnes  
golde?'  
'Nay, bote hit be for þe platen þat he  
habben wolde.'
- 13 In him com ur lord gon, as is postles  
seten at mete:  
'Wou sitte ye, postles, ant wi nule ye  
ete?'
- 14 ['Wou sitte ye, postles, ant wi nule ye  
ete?]  
Ic am iboust ant isold to day for oure  
mete.'
- 15 Vp stod him Iudas: 'Lord, am I þat . . . ?  
I nas neuer oþe stude per me þe euel  
spec.'
- 16 Vp him stod Peter, ant spec wid al is  
miste,  
þau Pilatus him come wid ten hundred  
cnistes,
- 17 ['þau Pilatus him com wid ten hundred  
cnistes,]  
Yet ic wolde, louerd, for þi loue-fiste.'
- 18 'Still þou be, Peter, wel I þe i-cnowe;  
þou wolt fur-sake me þrien ar þe coc  
him crowe.'

## BONNIE ANNIE

Had an old copy of this still pretty and touching, but much disordered, ballad been saved, we should perhaps have had a story like this: Bonnie Annie, having stolen her father's gold and her mother's fee, and fled with her paramour, the ship in which she is sailing encounters a storm and cannot get on. Annie is seized with the pangs of travail, and deplores the absence of women. The sailors say there is somebody on board who is marked for death, or flying from a just doom. They cast lots, and the lot falls on Annie. Conscious only of her own guilt, she asks to be thrown overboard. Her paramour offers great sums to the crew to save her, but their efforts prove useless, and Annie again begs, or they now insist, that she shall be cast into the sea with her babe. This done, the ship is able to sail on; Annie floats to shore and is buried there.

If the narrative in Jonah, i, is the ultimate source of this and similar stories, it must be owned that the tradition has maintained its principal traits in this ballad remarkably well. Cf. also 'Brown Robyn's Confession' (No. 57).

## A

'Bonnie Annie,' Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 123.

- 1 THERE was a rich lord, and he lived in  
Forfar,  
He had a fair lady, and one only doch-  
ter.
- 2 O she was fair, O dear, she was bon-  
nie!  
A ship's captain courted her to be his  
honey.
- 3 There cam a ship's captain out owre the  
sea sailing,  
He courted this young thing till he got  
her wi bairn.
- 4 'Ye'll steal your father's gowd, and  
your mother's money;  
And I'll mak ye a lady in Ireland bon-  
nie.'
- 5 She's stown her father's gowd, and her  
mother's money,

But she was never a lady in Ireland  
bonnie.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 6 'There's fey fowk in our ship, she winna sail for me,  
There's fey fowk in our ship, she winna sail for me.'
- 7 They've casten black bullets twice six  
'and forty,  
And ae the black bullet fell on bonnie Annie.
- 8 'Ye'll tak me in your arms twa, lo, lift me cannie,  
Throw me out owre board, your ain dear Annie.'
- 9 He has tane her in his arms twa, lo, lifted her cannie,  
He has laid her on a bed of down, his ain dear Annie.
- 10 'What can a woman do, love, I'll do for ye;'  
'Muckle can a woman do, ye canna do for me.'
- 11 'Lay about, steer about, lay our ship cannie,  
Do all ye can to save my dear Annie.'
- 12 'I've laid about, steerd about, laid about cannie,  
But all I can do, she winna sail for me.'
- 13 'Ye'll tak her in your arms twa, lo, lift her cannie,  
And throw her out owre board, your ain dear Annie.'
- 14 He has tane her in his arms twa, lo, lifted her cannie,  
He has thrown her out owre board, his ain dear Annie.
- 15 As the ship sailed, bonnie Annie she swam,  
And she was at Ireland as soon as them.
- 16 He made his love a coffin of the gowd sae yellow,  
And buried his bonnie love down in a sea valley.

## B

'The High Banks o Yarrow,' Motherwell's MS., p. 652. From the singing of a boy, Henry French, Ayr.

- 1 DOWN in Dumbarton there wound a rich merchant,  
Down in Dumbarton there wond a rich merchant,  
And he had nae family but ae only dochter.  
Sing fal lal de deedle, fal lal de deedle lair, O a day
- 2 There cam a rich squire, intending to woo her,  
He wooed her until he had got her wi babie.
- 3 'Oh what shall I do! oh what shall come o me!  
Baith father and mither will think nae-thing o me.'
- 4 'Gae up to your father, bring down gowd and money,  
And I'll take ye ower to a braw Irish ladie.'
- 5 She gade to her father, brought down gowd and money,  
And she's awa ower to a braw Irish ladie.
- 6 She hadna sailed far till the young thing cried 'Women!'  
'What women can do, my dear, I'll do for you.'
- 7 'O haud your tongue, foolish man, dinna talk vainly,  
For ye never kent what a woman driet for you.
- 8 'Gae wash your hands in the cauld spring water,  
And dry them on a towel a' giltit wi silver.
- 9 'And tak me by the middle, and lift me up saftlie,  
And throw me ower shipboard, baith me and my babie.'

- 10 He took her by the middle, and lifted  
her saftly,  
And threw her ower shipboard, baith  
her and her babie.
- 11 Sometimes she did sink, sometimes she  
did float it,  
Until that she cam to the high banks o  
Yarrow.
- 12 'O captain tak gowd, O sailors tak  
money,  
And launch out your sma boat till I sail  
for my honey.'
- 13 'How can I tak gowd, how can I tak  
money?  
My ship's on a sand bank, she winna  
sail for me.'
- 14 The captain took gowd, the sailors took  
money,  
And they launchd out their sma boat  
till he sailed for his honey.
- 15 'Mak my love a coffin o the gowd sae  
yellow,  
Whar the wood it is dear, and the  
planks they are narrow,  
And bury my love on the high banks o  
Yarrow.'
- 16 They made her a coffin o the gowd sae  
yellow,  
And buried her deep on the high banks  
o Yarrow.

25

## WILLIE'S LYKE-WAKE

Of this piece there is a broadside version of 1810 (not here printed). All other copies that have been recovered date from about 1825. The device of a lover's feigning death as a means of winning a shy mistress enjoys considerable popularity in European ballads. Even more favorite is a ballad in which the woman adopts this expedient, in order to escape from the control of her relations. See the 'Gay Goshawk' (No. 96). A Danish ballad answering to our Feigned Lyke-Wake is preserved in many manuscripts, some of them of the 16th century, and is still living in tradition. The corresponding south-European ballad, which is very gay and pretty, is well represented by the

Italian 'Il Genovese' (Ferraro, *Canti popolari monferrini*, No. 40).

## A

'Willie, Willie,' Kinloch's MSS., I, 53, from the recitation of Mary Barr, Lesmahagow, aged upwards of seventy. May, 1827.

- 1 'WILLIE, Willie, I'll learn you a wile,  
And the sun shines over the valleys  
and a'  
'How this pretty fair maid ye may be-  
guile.'  
Amang the blue flowrs and the yel-  
low and a'
- 2 'Ye maun lie down just as ye were dead,  
And tak your winding-sheet around your  
head.
- 3 'Ye maun gie the bellman his bell-groat,  
To ring your dead-bell at your lover's  
yett.'
- 4 He lay down just as he war dead,  
And took his winding-sheet round his  
head.
- 5 He gied the bellman his bell-groat,  
To ring his dead-bell at his lover's yett.
- 6 'O wha is this that is dead, I hear?'  
'O wha but Willie that loed ye sae dear.'
- 7 She is to her father's chamber gone,  
And on her knees she's fallen down.
- 8 'O father, O father, ye maun grant me  
this;  
I hope that ye will na tak it amiss.
- 9 'That I to Willie's burial should go;  
For he is dead, full well I do know.'
- 10 'Ye'll tak your seven bauld brethren  
wi thee,  
And to Willie's burial straucht go ye.'
- 11 It's whan she cam to the outmost yett,  
She made the silver fly round for his  
sake.
- 12 It's whan she cam to the inmost yett,  
She made the red gowd fly round for his  
sake.

- 13 As she walked frae the court to the  
parlour there,  
The pretty corpse syne began for to  
steer.
- 14 He took her by the waist sae neat and  
sae sma,  
And threw her atween him and the wa.
- 15 'O Willie, O Willie, let me alane this  
nicht,  
O let me alane till we're wedded richt.'
- 16 'Ye cam unto me baith sae meek and  
mild,  
But I'll mak ye gae hame a wedded  
wife wi child.'

## 26

## THE THREE RAVENS

First printed in *Melismata*, 1611. Chappell remarked, about 1855 (*Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I, 59), that the ballad was still so popular in some parts of the country that he had "been favored with a variety of copies of it, written down from memory, and all differing in some respects, both as to words and tune, but with sufficient resemblance to prove a similar origin."

'The Twa Corbies,' first printed in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, and known in several versions in Scotland, is, as Scott says, "rather a counterpart than a copy" of 'The Three Ravens.'

*Melismata*. Musically Phantasies. Fitting the Court, Citty, and Countrey Humours. London, 1611. [T. Ravenscroft.]

- 1 THERE were three rauens sat on a tree,  
Downe a downe, hay down, hay  
downe  
There were three rauens sat on a tree,  
With a downe  
There were three rauens sat on a tree,  
They were as blacke as they might be.  
With a downe derrie, derrie, derrie,  
downe, downe
- 2 The one of them said to his mate,  
'Where shall we our breakefast take?'
- 3 'Downe in yonder greene field,  
There lies a knight slain vnder his  
shield.

- 4 'His hounds they lie downe at his feete,  
So well they can their master keepe.
- 5 'His haukes they flie so eagerly,  
There's no fowle dare him come nie.'
- 6 Downe there comes a fallow doe,  
As great with yong as she might goe.
- 7 She lift vp his bloudy hed,  
And kist his wounds that were so red.
- 8 She got him vp vpon her backe,  
And carried him to earthen lake.
- 9 She buried him before the prime,  
She was dead herselfe ere euen-song  
time.
- 10 God send euery gentleman,  
Such haukes, such hounds, and such a  
leman.

## THE TWA CORBIES

*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, III, 239, ed. 1803, communicated by C. K. Sharpe, as written down from tradition by a lady (cf. Sharpe's *Letters*, ed. Allardyce, I, 136).

- 1 As I was walking all alane,  
I heard twa corbies making a mane;  
The tane unto the t'other say,  
'Where sall we gang and dine to-day?'
- 2 'In behint yon auld fail dyke,  
I wot there lies a new slain knight;  
And naebody kens that he lies there,  
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.
- 3 'His hound is to the hunting gane,  
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,  
His lady's ta'en another mate,  
So we may mak our dinner sweet.
- 4 'Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,  
And I'll pike out his bonny blue een;  
Wi ae lock o his gowden hair  
We'll theek our nest when it grows  
bare.
- 5 'Mony a one for him makes mane,  
But nane sall ken where he is gane;  
Oer his white banes, when they are bare,  
The wind sall blaw for evermair.'



## 27

## THE WHUMMIL BORE

This ballad, if it ever were one, seems not to have been met with, or at least to have been thought worth notice, by anybody but Motherwell.

a. Motherwell's MS., p. 191. b. Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. xvi, No. III.

- 1 SEVEN lang years I hae served the king,  
Fa fa fa fa lilly  
And I never got a sight of his daughter  
but ane.  
With my glimpy, glimpy, glimpy  
eedle,  
Lillum too tee a ta too a tee a ta a tally

- 2 I saw her thro a whummil bore,  
And I neer got a sight of her no more.

- 3 Twa was putting on her gown,  
And ten was putting pins therein.

- 4 Twa was putting on her shoon,  
And twa was buckling them again.

- 5 Five was combing down her hair,  
And I never got a sight of her nae mair.

- 6 Her neck and breast was like the snow,  
Then from the bore I was forced to go.

## 28

BURD ELLEN AND YOUNG  
TAMLANE

This fragment seems to have no connection with what is elsewhere handed down concerning Tamlane (see No. 39), or with the story of any other ballad.

Maidment's North Countrie Garland, 1824, p. 21. Communicated by R. Pitcairn, "from the recitation of a female relative, who had heard it frequently sung in her childhood," about sixty years before the above date. Here from Pitcairn's MSS., III, 49.

- 1 BURD ELLEN sits in her bower windowe,  
With a double laddy double, and for  
the double dow

Twisting the red silk and the blue.  
With the double rose and the Machey

- 2 And whiles she twisted, and whiles she  
twan,  
And whiles the tears fell down amang.

- 3 Till once there by cam Young Tamlane:  
'Come light, O light, and rock your  
young son.'

- 4 'If you winna rock him, you may let  
him rair,  
For I hae rocked my share and mair.'

\* \* \* \* \*

- 5 Young Tamlane to the seas he 's gane,  
And a' women's curse in his company 's  
gane.

## 29

## THE BOY AND THE MANTLE

This ballad and the two which follow it are clearly not of the same rise, and not meant for the same ears, as those which go before. They would come down by professional rather than by domestic tradition, through minstrels rather than knitters and weavers. They suit the hall better than the bower, the tavern or public square better than the cottage, and would not go to the spinning-wheel at all. 'The Boy and the Mantle' is an exceedingly good piece of minstrelsy; much livelier than most of the numerous variations on the somewhat overhanded theme. Its nearest relative is the fabliau or "romance" of *Le Mantel Mautaillié*, 'Cort Mantel' (Montaignon et Raynaud, *Recueil Général des Fabliaux*, III, 1), of which there are manuscripts of the thirteenth century. The outline of a similar tale is preserved in the *Lanzelet* of Ulrich von Zatzikhoven.

The probation by the Horn runs parallel with that of the Mantle, with which it is combined in the English ballad. Whether this or that is the anterior creation it is not possible to say, though the 'Lai du Corn' is of a more original stamp, fresher and more in the popular vein than the fabliau of the Mantle, as we have it. The 'Lai du Corn,' by Robert Bizez, is ascribed to the middle of the twelfth century. Like the ballad, it makes Caradoc (Garadue) the hero. This is also the case in the 'Livre de Caradoc,' inserted in the verse romance of *Percival li Gallois* (ed. Potvin, vv. 15,640 ff.). There are several other versions.

Besides the stories of probation by the Mantle and by the Horn or cup there are a number

of others in which other objects have the same testing power; — viz. : a crown; a bridge; a girdle; an arch; a glove; a garland; a cup of congealed tears; bedclothes and bed (as in No. 5); a stepping-stone by the bed-side; a chair; flowers; a shirt, a sword, a picture; a wax image; a ring (as in the romance of Horn Child); a mirror; a harp; a crystal brook; a stone; a magnet; a statue; a shield; a chess-board, etc.

Percy MS., p. 284; Hales and Furnivall, II, 304.

- 1 IN the third day of May  
to Carleile did come  
A kind curteous child,  
that cold much of wisdom.
- 2 A kirtle and a mantle  
this child had vpon,  
With brauches and ringes  
full richelye bedone.
- 3 He had a sute of silke,  
about his middle drawne;  
Without he cold of curtesye,  
he thought itt much shame.
- 4 'God speed thee, King Arthur,  
sitting att thy meate!  
And the goodly Queene Gueneuer!  
I canott her fforgett.
- 5 'I tell you lords in this hall,  
I hett you all heede,  
Except you be the more surer,  
is you for to dread.'
- 6 He plucked out of his potewer,  
and longer wold not dwell,  
He pulled forth a pretty mantle,  
betweene two nut-shells.
- 7 'Haue thou here, King Arthure,  
haue thou heere of mee;  
Giue itt to thy comely queene,  
shapen as itt is alreadye.
- 8 'Itt shall neuer become *that* wiffe  
*that* hath once done amisse.'  
Then euery knight in the kings court  
began to care for his.
- 9 Forth came dame Gueneuer,  
to the mantle shee her bed;

The ladye shee was new-fangle,  
but yett shee was affrayd.

- 10 When shee had taken the mantle,  
shee stode as she had beene madd;  
It was from the top to the toe  
as sheeres had itt shread.
- 11 One while was itt gaule,  
another while was itt greene;  
Another while was itt wadded;  
ill itt did her besee me.
- 12 Another while was it blacke,  
and bore the worst hue;  
'By my troth,' quoth King Arthur,  
'I thinke thou be not true.'
- 13 Shee threw downe the mantle,  
*that* bright was of blee,  
Fast with a rudd redd  
to her chamber can shee flee.
- 14 Shee curst the weauer and the walker  
that clothe *that* had wrought,  
And bade a vengeance on his crowne  
*that* hither hath itt brought.
- 15 'I had rather be in a wood,  
vnder a greene tree,  
Then in King Arthurs court  
shamed for to bee.'
- 16 Kay called forth his ladye,  
and bade her come neere;  
Saies, 'Madam, and thou be guiltye,  
I pray thee hold thee there.'
- 17 Forth came his ladye  
shortlye and anon,  
Boldlye to the mantle  
then is shee gone.
- 18 When she had tane the mantle,  
and cast it her about,  
Then was shee bare  
all about the buttoeckes.
- 19 Then euery knight  
*that* was in the kings court  
Talked, laughed, and showed,  
full oft att *that* sport.
- 20 Shee threw downe the mantle,  
*that* bright was of blee,

Ffast with a red rudd  
to her chamber can shee flee.

- 21 Forth came an old *knight*,  
pattering ore a creede,  
And he proffered to this little boy  
twenty markes to his meede,
- 22 And all the time of the Christmasse  
willinglye to ffeede;  
For why, this mantle might  
doe his wiffe some need.
- 23 When shee had tane the mantle,  
of cloth *that* was made,  
Shee had no more left on her  
but a tassell and a threed:  
Then euery *knight* in the *kings* court  
bade euill might shee speed.
- 24 Shee threw downe the mantle,  
*that* bright was of blee,  
And fast with a redd rudd  
to her chamber can shee flee.
- 25 Craddocke called forth his ladye,  
and bade her come in;  
Saith, 'Winne this mantle, ladye,  
with a litle dinne.
- 26 'Winne this mantle, ladye,  
and it shalbe thine  
If thou neuer did amisse  
since thou wast mine.'
- 27 Forth came Craddockes ladye  
shortlye and anon,  
But boldlye to the mantle  
then is shee gone.
- 28 When shee had tane the mantle,  
and cast itt her about,  
Vpp att her great toe  
itt began to crinkle and crows;  
Shee said, 'Bowe downe, mantle,  
and shame me not for nought.
- 29 'Once I did amisse,  
I tell you certainlye,  
When I kist Craddockes mouth  
vnder a greene tree,  
When I kist Craddockes mouth  
before he marryed mee.'
- 30 When shee had her shreeuen,  
and her sines shee had tolde,

The mantle stooode about her  
right as shee wold;

- 31 Seemelye of coulour,  
glittering like gold;  
Then euery *knight* in Arthurs court  
did her behold.
- 32 Then spake dame Gueneuer  
to Arthur our king:  
'She hath tane yonder mantle,  
not with wright but with wronge !
- 33 'See you not yonder woman  
*that* maketh her selfe soe clene?  
I haue seene tane out of her bedd  
of men flueteene;
- 34 'Preists, clarkes, and wedded men,  
from her by-deene;  
Yett shee taketh the mantle,  
and maketh her-selfe cleane !'
- 35 Then spake the litle boy  
*that* kept the mantle in hold;  
Sayes 'King, chasten thy wiffe;  
of her words shee is to bold.
- 36 'Shee is a bitch and a witch,  
and a whore bold;  
King, in thine owne hall  
thou art a cuchold.'
- 37 The litle boy stooode  
looking ouer a dore;  
He was ware of a wyld bore,  
wold haue werryed a man.
- 38 He pulld forth a wood kniffe,  
fast thither *that* he ran;  
He brought in the bores head,  
and quitted him like a man.
- 39 He brought in the bores head,  
and was wonderous bold;  
He said there was neuer a cucholds  
kniffe  
carue itt that cold.
- 40 Some rubbed their kniues  
vppon a whetstone;  
Some threw them vnder the table,  
and said they had none.
- 41 King Arthur and the child  
stood looking them vpon;

All their kniues edges  
turned backe againe.

42 Craddoccke had a litle kniue  
of iron and of steele;  
He birtled the bores head  
wonderous weele,  
*That euery knight in the kings court*  
had a morssell.

43 The litle boy had a horne,  
of red gold *that ronge*;  
He said, 'there was noe cuckolde  
shall drinke of my horne,  
But he shold itt sheede,  
either behind or beforne.'

44 Some shedd on their shoulder,  
and some on their knee;  
He *that* cold not hitt his mouth  
put it in his eye;  
And he *that* was a cuckold,  
euery man might him see.

45 Craddoccke wan the horne  
and the bores head;  
His ladye wan the mantle  
vnto her meede;  
Euerye such a louely ladye,  
God send her well to speede!

## 30

KING ARTHUR AND KING  
CORNWALL

The mutilation of the early pages of the Percy manuscript leaves us in possession of only one half of this ballad, and that half in eight fragments, so that even the outline of the story cannot be fully made out. Apparently it should run as follows: King Arthur, while boasting to Gawain of his Round Table, is told by Guenever that she knows of one immeasurably finer, and the palace it stands in is worth all Little Britain besides, but not a word will she say as to where this table and this goodly building may be. Arthur makes a vow never to sleep two nights in one place till he sees that round table; and, taking for companions Gawain, Tristram, Sir Bredbeddle, and Sir Marramiles, sets out on the quest. The five assume a palmer's weed simply for disguise, and travel east and west, only to arrive at Cornwall, so very little a way from home. The proud porter of Cornwall's gate, clad in a suit of gold, for his master is the richest king in Christen-

dom, or yet in heathenesse, is evidently impressed with Arthur's bearing. Cornwall, finding that the pilgrims come from Little Britain, asks if they ever knew King Arthur, and boasts that he had lived seven years in Arthur's kingdom, and had had a daughter by Arthur's wife, now a lady of radiant beauty. He then sends for his wonderful steed and probably his horn and sword (which also have remarkable properties), and a Burlow-Beanie, or Billy-Blin, a seven-headed, fire-breathing fiend, whom he has in his service. Arthur is then conducted to bed, and the Billy-Blin, shut up, as far as we can make out, in some sort of barrel or other vessel (called a thrub chadler, or trub chandler), is set by Arthur's bedside to hear and report the talk of the pilgrims. Now it would seem that the knights make each their vow or brag. Arthur's is that he will be the death of Cornwall King before he sees Little Britain. Gawain will have Cornwall's daughter home with him. Here there is a gap. Tristram should undertake to blow the horn, Marramiles to ride the steed, and Arthur to kill Cornwall with the sword. But first it would be necessary to subdue the loathly fiend. Bredbeddle bursts open the "rub-chadler," and fights the monster in a style that is a joy to see; but sword, knife, and axe all break, and he is left without a weapon. Yet he had something better to fall back on, and that was a little book which he had found by the seaside. It was probably a book of Evangiles; our Lord had written it with his hands and sealed it with his blood. With this little book Bredbeddle conjures the Burlow-Beanie, and shuts him up till wanted in a "wall of stone." He then reports to Arthur, who has a great desire to see the fiend in all his terrors, and makes the fiend start out again. The Billy-Blin is now entirely amenable to command. Bredbeddle has only to conjure him to do a thing, and it is done. First he fetches down the steed. Marramiles considers that he is the man to ride him, but finds he can do nothing with him, and has to call on Bredbeddle for help. The Billy-Blin is required to tell how the steed is to be ridden, and reveals that three strokes of a gold wand which stands in Cornwall's study-window will make him spring like spark from brand. And so it comes out that Cornwall is a magician. Next the horn has to be fetched, but, when brought, it cannot be sounded. For this a certain powder is required. This the fiend procures. Tristram blows a blast which rends the horn up to the midst. Finally, the Billy-Blin is conjured to fetch the sword, and with this sword Arthur goes and strikes off Cornwall's head. So Arthur keeps his vow, and so far as we can see all the rest are in a condition to keep theirs.

The ballad bears a close relation to the eleventh-century *chanson de geste* of Charlemagne's Journey to Jerusalem and Constantinople. Perhaps the two are derived from a common source.

Percy MS., p. 24. Hales and Furnivall, I, 61; Madden's *Syr Gawayne*, p. 275.

\* \* \* \* \*

1 [SAIES, 'Come here, cuzen Gawaine so gay,  
My sisters sonne be yee;  
Ffor you shall see one of the fairest round tables  
That euer you see with your eye.'

2 Then bespake Lady Queen Gueneuer,  
And these were the words said shee:  
'I know where a round table is, thou noble king,  
Is worth thy round table and other such three.

3 'The trestle that stands vnder this round table,' she said,  
'Lowe downe to the mould,  
It is worth thy round table, thou worthy king,  
Thy halls, and all thy gold.

4 'The place where this round table stands in,  
It is worth thy castle, thy gold, thy fee,  
And all good Litle Britaine.'

5 'Where may that table be, lady?' quoth hee,  
'Or where may all that goodly building be?'  
'You shall it seeke,' shee says, 'till you it find,  
For you shall neuer gett more of me.'

6 Then bespake him noble King Arthur  
These were the words said hee:  
'He make mine avow to God,  
And alsoe to the Trinity,

7 'He never sleepe one night there as I doe another,  
Till that round table I see:

Sir Marramiles and Sir Tristeram,  
Fellowes that ye shall bee.

8 . . . . .

'Weele be clad in palmers weede,  
Fiue palmers we will bee;

9 'There is noe outlandish man will vs abide,  
Nor will vs come nye.'  
Then they riued east and the riued west,  
In many a strange country.

10 Then they tranckled a litle further,  
They saw a battle new sett:  
'Now, by my faith,' saies noble King Arthur,  
. . . . . well .

\* \* \* \* \*

11 But when he cam to this . . . e . .  
And to the palace gate,  
Soe ready was ther a proud porter,  
And met him soone therat.

12 Shooes of gold the porter had on,  
And all his other rayment was vnto the same:  
'Now, by my faith,' saies noble King Arthur,  
'Yonder is a minion swaine.'

13 Then bespake noble King Arthur,  
These were the words says hee:  
'Come hither, thou proud porter,  
I pray thee come hither to me.

14 'I haue two poore rings of my finger,  
The better of them Ile giue to thee;  
Tell who may be lord of this castle,' he sayes,  
'Or who is lord in this cuntry?'

15 'Cornewall King,' the porter sayes,  
'There is none soe rich as hee;  
Neither in christendome, nor yet in heathennest,  
None hath soe much gold as he.'

16 And then bespake him noble King Arthur,  
These were the words sayes hee:



'I haue two poore rings of my finger,  
The better of them Ile giue thee,  
If thou wilt greete him well, Cornwall  
King,  
And greete him well from me.

17 'Pray him for one nights lodging and  
two meales meate,  
For his love that dyed vpon a tree;  
Of one ghesting and two meales meate,  
For his loue that dyed vpon a tree.

18 'Of one ghesting, of two meales meate,  
For his love that was of virgin borne,  
And in the morning *that* we may scape  
away,  
Either without scath or scorne.'

19 Then forth is gone this proud porter,  
As fast as he cold hye,  
And when he came befor Cornwall  
King,  
He kneeled downe on his knee.

20 Sayes, 'I haue beene porter-man, at thy  
gate,  
This thirty winter and three . . .

\* \* \* \*

21 . . . . .  
Our Lady was borne; then thought  
Cornwall King  
These palmers had beene in Brittain.

22 Then bespake him Cornwall King,  
These were the words he said there:  
'Did you euer know a comely king,  
His name was King Arthur?'

23 And then bespake him noble King Ar-  
thur,  
These were the words said hee:  
'I doe not know that comly king,  
But once my selfe I did him see.'  
Then bespake Cornwall King againe,  
These were the words said he:

24 Sayes, 'Seuen yeere I was clad and fed,  
In Little Brittain, in a bower;  
I had a daughter by King Arthurs wife,  
That now is called my flower;

For King Arthur, that kindly cockward,  
Hath none such in his bower.

25 'For I durst sweare, and saue my othe,  
That same lady soe bright,  
That a man *that* were laid on his death  
bed  
Wold open his eyes on her to haue  
sight.'

'Now, by my faith,' sayes noble King  
Arthur,  
'And that 's a full faire wight!'

26 And then bespake Cornwall [King]  
again,  
And these were the words he said:  
'Come hither, fye or three of my  
knights,  
And feitch me downe my steed;  
King Arthur, that foule cockward,  
Hath none such, if he had need.

27 'For I can ryde him as far on a day  
As King Arthur can doe any of his  
on three;  
And is it not a pleasure for a king  
When he shall ryde forth on his iour-  
ney?

28 'For the eyes that beene in his head,  
Thé glister as doth the gleed.'  
'Now, by my faith,' says noble King  
Arthur,  
'That is a well faire steed.'

\* \* \* \*

29 . . . . .  
'Nobody say . . . . .  
But one *that* 's learned to speake.'

30 Then King Arthur to his bed was  
brought,  
A greeiued man was hee;  
And soe were all his fellowes with him,  
From him thé thought neuer to flee.

31 Then take they did that lodly groome,  
And under the rub-chadler closed was  
hee,  
And he was set by King Arthurs bed-  
side,  
To heere their talke and their com-  
unye;

32 *That he might come forth, and make  
proclamation,  
Long before it was day ;  
It was more for King Cornwalls pleasure,  
Then it was for King Arthurs pay.*

33 And when *King Arthur* in his bed was  
laid,  
These were the words said hee :  
'Ile make mine avow to God,  
And alsoe to the Trinity,  
That Ile be the bane of Cornwall Kinge,  
Litle Brittain or euer I see !'

34 'It is an vnaduised vow,' saies *Gawaine*  
the gay,  
'As ever *king* hard make I ;  
But wee *that* beene fine christian men,  
Of the christen faith are wee,  
And we shall fight against anyouted  
*king*  
And all his armorie.'

35 And then bespake him noble *Arthur*,  
And these were the words said he :  
'Why, if thou be afraid, *Sir Gawaine*  
the gay,  
Goe home, and drinke wine in thine  
owne country.'

36 And then bespake *Sir Gawaine* the  
gay,  
And these were the words said hee :  
'Nay, seeing you have made such a  
hearty vow,  
Heere another vow make will I.

37 'Ile make mine avow to God,  
And alsoe to the Trinity,  
*That* I will haue yonder faire lady  
To Litle Brittain with mee.

38 'Ile hose her hourly to my heart,  
And with her Ile worke my will ;'

\* \* \* \*

39 . . . . .  
These were the words sayd hee :  
'Befor I wold wrestle with yonder  
feend,  
It is better be drowned in the sea.'

40 And then bespake *Sir Bredbeddle*,  
And these were the words said he :  
'Why, I will wrestle with you lodly  
feend,  
God, my gouernor thou wilt bee !'

41 Then bespake him noble *Arthur*,  
And these were the words said he :  
'What weapons wilt thou haue, thou  
gentle knight ?  
I pray thee tell to me.'

42 He sayes, 'Collen brand Ile haue in my  
hand,  
And a Millaine knife fast by me knee,  
And a Danish axe fast in my hands,  
*That* a sure weapon I thinke wilbe.'

43 Then with his Collen brand *that* he had  
in his hand  
The bunge of that rub-chandler he  
burst in three ;  
With that start out a lodly feend,  
With seuen heads, and one body.

44 The fyer towards the element flew,  
Out of his mouth, where was great  
plentie ;  
The knight stode in the middle and  
fought,  
*That* it was great ioy to see.

45 Till his Collaine brand brake in his  
hand,  
And his Millaine knife burst on his  
knee,  
And then the Danish axe burst in his  
hand first,  
That a sur weapon he thought shold  
be.

46 But now is the knight left without any  
weapons,  
And alacke ! it was the more pitty ;  
But a surer weapon then he had one,  
Had neuer *lord* in Christentye ;  
And all was but one litle booke,  
He found it by the side of the sea.

47 He found it at the sea-side,  
Wrucked upp in a floode ;  
Our *Lord* had written it with his hands,  
And sealed it with his bloode.

\* \* \* \*

48 'That thou doe not s . . .  
But ly still in that wall of stone,  
Till I haue beene with noble King Ar-  
thur,  
And told him what I haue done.'

49 And when he came to the kings cham-  
ber,  
He cold of his curtesie :  
Says, 'Sleepe you, wake you, noble  
King Arthur ?  
And euer Iesus waken yee !'

50 'Nay, I am not sleeping, I am waking,'  
These were the words said hee ;  
'Ffor thee I haue card; how hast thou  
fared ?  
O gentle knight, let me see.'

51 The knight wrought the king his booke,  
Bad him behold, reede and see ;  
And euer he found it on the backside of  
the leafe  
As noble Arthur wold wish it to be.

52 And then bespake him King Arthur,  
'Alas ! thow gentle knight, how may  
this be,  
That I might see him in the same lick-  
nesse  
That he stood vnto thee ?'

53 And then bespake him the Greene  
Knight,  
These were the words said hee :  
'If youle stand stifly in the battell  
stronge,  
For I haue won all the victory.'

54 Then bespake him the king againe,  
And these were the words said hee :  
'If wee stand not stifly in this battell  
strong,  
Wee are worthy to be hanged all on  
a tree.'

55 Then bespake him the Greene Knight,  
These were the words said hee :  
Saies, 'I doe coniure thee, thou fowle  
feend,  
In the same licknesse thou stood vnto  
me.'

56 With that start out a lodly feend,  
With seuen heads, and one body ;

The fier towards the element flaugh,  
Out of his mouth, where was great  
plenty.

57 The knight stood in the middle p . . .

. . . . .  
. . . . .  
\* \* \* \* \*

58 . . . . .  
. . . they stood the space of an  
houre,  
I know not what they did.

59 And then bespake him the Greene  
Knight,  
And these were the words said hee:  
Saith, 'I coniure thee, thou fowle feend,  
That thou feitch downe the steed that  
we see.'

60 And then forth is gone Burlow-beanie,  
As fast as he cold hie,  
And feitch he did *that* faire steed,  
And came againe by and by.

61 Then bespake him Sir Marramiles,  
And these were the words said hee:  
'Riding of this steed, brother Bredbed-  
dle,  
The mastery belongs to me.'

62 Marramiles tooke the steed to his hand,  
To ryd him he was full bold;  
He cold noe more make him goe  
Then a child of three yeere old.

63 He laid vpon him with heele and hand,  
With yard that was soe fell;  
'Helpe ! brother Bredbeddle,' says Mar-  
ramile,  
'For I thinke he be the devill of hell.

64 'Helpe! brother Bredbeddle,' says Mar-  
ramile,  
'Helpe ! for Christs pittye;  
Ffor without thy help, brother Bred-  
beddle,  
He will neuer be rydden for me.'

65 Then bespake him Sir Bredbeddle,  
These were the words said hee:

- 'I coniure thee, thou Burlow-beane,  
Thou tell me how this steed was rid-  
din in his country.'
- 66 He saith, 'there is a gold wand  
Stands in *King* Cornwalls study win-  
dowe;  
. . . . .  
. . . . .
- 67 'Let him take that wand in *that* win-  
dow,  
And strike three strokes on that  
steed;  
And then he will spring forth of his  
hand  
As sparke doth out of gleede.'
- 68 And then bespake him the Greene  
Knight,  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
\* \* \* \* \*
- 69 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
A lowd blast he may blow then.
- 70 And then bespake *Sir* Bredebeddle,  
To the ffeend these words said hee :  
Says, 'I coniure thee, thou Burlow-  
beanie,  
The powder-box thou feitch me.'
- 71 Then forth is gone Burlow-beanie,  
As fast as he cold hie,  
And feich he did the powder-box,  
And came againe by and by.
- 72 Then *Sir* Tristeram tooke powder forth  
of *that* box,  
And blent it with warme sweet milke,  
And there put it vnto that horne,  
And swilled it about in that ilke.
- 73 Then he tooke the horne in his hand,  
And a lowd blast he blew;  
He rent the horne vp to the midst,  
All his ffellowes this thé knew.
- 74 Then bespake him the Greene Knight,  
These were the words said he:

Saies, 'I coniure thee, thou Burlow-  
beanie,  
*That* thou feitch me the sword *that*  
I see.'

- 75 Then forth is gone Burlow-beanie,  
As fast as he cold hie,  
And feitch he did that faire sword,  
And came againe by and by.
- 76 Then bespake him *Sir* Bredbeddle,  
To the *king* these words said he :  
'Take this sword in thy hand, thou  
noble *King* *Arthur*,  
For the voves sake *that* thou made  
Ile giue it th[ee,]  
And goe strike off *King* Cornewalls  
head,  
In bed were he doth lye.'
- 77 Then forth is gone noble *King* *Arthur*,  
As fast as he cold hie,  
And strucken he hath off *King* Corn-  
walls head,  
And came againe by and by.
- 78 He put the head vpon a swords point,  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
\* \* \* \* \*

## THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GA- WAIN

We have here again half a ballad, in seven fragments, but the essentials of the story, which is well known from other versions, happen to be preserved, or may be inferred: *Arthur*, apparently some day after Christmas, had been encountered at Tarn Wadling, in the forest of Inglewood, by a bold baron armed with a club, who offered him the choice of fighting or ransoming himself by coming back on New Year's day and bringing word what women most desire. *Arthur* puts this question in all quarters, and having collected many answers, in which, possibly, he had little confidence, he rides to keep his day. On the way he meets a frightfully ugly woman; she intimates that she can help him. *Arthur* promises her *Gawain* in marriage, if she will, and she imparts to him the right answer. *Arthur* finds

the baron waiting for him at the tarn, and presents first the answers which he had collected and written down. These are contemptuously rejected. Arthur then says that he had met a lady on a moor, who had told him that a woman would have her will. The baron says that the misshapen lady on the moor was his sister, and he will burn her if he can get hold of her. Upon Arthur's return he tells his knights that he has a wife for one of them. When they see the bride they decline the match in vehement terms, all but Gawain, who is somehow led to waive "a little foul sight and misliking." He takes her in all her repulsiveness, and she turns to a beautiful young woman. She asks Gawain whether he will have her in this likeness by night only or only by day. Gawain leaves the choice to her, and this is all that is needed to keep her perpetually beautiful. For a stepmother had bewitched her to go on the wild moor in that fiendly shape until she should meet some knight who would let her have all her will. Her brother, under a like spell, was to challenge men either to fight with him at odds or to answer his hard questions.

These incidents, with the variation that Arthur waits for Gawain's consent before he promises him in marriage, are found in a romance, probably of the fifteenth century, printed in Madden's *Syr Gawayne*, and somewhat hastily pronounced by the editor to be " unquestionably the original of the mutilated poem in the *Percy folio*." Gower (*Confessio Amantis*, Book I, vv. 1407 ff.) and Chaucer (*Wife of Bath's Tale*) both have this tale, though with a different setting, and with the variation, beyond doubt original in the story, that the man whose life is saved by rightly answering the question has himself to marry the monstrous woman in return for her prompting him. The ballad of 'The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter' (No. 110) has much in common with *The Wife of Bath's Tale* and should also be compared. The incident of a hag turned into a beautiful woman after a man has bedded with her occurs several times in ancient Irish story, one text being found in the *Book of Leinster*, a twelfth-century manuscript. For a full discussion of the whole cycle of tales see Maynadier, *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, its Sources and Analogues, 1901.

Percy MS., p. 46. Hales and Furnivall, I, 105; Madden's *Syr Gawayne*, p. 288; Percy's *Reliques*, ed. 1794, III, 350.

1 KINGE ARTHUR liues in merry Carleile,  
And seemely is to see,

And there he hath with him Queene  
Genever,  
That bride soe bright of blee.

2 And there he hath with [him] Queene  
Genever,  
That bride soe bright in bower,  
And all his barons about him stooode,  
That were both stiffe and stowre.

3 The king kept a royall Christmasse,  
Of mirth and great honor,  
And when . . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

4 'And bring me word what thing it is  
That a woman [will] most desire ;  
This shalbe thy ransome, Arthur,' he  
sayes,  
'For Ile haue noe other hier.'

5 King Arthur then held vp his hand,  
According thene as was the law ;  
He tooke his leaue of the baron there,  
And homward can he draw.

6 And when he came to merry Carleile,  
To his chamber he is gone,  
And ther came to him his cozen Sir  
Gawaine,  
As he did make his mone.

7 And there came to him his cozen Sir  
Gawaine,  
That was a curteous knight ;  
'Why sigh you soe sore, vnckle Arthur,'  
he said,  
'Or who hath done thee vnright ?'

8 'O peace, O peace, thou gentle Gawaine,  
That faire may thee befall !  
For if thou knew my sighing soe deepe,  
Thou wold not meruaile att all.

9 'Ffor when I came to Tearne Wadling,  
A bold barron there I fand,  
With a great club vpon his backe,  
Standing stiffe and strong.

10 'And he asked me wether I wold fight  
Or from him I shold begone,  
O[r] else I must him a ransome pay,  
And soe depart him from.



- 11 'To fight with him I saw noe cause;  
Methought it was not meet;  
For he was stiffe and strong with-all,  
His strokes were nothing sweete.
- 12 'Therefor this is my ransome, Gawaine,  
I ought to him to pay;  
I must come againe, as I am sworne,  
Vpon the New Yeers day;
- 13 'And I must bring him word what thing  
it is  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
\* \* \* \* \*
- 14 Then king Arthur drest him for to  
ryde,  
In one soe rich array,  
Toward the fore-said Tearne Wadling,  
That he might keepe his day.
- 15 And as he rode over a more,  
Hee see a lady where shee sate  
Betwixt an oke and a greene hollen;  
She was cladd in red scarlett.
- 16 Then there as shold haue stood her  
mouth,  
Then there was sett her eye;  
The other was in her forehead fast,  
The way that she might see.
- 17 Her nose was crooked and turnd out-  
ward,  
Her mouth stood foule a-wry;  
A worse formed lady than shee was,  
Neuer man saw with his eye.
- 18 To halch vpon him, *King Arthur*,  
This lady was full faine,  
But *King Arthur* had forgott his lesson,  
What he shold say againe.
- 19 'What knight art thou,' the lady sayd,  
'That will not speak to me?  
Of me be thou nothing dismayd,  
Tho I be vgly to see.
- 20 'For I haue halched you curteouslye,  
And you will not me againe;  
Yett I may happen Sir Knight,' shee  
said,  
'To ease thee of thy paine.'

- 21 'Giue thou ease me, lady,' he said,  
'Or helpe me any thing,  
Thou shalt have gentle Gawaine, my  
cozen,  
And marry him with a ring.'
- 22 'Why, if I help thee not, thou noble  
*King Arthur*,  
Of thy owne hearts desiringe,  
Of gentle Gawaine . . . . .  
. . . . .  
\* \* \* \* \*
- 23 And when he came to the Tearne Wad-  
ling,  
The baron there cold he finde,  
With a great weapon on his backe,  
Standing stiffe and stronge.
- 24 And then he tooke *King Arthurs* letters  
in his hands,  
And away he cold them fling,  
And then he puld out a good browne  
sword,  
And cryd himselfe a *king*.
- 25 And he sayd, 'I have thee and thy land,  
*Arthur*,  
To doe as it pleaseth me,  
For this is not thy ransome sure,  
Therefore yeeld thee to me.'
- 26 And then bespoke him noble *Arthur*,  
And bad him hold his hand:  
'And giue me leaue to speake my  
mind  
In defence of all my land.'
- 27 He said, 'As I came over a more,'  
I see a lady where shee sate  
Betweene an oke and a green hollen;  
Shee was clad in red scarlett.
- 28 'And she says a woman will haue her  
will,  
And this is all her cheef desire:  
Doe me right, as thou art a baron of  
skill,  
This is thy ransome and all thy hyer.'
- 29 He sayes, 'An early vengeance light on  
her!  
Shee walkes on yonder more;  
It was my sister that told thee this,  
And she is a misshappen hore.

30 'But heer Ile make mine avow to God  
To doe her an euill turne,  
For an euer I may thate fowle theefe get,  
In a fyer I will her burne.'

\* \* \* \* \*

31 Sir Lancelott and Sir Steven bold,  
They rode with them that day,  
And the formost of the company  
There rode the steward Kay.

32 Soe did Sir Banier and Sir Bore,  
Sir Garrett with them soe gay,  
Soe did Sir Tristeram that gentle  
knight,  
To the forrest fresh and gay.

33 And when he came to the greene for-  
rest,  
Vnderneath a greene holly tree,  
Their sate that lady in red scarlet  
That vnseemly was to see.

34 Sir Kay beheld this ladys face,  
And looked vppon her swire ;  
'Whosoeuer kisses this lady,' he sayes,  
'Of his kisse he stands in feare.'

35 Sir Kay beheld the lady againe,  
And looked vpon her snout;  
'Whosoeuer kisses this lady,' he saies,  
'Of his kisse he stands in doubt.'

36 'Peace, cozen Kay,' then said Sir Ga-  
waine,  
'Amend thee of thy life;  
For there is a knight amongst vs all  
That must marry her to his wife.'

37 'What ! wedd her to wiffe !' then said  
Sir Kay,  
'In the dinells name anon !  
Gett me a wiffe where-ere I may,  
For I had rather be slaine !'

38 Then some tooke vp their hawkes in  
hast,  
And some tooke vp their hounds,  
And some sware they wold not marry  
her  
For citty nor for towne.

39 And then be-spake him noble King Ar-  
thur,

And sware there by this day,  
For a litle foule sight and misliking

. . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

40 Then shee said, 'Choose thee, gentle Ga-  
waine,  
Truth as I doe say,  
Wether thou wilt haue me in this lik-  
nesse  
In the night or else in the day.'

41 And then bespake him gentle Gawaine,  
Was one soe mild of moode,  
Sayes, 'Well I know what I wold say,  
God grant it may be good !

42 'To haue thee fowle in the night  
When I with thee shold play —  
Yet I had rather, if I might,  
Haue thee fowle in the day.'

43 'What ! when lords goe with ther  
feires,' shee said,  
'Both to the ale and wine,  
Alas ! then I must hyde my selfe,  
I must not goe withinne.'

44 And then bespake him gentle Gawaine,  
Said, 'Lady, that 's but skill;  
And because thou art my owne lady,  
Thou shalt haue all thy will.'

45 Then she said, 'Blesed be thou, gentle  
Gawain,  
This day that I thee see,  
For as thou seest me att this time,  
From henceforth I wilbe.

46 'My father was an old knight,  
And yett it chanced soe  
That he marryed a younge lady  
That brought me to this woe.

47 'Shee witched me, being a faire young  
lady,  
To the greene forrest to dwell,  
And there I must walke in womans lik-  
nesse,  
Most like a feend of hell.

48 'She witched my brother to a carlish  
b . . .

. . . . .

49 . . . . .

'That looked soe foule, and that was  
wont  
On the wild more to goe.'

50 'Come kisse her, brother Kay,' then  
said Sir Gawaine,  
'And amend thé of thy liffe ;  
I sweare this is the same lady  
That I married to my wiffe.'

51 Sir Kay kissed that lady bright,  
Standing vpon his ffeete;  
He swore, as he was trew knight,  
The spice was neuer soe sweete.

52 'Well, cozen Gawaine,' sayes Sir Kay,  
'Thy chance is fallen arright,  
For thou hast gotten one of the fairest  
maids  
I euer saw with my sight.'

53 'It is my fortune,' said Sir Gawaine ;  
'For my vnckle Arthurs sake  
I am glad as grasse wold be of raine,  
Great ioy that I may take.'

54 Sir Gawaine tooke the lady by the one  
arme,  
Sir Kay tooke her by the tother,  
They led her straight to King Arthur,  
As they were brother and brother.

55 King Arthur welcomed them there all,  
And soe did Lady Geneuer his queene,  
With all the knights of the Round  
Table,  
Most seemly to be seene.

56 King Arthur beheld that lady faire  
That was soe faire and bright,  
He thanked Christ in Trinity  
For Sir Gawaine that gentle knight.

57 Soe did the knights, both more and  
lesse,  
Reioyced all that day  
For the good chance that hapened was  
To Sir Gawaine and his lady gay.

## KING HENRY

Scott describes his copy of 'King Henry' as "edited from the MS. of Mrs. Brown, corrected by a recited fragment." This manuscript was William Tytler's, now lost. The story is a variety of that which is found in 'The Marriage of Sir Gawain' (No. 31), and has its parallel, as Scott observes, in an episode in the saga of Hrólf Kraki. Every point of the Norse saga, except the stepmother's weird, is found in the Gaelic tale 'The Daughter of King Under-waves' (Campbell's Popular Tales of the West Highlands, No. 86, III, 403 f.). Campbell had a fragment of a Gaelic ballad upon this story (vol. XVII, p. 212, of his manuscript collection), 'Collun gun Cheann,' or 'The Headless Trunk,' twenty-two lines. In this case, as the title imports, a body without a head replaces the hideous, dirty, and unkempt draggle-tail who begs shelter of the Finn successively and obtains her boon only from Diarmaid (see Campbell's Gaelic Ballads, p. ix). On the whole matter see Dr. Maynard's monograph on The Wife of Bath's Tale (p. 55, above).

'King Henry.' a. Jamieson-Brown MS., p. 31. b. Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, 1802, II, 132.

1 LAT never a man a wooing wend  
That lacketh thingis three;  
A routh o gold, an open heart,  
Ay fu o charity.

2 As this I speak of King Henry,  
For he lay burd-alone ;  
An he's doen him to a jelly hunt's ha,  
Was seven miles frae a town.

3 He chas'd the deer now him before,  
An the roe down by the den,  
Till the fattest buck in a' the flock  
King Henry he has slain.

4 O he has doen him to his ha,  
To make him beerly cheer ;  
An in it came a griesly ghost,  
Steed stappin i the fleer.

5 Her head hat the reef-tree o the house,  
Her middle ye mot wel span ;  
He's thrown to her his gay mantle,  
Says, 'Lady, hap your lingcan.'

- 6 Her teeth was a' like teather stakes,  
Her nose like club or mell;  
An I ken naething she 'peard to be,  
But the fiend that wons in hell.
- 7 'Some meat, some meat, ye King Henry,  
Some meat ye gie to me !'  
'An what meat 's in this house, lady,  
An what ha I to gie ?'  
'O ye do kill your berry-brown steed,  
An you bring him here to me.'
- 8 O whan he slew his berry-brown steed,  
Wow but his heart was sair !  
Shee eat him [a'] up, skin an bane,  
Left naething but hide an hair.
- 9 'Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henry,  
Mair meat ye gi to me !'  
'An what meat 's in this house, lady,  
An what ha I to gi ?'  
'O ye do kill your good gray-hounds,  
An ye bring them a' to me.'
- 10 O whan he slew his good gray-hounds,  
Wow but his heart was sair !  
She eat them a' up, skin an bane,  
Left naething but hide an hair.
- 11 'Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henry,  
Mair meat ye gi to me !'  
'An what meat 's i this house, lady,  
An what ha I to gi ?'  
'O ye do kill your gay gos-hawks,  
An ye bring them here to me.'
- 12 O whan he slew his gay gos-hawks,  
Wow but his heart was sair !  
She eat them a' up, skin an bane,  
Left naething but feathers bare.
- 13 'Some drink, some drink, now, King  
Henry,  
Some drink ye bring to me !'  
'O what drink 's i this house, lady,  
That you 're nae welcome ti ?'  
'O ye sew up your horse's hide,  
An bring in a drink to me.'
- 14 And he's sewd up the bloody hide,  
A puncheon o wine put in ;  
She drank it a' up at a waught,  
Left na ae drap ahin.
- 15 'A bed, a bed, now, King Henry,  
A bed you mak to me !

For ye maun pu the heather green,  
An mak a bed to me.'

- 16 O pu'd has he the heather green,  
An made to her a bed,  
An up has he taen his gay mantle,  
An oer it has he spread.
- 17 'Tak aff your claiths, now, King Henry,  
An lye down by my side !'  
'O God forbid,' says King Henry,  
'That ever the like betide ;  
That ever the fiend that wons in hell  
Shoud streak down by my side.'
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 18 Whan night was gane, and day was  
come,  
An the sun shone throw the ha,  
The fairest lady that ever was seen  
Lay atween him an the wa.
- 19 'O well is me !' says King Henry,  
'How lang 'll this last wi me ?'  
Then out it spake that fair lady,  
'Even till the day you dee.

- 20 'For I've met wi mony a gentle knight  
That 's gien me sic a fill,  
But never before wi a courteous knight  
That ga me a' my will.'

34

## KEMP OWYNE

The Icelandic saga of 'Hjálmtér and Ólver' comes near enough to the story of the ballad to show where its connections lie (Rafn, Fornaldar Sögur, III, 473 ff., 514 ff.). In many tales of the sort a single kiss suffices to undo the spell and reverse the transformation; in others, as in the ballad, three are required. The incidents have been carefully studied by Schofield in his investigation of the romance of Li Beaus Desconeüs (Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature, IV, 199 ff.).

## A

'Kemp Owyne,' Buchan, Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 78, from Mr Nicol of Strichen, as learned in his youth from old people; Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 374; 'Kemp Owayne,' Motherwell's MS., p. 448.

- 1 HER mother died when she was young,  
Which gave her cause to make great  
moan;  
Her father married the warst woman  
That ever lived in Christendom.
- 2 She served her with foot and hand,  
In every thing that she could dee,  
Till once, in an unlucky time,  
She threw her in ower Craigy's sea.
- 3 Says, 'Lie you there, dove Isabel,  
And all my sorrows lie with thee;  
Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea,  
And borrow you with kisses three,  
Let all the world do what they will,  
Oh borrowed shall you never be!'
- 4 Her breath grew strang, her hair grew  
lang,  
And twisted thrice about the tree,  
And all the people, far and near,  
Thought that a savage beast was she.
- 5 These news did come to Kemp Owyne,  
Where he lived, far beyond the sea;  
He hasted him to Craigy's sea,  
And on the savage beast lookd he.
- 6 Her breath was strang, her hair was  
lang,  
And twisted was about the tree,  
And with a swing she came about:  
'Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with  
me.
- 7 'Here is a royal belt,' she cried,  
'That I have found in the green  
sea;  
And while your body it is on,  
Drawn shall your blood never be;  
But if you touch me, tail or fin,  
I vow my belt your death shall be.'
- 8 He stepped in, gave her a kiss,  
The royal belt he brought him wi;  
Her breath was strang, her hair was  
lang,  
And twisted twice about the tree,  
And with a swing she came about:  
'Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with  
me.
- 9 'Here is a royal ring,' she said,  
'That I have found in the green sea;

And while your finger it is on,  
Drawn shall your blood never be;  
But if you touch me, tail or fin,  
I swear my ring your death shall be.'

- 10 He stepped in, gave her a kiss,  
The royal ring he brought him wi;  
Her breath was strang, her hair wa  
lang,  
And twisted ance about the tree,  
And with a swing she came about:  
'Come to Craigy's sea, and kiss with  
me.
- 11 'Here is a royal brand,' she said,  
'That I have found in the green sea;  
And while your body it is on,  
Drawn shall your blood never be;  
But if you touch me, tail or fin,  
I swear my brand your death shall  
be.'
- 12 He stepped in, gave her a kiss,  
The royal brand he brought him wi;  
Her breath was sweet, her hair grew  
short,  
And twisted nane about the tree,  
And smilingly she came about,  
As fair a woman as fair could be.

## B

'Kempion.' a. Jamieson-Brown MS., p. 29.  
b. Scott's Minstrelsy, II, 93, 1802, from Wil-  
liam Tytler's Brown MS., No. 9, "with correc-  
tions from a recited fragment."

- 1 'COME here, come here, you freely  
feed,  
An lay your head low on my knee;  
The hardest weird I will you read  
That eer was read to a lady.
- 2 'O meikle dollour sall you dree,  
An ay the sat seas oer ye ['s] swim;  
An far mair dollour sall ye dree  
On Eastmuir craigs, or ye them clim.
- 3 'I wot ye's be a weary wight,  
An releived sall ye never be  
Till Kempion, the kingis son,  
Come to the craig and thrice kiss  
thee.'
- 4 O meickle dollour did she dree,  
An ay the sat seas oer she swam;



- An far mair dollour did she dree  
On Eastmuir craigs, or them she  
clam;  
An ay she cried for Kempion,  
Gin he would come till her han.
- 5 Now word has gane to Kempion  
That sich a beast was in his lan,  
An ay be sure she would gae mad  
Gin she gat nae help frae his han.
- 6 'Now by my sooth,' says Kempion,  
'This fiery beast I [']ll gang to see;'  
'An by my sooth,' says Segramour,  
'My ae brother, I'll gang you wi.'
- 7 O biggit ha they a bonny boat,  
An they hae set her to the sea,  
An Kempion an Segramour  
The fiery beast ha gane to see:  
A mile afore they reachd the shore,  
I wot she gard the red fire flee.
- 8 'O Segramour, keep my boat afloat,  
An lat her no the lan so near;  
For the wicked beast she'll sure gae  
mad,  
An set fire to the land an mair.'
- 9 'O out o my stye I winna rise —  
An it is na for the fear o thee —  
Till Kempion, the kingis son,  
Come to the craig an thrice kiss me.'
- 10 He's louted him oer the Eastmuir  
craig,  
An he has gien her kisses ane;  
Awa she gid, an again she came,  
The fieriest beast that ever was  
seen.
- 11 'O out o my stye I winna rise —  
An it is na for fear o thee —  
Till Kempion, the kingis son,  
Come to the craig an thrice kiss me.'
- 12 He louted him oer the Eastmuir craig,  
An he has gien her kisses twa;  
Awa she gid, an again she came,  
The fieriest beast that ever you saw.
- 13 'O out o my stye I winna rise —  
An it is na for fear o ye —  
Till Kempion, the kingis son,  
Come to the craig an thrice kiss me.'
- 14 He's louted him oer the Eastmuir  
craig,  
An he has gien her kisses three;  
Awa she gid, an again she came,  
The fairest lady that ever could be.
- 15 'An by my sooth,' say[s] Kempion,  
'My ain true love — for this is she —  
O was it wolf into the wood,  
Or was it fish intill the sea,  
Or was it man, or wile woman,  
My true love, that misshapit thee?'
- 16 'It was na wolf into the wood,  
Nor was it fish into the sea,  
But it was my stepmother,  
An wae an weary mot she be.
- 17 'O a heavier weird light her upon  
Than ever fell on wile woman;  
Her hair's grow rough, an her teeth's  
grow lang,  
An on her four feet sal she gang.
- 18 'Nane sall tack pittie her upon,  
But in Wormie's Wood she sall ay  
won,  
An relieved sall she never be,  
Till St Mungo come oer the sea.'

35

## ALLISON GROSS

The queen of the fairies undoing the spell of the witch is a remarkable feature, not paralleled in English or northern tradition. The Greek nereids, however, who do pretty much everything, good or bad, that is ascribed to northern elves or fairies, and even bear an appellation resembling that by which fairies are spoken of in Scotland and Iceland, "the good damsels," "the good ladies," have a queen who is described as taking no part in the unfriendly acts of her subjects, but as being kindly disposed towards mankind, and even as repairing the mischief which subordinate spirits have done against her will. If now the fairy queen might interpose in behalf of men against her own kith and kin, much more likely would she be to exert herself to thwart the malignity of a witch.

'Allison Gross,' Jamieson-Brown MS., p. 40; Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 187.

1 O ALLISON GROSS, that lives in yon  
towr,  
The ugliest witch i the north country,  
Has trysted me ae day up till her  
bowr,  
An monny fair speech she made to  
me.

2 She stroaked my head, an she kembed  
my hair,  
An she set me down saftly on her  
knee;  
Says, Gin ye will be my lemman so  
true,  
Sae monny braw things as I woud  
you gi.

3 She showd me a mantle o red scarlet,  
Wi gouden flowrs an fringes fine;  
Says, Gin ye will be my lemman so  
true,  
This goodly gift it sal be thine.

4 'Awa, awa, ye ugly witch,  
Haud far awa, an lat me be;  
I never will be your lemman sae true,  
An I wish I were out o your com-  
pany.'

5 She neist brought a sark o the saftest  
silk,  
Well wrought wi pearles about the  
ban;  
Says, Gin you will be my ain true love,  
This goodly gift you sal comman.

6 She showd me a cup of the good red  
gold,  
Well set wi jewls sae fair to see;  
Says, Gin you will be my lemman sae  
true,  
This goodly gift I will you gi.

7 'Awa, awa, ye ugly witch,  
Haud far awa, and lat me be;  
For I woudna ance kiss your ugly mouth  
For a' the gifts that ye could gi.'

8 She's turnd her right and roun about,  
An thrice she blaw on a grass-green  
horn,  
An she sware by the meen and the stars  
abeen,  
That she'd gar me rue the day I was  
born.

9 Then out has she taen a silver wand,  
An she's turnd her three times roun  
an roun;  
She's mutterd sich words till my  
strength it faild,  
An I fell down senceless upon the  
groun.

10 She's turnd me into an ugly worm,  
And gard me toddle about the tree;  
An ay, on ilka Saturdays night,  
My sister Maisry came to me,

11 Wi silver bason an silver kemb,  
To kemb my heady upon her knee;  
But or I had kissd her ugly mouth,  
I'd rather a toddled about the tree.

12 But as it fell out on last Hallow-even,  
When the seely court was ridin by,  
The queen lighted down on a gowany  
bank,  
Nae far frae the tree where I wont to  
lye.

13 She took me up in her milk-white han,  
An she's stroakd me three times oer  
her knee;  
She chang'd me again to my ain proper  
shape,  
An I nae mair maun toddle about the  
tree.

36

## THE LAILY WORM AND THE MACHREL OF THE SEA

Though this ballad is somewhat mutilated and defaced, it is pure tradition, and has never been retouched by a pen. It has the first stanza in common with 'Kemp Owyne' (No. 34), and shares more than that with 'Allison Gross' (No. 35). But it is independent of 'Allison Gross,' and has a far more original sound.

The Old Lady's MS., No. 2.

1 'I WAS bat seven year all'd  
Fan my mider she did dee,  
My father marr'd the ae warst woman  
The wardle did ever see.

2 'For she has made me the laily worm  
That lays att the fitt of the tree,

- An o my sister Meassry  
The machrel of the sea.
- 3 'An every Saturday att noon  
The machrl comes to me,  
An she takes my laylë head,  
An lays it on her knee,  
An keames it we a silver kemm,  
An washes it in the sea.
- 4 'Seven knights ha I slain  
Sane I lay att the fitt of the tree ;  
An ye war na my ain father,  
The eight an ye sud be.'
- 5 'Sing on your song, ye l[a]ily worm,  
That ye sung to me ;  
'I never sung that song  
But fatt I wad sing to ye.
- 6 'I was but seven year aull  
Fan my mider she [did] dee,  
My father marrëd the a warst woman  
The wardle did ever see.
- 7 'She changed me to the layel[y] worfn  
That layes att the fitt of the tree,  
An my sister Messry  
[To] the makrell of the sea.
- 8 'And every Saturday att noon  
The machrell comes to me,  
An she takes my layly head,  
An layes it on her knee,  
An kames it weth a siller kame,  
An washes it in the sea.
- 9 'Seven knights ha I slain  
San I lay att the fitt of the tree ;  
An ye war na my ain father,  
The eight ye sud be.'
- 10 He sent for his lady  
As fast as sen cod he :  
'Far is my son,  
That ye sent fra me,  
And my daughter,  
Lady Messry ?'
- 11 'Yer son is att our king's court,  
Sarving for meatt an fee,  
And yer daugh[t]er is att our quinn's  
court,  
A mary suit an free.'

- 12 'Ye lee, ye ill woman,  
Sa loud as I hear ye lea,  
For my son is the layelly worm  
That lays at the fitt of the tree,  
An my daughter Messry  
The machrell of the sea.'
- 13 She has tain a silver wan  
An gine him stroks three,  
An he started up the bravest knight  
Your eyes did ever see.
- 14 She has tane a small horn  
An loud an shill blue she,  
An a' the fish came her tell but the proud  
machrell,  
An she stood by the sea :  
Ye shaped me ance an unshemly shape,  
An ye's never mare shape me.'
- 15 He has sent to the wood  
For hathorn an fun,  
An he has tane that gay lady,  
An ther he did her burne.

37

## THOMAS RYMER

Thomas of Erceldoune, otherwise Thomas the Rhymer, has had a fame as a seer, which, though progressively narrowed, is, after the lapse of nearly or quite six centuries, far from being extinguished. The common people throughout the whole of Scotland, according to Mr Robert Chambers (1870), continue to regard him with veneration, and to preserve a great number of his prophetic sayings, which they habitually seek to connect with "dear years" and other notable public events. A prediction of Thomas of Erceldoune's is recorded in a manuscript which is put at a date before 1320, and he is referred to with other soothsayers in the *Scalaonica*, a French chronicle of English history begun in 1355. Erceldoune is spoken of as a poet in Robert Mannyng's translation of Langtoft's *Chronicle*, finished in 1338, and in the Auchinleck copy of 'Sir Tristrem,' thought to have been made about 1350, a Thomas is said to have been consulted at Erpeldoun touching the history of Tristrem. So that we seem safe in holding that Thomas of Erceldoune had a reputation both as prophet and poet in the earlier part of the fourteenth century. The vaticinations of

Thomas are cited by various late chroniclers, and had as much credit in England as in Scotland. All this might have been if Thomas of Erceeldoune had not been more historical than Merlin. But the name is known to have belonged to a real person. Just when he lived is not certain, but it was somewhere between 1210 and 1296 or 1297.

Thomas of Erceeldoune's prophetic power was a gift of the queen of the elves; the modern elves, equally those of northern Europe and of Greece, resembling in respect to this attribute the nymphs of the ancient Hellenic mythology. How Thomas attained this grace is set forth in the first three fits of a poem which bears his name. This poem has come down in four somewhat defective copies: the earliest written a little before the middle of the fifteenth century, two others about 1450, the fourth later. There is a still later manuscript copy of the second and third fits. All the manuscripts are English, but it is manifest from the nature of the topics that the original poem was the work of a Scotsman. All four of the complete versions speak of an older story. This was undoubtedly a romance which narrated the adventure of Thomas with the elf-queen *simply*, without specification of his prophecies. In all probability it concluded with Thomas's return to fairy-land after a certain time passed in this world. The story of Thomas and the Elf-queen is but another version of what is related of Ogier le Danois and Morgan the Fay. The fairy adventures of Thomas and of Ogier have the essential points in common, and even the particular trait that the fairy is taken to be the Virgin. The occurrence of this trait again in the ballad, viewed in connection with the general similarity of the two, will leave no doubt that the ballad had its source in the romance. Yet it is an entirely popular ballad as to style, and must be of considerable age, though the earliest version (A) can be traced at furthest only into the first half of the eighteenth century.

## A

'Thomas Rymer and Queen of Elfland,'  
Alexander Fraser Tytler's Brown MS., No. 1;  
Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 7.

- 1 TRUE THOMAS lay oer yond grassy  
bank,  
And he beheld a ladie gay,  
A ladie that was brisk and bold;  
Come riding oer the fernie brae.
- 2 Her skirt was of the grass-green silk,  
Her mantel of the velvet fine,

At ilka tett of her horse's mane  
Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

- 3 True Thomas he took off his hat,  
And bowed him low down till his  
knee:  
'All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heav-  
en!  
For your peer on earth I never did  
see.'
- 4 'O no, O no, True Thomas,' she says,  
'That name does not belong to me;  
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,  
And I 'm come here for to visit thee.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 5 'But ye maun go wi me now, Thomas,  
True Thomas, ye maun go wi me,  
For ye maun serve me seven years,  
Thro weel or wae as may chance to  
be.'
- 6 She turned about her milk-white steed,  
And took True Thomas up behind,  
And aye whenever her bridle rang,  
The steed flew swifter than the wind.
- 7 For forty days and forty nights  
He wade thro red blude to the knee,  
And he saw neither sun nor moon,  
But heard the roaring of the sea.
- 8 O they rade on, and further on,  
Until they came to a garden green:  
'Light down, light down, ye ladie free,  
Some of that fruit let me pull to thee.'
- 9 'O no, O no, True Thomas,' she says,  
'That fruit maun not be touched by  
thee,  
For a' the plagues that are in hell  
Light on the fruit of this countrie.
- 10 'But I have a loaf here in my lap,  
Likewise a bottle of claret wine,  
And now ere we go farther on,  
We'll rest a while, and ye may  
dine.'
- 11 When he had eaten and drunk his fill,  
'Lay down your head upon my knee,'  
The lady said, 'ere we climb youn hill,  
And I will show you fairlies three.

- 12 'O see not ye yon narrow road,  
So thick beset wi thorns and briers?  
That is the path of righteousness,  
Tho after it but few enquires.
- 13 'And see not ye that braid braid road,  
That lies across yon lillie leven?  
That is the path of wickedness,  
Tho some call it the road to heaven.
- 14 'And see not ye that bonny road,  
Which winds about the fernie brae?  
That is the road to fair Elftand,  
Whe[re] you and I this night maun  
gae.
- 15 'But Thomas, ye maun hold your  
tongue,  
Whatever you may hear or see,  
For gin ae word you should chance to  
speak,  
You will neer get back to your ain  
countrie.'
- 16 He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,  
And a pair of shoes of velvet green,  
And till seven years were past and gone  
True Thomas on earth was never  
seen.

C\*

'Thomas the Rhymer,' Scotch Ballads,  
Materials for Border Minstrelsy, No. 97, Ab-  
botsford; communicated to Sir Walter Scott  
by Mrs Christiana Greenwood, London, May  
27, 1806 (Letters, I, 189), from the recitation  
of her mother and of her aunt, both then above  
sixty, who learned it in their childhood from  
Kirstan Scot, a very old woman, at Longnew-  
ton, near Jedburgh.

- 1 THOMAS lay on the Huntlie bank,  
A spying ferlies wi his eee,  
And he did spy a lady gay,  
Come riding down by the lang lee.
- 2 Her steed was o the dapple grey,  
And at its mane there hung bells nine;  
He thought he heard that lady say,  
'They gowden bells sall a' be thine.'
- 3 Her mantle was o velvet green,  
And a' set round wi jewels fine;  
Her hawk and hounds were at her side,  
And her bugle-horn wi gowd did  
shine.

- 4 Thomas took aff baith cloak and cap,  
For to salute this gay lady:  
'O save ye, save ye, fair Queen o  
Heavn,  
And ay weel met ye save and see!'
- 5 'I'm no the Queen o Heavn, Thomas;  
I never carried my head sae bee;  
For I am but a lady gay,  
Come out to hunt in my follee.
- 6 'Now gin ye kiss my mouth, Thomas,  
Ye mauna miss my fair bodee;  
Then ye may een gang hame and tell  
That ye've lain wi a lady la dee.'
- 7 'O gin I loe a lady fair,  
Nae ill tales o her wad I tell,  
And it's wi thee I fain wad gae,  
Tho it were een to heavn or hell.'
- 8 'Then harp and carp, Thomas,' she  
said,  
'Then harp and carp along wi me;  
But it will be seven years and a day  
Till ye win back to yere ain coun-  
trie.'
- 9 The lady rade, True Thomas ran,  
Untill they cam to a water wan;  
O it was night, and nae delight,  
And Thomas wade aboon the knee.
- 10 It was dark night, and nae starn-light,  
And on they waded lang days three,  
And they heard the roaring o a flood,  
And Thomas a waefou man was he.
- 11 Then they rade on, and farther on,  
Untill they came to a garden green;  
To pu an apple he put up his hand,  
For the lack o food he was like to  
tyne.
- 12 'O haud yere hand, Thomas,' she cried,  
'And let that green flourishing be;  
For it's the very fruit o hell,  
Beguiles baith man and woman o yere  
countrie.
- 13 'But look afore ye, True Thomas,  
And I shall show ye ferlies three;  
Yon is the gate leads to our land,  
Where thou and I sae soon shall  
be.



14 'And dinna ye see yon road, Thomas,  
That lies out-owr yon lilly lee?  
Weel is the man yon gate may gang,  
For it leads him straight to the heav-  
ens hie.

15 'But do you see yon road, Thomas,  
That lies out-owr yon frosty fell?  
Ill is the man yon gate may gang,  
For it leads him straight to the pit o  
hell.

16 'Now when ye come to our court,  
Thomas,  
See that a weel-learn'd man ye be;  
For they will ask ye, one and all,  
But ye maun answer nane but me.

17 'And when nae answer they obtain,  
Then will they come and question  
me,  
And I will answer them again  
That I gat yere aith at the Eildon  
tree.

\* \* \* \* \*

18 'Ilka seven years, Thomas,  
We pay our teindings unto hell,  
And ye're sae leesome and sae strang  
That I fear, Thomas, it will be yere-  
sell.'

38

## THE WEE WEE MAN

There is a poem in eight-line stanzas, in a fourteenth-century manuscript (Cotton, Julius, A, v), edited by Wright (Pierre de Langtoft, II, 452), which stands in somewhat the same relation to this ballad as the poem of Thomas of Erceeldoune does to the ballad of 'Thomas Rymer' (No. 37), but with the important difference that there is no reason for deriving the ballad from the poem in this instance. There seems to have been an intention to make it, like Thomas of Erceeldoune, an introduction to a string of prophecies which follows, but no junction has been effected.

A

'The Wee Wee Man,' Herd's MSS., I, 153;  
Herd's Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs,  
1776, I, 95.

1 As I was wa'king all alone,  
Between a water and a wa,  
And there I spy'd a wee wee man,  
And he was the least that ere I saw.

2 His legs were scarce a shathmont'  
length,  
And thick and thimber was his thigh;  
Between his brows there was a span,  
And between his shoulders there was  
three.

3 He took up a meikle stane,  
And he flang 't as far as I could see  
Though I had been a Wallace wight,  
I couldna liften 't to my knee.

4 'O wee wee man, but thou be strang!  
O tell me where thy dwelling be?'  
'My dwelling's down at yon bonny  
bower;  
O will you go with me and see?'

5 On we lap, and awa we rade,  
Till we came to yon bonny green;  
We lighted down for to bait our horse,  
And out there came a lady fine.

6 Four and twenty at her back,  
And they were a' clad out in green;  
Though the King of Scotland had been  
there,  
The warst o them might hae been hi  
queen.

7 On we lap, and awa we rade,  
Till we came to yon bonny ha,  
Whare the roof was o the beaten gould  
And the floor was o the cristal a'.

8 When we came to the stair-foot,  
Ladies were dancing, jimp and sma,  
But in the twinkling of an eye,  
My wee wee man was clean awa.

39

## TAM LIN

'The Tayl of the 3ong Tamlene' is spoken  
of as told among a company of shepherds, in  
Vedderburn's Complaint of Scotland, 1548.  
'Thom of Lyn' is mentioned as a dance of the  
same party, a little further on, and 'Young  
Thomlin' is the name of an air in a medley.

in Wood's MS., inserted, as David Laing thought, between 1600 and 1620, and printed in Forbes's Cantus, 1666 (Stenhouse's ed. of The Scots Musical Museum, 1853, iv, 440).

A ballett of Thomalyn ' is licensed to Master John Wallye and Mistress Toye in 1558 (Arber, Registers of the Company of Stationers, i, 22).

This fine ballad stands by itself, and is not, as might have been expected, found in possession of any people but the Scottish. Yet it has connections, through the principal feature in the story, the retransformation of Tam Lin, with Greek popular tradition older than Homer. There is a Cretan fairy tale cited by Bernhard Schmidt (Volksleben der Neugriechen, pp. 115-117) which comes surprisingly near to the principal event of the Scottish ballad. A young peasant, who was a good player on the cote, used to be taken by the nereids into their grotto, for the sake of his music. He fell in love with one of them, and, not knowing how to help himself, had recourse to an old woman of his village. She gave him this advice: that just before cock-crow he should seize his beloved by the hair, and hold on, unterrified, till the cock crew, whatever forms she should assume. The peasant gave good heed, and the next time he was taken into the cave fell to playing, as usual, and the nereids to dancing. But as cock-crow drew nigh, he put down his instrument, sprang upon the object of his passion, and grasped her by her locks. She instantly changed shape; became a dog, a snake, a camel, fire. But he kept his courage and held on, and presently the cock crew, and the nereids vanished, all but one. His love returned to her proper beauty, and went with him to his home. After the lapse of a year she bore a son, but in all this time never uttered a word. The good husband was fain to ask counsel of the old woman again, who told him to heat the oven hot, and say to his wife that if she would not speak he would throw the boy into the oven. He acted upon this prescription; the nereid cried out, 'Let go my child, dog!' tore the infant from his arms, and vanished.

This Cretan tale, recovered from tradition even later than our ballad, repeats all the important circumstances of the forced marriage of Thetis with Peleus (Apollodorus, Bibliotheca, iii, 13, 5, 6). The Cretan tale does not differ from the one repeated by Apollodorus from earlier writers a couple of thousand years ago more than two versions of a story gathered from oral tradition in these days are apt to do. Whether it has come down to our time from mouth to mouth through twenty-four centuries or more, or whether, having died out of the popular memory, it was reintroduced through literature, is a question that cannot be decided

with certainty; but there will be nothing unlikely in the former supposition to those who bear in mind the tenacity of tradition among people who have never known books.

## A

'Tam Lin,' Johnson's Museum, 1792, p. 423, No. 411. Communicated by Robert Burns.

- 1 O I FORBID you, maidens a',  
That wear gowd on your hair,  
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,  
For young Tam Lin is there.
- 2 There's nane that gaes by Carter-  
haugh  
But they leave him a wad,  
Either their rings, or green mantles,  
Or else their maidenhead.
- 3 Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
A little aboon her knee,  
And she has broded her yellow hair  
A little aboon her bree,  
And she's awa to Carterhaugh,  
As fast as she can hie.
- 4 When she came to Carterhaugh  
Tam Lin was at the well,  
And there she fand his steed standing,  
But away was himsel.
- 5 She had na pu'd a double rose,  
A rose but only twa,  
Till up then started young Tam Lin,  
Says, Lady, thou's pu nae mae.
- 6 Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,  
And why breaks thou the wand?  
Or why comes thou to Carterhaugh  
Withoutten my command?
- 7 'Carterhaugh, it is my ain,  
My daddie gave it me;  
I'll come and gang by Carterhaugh,  
And ask nae leave at thee.'

\* \* \* \* \*

- 8 Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
A little aboon her knee,  
And she has snooded her yellow hair  
A little aboon her bree,  
And she is to her father's ha,  
As fast as she can hie.

- 9 Four and twenty ladies fair  
Were playing at the ba,  
And out then cam the fair Janet,  
Aunce the flower amang them a'.
- 10 Four and twenty ladies fair  
Were playing at the chess,  
And out then cam the fair Janet,  
As green as onie glass.
- 11 Out then spak an auld grey knight,  
Lay oer the castle wa,  
And says, Alas, fair Janet, for thee  
But we 'll be blamed a'.
- 12 'Haud your tongue, ye auld fac'd  
knight,  
Some ill death may ye die !  
Father my bairn on whom I will,  
I 'll father nane on thee.'
- 13 Out then spak her father dear,  
And he spak meek and mild;  
'And ever alas, sweet Janet,' he says,  
'I think thou gaes wi child.'
- 14 'If that I gae wi child, father,  
Mysel maun bear the blame;  
There 's neer a laird about your ha  
Shall get the bairn's name.
- 15 'If my love were an earthly knight,  
As he 's an elfin grey,  
I wad na gie my ain true-love  
For nae lord that ye hae.
- 16 'The steed that my true-love rides on  
Is lighter than the wind;  
Wi siller he is shod before,  
Wi burning gowd behind.'
- 17 Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
A little aboon her knee,  
And she has snooded her yellow hair  
A little aboon her bree,  
And she 's awa to Carterhaugh,  
As fast as she can hie.
- 18 When she cam to Carterhaugh,  
Tam Lin was at the well,  
And there she fand his steed standing,  
But away was himsel.
- 19 She had na pu'd a double rose,  
A rose but only twa,
- Till up then started young Tam Lin,  
Says, Lady, thou pu's nae mae.
- 20 Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,  
Amang the groves sae green,  
And a' to kill the bonie babe  
That we gat us between ?
- 21 'O tell me, tell me, Tam Lin,' she  
says,  
'For 's sake that died on tree,  
If eer ye was in holy chapel,  
Or christendom did see ?'
- 22 'Roxbrugh he was my grandfather,  
Took me with him to bide,  
And ance it fell upon a day  
That wae did me betide.
- 23 'And ance it fell upon a day,  
A cauld day and a snell,  
When we were frae the hunting come,  
That frae my horse I fell;  
The Queen o Fairies she caught me,  
In yon green hill to dwell.
- 24 'And pleasant is the fairy land,  
But, an eerie tale to tell,  
Ay at the end of seven years  
We pay a tiend to hell;  
I am sae fair and fu o flesh,  
I 'm feard it be mysel.
- 25 'But the night is Halloween, lady,  
The morn is Hallowday;  
Then win me, win me, an ye will,  
For weel I wat ye may.
- 26 'Just at the mirk and midnight hour  
The fairy folk will ride,  
And they that wad their true-love win,  
At Miles Cross they maun bide.'
- 27 'But how shall I thee ken, Tam Lin,  
Or how my true-love know,  
Amang sae mony unco knights  
The like I never saw ?'
- 28 'O first let pass the black, lady,  
And syne let pass the brown,  
But quickly run to the milk-white steed,  
Pu ye his rider down.
- 29 'For I 'll ride on the milk-white steed,  
And ay nearest the town;

- Because I was an earthly knight  
They gie me that renown.
- 30 'My right hand will be glovd, lady,  
My left hand will be bare,  
Cockt up shall my bonnet be,  
And kaimd down shall my hair,  
And thae's the takers I gie thee,  
Nae doubt I will be there.
- 31 'They'll turn me in your arms, lady,  
Into an esk and adder;  
But hold me fast, and fear me not,  
I am your bairn's father.
- 32 'They'll turn me to a bear sae grim,  
And then a lion bold;  
But hold me fast, and fear me not,  
As ye shall love your child.
- 33 'Again they'll turn me in your arms  
To a red het gaud of airn;  
But hold me fast, and fear me not,  
I'll do to you nae harm.
- 34 'And last they'll turn me in your arms  
Into the burning glead;  
Then throw me into well water,  
O throw me in wi speed.
- 35 'And then I'll be your ain true-love,  
I'll turn a naked knight;  
Then cover me wi your green mantle,  
And cover me out o sight.'
- 36 Gloomy, gloomy was the night,  
And eerie was the way,  
As fair Jenny in her green mantle  
To Miles Cross she did gae.
- 37 About the middle o the night  
She heard the bridles ring;  
This lady was as glad at that  
As any earthly thing.
- 38 First she let the black pass by,  
And syne she let the brown;  
But quickly she ran to the milk-white  
steed,  
And pu'd the rider down.
- 39 Sae weel she minded what he did say,  
And young Tam Lin did win;  
Syne covered him wi her green mantle,  
As blythe's a bird in spring.

- 40 Out then spak the Queen o Fairies,  
Out of a bush o broom:  
'Them that has gotten young Tam Lin  
Has gotten a stately groom.'
- 41 Out then spak the Queen o Fairies,  
And an angry woman was she:  
'Shame betide her ill-far'd face,  
And an ill death may she die,  
For she's taen awa the boniest knight  
In a' my companie.
- 42 'But had I kend, Tam Lin,' she says,  
'What now this night I see,  
I wad hae taen out thy twa grey een,  
And put in twa een o tree.'

## 40

THE QUEEN OF ELFAN'S  
NOURICE

We learn from this pretty fragment, which, after the nature of the best popular ballad, forces you to chant it and will not be read, that a woman had been carried off, four days after bearing a son, to serve as nurse in the Elf-queen's family. Stanzas 10-12 are out of place here, and properly belong to No. 37. It is well known that elves and water spirits have frequently solicited the help of mortal women at lying-in time.

Skene MS., No. 8, p. 25; Sharpe's Ballad Book, ed. Laing, p. 169.

- 1 I HEARD a cow low, a bonnie cow low,  
An a cow low down in yon glen;  
Lang, lang will my young son greet  
Or his mither bid him come ben.
- 2 I heard a cow low, a bonnie cow low,  
An a cow low down in yon fauld;  
Lang, lang will my young son greet  
Or his mither take him frae cauld.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 3 . . . . .  
Waken, Queen of Elfan,  
An hear your nourice moan.'

- 4 'O moan ye for your meat,  
Or moan ye for your fee,

Or moan ye for the ither bounties  
That ladies are wont to gie ?'

- 5 'I moan na for my meat,  
Nor moan I for my fee,  
Nor moan I for the ither bounties  
That ladies are wont to gie.

- 6 . . . . .  
But I moan for my young son  
I left in four nights auld.

- 7 'I moan na for my meat,  
Nor yet for my fee,  
But I mourn for Christen land,  
It's there I fain would be.'

- 8 'O nurse my bairn, nourice,' she says,  
'Till he stan at your knee,  
An ye's win hame to Christen land,  
Whar fain it's ye wad be.

- 9 'O keep my bairn, nourice,  
Till he gang by the hauld,  
An ye's win hame to your young son  
Ye left in four nights auld.'

\* \* \* \* \*

- 10 'O nourice lay your head  
Upo my knee :  
See ye na that narrow road  
Up by yon tree ?

- 11 . . . . .  
That's the road the righteous goes,  
And that's the road to heaven.

- 12 'An see na ye that braid road,  
Down by yon sunny fell ?  
Yon's the road the wicked gae,  
An that's the road to hell.'

\* \* \* \* \*

41

## HIND ETIN

This ballad has suffered severely by the accidents of tradition. A has been not simply damaged by passing through low mouths, but

has been worked over by low hands. Something considerable has been lost from the story, and fine romantic features, preserved in Norse and German ballads, have been quite effaced. The etin of the Scottish story is in Norse and German a dwarf-king, elf-king, hill-king, or even a merman. The ballad is still sung in Scandinavia and Germany, but only the Danes have versions taken down before the nineteenth century (see Grundtvig, No. 37). One of the three Danish sixteenth-century versions tells how a knight, expressing a strong desire to obtain a king's daughter, is overheard by a dwarf, who says this shall never be. The dwarf pretends to bargain with the knight for his services in forwarding the knight's object, but consults meanwhile with his mother how he may get the lady for himself. The mother tells him that the princess will go to even-song, and the dwarf writes runes on the way she must go by, which compel her to come to the hill. The dwarf holds out his hand and asks, "How came ye to this strange land?" to which the lady answers mournfully, "I wot never how." The dwarf says, "You have pledged yourself to a knight, and he has betrayed you with runes: this eve you shall be the dwarf's guest." She stayed there the night, and was taken back to her mother in the morning. Eight years went by; her hand was sought by five kings, nine counts, but no one of them could get a good answer. One day her mother asked, "Why are thy cheeks so faded? Why can no one get thee?" She then revealed that she had been beguiled by the dwarf, and had seven sons and a daughter in the hill, none of whom she ever saw. She thought she was alone, but the dwarf-king was listening. He strikes her with an elf-rod, and bids her hie to the hill after him. Late in the evening the poor thing dons her cloak, knocks at her father's door, and says good night to the friends that never will see her again, then sadly turns to the hill. Her seven sons advance to meet her, and ask why she told of their father. Her tears run sore; she gives no answer; she is dead ere midnight.

In another series of Scandinavian versions, which offers the type of the much-corrupted Scottish ballad, the woman has been living eight or nine years in the hill, and has there borne her children. She longs to go home or to church, and permission is granted on condition that she keep silence about the hill-man and observe certain other restrictions. These terms she violates, with the consequence that the hill-man appears and orders her back to his abode. The German versions, from which the Norse are derived, are somewhat nearer to the Scottish.



## A

'Young Akin,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 6; Motherwell's MS., p. 54.

1 LADY MARGARET sits in her bower door,  
Sewing at her silken seam;  
She heard a note in Elmond's wood,  
And wishd she there had been.

2 She loot the seam fa frae her side,  
And the needle to her tae,  
And she is on to Elmond's wood  
As fast as she coud gae.

3 She hadna pu'd a nut, a nut,  
Nor broken a branch but ane,  
Till by it came a young hind chiel,  
Says, Lady, lat alane.

4 O why pu ye the nut, the nut,  
Or why brake ye the tree?  
For I am forester o this wood:  
Ye shoud spier leave at me.

5 'I'll ask leave at no living man,  
Nor yet will I at thee;  
My father is king oer a' this realm,  
This wood belongs to me.'

6 She hadna pu'd a nut, a nut,  
Nor broken a branch but three,  
Till by it came him Young Akin,  
And gard her lat them be.

7 The highest tree in Elmond's wood,  
He's pu'd it by the reet,  
And he has built for her a bower,  
Near by a hallow seat.

8 He's built a bower, made it secure  
Wi carbuncle and stane;  
Tho travellers were never sae nigh,  
Appearance it had nane.

9 He's kept her there in Elmond's wood,  
For six lang years and one,  
Till six pretty sons to him she bear,  
And the seventh she's brought home.

10 It fell ance upon a day,  
This guid lord went from home,  
And he is to the hunting gane,  
Took wi him his eldest son.

11 And when they were on a guid way,  
Wi slowly pace did walk,  
The boy's heart being something wae,  
He thus began to talk:

12 'A question I woud ask, father,  
Gin ye woudna angry be:'  
'Say on, say on, my bonny boy,  
Ye'se nae be quarrelld by me.'

13 'I see my mither's cheeks aye weep  
I never can see them dry;  
And I wonder what aileth my mither,  
To mourn continually.'

14 'Your mither was a king's daughter,  
Sprung frae a high degree,  
And she might hae wed some worthy  
prince,  
Had she nae been stown by me.

15 'I was her father's cup-bearer,  
Just at that fatal time;  
I catchd her on a misty night,  
Whan summer was in prime.

16 'My luve to her was most sincere,  
Her luve was great for me,  
But when she hardships doth endure,  
Her folly she does see.'

17 'I'll shoot the buntin o the bush,  
The linnet o the tree,  
And bring them to my dear mither,  
See if she'll merrier be.'

18 It fell upo another day,  
This guid lord he thought lang,  
And he is to the hunting gane,  
Took wi him his dog and gun.

19 Wi bow and arrow by his side,  
He's aff, single, alane,  
And left his seven children to stay  
Wi their mither at hame.

20 'O I will tell to you, mither,  
Gin ye wadna angry be:'  
'Speak on, speak on, my little wee boy,  
Ye'se nae be quarrelld by me.'

21 'As we came frae the hynd-hunting,  
We heard fine music ring:'  
'My blessings on you, my bonny boy,  
I wish I'd been there my lane.'

- 22 He's taen his mither by the hand,  
His six brithers also,  
And they are on thro Elmond's wood,  
As fast as they coud go.
- 23 They wistna weel where they were gaen,  
Wi the stratlins o their feet;  
They wistna weel where they were  
gaen,  
Till at her father's yate.
- 24 'I hae nae money in my pocket,  
But royal rings hae three;  
I'll gie them you, my little young son,  
And ye 'll walk there for me.
- 25 'Ye'll gie the first to the proud porter,  
And he will lat you in;  
Ye'll gie the next to the butler-boy,  
And he will show you ben;
- 26 'Ye'll gie the third to the minstrel  
That plays before the king;  
He'll play success to the bonny boy  
Came thro the wood him lane.'
- 27 He gae the first to the proud porter,  
And he opend an let him in;  
He gae the next to the butler-boy,  
And he has shown him ben;
- 28 He gae the third to the minstrel  
That playd before the king;  
And he playd success to the bonny boy  
Came thro the wood him lane.
- 29 Now when he came before the king,  
Fell low down on his knee;  
The king he turned round about,  
And the saut tear blinded his ee.
- 30 'Win up, win up, my bonny boy,  
Gang frae my companie;  
Ye look sae like my dear daughter,  
My heart will birst in three.'
- 31 'If I look like your dear daughter,  
A wonder it is none;  
If I look like your dear daughter,  
I am her eldest son.'
- 32 'Will ye tell me, ye little wee boy,  
Where may my Margaret be?'  
'She's just now standing at your yates,  
And my six brithers her wi.'
- 33 'O where are all my porter-boys  
That I pay meat and fee,  
To open my yates baith wide and braid  
Let her come in to me.'
- 34 When she came in before the king,  
Fell low down on her knee;  
'Win up, win up, my daughter dear,  
This day ye 'll dine wi me.'
- 35 'Ae bit I canno eat, father,  
Nor ae drop can I drink,  
Till I see my mither and sister dear,  
For lang for them I think.'
- 36 When she came before the queen,  
Fell low down on her knee;  
'Win up, win up, my daughter dear,  
This day ye 'se dine wi me.'
- 37 'Ae bit I canno eat, mither,  
Nor ae drop can I drink,  
Until I see my dear sister,  
For lang for her I think.'
- 38 When that these two sisters met,  
She haild her courteouslie;  
'Come ben, come ben, my sister dear,  
This day ye 'se dine wi me.'
- 39 'Ae bit I canno eat, sister,  
Nor ae drop can I drink,  
Until I see my dear husband,  
For lang for him I think.'
- 40 'O where are all my rangers bold  
That I pay meat and fee,  
To search the forest far an wide,  
And bring Akin to me?'
- 41 Out it speaks the little wee boy:  
Na, na, this maunna be;  
Without ye grant a free pardon,  
I hope ye 'll nae him see.
- 42 'O here I grant a free pardon,  
Well seald by my own han;  
Ye may make search for Young Akin,  
As soon as ever you can.'
- 43 They searchd the country wide and  
braid,  
The forests far and near,  
And found him into Elmond's wood,  
Tearing his yellow hair.

- 44 'Win up, win up now, Young Akin,  
Win up, and boun wi me;  
We're messengers come from the  
court,  
The king wants you to see.'
- 45 'O lat him take frae me my head,  
Or hang me on a tree;  
For since I've lost my dear lady,  
Life's no pleasure to me.'
- 46 'Your head will nae be touchd, Akin,  
Nor hangd upon a tree;  
Your lady's in her father's court,  
And all he wants is thee.'
- 47 When he came in before the king,  
Fell low down on his knee;  
'Win up, win up now, Young Akin,  
This day ye'se dine wi me.'
- 48 But as they were at dinner set,  
The boy asked a boun:  
'I wish we were in the good church,  
For to get christendoun.'
- 49 'We hae lived in guid green wood  
This seven years and ane;  
But a' this time, since eer I mind,  
Was never a church within.'
- 50 'Your asking's nae sae great, my boy,  
But granted it shall be;  
This day to guid church ye shall gang,  
And your mither shall gang you wi.'
- 51 When unto the guid church she came,  
She at the door did stan;  
She was sae sair sunk down wi shame,  
She coudna come farer ben.
- 52 Then out it speaks the parish priest,  
And a sweet smile gae he:  
'Come ben, come ben, my lily flower,  
Present your babes to me.'
- 53 Charles, Vincent, Sam and Dick,  
And likewise James and John;  
They calld the eldest Young Akin,  
Which was his father's name.
- 54 Then they staid in the royal court,  
And livd wi mirth and glee,  
And when her father was decaasd,  
Heir of the crown was she.

## B

'Hynde Etin,' Kinloch's Ancient Scottish  
Ballads, p. 228.

- 1 MAY MARGRET stood in her bouer door,  
Kainning down her yellow hair;  
She spied some nuts growin in the wud,  
And wishd that she was there.
- 2 She has plaited her yellow locks  
A little abune her bree,  
And she has kilted her pettticoats  
A little below her knee,  
And she's aff to Mulberry wud,  
As fast as she could gae.
- 3 She had na pu'd a nut, a nut,  
A nut but barely ane,  
Till up started the Hynde Etin,  
Says, Lady, let thae alane!
- 4 'Mulberry wuds are a' my ain;  
My father gied them me,  
To sport and play when I thought lang;  
And they sall na be tane by thee.'
- 5 And ae she pu'd the tither berrie,  
Na thinking o the skaith,  
And said, To wrang ye, Hynde Etin,  
I wad be unco laith.
- 6 But he has tane her by the yellow locks,  
And tied her till a tree,  
And said, For slichting my commands,  
An ill death sall ye dree.
- 7 He pu'd a tree out o the wud,  
The biggest that was there,  
And he howkit a cave monie fathoms  
deep,  
And put May Margret there.
- 8 'Now rest ye there, ye saucie may;  
My wuds are free for thee;  
And gif I tak ye to mysell,  
The better ye'll like me.'
- 9 Na rest, na rest May Margret took,  
Sleep she got never nane;  
Her back lay on the cauld, cauld floor,  
Her head upon a stane.
- 10 'O tak me out,' May Margret cried,  
'O tak me hame to thee,

And I sall be your bounden page  
Until the day I dee.'

- 11 He took her out o the dungeon deep,  
And awa wi him she's gane;  
But sad was the day an earl's dochter  
Gaed hame wi Hynde Etin.

\* \* \* \*

- 12 It fell out ance upon a day  
Hynde Etin's to the hunting gane,  
And he has tane wi him his eldest son,  
For to carry his game.

- 13 'O I wad ask ye something, father,  
An ye wadna angry be;  
'Ask on, ask on, my eldest son,  
Ask onie thing at me.'

- 14 'My mother's cheeks are aft times  
weet,  
Alas! they are seldom dry;'  
'Na wonder, na wonder, my eldest son,  
Tho she should brast and die.

- 15 'For your mother was an earl's dochter,  
Of noble birth and fame,  
And now she's wife o Hynde Etin,  
Wha neer got christendame.

- 16 'But we'll shoot the laverock in the  
lift,  
The buntlin on the tree,  
And ye'll tak them hame to your  
mother,  
And see if she'll comforted be.'

\* \* \* \*

- 17 'I wad ask ye something, mother,  
An ye wadna angry be;'  
'Ask on, ask on, my eldest son,  
Ask onie thing at me.'

- 18 'Your cheeks they are aft times weat,  
Alas! they're seldom dry;'  
'Na wonder, na wonder, my eldest son,  
Tho I should brast and die.

- 19 'For I was ance an earl's dochter,  
Of noble birth and fame,  
And now I am the wife of Hynde Etin,  
Wha neer got christendame.'

\* \* \* \*

## CLERK COLVILL

All the English versions are deplorably imperfect. Clerk Colvill is not, as his representative is or may be in other ballads, the guileless and guileless object of the love or envy of water-sprite or elf. It is clear that before his marriage with his gay lady he had been in the habit of resorting to this mermaid, and equally clear, from the impatient answer which he renders his dame, that he means to visit her again. His death is the natural penalty of his desertion of the water-nymph; for no point is better established than the fatal consequences of inconstancy in such connections. His history, were it fully told, would closely resemble that of the Knight of Staufenberg, as narrated in a German poem of about the year 1310. Clerk Colvill and the mermaid are represented by Söluf and an elf in Scandinavian ballads to the number of about seventy. The oldest of these is derived from a Danish manuscript of 1552, two centuries and a half later than the Staufenberg poem, but two earlier than Clerk Colvill's oldest ballad outside of the Scandinavian series (see Grundtvig, No. 47). The Breton 'Seigneur Nann' is closely akin to the Scandinavian versions, and the ballad has spread apparently from Brittany, over all France ('Jean Renaud').

## A

'Clark Colven,' from a transcript of No. 1 of William Tytler's Brown MS.

- 1 CLARK COLVEN and his gay ladie,  
As they walked to yon garden greene  
A belt about her middle gimp,  
Which cost Clark Colven crowns fifteen:

- 2 'O hearken weel now, my good lord,  
O hearken weel to what I say;  
When ye gang to the wall o Stream,  
O gang nae neer the well-fared may

- 3 'O haud your tongue, my gay ladie,  
Tak nae sic care o me;  
For I nae saw a fair woman  
I like so well as thee.'

- 4 He mounted on his berry-brown steed,  
And merry, merry rade he on,  
Till he came to the wall o Stream,  
And there he saw the mermaiden.

- 5 'Ye wash, ye wash, ye bonny may,  
And ay's ye wash your sark o silk:'  
'It's a' for you, ye gentle knight,  
My skin is whiter than the milk.'
- 6 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
He's taen her by the sleeve sae green,  
And he's forgotten his gay ladie,  
And away with the fair maiden.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 7 'Ohon, alas!' says Clark Colven,  
'And aye sae sair's I mean my head!'  
And merrily leugh the mermaiden,  
'O win on till you be dead.'
- 8 'But out ye tak your little pen-knife,  
And frae my sark ye shear a gare;  
Row that about your lovely head,  
And the pain ye'll never feel nae mair.'
- 9 Out he has taen his little pen-knife,  
And frae her sark he's shorn a gare,  
Rowed that about his lovely head,  
But the pain increased mair and mair.
- 10 'Ohon, alas!' says Clark Colven,  
'An aye sae sair's I mean my head!'  
And merrily laughd the mermaiden,  
'It will ay be war till ye be dead.'
- 11 Then out he drew his trusty blade,  
And thought wi it to be her dead,  
But she's become a fish again,  
And merrily sprang into the fleed.
- 12 He's mounted on his berry-brown steed,  
And dowy, dowy rade he home,  
And heavily, heavily lighted down  
When to his ladie's bower-door he came.
- 13 'Oh, mither, mither, mak my bed,  
And, gentle ladie, lay me down;  
Oh, brither, brither, unbend my bow,  
'T will never be bent by me again.'
- 14 His mither she has made his bed,  
His gentle ladie laid him down,  
His brither he has unbent his bow,  
'T was never bent by him again.

## B

'Clerk Colvill, or, The Mermaid,' Herd's  
Ancient and Modern Scots Songs, 1769, p. 302;  
ed. 1776, I, 161.

- 1 CLERK COLVILL and his lusty dame  
Were walking in the garden green;  
The belt around her stately waist  
Cost Clerk Colvill of pounds fifteen.
- 2 'O promise me now, Clerk Colvill,  
Or it will cost ye muckle strife,  
Ride never by the wells of Slane,  
If ye wad live and brook your life.'
- 3 'Now speak nae mair, my lusty dame,  
Now speak nae mair of that to me;  
Did I neer see a fair woman,  
But I wad sin with her body?'
- 4 He's taen leave o his gay lady,  
Nought minding what his lady said,  
And he's rode by the wells of Slane,  
Where washing was a bonny maid.
- 5 'Wash on, wash on, my bonny maid,  
That wash sae clean your sark of silk;'  
'And weel fa you, fair gentleman,  
Your body whiter than the milk.'
- \* . \* \* \*
- 6 Then loud, loud cry'd the Clerk Colvill,  
'O my head it pains me sair;'  
'Then take, then take,' the maiden said,  
'And frae my sark you'll cut a gare.'
- 7 Then she's gied him a little bane-knife,  
And frae her sark he cut a share;  
She's ty'd it round his whey-white face,  
But ay his head it aked mair.
- 8 Then louder cry'd the Clerk Colvill,  
'O sairer, sairer akes my head;'  
'And sairer, sairer ever will,'  
The maiden crys, 'till you be dead.'
- 9 Out then he drew his shining blade,  
Thinking to stick her where she stood,  
But she was vanishd to a fish,  
And swam far off, a fair mermaid.
- 10 'O mother, mother, braid my hair;  
My lusty lady, make my bed;  
O brother, take my sword and spear,  
For I have seen the false mermaid.'



## 43

## THE BROOMFIELD HILL

A song of 'Brume, brume on hil' is named in *The Complaint of Scotland*, 1549 (ed. Murray, p. 64). The foot of the song is sung in Wager's comedy "The Longer thou Livest, the More Fool thou art" (about 1568), as follows:—

Brome, brome on hill,  
The gentle brome on hill, hill,  
Brome, brome on Hive hill,  
The gentle brome on Hive hill,  
The brome stands on Hive hill a.

If "Hive Hill" in A, st. 8, is a genuine traditional reading, the song and the ballad are doubtless identical; but we cannot be quite sure of this stanza.

The main features of the story are widely known, in ballads, romances, and tales. The magic may be vulgarized into a sleeping draught (as in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, iv, 1), and the tables are sometimes turned on the maiden.

## A

'The Broomfield Hill.' a. Scott's *Minstrelsy*, III, 271, ed. 1803. b. Sts. 8-14; the same, II, 229, ed. 1802.

- 1 THERE was a knight and a lady bright,  
Had a true tryste at the broom;  
The ane gaed early in the morning,  
The other in the afternoon.
- 2 And ay she sat in her mother's bower  
door,  
And ay she made her mane:  
'O whether should I gang to the Broom-  
field Hill,  
Or should I stay at hame ?
- 3 'For if I gang to the Broomfield Hill,  
My maidenhead is gone;  
And if I chance to stay at hame,  
My love will ca me mansworn.'
- 4 Up then spake a witch-woman,  
Ay from the room aboon:  
'O ye may gang to the Broomfield Hill,  
And yet come maiden hame.
- 5 'For when ye gang to the Broomfield  
Hill,  
Ye'll find your love asleep,

With a silver belt about his head,  
And a broom-cow at his feet.

- 6 'Take ye the blossom of the broom,  
The blossom it smells sweet,  
And strew it at your true-love's head,  
And likewise at his feet.
- 7 'Take ye the rings off your fingers,  
Put them on his right hand,  
To let him know, when he doth awake,  
His love was at his command.'
- 8 She pu'd the broom flower on Hive  
Hill,  
And strewd on's white hals-bane,  
And that was to be wittering true  
That maiden she had gane.
- 9 'O where were ye, my milk-white steed,  
That I hae coft sae dear,  
That wadna watch and waken me  
When there was maiden here ?'
- 10 'I stamped wi my foot, master,  
And gard my bridle ring,  
But na kin thing wald waken ye,  
Till she was past and gane.'
- 11 'And wae betide ye, my gay goss-hawk,  
That I did love sae dear,  
That wadna watch and waken me  
When there was maiden here.'
- 12 'I clapped wi my wings, master,  
And aye my bells I rang,  
And aye cry'd, Waken, waken, master,  
Before the ladye gang.'
- 13 'But haste and haste, my gude white  
steed,  
To come the maiden till,  
Or a' the birds of gude green wood  
Of your flesh shall have their fill.'
- 14 'Ye need na burst your gude white  
steed  
Wi racing oer the hōwm;  
Nae bird flies faster through the wood,  
Than she fled through the broom.'

## B

'I'll wager, I'll wager,' etc., Herd, *Ancient and Modern Scots Songs*, 1769, p. 310.

1 'I'll wager, I'll wager, I'll wager with  
you  
Five hundred merks and ten,  
That a maid shanae go to yon bonny  
green wood,  
And a maiden return agen.'

2 'I'll wager, I'll wager, I'll wager with  
you  
Five hundred merks and ten,  
That a maid shall go to yon bonny green  
wood,  
And a maiden return agen.'

\* \* \* \* \*

3 She's pu'd the blooms aff the broom-  
bush,  
And strewd them on 's white hass-bane:  
'This is a sign whereby you may know  
That a maiden was here, but she's  
gane.'

4 'O where was you, my good gray steed,  
That I hae loed sae dear?  
O why did you not awaken me  
When my true love was here?'

5 'I stamped with my foot, master,  
And gard my bridle ring,  
But you wadnae waken from your sleep  
Till your love was past and gane.'

6 'Now I may sing as dreary a sang  
As the bird sung on the brier,  
For my true love is far removd,  
And I'll neer see her mair.'

## 44

## THE TWA MAGICIANS

This is a base-born cousin of a pretty ballad known over all Southern Europe, and elsewhere (as among the Slavs), but in especially graceful forms in France. The French ballad generally begins with a young man's announcing that he has won a mistress, and intends to pay her a visit on Sunday, or to give her an *aubade*. She declines his visit or his music. To avoid him she will turn, for example, into a rose; then he will turn bee, and kiss her. She will turn quail; he sportsman, and bag her. She will turn carp; he angler, and catch her. She will turn hare; and he hound. She will turn nun; he priest, and confess her day and night. She will fall sick; he will watch with

her, or be her doctor. She will become a star; he a cloud, and muffle her. She will die; he will turn earth, into which they will put her, or St Peter, and receive her into Paradise. In the end she says, "Since you are inevitable, you may as well have me as another;" or more complaisantly, "Je me donnerai à toi, puisque tu m'aimes tant."

There can be little doubt that the ballads are derived, or take their hint, from popular tales, in which (1) a youth and maid, pursued by a sorcerer, fiend, giant, ogre, are transformed by the magical powers of one or the other into such shapes as enable them to elude, and finally to escape, apprehension; or (2) a young fellow, who has been apprenticed to a sorcerer, fiend, etc., and has acquired the black art by surreptitious reading in his master's books, being pursued, as before, assumes a variety of forms, and his master others, adapted to the destruction of his intended victim, until the tables are turned by the fugitive's taking on the stronger figure and despatching his adversary.

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, i, 24; Motherwell's MS., p. 570.

1 THE lady stands in her bower door,  
As straight as willow wand;  
The blacksmith stood a little forebye,  
Wi hammer in his hand.

2 'Weel may ye dress ye, lady fair,  
Into your robes o red;  
Before the morn at this same time,  
I'll gain your maidenhead.'

3 'Awa, awa, ye coal-black smith,  
Woud ye do me the wrang  
To think to gain my maidenhead,  
That I hae kept sae lang!'

4 Then she has hadden up her hand,  
And she sware by the mold,  
'I wudna be a blacksmith's wife  
For the full o a chest o gold.

5 'I'd rather I were dead and gone,  
And my body laid in grave,  
Ere a rusty stock o coal-black smith  
My maidenhead shoud have.'

6 But he has hadden up his hand,  
And he sware by the mass,  
'I'll cause ye be my light leman  
For the hauf o that and less.'

O bide, lady, bide,  
 And aye he bade her bide;  
 The rusty smith your leman shall  
 be,  
 For a' your muckle pride.

- 7 Then she became a turtle dow,  
 To fly up in the air,  
 And he became another dow,  
 And they flew pair and pair.  
 O bide, lady, bide, &c.
- 8 She turn'd hersell into an eel,  
 To swim into yon burn,  
 And he became a speckled trout,  
 To gie the eel a turn.  
 O bide, lady, bide, &c.
- 9 Then she became a duck, a duck,  
 To puddle in a peel,  
 And he became a rose-kaimd drake,  
 To gie the duck a dreel.  
 O bide, lady, bide, &c.
- 10 She turn'd hersell into a hare,  
 To rin upon yon hill,  
 And he became a gude grey-hound,  
 And boldly he did fill.  
 O bide, lady, bide, &c.
- 11 Then she became a gay grey mare,  
 And stood in yonder slack,  
 And he became a gilt saddle,  
 And sat upon her back.  
 Was she wae, he held her sae,  
 And still he bade her bide;  
 The rusty smith her leman was,  
 For a' her muckle pride.
- 12 Then she became a het girdle,  
 And he became a cake,  
 And a' the ways she turn'd hersell,  
 The blacksmith was her make.  
 Was she wae, &c.
- 13 She turn'd hersell into a ship,  
 To sail out ower the flood;  
 He ca'ed a nail intill her tail,  
 And syne the ship she stood.  
 Was she wae, &c.
- 14 Then she became a silken plaid,  
 And stretch'd upon a bed,  
 And he became a green covering,  
 And gaine'd her maidenhead.  
 Was she wae, &c.

## KING JOHN AND THE BISHOP

Version B was printed for P. Brooksby, who published from 1672 to 1695. It was "allowed" by Roger L'Estrange, who was licenser from 1663 to 1685. The title of B is 'A New Ballad of King John and the Abbot of Canterbury. To the Tune of The King and the Lord Abbot.' The older ballad seems not to have come down.

The story is apparently of Oriental origin. The oldest known version was discovered by Professor C. C. Torrey in the Conquest of Egypt, an Arabic historical work of about 850 A. D., and is thought by him to be "a genuine bit of Coptic folk-lore," current in Egypt long before the Arab invasion in the seventh century. In this tale a wicked king gives his vezirs certain questions: if they answer them, he promises to increase their pay; if they fail, he will cut off their heads. They are assisted by a potter, who disguises himself as a vezir and tricks the king (Journal of the American Oriental Society, xx, 209). There are a multitude of other versions, Oriental and Occidental. Among those which resemble the ballad closely may be mentioned the Middle High German tale of *Âmis* and the Bishop, in the Stricker's *Pfaffe Âmis* (about 1236), and the fourth novella of *Sacchetti*. In the latter we have the prizing of the questioner at twenty-nine deniers, as in the English. Riddle stories in which a forfeit is to be paid by the vanquished party are a very extensive class. The oldest example is that of Samson's riddle in Judges xiv, 12 ff. Death is often the penalty, as in the Poetic Edda (*Vafþrúðnismál*).

### A

'Kinge John and the Bischoppe,' Percy MS., p. 184; Hales and Furnivall, i, 508.

- 1 Off an ancient story Ile tell you anon,  
 Of a notable prince that was called King  
 Iohn,  
 In England was borne, with maine and  
 with might;  
 Hee did much wrong and mainteined  
 litle right.
- 2 This noble prince was vexed in veretye,  
 For he was angry with the Bischopp of  
 Canterbury;  
 Efor his house-keeping and his good  
 cheere,  
 Thé rode post for him, as you shall  
 heare.

- 3 They rode post for him verrey hastilye;  
The *king* sayd the bishopp kept a better  
house then hee:  
A hundred men euen, as I [have heard]  
say,  
The bishopp kept in his house euerye  
day,  
And fifty gold chaines, without any  
doubt,  
In veluett coates waited the bishopp  
about.
- 4 The bishopp, he came to the court anon,  
Before his prince *that* was called *King*  
*Iohn*.  
As soone as the bishopp the *king* did  
see,  
'O,' quoth the *king*, 'bishopp, thou art  
welcome to mee.  
There is noe man soe welcome to towne  
As thou *that* workes treason against my  
crowne.'
- 5 'My leege,' quoth the bishopp, 'I wold  
it were knowne  
I spend, your grace, nothing but *that*  
*that's* my owne;  
I trust your grace will doe me noe  
deare  
For spending my owne trew gotten  
geere.'
- 6 'Yes,' quoth the *king*, 'bishopp, thou  
must needs dye,  
Except thou can answere mee questions  
three;  
Thy head shalbe smitten quite from  
thy bodye,  
And all thy liuing remayne vnto mee.
- 7 'First,' quoth the *king*, 'tell me in this  
steade,  
With this crowne of gold heere vpon  
my head,  
Amongst my nobilitye, with ioy and  
much mirth,  
Lett me know within one penny what  
I am worth.
- 8 'Secondlye, tell me without any dowbt  
How soone I may goe the whole world  
about;  
And thirdly, tell mee or euer I stinte,  
What is the thing, bishopp, that I doe  
thinke.
- Twenty dayes pardon thoust haue  
trulye,  
And come againe and answere mee.'
- 9 The bishopp bade the *king* god night att  
a word;  
He rode betwixt Cambridge and Oxen-  
ford,  
But neuer a doctor there was soe wise  
Cold shew him these questions or enter-  
prise.
- 10 Wherewith the bishopp was nothing  
gladd,  
But in his hart was heauy and sadd,  
And hyed him home to a house in the  
countrie,  
To ease some part of his melanchollye.
- 11 His halfe-brother dwelt there, was feirce  
and fell,  
Noe better but a shepard to the bish-  
oppe himsell;  
The shepard came to the bishopp anon,  
Saying, My Lord, you are welcome  
home!
- 12 'What ayles you,' quoth the shepard,  
'*that* you are soe sadd,  
And had wonte to haue beene soe merry  
and gladd?'  
'Nothing,' quoth the bishopp, 'I ayle  
att this time;  
Will not thee auaile to know, brother  
mine.'
- 13 'Brother,' quoth the shepard, 'you  
haue heard itt,  
*That* a ffoole may teach a wisemane  
witt;  
Say me therfore whatsoeuer you will,  
And if I doe you noe good, Ile doe you  
noe ill.'
- 14 Quoth the bishop: I haue beene att the  
court anon,  
Before my prince is called *King Iohn*,  
And there he hath charged mee  
Against his crowne with traitorye.
- 15 If I cannott answer his misterye,  
Three questions hee hath propounded to  
mee,  
He will haue my land soe faire and free,  
And alsoe the head from my bodye.

- 16 The first question was, to tell him in  
that stead,  
With the crowne of gold vpon his head,  
Amongst his nobilitye, with ioy and  
much mirth,  
To lett him know within one peny<sup>e</sup>  
what hee is worth.
- 17 And secondlye, to tell him with-out any  
doubt  
How soone he may goe the whole world  
about;  
And thirdlye, to tell him, or ere I stint,  
What is the thing *that* he does thinke.
- 18 'Brother,' quoth the shepard, 'you are  
a man of learninge;  
What neede you stand in doubt of soe  
small a thinge?  
Lend me,' quoth the shepard, 'your  
ministers apparrell,  
Ile ryde to the court and answeare your  
quarrell.
- 19 'Lend me your serving men, say me  
not nay,  
With all your best horssees *that* ryd on  
the way;  
Ile to the court, this matter to stay;  
Ile speake with King Iohn and heare  
what heele say.'
- 20 The bishopp with speed prepared then  
To sett forth the shepard with horsse  
and man;  
The shepard was liuely without any  
doubt;  
I wott a royll companye came to the  
court.
- 21 The shepard hee came to the court anon  
Before [his] prince *that* was called  
King Iohn.  
As soone as the king the shepard did see,  
'O,' quoth the king, 'bishopp, thou art  
welcome to me.'  
The shepard was soe like the bishopp  
his brother,  
The king cold not know the one from  
the other.
- 22 Quoth the king, Bishopp, thou art wel-  
come to me  
If thou can answer me my questions  
three.
- Said the shepard, If it please your  
grace,  
Show mee what the first quest[i]on  
was.
- 23 'First,' quoth the king, 'tell mee in this  
stead,  
With the crowne of gold vpon my head,  
Amongst my nobilitye, with ioy and  
much mirth,  
Within one penny<sup>e</sup> what I am worth.'
- 24 Quoth the shepard, To make your grace  
noe offence,  
I thinke you are worth nine and twenty  
pence;  
For our Lord Iesus, *that* bought vs all,  
For thirty pence was sold into thrall  
Amongst the cursed Iewes, as I to you  
doe showe;  
But I know Christ was one peny<sup>e</sup> bet-  
ter then you.
- 25 Then the king laught, and swore by St  
Andrew  
He was not thought to bee of such a  
small value.  
'Secondlye, tell mee with-out any doubt  
How soone I may goe the world round  
about.'
- 26 Saies the shepard, It is noe time with  
your grace to scorne,  
But rise betime with the sun in the  
morne,  
And follow his course till his vprising,  
And then you may know without any  
leasing.
- 27 And this [to] your grace shall prone the  
same,  
You are come to the same place from  
whence you came;  
[In] twenty-four houres, with-out any  
doubt,  
Your grace may the world goe round  
about;  
The world round about, euen as I doe  
say,  
If with the sun you can goe the next  
way.
- 28 'And thirdlye tell me or ener I stint,  
What is the thing, bishoppe, *that* I doe  
thinke.'



- '*That* shall I doe,' quoth the shepard;  
'for veretye,  
You thinke I am the bishopp of Canter-  
burye.'
- 29 'Why, art not thou? the truth tell to  
me;  
For I doe thinke soe,' quoth the king,  
'by St Marye.'  
'Not soe,' quoth the shepard; 'the  
truth shalbe knowne,  
I am his poore shepard; my brother is  
att home.'
- 30 'Why,' quoth the king, 'if itt soe bee,  
Ile make thee bishopp here to mee.'  
'Noe, Sir,' quoth the shepard, 'I pray  
you be still,  
For Ile not bee bishop but against my  
will;  
For I am not fitt for any such deede,  
For I can neither write nor reede.'
- 31 'Why then,' quoth the king, 'Ile giue  
thee cleere  
A pattent of three hundred pound a  
yeere;  
*That* I will giue thee franke and free;  
Take thee *that*, shepard, for coming to  
me.
- 32 'Free pardon Ile giue,' the kings grace  
said,  
'To saue the bishopp, his land and his  
head;  
With him nor thee Ile be nothing  
wrath;  
Here is the pardon for him and thee  
both.'
- 33 Then the shepard he had noe more to  
say,  
But tooke the pardon and rode his  
way:  
When he came to the bishopps place,  
The bishopp asket anon how all things  
was.
- 34 'Brother,' quoth the shepard, 'I haue  
well sped,  
For I haue saued both your land and  
your head;  
The king with you is nothing wrath,  
For here is the pardon for you and mee  
both.'
- 35 Then the bishopes hart was of a merry  
cheere:  
'Brother, thy paines Ile quitt them  
cleare;  
For I will giue thee a patent to thee  
and to thine  
Of fifty pound a yeere, land good and  
fine.'
- 36 . . . . .  
'I will to thee noe longer croche nor  
creepe,  
Nor Ile serue thee noe more to keepe  
thy sheepe.'
- 37 Whereeuer wist you shepard before,  
*That* had in his head witt such store  
To pleasure a bishopp in such a like case,  
To answer three questions to the kings  
grace?  
Whereeuer wist you shepard gett cleare  
Three hundred and fifty pound a yeere?
- 38 I neuer hard of his fellow before,  
Nor I neuer shall: now I need to say  
noe more.  
I neuer knew shepard *that* gott such a  
liuinge  
But David, the shepard, *that* was a  
king.

## B

'King John and the Abbot of Canterbury,'  
broadside, printed for P. Brooksby, at the  
Golden Ball in Pye-corner (1672-95).

- 1 I'LL tell you a story, a story anon,  
Of a noble prince, and his name was  
King John;  
For he was a prince, and a prince of  
great might,  
He held up great wrongs, he put down  
great right.  
Derry down, down hey, derry down.
- 2 I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,  
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury,  
And of his house-keeping and high re-  
nown,  
Which made him resort to fair London  
town.
- 3 'How now, father abbot? 'Tis told  
unto me

- That thou keepest a far better house  
than I;  
And for [thy] house-keeping and high  
renown,  
I fear thou has treason against my  
crown.'
- 4 'I hope, my liege, that you owe me no  
grudge  
For spending of my true-gotten goods.'  
'If thou dost not answer me questions  
three,  
Thy head shall be taken from thy  
body.'
- 5 'When I am set so high on my steed,  
With my crown of gold upon my head,  
Amongst all my nobility, with joy and  
much mirth,  
Thou must tell me to one penny what I  
am worth.'
- 6 'And the next question you must not  
flout,  
How long I shall be riding the world  
about;  
And the third question thou must not  
shrink,  
But tell to me truly what I do think.'
- 7 'O these are hard questions for my shal-  
low wit,  
For I cannot answer your grace as  
yet;  
But if you will give me but three days  
space,  
I'll do my endeavor to answer your  
grace.'
- 8 'O three days space I will thee give,  
For that is the longest day thou hast to  
live.  
And if thou dost not answer these ques-  
tions right,  
Thy head shall be taken from thy body  
quite.'
- 9 And as the shepherd was going to his  
fold,  
He spy'd the old abbot come riding  
along:  
'How now, master abbot? You'r wel-  
come home;  
What news have you brought from good  
King John?'
- 10 'Sad news, sad news I have thee to give,  
For I have but 'three days space for to  
live;  
If I do not answer him questions three,  
My head will be taken from my body.'
- 11 'When he is set so high on his steed,  
With his crown of gold upon his head,  
Amongst all his nobility, with joy and  
much mirth,  
I must tell him to one penny what he is  
worth.'
- 12 'And the next question I must not flout,  
How long he shall be riding the world  
about;  
And the third question I must not shrink,  
But tell him truly what he does think.'
- 13 'O master, did you never hear it yet,  
That a fool may learn a wiseman wit?  
Lend me but your horse and your ap-  
parel,  
I'll ride to fair London and answer the  
quarrel.'
- 14 'Now I am set so high on my steed,  
With my crown of gold upon my head,  
Amongst all my nobility, with joy and  
much mirth,  
Now tell me to one penny what I am  
worth.'
- 15 'For thirty pence our Saviour was sold,  
Amongst the false Jews, as you have  
been told,  
And nine and twenty's the worth of thee,  
For I think thou are one penny worse  
than he.'
- 16 'And the next question thou mayst not  
flout;  
How long I shall be riding the world  
about.  
'You must rise with the sun, and ride  
with the same,  
Until the next morning he rises again,  
And then I am sure you will make no  
doubt  
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it  
about.'
- 17 'And the third question you must not  
shrink,  
But tell me truly what I do think.'

'All that I can do, and 't will make you merry;  
For you think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury,  
But I'm his poor shepherd, as you may see,  
And am come to beg pardon for he and for me.'

18 The king he turned him about and did smile,  
Saying, Thou shalt be the abbot the other while:

'O no, my grace, there is no such need,  
For I can neither write nor read.'

19 'Then four pounds a week will I give unto thee  
For this merry jest thou hast told unto me;  
And tell the old abbot, when thou comest home,  
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John.'

## 46

CAPTAIN WEDDERBURN'S  
COURTSHIP

'Captain Wedderburn's Courtship' is a counterpart of the ballad in which a maid wins a husband by guessing riddles (cf. Nos. 1 and 2). The ingenious suitor, though not so favorite a subject as the clever maid, is of an old and celebrated family. We find him in the *Gesta Romanorum* (cap. 70, Oesterley, p. 383), in Apollonius of Tyre (which has been carried back to the third or fourth century), in a Persian poem by Nisami (died 1180), and in the Persian story of Prince Calaf in *Pétis de La Croix's* *Thousand and One Days*. On Prince Calaf is founded Carlo Gozzi's play of *La Turandot*, now best known through Schiller's translation. There are also parallels in European popular tales. The Elder Edda presents us with a similar story in the lay of *Alvíss*.

## A

a. 'I'll no ly neist the wa,' Herd's MS., I, 161. b. The same, II, 100.

1 THE laird of Bristoll's daughter was in the woods walking,  
And by came Captain Wetherbourn, a servant to the king;

And he said to his livery man, Wer 't not against the law,  
I would tak her to mine ain bed, and lay her neist the wa.

2 'I'm into my father's woods, amongst my father's trees,  
O kind sir, let mee walk alane, O kind sir, if you please;  
The butler's bell it will be rung, and I'll be mist awa;  
I'll lye into mine ain bed, neither at stock nor wa.'

3 'O my bonny lady, the bed it's not be mine,  
For I'll command my servants for to call it thine;  
The hangings are silk satin, the sheets are holland sma,  
And we's baith lye in ae bed, but you's lye neist the wa.

4 'And so, my bonny lady, — I do not know your name, —  
But my name's Captain Wetherburn, and I'm a man of fame;  
Tho your father and a' his men were here, I would na stand in awe  
To tak you to mine ain bed, and lay you neist the wa.

5 'Oh my bonny, bonny lady, if you'll gie me your hand,  
You shall hae drums and trumpets to sound at your command;  
Wi fifty men to guard you, sae weel their swords can dra,  
And wee's baith lye in ae bed, but you's lye neist the wa.'

6 He's mounted her upon a steid, behind his gentleman,  
And he himself did walk afoot, to had his lady on,  
With his hand about her midle sae jimp, for fear that she should fa;  
She man lye in his bed, but she'll not lye neist the wa.

7 He's taen her into Edinburgh, his land-lady cam ben:  
'And monny bonny ladys in Edinburgh hae I seen,

- But the like of this fine creature my  
eyes they never sa;'  
'O dame bring ben a down-bed, for she's  
lye neist the wa.'
- 8 'Hold your tongue, young man,' she  
said, 'and dinna trouble me,  
Unless you get to my supper, and that  
is dishes three;  
Dishes three to my supper, tho I eat  
nane at a',  
Before I lye in your bed, but I winna  
lye neist the wa.'
- 9 'You maun get to my supper a cherry  
but a stane,  
And you man get to my supper a capon  
but a bane,  
And you man get a gentle bird that flies  
wanting the ga,  
Before I lye in your bed, but I'll not  
lye neist the wa.'
- 10 'A cherry whan in blossom is a cherry  
but a stane;  
A capon when he's in the egg canna  
hae a bane;  
The dow it is a gentle bird that flies  
wanting the ga;  
And ye man lye in my bed, between me  
and the wa.'
- 11 'Hold your tongue, young man,' she  
said, 'and dinna me perplex,  
Unless you tell me questions, and that  
is questions six;  
Tell me them as I shall ask them, and  
that is twa by twa,  
Before I lye in your bed, but I'll not  
lye neist the wa.'
- 12 'What is greener than the grass, what's  
higher than the tree?  
What's war than a woman's wiss, what's  
deeper than the sea?  
What bird sings first, and whereupon  
the dew down first does fa?  
Before I lye in your bed, but I'll not  
lye neist the wa.'
- 13 'Virgus is greener than the grass,  
heaven's higher than the tree;  
The deil's war than a woman's wish,  
hell's deeper than the sea;
- The cock sings first, on the Sugar Loaf  
the dew down first does fa;  
And ye man lye in my bed, betweest me  
and the wa.'
- 14 'Hold your tongue, young man,' she  
said, 'I pray you give it oer,  
Unless you tell me questions, and that  
is questions four;  
Tell me them as I shall ask them, and  
that is twa by twa,  
Before I lye in your bed, but I winna  
lye neist the wa.'
- 15 'You man get to me a plumb that does  
in winter grow;  
And likewise a silk mantle that never  
waft gaed thro;  
A sparrow's horn, a' priest unborn, this  
night to join us twa,  
Before I lye in your bed, but I winna  
lye neist the wa.'
- 16 'There is a plumb in my father's yeard  
that does in winter grow;  
Likewise he has a silk mantle that never  
waft gaed thro;  
A sparrow's horn, it may be found,  
there's ane in every tae,  
There's ane upo the mouth of him, per-  
haps there may be twa.'
- 17 'The priest is standing at the door, just  
ready to come in;  
Nae man could sae that he was born, to  
lie it is a sin;  
For a wild boar bored his mother's side,  
he out of it did fa;  
And you man lye in my bed, between  
me and the wa.'
- 18 Little kent Grizey Sinclair, that morn-  
ing when she raise,  
'T was to be the hindermost of a' her  
single days;  
For now she's Captain Wetherburn's  
wife, a man she never saw,  
And she man lye in his bed, but she'll  
not lye neist the wa.'

## B

- a. 'The Earl of Rosslyn's Daughter,' Kin-  
loch MSS., I, 83, from Mary Barr's recitation.  
b. 'Lord Roslin's Daughter's Garland.' c. Bu-

chan's MSS., II, 34. d. 'Captain Wedderburn's Courtship,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 159. e. Harris MS., fol. 19 b, No. 14, from Mrs Harris's recitation. f. Notes and Queries, 2d S., IV, 170, "as sung among the peasantry of the Mearns," 1857.

1 THE Lord of Rosslyn's daughter gaed through the wud her lane,  
And there she met Captain Wedderburn, a servant to the king.  
He said unto his livery-man, Were 't na agen the law,  
I wad tak her to my ain bed, and lay her at the wa.

2 'I'm walking here my lane,' she says,  
'amang my father's trees;  
And ye may lat me walk my lane, kind sir, now gin ye please.  
The supper-bell it will be rung, and I'll be misssd awa;  
Sae I'll na lie in your bed, at neither stock nor wa.'

3 He said, My pretty lady, I pray lend me your hand,  
And ye'll hae drums and trumpets al-ways at your command;  
And fifty men to guard ye wi, that weel their swords can draw;  
Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed, and ye'll lie at the wa.

4 'Haud awa frae me, kind sir, I pray let go my hand;  
The supper-bell it will be rung, nae langer maun I stand.  
My father he'll na supper tak, gif I be misssd awa;  
Sae I'll na lie in your bed, at neither stock nor wa.'

5 'O my name is Captain Wedderburn, my name I'll neer deny,  
And I command ten thousand men, upo yon mountains high.  
Tho your father and his men were here, of them I'd stand na awe,  
But should tak ye to my ain bed, and lay ye neist the wa.'

6 Then he lap aff his milk-white steed, and set the lady on,  
And a' the way he walkd on foot, he held her by the hand;

He held her by the middle jimp, for fear that she should fa;  
Saying, I'll tak ye to my ain bed, and lay thee at the wa.

7 He took her to his quartering-house, his landlady looked ben,  
Saying, Monie a pretty ladie in Edinbruch I've seen;  
But sic 'na pretty ladie is not into it a':  
Gae, mak for her a fine down-bed, and lay her at the wa.

8 'O haud awa frae me, kind sir, I pray ye lat me be,  
For I'll na lie in your bed till I get dishes three;  
Dishes three maun be dressd for me, gif I should eat them a',  
Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wa.

9 'Tis I maun hae to my supper a chicken without a bane;  
And I maun hae to my supper a cherry without a stane;  
And I maun hae to my supper a bird without a gaw,  
Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wa.'

10 'Whan the chicken's in the shell, I am sure it has na bane;  
And whan the cherry's in the bloom, I wat it has na stane;  
The dove she is a genty bird, she flees without a gaw;  
Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed, and ye'll be at the wa.'

11 'O haud awa frae me, kind sir, I pray ye give me owre,  
For I'll na lie in your bed, till I get presents four;  
Presents four ye maun gie me, and that is twa and twa,  
Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wa.

12 'Tis I maun hae some winter fruit that in December grew;  
And I maun hae a silk mantil that waft gaed never through;



A sparrow's horn, a priest unborn, this  
nicht to join us twa,  
Before I lie in your bed, at either stock  
or wa.'

- 13 'My father has some winter fruit that  
in December grew;  
My mither has a silk mantil the waft  
gaed never through;  
A sparrow's horn ye soon may find,  
there's ane on evry claw,  
And twa upo the gab o it, and ye shall  
get them a'.

- 14 'The priest he stands without the yett,  
just ready to come in;  
Nae man can say he eer was born, nae  
man without he sin;  
He was haill cut frae his mither's side,  
and frae the same let fa;  
Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed, and ye'se  
lie at the wa.'

- 15 'O haud awa frae me, kind sir, I pray  
don't me perplex,  
For I'll na lie in your bed till ye answer  
questions six:  
Questions six ye maun answer me, and  
that is four and twa,  
Before I lie in your bed, at either stock  
or wa.

- 16 'O what is greener than the gress,  
what's higher than thae trees?  
O what is worse than women's wish,  
what's deeper than the seas?  
What bird craws first, what tree buds  
first, what first does on them fa?  
Before I lie in your bed, at either stock  
or wa.'

- 17 'Death is greener than the gress,  
heaven higher than thae trees;  
The devil's waur than women's wish,  
hell's deeper than the seas;  
The cock craws first, the cedar buds first,  
dew first on them does fa;  
Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed, and ye'se  
lie at the wa.'

- 18 Little did this lady think, that morning  
whan she raise,  
That this was for to be the last o a' her  
maiden days.

But there's na into the king's realm to  
be found a blither twa,  
And now she's Mrs. Wedderburn, and  
she lies at the wa.

## 47

## PROUD LADY MARGARET

A was communicated to Scott "by Mr. Hamilton, music-seller, Edinburgh, with whose mother it had been a favorite." Two stanzas (sts. 6 and 11 of the present text) and one line were wanting, and were supplied by Scott "from a different ballad, having a plot somewhat similar." Later Hamilton sent Scott certain verses "to come in at the first break." There were still four lines, which should come before these, which he could not recollect. The present text is Scott's, with the insertion of the verses sent by Hamilton (sts. 7-8). A is plainly compounded of two ballads, the conclusion being derived from E. The lady's "looking oer her castle wa," her putting riddles, and her having "gard so mony die," make the supposition far from incredible that the Proud Lady Margaret of the first part of the ballad may have originally been one of the Perilous Princesses well-known in popular story (cf. No. 46).

## A

'Proud Lady Margaret,' Scott's *Minstrelsy*, III, 275, ed. 1803. Communicated "by Mr. Hamilton, music-seller, Edinburgh." Sts. 7, 8, *Abbotsford MS.*, *Scotch Ballads*, *Materials for Border Minstrelsy*, No. 117 (also from Hamilton).

- 1 'T WAS on a night, an evening bright,  
When the dew began to fa,  
Lady Margaret was walking up and  
down,  
Looking oer her castle wa.
- 2 She looked east and she looked west,  
To see what she could spy,  
When a gallant knight came in her  
sight,  
And to the gate drew nigh.
- 3 'Yon seem to be no gentleman,  
You wear your boots so wide;  
But you seem to be some cunning  
hunter,  
You wear the horn so syde.'

- 4 'I am no cunning hunter,' he said,  
'Nor neer intend to be;  
But I am come to this castle  
To seek the love of thee.  
And if you do not grant me love,  
This night for thee I'll die.'
- 5 'If you should die for me, sir knight,  
There's few for you will meane;  
For mony a better has died for me,  
Whose graves are growing green.
- 6 ['But ye maun read my riddle,' she  
said,  
'And answer my questions three;  
And but ye read them right,' she  
said,  
'Gae stretch ye out and die.]
- 7 'O wherein leerns the beer?' she said,  
'Or wherein leerns the wine?  
O wherein leerns the gold?' she said,  
'Or wherein leerns the twine?'
- 8 'The beer is put in a drinking-horn,  
The wine in glasses fine,  
There's gold in store between two  
kings,  
When they are fighting keen,  
And the twine is between a lady's two  
hands  
When they are washen clean.'
- 9 'Now what is the flower, the ae first  
flower,  
Springs either on moor or dale?  
And what is the bird, the bonnie bon-  
nie bird,  
Sings on the evening gale?'
- 10 'The primrose is the ae first flower  
Springs either on moor or dale,  
And the thistlecock is the bonniest  
bird  
Sings on the evening gale.'
- 11 ['But what's the little coin,' she said,  
'Wald buy my castle bound?  
And what's the little boat,' she said,  
'Can sail the world all round?']
- 12 'O hey, how many small pennies  
Make thrice three thousand pound?  
Or hey, how many salt fishes  
Swims a' the salt sea round?'
- 13 'I think you maun be my match,' she  
said,  
'My match and something mair;  
You are the first eer got the grant  
Of love frae my father's heir.
- 14 'My father was lord of nine castles,  
My mother lady of three;  
My father was lord of nine castles,  
And there's nae to heir but me.
- 15 'And round about a' thae castles  
You may baith plow and saw,  
And on the fifteenth day of May  
The meadows they will maw.'
- 16 'O hald your tongue, Lady Margaret,'  
he said,  
'For loud I hear you lie;  
Your father was lord of nine castles,  
Your mother was lady of three;  
Your father was lord of nine castles,  
But ye fa heir to but three.
- 17 'And round about a' thae castles  
You may baith plow and saw,  
But on the fifteenth day of May  
The meadows will not maw.
- 18 'I am your brother Willie,' he said,  
'I trow ye ken na me;  
I came to humble your haughty heart,  
Has gard sae mony die.'
- 19 'If ye be my brother Willie,' she said,  
'As I trow weel ye be,  
This night I'll neither eat nor drink,  
But gae along wi thee.'
- 20 'O hold your tongue, Lady Margaret,'  
he said,  
'Again I hear you lie;  
For ye've unwashen hands and ye've  
unwashen feet,  
To gae to clay wi me.
- 21 'For the wee worms are my bedfellows,  
And cauld clay is my sheets,  
And when the stormy winds do blow,  
My body lies and sleeps.'

## E

'Fair Margret,' Alex. Laing, *Ancient Bal-  
lads and Songs, etc., etc.*, from the recitation of  
old people. Never published. MS., 1829, p. 6.

- 1 FAIR MARGRET was a young ladye,  
An come of high degree;  
Fair Margret was a young ladye,  
An proud as proud could be.
- 2 Fair Margret was a rich ladye,  
The king's cousin was she;  
Fair Margaret was a rich ladye,  
An vain as vain could be.
- 3 She war'd her wealth on the gay cleedin  
That comes frae yont the sea,  
She spent her time frae morning till  
night  
Adorning her fair bodye.
- 4 Ae night she sate in her stately ha,  
Kaimin her yellow hair,  
When in there cum like a gentle knight,  
An a white scarf he did wear.
- 5 'O what's your will wi me, sir knight,  
O what's your will wi me?  
You're the likest to my ae brother  
That ever I did see.
- 6 'You're the likest to my ae brother  
That ever I hae seen,  
But he's buried in Dunfermline kirk,  
A mouth an mair bygane.'
- 7 'I'm the likest to your ae brother  
That ever ye did see,  
But I canna get rest into my grave,  
A' for the pride of thee.
- 8 'Leave pride, Margret, leave pride,  
Margret,  
Leave pride an vanity;  
Ere ye see the sights that I hae seen,  
Sair altered ye maun be.
- 9 'O ye come in at the kirk door  
Wi the gowd plaits in your hair;  
But wud ye see what I hae seen,  
Ye maun them a' forbear.
- 10 'O ye come in at the kirk-door  
Wi the gowd prins i your sleeve;  
But wad ye see what I hae seen,  
Ye maun gie them a' their leave.
- 11 'Leave pride, Margret, leave pride,  
Margret,  
Leave pride an vanity;

Ere ye see the sights that I hae seen,  
Sair altered ye maun be.'

- 12 He got her in her stately ha,  
Kaimin her yellow hair,  
He left her on her sick sick bed,  
Sheding the saut saut tear.

48

## YOUNG ANDREW

'Young Andrew' is known only from the Percy manuscript. The story recalls both 'Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight' (No. 4) and 'The Fair Flower of Northumberland' (No. 9). The conclusion is mutilated and hard to make out. Young Andrew seems to have been pursued and caught. Why he was not promptly disposed of, and how the wolf comes into the story, will probably never be known.

Percy MS., p. 292; Hales and Furnivall, II, 328.

- 1 As I was cast in my ffirst sleepe,  
A dreadffull draught in my mind I  
drew,  
Ffor I was dreamed of a yong man,  
Some men called him yonge Andrew.
- 2 The moone shone bright, and itt cast a  
ffayre light,  
Sayes shee, Welcome, my honey, my  
hart, and my sweete!  
For I haue loued thee this seuen long  
yeere,  
And our chance itt was wee cold  
neuer meete.
- 3 Then he tooke her in his armes two,  
And kissed her both cheeke and chin  
And twise or thrise he pleased this may  
Before they tow did part in twinn.
- 4 Saies, Now, good sir, you haue had your  
will,  
You can demand no more of mee;  
Good sir, remember what you said be-  
fore,  
And goe to the church and marry  
mee.
- 5 Ffaire maid, I cannott doe as I wold;

- Goe home and fett thy fathers redd gold,  
And I 'le goe to the church and marry thee.
- 6 This ladye is gone to her ffathers hall,  
And well she knew where his red gold lay,  
And counted fforth five hundred pound,  
Besides all other iuells and chaines :
- 7 And brought itt all to younge Andrew,  
Itt was well counted vpon his knee;  
Then he tooke her by the lillye white hand,  
And led her vp to an hill soe hye.
- 8 Shee had vpon a gowne of blacke veluett,  
(A pittypfull sight after yee shall see:)  
'Put of thy clothes, bonny wenche,' he sayes,  
'For noe ffoote further thoust gang with mee.'
- 9 But then shee put of her gowne of veluett,  
With many a salt teare from her eye,  
And in a kirtle of ffine breaden silke  
Shee stood beffore young Andrews eye.
- 10 Sais, O put off thy kirtle of silke,  
Ffor some and all shall goe with mee;  
And to my owne lady I must itt beare,  
Who I must needs loue better then thee.
- 11 Then shee put of her kirtle of silke,  
With many a salt teare still ffrom her eye;  
In a peticoate of scarlett redd  
Shee stood before young Andrewes eye.
- 12 Saies, O put of thy peticoate,  
For some and all of itt shall goe with mee;  
And to my owne lady I will itt beare,  
Which dwells soe ffarr in a strange cuntrye.
- 13 But then shee put of her peticoate,  
With many a salt teare still from her eye,
- And in a smocke of braue white silke  
Shee stood before young Andrews eye.
- 14 Saies, O put of thy smocke of silke,  
For some and all shall goe with mee;  
Vnto my owne ladye I will itt beare,  
That dwells soe ffarr in a strange cuntrye.
- 15 Sayes, O remember, young Andrew,  
Once of a woman you were borne;  
And ffor *that* birth *that* Marye bore,  
I pray you let my smocke be vpon !
- 16 'Yes, ffayre ladye, I know itt well,  
Once of a woman I was borne;  
Yett ffor noe birth *that* Mary bore,  
Thy smocke shall not be left here vpon.'
- 17 But then shee put of her head-geere  
ffine;  
Shee hadd billaments worth a hundred pound;  
The hayre *that* was vpon this bony wench head  
Couered her bodye downe to the ground.
- 18 Then he pulled forth a Scottish brand,  
And held itt there in his owne right hand;  
Saies, Whether wilt thou dye vpon my  
swords point, ladye,  
Or thow wilt goe naked home againe ?
- 19 'Liffe is sweet,' then, 'sir,' said shee,  
'Therefore I pray you leaue mee with mine;  
Before I wold dye on your swords point,  
I had rather goe naked home againe.
- 20 'My ffather,' shee sayes, 'is a right good erle  
As any remaines in his cuntrye;  
If euer he doe your body take,  
You 'r sure to fflower a gallow tree.
- 21 'And I haue seuen brethren,' shee sayes,  
'And they are all hardy men and bold;  
Giff euer the doe your body take,  
You must neuer gang quicke ouer the mold.'

- 22 'If your ffather be a right good erle  
As any remaines in his owne coun-  
trye,  
Tush! he shall neuer my body take,  
I'le gang soe ffast ouer the sea.
- 23 'If you haue seuen brethren,' he sayes,  
'If they be neuer soe hardy or bold,  
Tush! they shall neuer my body take,  
I'le gang soe ffast into the Scottish  
mold.'
- 24 Now this ladye is gone to her fathers  
hall,  
When euery body their rest did take;  
But the Erle which was her ffather  
Lay waken for his deere daughters  
sake.
- 25 'But who is *that*,' her ffather can say,  
'*That* soe priuily knowes the pinn?'  
'It's Hellen, your owne deere daugh-  
ter, ffather,  
I pray you rise and lett me in.'
- 26 .  
'Noe, by my hood!' quoth her ffa-  
ther then,  
'My [house] thoust neuer come within,  
Without I had my red gold againe.'
- 27 'Nay, your gold is gone, ffather!' said  
shee,  
'Then naked thou came into this world,  
And naked thou shalt returne againe.'
- 28 'Nay! God fforgaue his death, father,'  
shee sayes,  
'And soe I hope you will doe mee;'  
'Away, away, thou cursed woman,  
I pray God an ill death thou may  
dye!'
- 29 Shee stood soe long quacking on the  
ground  
Till her hart itt burst in three;  
And then shee ffell dead downe in a  
swoond,  
And this was the end of this bonny  
ladye.
- 30 Ithe morning, when her ffather gott  
vpp,  
A pittyfull sight there he might see;

His owne deere daughter was dead  
without clothes,  
The teares they trickled fast ffrom  
his eye.

- 31 .  
Sais, Fye of gold, and ffye of ffee!  
For I sett soe much by my red gold  
*That* now itt hath lost both my  
daughter and mee!'
- 32 .  
But after this time he neere dought  
good day,  
But as flowers doth fade in the frost,  
Soe he did wast and weare away.
- 33 But let vs leaue talking of this ladye,  
And talke some more of young An-  
drew;  
Ffor ffalse he was to this bonny ladye,  
More pitty *that* he had not beene  
true.
- 34 He was not gone a mile into the wild  
forrest,  
Or halfe a mile into the hart of  
Wales,  
But there they cought him by such a  
braue wyle  
*That* hee must come to tell noe more  
tales.
- \*       \*       \*       \*       \*
- 35 .  
Ffull soone a wolfe did of him  
smell,  
And shee came roaring like a beare,  
And gaping like a ffeend of hell.
- 36 Soe they ffought together like two  
lyons,  
And fire betweene them two glashed  
out;  
Thé raught eche other such a great  
rappe,  
*That* there young Andrew was slaine,  
well I wott.
- 37 But now young Andrew he is dead,  
But he was neuer buried vnder  
mold,  
For ther as the wolfe devoured him,  
There lyes all this great erles gold.



49

## THE TWA BROTHERS

All the Scottish versions (six in number) were obtained within the first third of the nineteenth century, and since then no others have been heard of, but the ballad has been obtained within recent years from the singing of poor children in American cities. B is considerably corrupted. It need hardly be mentioned that the age of the boys in the first two stanzas does not suit the story. The conclusion of B belongs to 'Sweet William's Ghost' (No. 77).

A

a. C. K. Sharpe's papers (watermark of 1817) from Elizabeth Kerry; Sharpe's Ballad Book, p. 56, No. 19. b. 'The Two Brothers,' Walks near Edinburgh, by Margaret Warrender, 1890, p. 60. Given to Lady John Scott many years ago by Campbell Riddell, brother of Sir John Riddell, of Ardnamurchan.

- 1 THERE were twa brethren in the north,  
They went to school thegithar;  
The one unto the other said,  
Will you try a warsle afore?
- 2 They wrestled up, they wrestled down,  
Till Sir John fell to the ground,  
And there was a knife in Sir Willie's  
pouch,  
Gied him a deadlie wound.
- 3 'Oh brither dear, take me on your back,  
Carry me to yon burn clear,  
And wash the blood from off my wound,  
And it will bleed nae mair.'
- 4 He took him up upon his back,  
Carried him to yon burn clear,  
And washd the blood from off his  
wound,  
And aye it bled the mair.
- 5 'Oh brother dear, take me on your  
back,  
Carry me to yon kirk-yard,  
And dig a grave baith wide and deep,  
And lay my body there.'
- 6 He's taen him up upon his back,  
Carried him to yon kirk-yard,  
And dug a grave both deep and wide,  
And laid his body there.

- 7 'But what will I say to my father dear,  
Should he chance to say, Willie,  
whar's John?'
- 'Oh say that he's to England gone,  
To buy him a cask of wine.'

- 8 'And what shall I say to my mother  
dear,  
Should she chance to say, Willie,  
whar's John?'
- 'Oh say that he's to England gone,  
To buy her a new silk gown.'

- 9 'And what will I say to my sister dear,  
Should she chance to say, Willie,  
whar's John?'
- 'Oh say that he's to England gone,  
To buy her a wedding ring.'

- 10 'What will I say to her you loe dear,  
Should she cry, Why tarries my  
John?'
- 'Oh tell her I lie in fair Kirk-land,  
And home will never come.'

B

'The Cruel Brother,' Motherwell's MS., p. 259. From the recitation of Widow McCormick, January 19, 1825.

- 1 THERE was two little boys going to the  
school,  
And twa little boys they be,  
They met three brothers playing at the  
ba,  
And ladies dancing hey.
- 2 'It's whether will ye play at the ba,  
brither,  
Or else throw at the stone?'
- 'I am too little, I am too young,  
O brother let me alone.'
- 3 He pulled out a little penknife,  
That was baith sharp and sma,  
He gave his brother a deadly wound  
That was deep, long and sair.
- 4 He took the holland sark off his back,  
He tore it frae breast to gare,  
He laid it to the bloody wound,  
That still bled mair and mair.
- 5 'It's take me on your back, brother,'  
he says,

- 'And carry me to yon kirk-yard,  
And make me there a very fine grave,  
That will be long and large.
- 6 'Lay my bible at my head,' he says,  
'My chaunter at my feet,  
My bow and arrows by my side,  
And soundly I will sleep.
- 7 'When you go home, brother,' he says,  
'My father will ask for me;  
You may tell him I am in Saussif town,  
Learning my lesson free.
- 8 'When you go home, brother,' he says,  
'My mother will ask for me;  
You may tell her I am in Sausaf town,  
And I'll come home merrily.
- 9 'When you go home, brother,' he says,  
'Lady Margaret will ask for me;  
You may tell her I'm dead and in  
grave laid,  
And buried in Sausaff toun.'
- 10 She put the small pipes to her mouth,  
And she harped both far and near,  
Till she harped the small birds off the  
briers,  
And her true love out of the grave.
- 11 'What's this? what's this, lady Mar-  
garet?' he says,  
'What's this you want of me?'  
'One sweet kiss of your ruby lips,  
That's all I want of thee.'
- 12 'My lips they are so bitter,' he says,  
'My breath it is so strong,  
If you get one kiss of my ruby lips,  
Your days will not be long.'

50

## THE BONNY HIND

This piece is transcribed three times in Herd's manuscripts, with a note prefixed in each instance that it was copied from the mouth of a milkmaid in 1771. In the first half of the story 'The Bonny Hind' comes very near to the fine Scandinavian ballad of 'Margaret' (Grundtvig and Sigurðsson, No. 14). The conclusions differ altogether. The story of Kullervo, incorporated in what is

called the national epic of the Finns, the *Kalevala*, has striking resemblances with the ballads of the 'Bonny Hind' class (Schiefner, runs 35, 36).

'The Bonny Hyn,' Herd's MSS., II, fol. 63.  
"Copied from the mouth of a milkmaid, b  
W. L., in 1771."

- 1 O MAY she comes, and may she goes,  
Down by yon gardens green,  
And there she spied a gallant squire  
As squire had ever been.
- 2 And may she comes, and may she goes  
Down by yon hollin tree,  
And there she spied a brisk young  
squire,  
And a brisk young squire was he.
- 3 'Give me your green manteeel, fair maid  
Give me your maidenhead;  
Gif ye winna gie me your green manteeel  
Gie me your maidenhead.'
- 4 He has taen her by the milk-white  
hand,  
And softly laid her down,  
And when he's lifted her up again  
Given her a silver kaim.
- 5 'Perhaps there may be bairns, kind  
sir,  
Perhaps there may be nane;  
But if you be a courtier,  
You'll tell to me your name.'
- 6 'I am nae courtier, fair maid,  
But new come frae the sea;  
I am nae courtier, fair maid,  
But when I court 'ith thee.
- 7 'They call me Jack when I'm abroad,  
Sometimes they call me John;  
But when I'm in my father's bower  
Jock Randal is my name.'
- 8 'Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonny lad,  
Sae loud's I hear ye lee!  
Ffor I'm Lord Randal's yae daughter,  
He has nae mair nor me.'
- 9 'Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonny may,  
Sae loud's I hear ye lee!  
For I'm Lord Randal's yae yae son,  
Just now come oer the sea.'

- 10 She's putten her hand down by her  
spare,  
And out she's taen a knife,  
And she has putn't in her heart's  
bluid,  
And taen away her life.
- 11 And he's taen up his bonny sister,  
With the big tear in his een,  
And he has buried his bonny sister  
Among the hollins green.
- 12 And syne he's hyed him oer the dale,  
His father dear to see:  
'Sing O and O for my bonny hind,  
Beneath yon hollin tree !'
- 13 'What needs you care for your bonny  
hyn ?  
For it you needna care;  
There's aught score hyus in yonder  
park,  
And five score hyns to spare.
- 14 'Four score of them are siller-shod,  
Of thae ye may get three ;'  
'But O and O for my bonny hyn,  
Beneath yon hollin tree !'
- 15 'What needs you care for your bonny  
hyn ?  
For it you need na care;  
Take you the best, gi me the warst,  
Since plenty is to spare.'
- 16 'I care na for your hyns, my lord,  
I care na for your fee;  
But O and O for my bonny hyn,  
Beneath the hollin tree !'
- 17 'O were ye at your sister's bower,  
Your sister fair to see,  
Ye'll think na mair o your bonny  
hyn  
Beneath the hollin tree.'

\* \* \* \* \*

## A

- 'Lizie Wan,' Herd's MSS., I, 151; stanzas 1-6, II, p. 78. Herd's Scottish Songs, 1776, I, 91.
- 1 LIZIE WAN sits at her father's bower-  
door,  
Weeping and making a mane,  
And by there came her father dear:  
'What ails thee, Lizie Wan ?'
- 2 'I ail, and I ail, dear father,' she said,  
'And I'll tell you a reason for why;  
There is a child between my twa sides,  
Between my dear billy and I.'
- 3 Now Lizie Wan sits at her father's  
bower-door,  
Sighing and making a mane,  
And by there came her brother dear:  
'What ails thee, Lizie Wan ?'
- 4 'I ail, I ail, dear brither,' she said,  
'And I'll tell you a reason for why;  
There is a child between my twa sides,  
Between you, dear billy, and I.'
- 5 'And hast thou tald father and mother  
o that ?  
And hast thou tald sae o me ?'  
And he has drawn his gude braid sword,  
That hang down by his knee.
- 6 And he has cutted aff Lizie Wan's head,  
And her fair body in three,  
And he's awa to his mothers bower,  
And sair aghast was he.
- 7 'What ails thee, what ails thee, Geordy  
Wan ?  
What ails thee sae fast to rin ?  
For I see by thy ill colour  
Some fallow's deed thou hast done.'
- 8 'Some fallow's deed I have done, moth-  
er,  
And I pray you pardon me;  
For I've cutted aff my greyhound's head;  
He wadna rin for me.'
- 9 'Thy greyhound's bluid was never sae  
red,  
O my son Geordy Wan !  
For I see by thy ill colour  
Some fallow's deed thou hast done.'

10 'Some fallow's deed I hae done, moth-  
er,  
And I pray you pardon me;  
For I hae cutted aff Lizie Wan's  
head  
And her fair body in three.'

11 'O what wilt thou do when thy father  
comes hame,  
O my son Geordy Wan?'  
'I'll set my foot in a bottomless boat,  
And swim to the sea-ground.'

12 'And when will thou come hame again,  
O my son Geordy Wan?'  
'The sun and the moon shall dance on  
the green  
That night when I come hame.'

## 52

THE KING'S DOCHTER LADY  
JEAN

At the beginning of this ballad there is re-  
semblance to 'Tam Lin' (No. 39) and to 'Hind  
Etin' (No. 41).

## A

a. 'The King's Dochter Lady Jean,' Moth-  
erwell's MS., p. 657. From the recitation of  
Mrs Storie, Lochwinnich. b. 'Lady Jean,'  
Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Appendix, p. xxi,  
No. xxiii, one stanza (st. 1).

1 The king's young dochter was sitting in  
her window,  
Sewing at her silken seam;  
She lookt out o the bow-window,  
And she saw the leaves growing  
green, my luv,  
And she saw the leaves growing  
green.

2 She stuck her needle into her sleeve,  
Her seam down by her tae,  
And she is awa to the merrie green-  
wood,  
To pu the nit and slae.

3 She hadna pu't a nit at a',  
A nit but scarcely three,  
Till out and spak a braw young man,  
Saying, How daur ye bow the tree?

4 'It's I will pu the nit,' she said,  
'And I will bow the tree,  
And I will come to the merrie green wud  
And na ax leive o thee.'

5 He took her by the middle sae sma,  
And laid her on the gerss sae green.  
And he has taen his will o her,  
And he loot her up agen.

6 'Now syn ye hae got your will o me,  
Pray tell to me your name;  
For I am the king's young dochter,' she  
said,  
'And this nicht I daurna gang hame.'

7 'Gif ye be the king's young dochter  
he said,  
'I am his auldest son;  
I wish I had died on some frem isle,  
And never had come hame!'

8 'The first time I came hame, Jeanie,  
Thou was na here nor born.  
I wish my pretty ship had sunk,  
And I had been forlorn.'

9 'The neist time I came hame, Jeanie,  
Thou was sittin on the nourice knee  
And I wish my pretty ship had sunk,  
And I had never seen thee!'

10 'And the neist time I came hame, Jeanie,  
I met thee here alane;  
I wish my pretty ship had sunk,  
And I had neer come hame!'

11 She put her hand down by her side,  
And down into her spare,  
And she pou't out a wee pen-knife,  
And she wounded hersell fu sair.

12 Hooly, hooly rase she up,  
And hooly she gade hame,  
Until she came to her father's parlour  
And there she did sick and mane.

13 'O sister, sister, mak my bed,  
O the clean sheets and strae,  
O sister, sister, mak my bed,  
Down in the parlour below.'

14 Her father he came tripping down the  
stair,  
His steps they were fu slow;

- 'I think, I think, Lady Jean,' he said,  
'Ye're lying far ower low.'
- 15 'O late yestreen, as I came hame,  
Down by yon castil wa,  
O heavy, heavy was the stane  
That on my briest did fa !'
- 16 Her mother she came tripping doun the  
stair,  
Her steps they were fu slow;  
'I think, I think, Lady Jean,' she  
said,  
'Ye're lying far ower low.'
- 17 'O late yestreen, as I cam hame,  
Down by yon castil wa,  
O heavy, heavy was the stane  
That on my breast did fa !'
- 18 Her sister came tripping doun the  
stair,  
Her steps they were fu slow;  
'I think, I think, Lady Jean,' she said,  
'Ye're lying far ower low.'
- 19 'O late yestreen, as I cam hame,  
Doun by yon castil wa,  
O heavy, heavy was the stane  
That on my breast did fa !'
- 20 Her brither he cam trippin doun the  
stair,  
His steps they were fu slow;  
He sank into his sister's arms,  
And they died as white as snaw.

## 53

## YOUNG BEICHAN

Professor Child prints fifteen versions of this ballad, all but one from Scotland. The story of Beichan agrees in the general outline and also in some details, with a well-known legend about Gilbert Beket, father of St Thomas. The earlier and more authentic biographies lack this particular bit of romance, but the legend nevertheless goes back to a date not much later than a century after the death of the saint, being found in a poetical narrative preserved in a manuscript of about 1300. That our ballad has been affected by the legend of Gilbert Beket is altogether likely. But the ballad is not derived from the legend. Stories and ballads of the general cast of 'Young Beichan'

are extremely frequent. The legend lacks some of the main points of these stories, and the ballad (in one version or another) has them. A number of heroes, — among them Henry of Brunswick, Alexander von Metz, and the Noble Moringer, go to the East and have adventures similar to Young Beichan's. Just as Susie Pye is warned that Beichan is to be married next day, and is conveyed to Beichan's hall with miraculous dispatch, so are Henry and others warned, and transported to their homes by devil, angel, or necromancer. Norse, Spanish, and Italian ballads likewise preserve a story essentially the same as that of 'Young Beichan.' It should also be compared with 'Hind Horn' (No. 17).

## A

'Young Bicham,' Jamieson-Brown MS., p. 13, c. 1783.

- 1 IN London city was Bicham born,  
He longd strange countries for to see,  
But he was taen by a savage Moor,  
Who handld him right cruely.
- 2 For thro his shoulder he put a bore,  
An thro the bore has pitten a tree,  
An he's gard him draw the carts o wine,  
Where horse and oxen had wont to be.
- 3 He's casten [him] in a dungeon deep,  
Where he coud neither hear nor see;  
He's shut him up in a prison strong,  
An he's handld him right cruely.
- 4 O this Moor he had but ae daughter,  
I wot her name was Shusy Pye;  
She's doen her to the prison-house,  
And she's calld Young Bicham one  
word by.
- 5 'O hae ye ony lands or rents,  
Or citys in your ain country,  
Coud free you out of prison strong,  
An coud maintain a lady free ?'
- 6 'O London city is my own,  
An other citys twa or three,  
Coud loose me out o prison strong  
An coud maintain a lady free.
- 7 O she has bribed her father's men  
Wi meikle goud and white money,  
She's gotten the key o the prison doors,  
An she has set Young Bicham free.



- 8 She's gi'n him a loaf o good white bread,  
But an a flask o Spanish wine,  
An she bad him mind on the ladie's love  
That sae kindly freed him out o pine.
- 9 'Go set your foot on good ship-board,  
An haste you back to your ain country,  
An before that seven years has an end,  
Come back again, love, and marry me.'
- 10 It was long or seven years had an end  
She longd fu sair her love to see;  
She's set her foot on good ship-board,  
An turnd her back on her ain country.
- 11 She's saild up, so has she down,  
Till she came to the other side;  
She's landed at Young Bicham's gates,  
An I hop this day she sal be his  
bride.
- 12 'Is this Young Bicham's gates?' says  
she,  
'Or is that noble prince within?'  
'He's up the stairs wi his bonny bride,  
An monny a lord and lady wi him.'
- 13 'O has he taen a bonny bride,  
An has he clean forgotten me!'  
An sighing said that gay lady,  
I wish I were in my ain country!
- 14 But she's pitten her han in her pocket,  
An gin the porter guineas three;  
Says, Take ye that, ye proud porter,  
An bid the bridegroom speak to me.
- 15 O whan the porter came up the stair,  
He's fa'n low down upon his knee:  
'Won up, won up, ye proud porter,  
An what makes a' this courtesy?'
- 16 'O I've been porter at your gates  
This mair nor seven years an three,  
But there is a lady at them now  
The like of whom I never did see.
- 17 'For on every finger she has a ring,  
An on the mid-finger she has three,  
An there's as meikle goud aboon her  
brow  
As woud buy an earldome o lan to me.'
- 18 Then up it started Young Bicham,  
An sware so loud by Our Lady,

'It can be nane but Shusy Pye,  
That has come oer the sea to me.'

- 19 O quickly ran he down the stair,  
O fifteen steps he has made but thre;  
He's tane his bonny love in his arms,  
An a wot he kissd her tenderly.
- 20 'O hae you tane a bonny bride?  
An hae you quite forsaken me?  
An hae ye quite forgotten her  
That gae you life an liberty?'
- 21 She's lookit oer her left shoulder  
To hide the tears stood in her ee;  
'Now fare thee well, Young Bicham  
she says,  
'I'll strive to think nae mair on thee
- 22 'Take back your daughter, madam,' I  
says,  
'An a double dowry I'll gi her wi;  
For I maun marry my first true love,  
That's done and suffered so much fo  
me.'
- 23 He's take his bonny love by the han,  
And led her to yon fountain stane;  
He's changd her name frae Shusy Pye  
An he's cald her his bonny love, Lad  
Jane.

## C

'Young Bekie.' a. Jamieson-Brown MS  
p. 11, c. 1783. b. Jamieson's Popular Ballads  
II, 127.

- 1 YOUNG BEKIE was as brave a knight  
As ever saild the sea;  
An he's doen him to the court of France  
To serve for meat and fee.
- 2 He had nae been i the court of France  
A twelvemonth nor sae long,  
Til he fell in love with the king's  
daughter,  
An was thrown in prison strong.
- 3 The king he had but ae daughter,  
Burd Isabel was her name;  
An she has to the prison-house game,  
To hear the prisoner's mane.
- 4 'O gin a lady woud borrow me,  
At her stirrup-foot I woud rin;

- Or gin a widow wad borrow me,  
I woud swear to be her son.
- 5 'Or gin a virgin woud borrow me,  
I woud wed her wi a ring;  
I'd gi her ha's, I'd gie her bowers,  
The bonny towrs o Linne.'
- 6 O barefoot, barefoot gaed she but,  
An barefoot came she ben;  
It was no for want o hose an shoone,  
Nor time to put them on.
- 7 But a' for fear that her father dear  
Had heard her making din:  
She's stown the keys o the prison-house  
dor  
An latten the prisoner gang.
- 8 O whan she saw him, Young Bekie,  
Her heart was wondrous sair!  
For the mice but an the bold rottens  
Had eaten his yallow hair.
- 9 She's gien him a shaver for his beard,  
A comber till his hair,  
Five hunder pound in his pocket,  
To spen, an nae to spair.
- 10 She's gien him a steed was good in  
need,  
An a saddle o royal bone,  
A leash o hounds o ae litter,  
An Hector called one.
- 11 Atween this twa a vow was made,  
'T was made full solemnly,  
That or three years was come an gane,  
Well married they should be.
- 12 He had nae been in 's ain country  
A twelvemonth till an end,  
Till he's forod to marry a duke's daugh-  
ter,  
Or than lose a' his land.
- 13 'Ohon, alas!' says Young Beckie,  
'I know not what to dee;  
For I canno wiu to Burd Isbel,  
And she kensnae to come to me.'
- 14 O it fell once upon a day  
Burd Isbel fell asleep,  
An up it starts the Belly Blin,  
An stood at her bed-feet.
- 15 'O waken, waken, Burd Isbel,  
How [can] you sleep so soun,  
Whan this is Bekie's wedding day,  
An the marriage gain on?
- 16 'Ye do ye to your mither's bowr,  
Think neither sin nor shame;  
An ye tak twa o your mither's marys,  
To keep ye frae thinking lang.
- 17 'Ye dress yoursel in the red scarlet,  
An your marys in dainty green,  
An ye pit girdles about your middles  
Woud buy an earldome.
- 18 'O ye gang down by yon sea-side,  
An down by yon sea-stran;  
Sae bonny will the Hollans boats  
Come rowin till your han.
- 19 'Ye set your milk-white foot aboard,  
Cry, Hail ye, Domine!  
An I shal be the steerer o't,  
To row you oer the sea.'
- 20 She's tane her till her mither's bowr,  
Thought neither sin nor shame,  
An she took twa o her mither's marys,  
To keep her frae thinking lang.
- 21 She dressd hersel i the red scarlet,  
Her marys i dainty green,  
And they pat girdles about their mid-  
dles  
Woud buy an earldome.
- 22 An they gid down by yon sea-side,  
An down by yon sea-stran;  
Sae bonny did the Hollan boats  
Come rowin to their han.
- 23 She set her milk-white foot on board,  
Cried, Hail ye, Domine!  
An the Belly Blin was the steerer o't,  
To row her oer the sea.
- 24 Whan she came to Young Bekie's gate,  
She heard the music play;  
Sae well she kent frae a' she heard,  
It was his wedding day.
- 25 She's pitten her han in her pocket,  
Gin the porter guineas three;  
'Hae, tak ye that, ye proud porter,  
Bid the bride-groom speake to me.'

26 O whan that he cam up the stair,  
He fell low down on his knee:  
He haild the king, an he haild the  
queen,  
An he haild him, Young Bekie.

27 'O I've been porter at your gates  
This thirty years an three;  
But there's three ladies at them now,  
Their like I never did see.

28 'There's ane o them dressd in red scar-  
let,  
And twa in dainty green,  
An they hae girdles about their mid-  
dles  
Woud buy an earldome.'

29 Then out it spake the bierly bride,  
Was a' goud to the chin;  
'Gin she be braw without,' she says,  
'We's be as braw within.'

30 Then up it starts him, Young Bekie,  
An the tears was in his ee:  
'I'll lay my life it's Burd Isbel,  
Come oer the sea to me.'

31 O quickly ran he down the stair,  
An whan he saw 't was shee,  
He kindly took her in his arms,  
And kissd her tenderly.

32 'O hae ye forgotten, Young Bekie,  
The vow ye made to me,  
Whan I took you out o the prison  
strong,  
Whan ye was condemnd to die ?

33 'I gae you a steed was good in need,  
An a saddle o royal bone,  
A leash o hounds o ae litter,  
An Hector called one.'

34 It was well kent what the lady said,  
That it wasnae a lee,  
For at ilka word the lady spake,  
The hound fell at her knee.

35 'Tak hame, tak hame your daughter  
dear,  
A blessing gae her wi,  
For I maun marry my Burd Isbel,  
That's come oer the sea to me.'

36 'Is this the custom o your house  
Or the fashion o your lan,  
To marry a maid in a May mornin,  
An send her back at even ?'

## 54

## THE CHERRY-TREE CAROL

The proper story of this highly popular carol is derived from the Pseudo-Matthew gospel, chapter xx. What succeeds after A B S. is probably founded on the angel's words to the shepherds in Luke ii, and on Jesus's predictions in the authentic gospels.

## A

a. 'Joseph was an old man,' Sandys, Christmas Carols, p. 123, West of England. Sandys, Christmastide, p. 241.

1 JOSEPH was an old man,  
and an old man was he,  
When he wedded Mary,  
in the land of Galilee.

2 Joseph and Mary walked  
through an orchard good,  
Where was cherries and berries,  
so red as any blood.

3 Joseph and Mary walked  
through an orchard green,  
Where was berries and cherries,  
as thick as might be seen.

4 O then bespoke Mary,  
so meek and so mild:  
'Pluck me one cherry, Joseph,  
for I am with child.'

5 O then bespoke Joseph,  
with words most unkind:  
'Let him pluck thee a cherry  
that brought thee with child.'

6 O then bespoke the babe,  
within his mother's womb:  
'Bow down then the tallest tree,  
for my mother to have some.'

7 Then bowed down the highest tree  
unto his mother's hand;

Then she cried, See, Joseph,  
I have cherries at command.

8 O then bespake Joseph:  
'I have done Mary wrong;  
But cheer up, my dearest,  
and be not cast down.'

9 Then Mary plucked a cherry,  
as red as the blood,  
Then Mary went home  
with her heavy load.

10 Then Mary took her babe,  
and sat him on her knee,  
Saying, My dear son, tell me  
what this world will be.

11 'O I shall be as dead, mother,  
as the stones in the wall;  
O the stones in the streets, mother,  
shall mourn for me all.

12 'Upon Easter-day, mother,  
my uprising shall be;  
O the sun and the moon, mother,  
shall both rise with me.'

## B

a. 'The Cherry-Tree Carol,' Husk, Songs of the Nativity, p. 59, from a Worcester broadside of the eighteenth century. b. Hone's Ancient Mysteries, p. 90, from various copies. c. Sylvester, A Garland of Christmas Carols, p. 45. d. Birmingham chap-book, of about 1843, in B. Harris Cowper's Apocryphal Gospels, p. xxxviii.

1 JOSEPH was an old man,  
and an old man was he,  
And he married Mary,  
the Queen of Galilee.

2 When Joseph was married,  
and Mary home had brought,  
Mary proved with child,  
and Joseph knew it not.

3 Joseph and Mary walked  
through a garden gay,  
Where the cherries they grew  
upon every tree.

4 O then bespoke Mary,  
with words both meek and mild:

'O gather me cherries, Joseph,  
they run so in my mind.'

5 And then replied Joseph,  
with words so unkind:  
'Let him gather thee cherries  
that got thee with child.'

6 O then bespoke our Saviour,  
all in his mother's womb:  
'Bow down, good cherry-tree,  
to my mother's hand.'

7 The uppermost sprig  
bowed down to Mary's knee:  
'Thus you may see, Joseph,  
these cherries are for me.'

8 'O eat your cherries, Mary,  
O eat your cherries now;  
O eat your cherries, Mary,  
that grow upon the bough.'

9 As Joseph was a walking,  
he heard an angel sing:  
'This night shall be born  
our heavenly king.

10 'He neither shall be born  
in housen nor in hall,  
Nor in the place of Paradise,  
but in an ox's stall.

11 'He neither shall be clothed  
in purple nor in pall,  
But all in fair linen,  
as were babies all.

12 'He neither shall be rocked  
in silver nor in gold,  
But in a wooden cradle,  
that rocks on the mould.

13 'He neither shall be christened  
in white wine nor red,  
But with fair spring water,  
with which we were christened.

14 Then Mary took her young son,  
and set him on her knee:  
'I pray thee now, dear child,  
tell how this world shall be.'

15 'O I shall be as dead, mother,  
as the stones in the wall;

O the stones in the street, mother,  
shall mourn for me-all.

16 'And upon a Wednesday  
my vow I will make,  
And upon Good Friday  
my death I will take.

17 'Upon Easter-day, mother,  
my rising shall be;  
O the sun and the moon  
shall uprise with me.

18 'The people shall rejoice,  
and the birds they shall sing,  
To see the uprising  
of the heavenly king.'

## 55

## THE CARNAL AND THE CRANE

Mr Husk, who had access to a remarkably good collection of carols, had met with no copy of 'The Carnal and the Crane' of earlier date than the middle of the eighteenth century. Internal evidence points us much further back. The carol had obviously been transmitted from mouth to mouth before it was fixed in its present incoherent and corrupted form by print. The well-informed Crane instructs his catechumen, the Crow, in several matters pertaining to the birth and earliest days of Jesus: the Nativity, the conference of Herod with the Wise Men, including the miracle of the roasted cock; the Flight into Egypt, with the Adoration of the Beasts and the Instantaneous Harvest; the Massacre of the Innocents. Of the apocryphal incidents, the miracle of the cock has been spoken of under 'Stephen and Herod' (No. 22). The adoration of the beasts is derived from the *Historia de Nativitate Mariae*, etc. (Pseudo-Matthaei Evangelium), and is of course frequent in legends of the infancy of the Saviour, but is not remarkable enough to be popular in carols. The miraculous harvest by which the Holy Family evaded Herod's pursuit, is, on the contrary, a favorite subject with popular poetry, as also, like the bowing of the palm-tree, with pictorial art.

'The Carnal and the Crane.' a. Sandys, *Christmas Carols*, p. 152, *Christmastide*, p. 246, from a broadside. b. Husk, *Songs of the Nativity*, p. 97, apparently from a Worcester broadside. c. Birmingham chap-book, of about 1843, in B. Harris Cowper's *Apocryphal Gospels*, p. xli.

1 As I pass'd by a river side,  
And there as I did reign,  
In argument I chanced to hear  
A Carnal and a Crane.

2 The Carnal said unto the Crane,  
If all the world should turn,  
Before we had the Father,  
But now we have the Son!

3 'From whence does the Son come,  
From where and from what place?  
He said, In a manger,  
Between an ox and ass.

4 'I pray thee,' said the Carnal,  
'Tell me before thou go,  
Was not the mother of Jesus  
Conceiv'd by the Holy Ghost?'

5 She was the purest virgin,  
And the cleanest from sin;  
She was the handmaid of our Lord  
And mother of our king.

6 'Where is the golden cradle  
That Christ was rocked in?  
Where are the silken sheets  
That Jesus was wrapt in?'

7 A manger was the cradle  
That Christ was rocked in:  
The provender the asses left  
So sweetly he slept on.

8 There was a star in the east land,  
So bright it did appear,  
Into King Herod's chamber,  
And where King Herod were.

9 The Wise Men soon espied it,  
And told the king on high  
A princely babe was born that night  
No king could e'er destroy.

10 'If this be true,' King Herod said,  
'As thou tellest unto me,  
This roasted cock that lies in the dish  
Shall crow full fences three.'

11 The cock soon freshly feather'd was,  
By the work of God's own hand,  
And then three fences crow'd he,  
In the dish where he did stand.



- 12 'Rise up, rise up, you merry men all,  
See that you ready be;  
All children under two years old  
Now slain they all shall be.'
- 13 Then Jesus, ah, and Joseph,  
And Mary, that was so pure,  
They travelld into Egypt,  
As you shall find it sure.
- 14 And when they came to Egypt's land,  
Amongst those fierce wild beasts,  
Mary, she being weary,  
Must needs sit down to rest.
- 15 'Come sit thee down,' says Jesus,  
'Come sit thee down by me,  
And thou shalt see how these wild  
beasts  
Do come and worship me.'
- 16 First came the lovely lion,  
Which Jesus's grace did bring,  
And of the wild beasts in the field  
The lion shall be king.
- 17 We'll choose our virtuous princes  
Of birth and high degree,  
In every sundry nation,  
Whereer we come and see.
- 18 Then Jesus, ah, and Joseph,  
And Mary, that was unknown,  
They travelled by a husbandman,  
Just while his seed was sown.
- 19 'God speed thee, man,' said Jesus,  
'Go fetch thy ox and wain,  
And carry home thy corn again  
Which thou this day hast sown.'
- 20 The husbandman fell on his knees,  
Even upon his face:  
'Long time hast thou been looked for,  
But now thou art come at last.
- 21 'And I myself do now believe  
Thy name is Jesus called;  
Redeemer of mankind thou art,  
Though undeserving all.'
- 22 'The truth, man, thou hast spoken,  
Of it thou mayst be sure,  
For I must lose my precious blood  
For thee and thousands more.

- 23 'If any one should come this way,  
And enquire for me alone,  
Tell them that Jesus passed by  
As thou thy seed did sow.'
- 24 After that there came King Herod,  
With his train so furiously,  
Enquiring of the husbandman  
Whether Jesus passed by.
- 25 'Why, the truth it must be spoke,  
And the truth it must be known;  
For Jesus passed by this way  
When my seed was sown.
- 26 'But now I have it reapen,  
And some laid on my wain,  
Ready to fetch and carry  
Into my barn again.'
- 27 'Turn back,' says the captain,  
'Your labor and mine's in vain;  
It's full three quarters of a year  
Since he his seed has sown.'
- 28 So Herod was deceived,  
By the work of God's own hand,  
And further he proceeded  
Into the Holy Land.
- 29 There's thousands of children young  
Which for his sake did die;  
Do not forbid those little ones,  
And do not them deny.
- 30 The truth now I have spoken,  
And the truth now I have shown;  
Even the Blessed Virgin  
She's now brought forth a son.

## DIVES AND LAZARUS

A ballet "of the Ryche man and poor Lazarus" was licensed to Master John Wallye and Mistress Toye, 19 July, 1557-9 July, 1558. W. Pekerynge pays his license for printing "of a ballett, Dyves and Lazarus," 22 July, 1570-22 July, 1571 (Arber, *Registers of the Company of Stationers*, i. 76, 436). A fiddler in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, printed 1630, says he can sing 'The merry ballad of Diverus and Lazarus (act iii, scene 3).

'Dives and Lazarus.' a. Sylvester, A Garland of Christmas Carols, p. 50, from an old Birmingham broadside. b. Husk, Songs of the Nativity, p. 94, from a Worcestershire broadside of the eighteenth century.

- 1 As it fell out upon a day,  
Rich Dives he made a feast,  
And he invited all his friends,  
And gentry of the best.
- 2 Then Lazarus laid him down and down,  
And down at Dives' door:  
'Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,  
Bestow upon the poor.'
- 3 'Thou art none of my brother, Lazarus,  
That lies begging at my door;  
No meat nor drink will I give thee,  
Nor bestow upon the poor.'
- 4 Then Lazarus laid him down and down,  
And down at Dives's wall:  
'Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,  
Or with hunger starve I shall.'
- 5 'Thou art none of my brother, Lazarus,  
That lies begging at my wall;  
No meat nor drink will I give thee,  
But with hunger starve you shall.'
- 6 Then Lazarus laid him down and down,  
And down at Dives's gate:  
'Some meat, some drink, brother Dives,  
For Jesus Christ his sake.'
- 7 'Thou art none of my brother, Lazarus,  
That lies begging at my gate;  
No meat nor drink will I give thee,  
For Jesus Christ his sake.'
- 8 Then Dives sent out his merry men,  
To whip poor Lazarus away;  
They had no power to strike a stroke,  
But flung their whips away.
- 9 Then Dives sent out his hungry dogs,  
To bite him as he lay;  
They had no power to bite at all,  
But licked his sores away.
- 10 As it fell out upon a day,  
Poor Lazarus sickened and died;  
Then came two angels out of heaven  
His soul therein to guide.

- 11 'Rise up, rise up, brother Lazarus,  
And go along with me;  
For you've a place prepared in heaven,  
To sit on an angel's knee.'
- 12 As it fell out upon a day,  
Rich Dives sickened and died;  
Then came two serpents out of hell,  
His soul therein to guide.
- 13 'Rise up, rise up, brother Dives,  
And go with us to see  
A dismal place, prepared in hell,  
From which thou canst not flee.'
- 14 Then Dives looked up with his eyes,  
And saw poor Lazarus blest:  
'Give me one drop of water, brother  
Lazarus,  
To quench my flaming thirst.'
- 15 'Oh had I as many years to abide  
As there are blades of grass,  
Then there would be an end, but now  
Hell's pains will ne'er be past.'
- 16 'Oh was I now but alive again,  
The space of one half hour!  
Oh that I had my peace secure!  
Then the devil should have no power.'

57

## BROWN ROBYN'S CONFESSION

The only version of 'Brown Robyn's Confession' is the one printed in Ballads of the North of Scotland, the copy in Motherwell's MS. having been derived from Buchan. The ballad celebrates a miracle of the Virgin, and is our only example of that extensive class of legends, unless we choose to include 'The Jew's Daughter' (No. 155) and to take Robin Hood's view of the restoration of his loan, in the fourth Fit of the Little Gest (No. 117). A fine ballad very common in Sweden ('Sir Pedder's Voyage'), and preserved by tradition also in Denmark and Norway, has the same story with a tragical termination for the hero, saving a single instance, in which there is also a supernatural interference in his behalf. Compare also the throwing over of Bonnie Annie in No. 24.

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland i, 110; Motherwell's MS., p. 580.

- 1 It fell upon a Wodensday  
Brown Robyn's men went to sea,  
But they saw neither moon nor sun,  
Nor starlight wi their ee.
- 2 'We'll cast kevels us amang,  
See wha the unhappy man may be;'  
The kevel fell on Brown Robyn,  
The master-man was he.
- 3 'It is nae wonder,' said Brown Robyn,  
'Altho I dinna thrive,  
For wi my mither I had twa bairns,  
And wi my sister five.
- 4 'But tie me to a plank o wude,  
And throw me in the sea;  
And if I sink, ye may bid me sink,  
But if I swim, just lat me bee.'
- 5 They've tyed him to a plank o wude,  
And thrown him in the sea;  
He didna sink, tho they bade him sink;  
He swind, and they bade lat him bee.
- 6 He hadna been into the sea  
An hour but barely three,  
Till by it came Our Blessed Lady,  
Her dear young son her wi.
- 7 'Will ye gang to your men again,  
Or will ye gang wi me?  
Will ye gang to the high heavens,  
Wi my dear son and me?'
- 8 'I winna gang to my men again,  
For they would be feared at mee;  
But I woud gang to the high heavens,  
Wi thy dear son and thee.'
- 9 'It's for nae honour ye did to me, Brown  
Robyn,  
It's for nae guid ye did to mee;  
But a' is for your fair confession  
You've made upon the sea.'

58

## SIR PATRICK SPENS

This ballad is one of many which were first made known to the world through Percy's *Reliques*. Percy's version remains, poetically, the best. It may be a fragment, but the imagination easily supplies all that may be wanting.

The versions fall into two classes. Of the copies here printed, A and B belong to the first group; G belongs to the second, which is distinguished by additional circumstances. Thus in the second group the destination of the ship is Norway; the object of the voyage (not told in G) is to bring home the king of Norway's daughter (or the Scottish king's daughter), or to take out the Scottish king's daughter to Norway, where she is to be queen.

The ballad may or may not be historical. Motherwell has suggested a sufficiently plausible foundation. Margaret, daughter of Alexander III, was married, in 1281, to Eric, King of Norway. She was conducted to her husband, "brought home," in August of that year, by many knights and nobles. Many of these were drowned on the return voyage. Margaret died in 1283, leaving a newly-born daughter, to whom the crown of Scotland fell in 1286. A match was proposed between the infant Margaret, called the Maid of Norway, and the eldest son of Edward I of England. A deputation was sent to Norway in 1290 to bring the princess over, but she died on the voyage. According to one (untrustworthy) account she perished, apparently in a storm, on the coasts of Bogan (Buchan?). No such name as Patrick Spens is historically connected with any of these occurrences; but the ballad might be substantially historical though the command of the ship were invariably given (as it is in one version) to Sir Andrew Wood, a distinguished admiral, who was born a couple of centuries after the supposed event, and it might be substantially historical though we could prove that Patrick Spens was only a ship-master, of purely local fame, who was lost off Aberdeen a couple of hundred years ago. The question cannot be decided, and is of slight importance.

## A

a. 'Sir Patrick Spence,' Percy's *Reliques*, 1765, I, 71: "given from two MS. copies, transmitted from Scotland." b. 'Sir Andrew Wood,' Herd's *Scots Songs*, 1769, p. 243.

- 1 THE king sits in Dumferling toune,  
Drinking the blude-reid wine:  
'O whar will I get guid sailor,  
To sail this schip of mine?'
- 2 Up and spak an eldern knight,  
Sat at the kings richt kne:  
'Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor  
That sails upon the se.'
- 3 The king has written a braid letter,  
And signd it wi his hand,

And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,  
Was walking on the sand.

4 The first line that Sir Patrick red,  
A loud lauch lauched he;  
The next line that Sir Patrick red,  
The teir blinded his ee.

5 'O wha is this has don this deid,  
This ill deid don to me,  
To send me out this time o' the yeir,  
To sail upon the se!

6 'Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,  
Our guid schip sails the morne:'  
'O say na sae, my master deir,  
For I feir a deadlie storme.

7 'Late late yestreen I saw the new moone,  
Wi the auld moone in hir arme,  
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,  
That we will cum to harme.'

8 O our Scots nobles wer richt laith  
To weet their cork-heild schoone;  
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,  
Thair hats they swam aboone.

9 O lang, lang may their ladies sit,  
Wi thair fans into their hand,  
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence  
Cum sailing to the land.

10 O lang, lang may the ladies stand,  
Wi thair gold kems in their hair,  
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,  
For they'll se thame na mair.

11 Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour,  
It's fittie fadom deip,  
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,  
Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

# B

'Sir Patrick Spence,' Herd's MSS., II, 27,  
1, 49.

1 THE king he sits in Dumferling,  
Drinking the blude reid wine: O  
'O where will I get a gude sailor,  
That'll sail the ships o mine?' O

2 Up then started a yallow-haird man,  
Just be the kings right knee:

'Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor  
That ever saild the see.'

3 Then the king he wrote a lang letter,  
And seald it with his hand,  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,  
That was lyand at Leith Sands.

4 When Patrick lookd the letter on,  
He gae loud laughters three;  
But afore he wan to the end of it  
The teir blindit his ee.

5 'O wha is this has tald the king,  
Has tald the king o me?  
Gif I but wist the man it war,  
Hanged should he be.

6 'Come eat and drink, my merry men al  
For our ships maun sail the morn;  
Bla'd wind, bla'd weet, bla'd sna or slee  
Our ships maun sail the morn.'

7 'Alake and alas now, good master,  
For I fear a deidly storm;  
For I saw the new moon late yestreen  
And the auld moon in her arms.'

8 They had not saild upon the sea  
A league but merely three,  
When ugly, ugly were the jaws  
That rowd unto their knee.

9 They had not saild upon the sea  
A league but merely nine,  
When wind and weit and snaw and sle  
Came blawing them behind.

10 'Then where will I get a pretty boy  
Will take my steer in hand,  
Till I go up to my tap-mast,  
And see gif I see dry land?'

11 'Here am I, a pretty boy  
That'll take your steer in hand,  
Till you go up to your tap-mast,  
And see an you see the land.'

12 Laith, laith were our Scottish lords  
To weit their coal-black shoon;  
But yet ere a' the play was playd,  
They wat their hats aboon.

13 Laith, laith war our Scottish lords  
To weit their coal-black hair;

But yet ere a' the play was playd,  
They wat it every hair.

14 The water at St Johnston's wall  
Was fifty fathom deep,  
And there ly a' our Scottis lords,  
Sir Patrick at their feet.

15 Lang, lang may our ladies wait  
Wi the tear blinding their ee,  
Afore they see Sir Patrick's ships  
Come sailing oer the sea.

16 Lang, lang may our ladies wait,  
Wi their babies in their hands,  
Afore they see Sir Patrick Spence  
Come sailing to Leith Sands.

## G

'Sir Patrick Spence,' Jamieson's Popular  
Ballads, I, 157, communicated by Scott.

1 THE king sits in Dunfermlin town,  
Sae merrily drinkin the wine:  
'Whare will I get a mariner,  
Will sail this ship o mine ?'

2 Then up bespak a bonny boy,  
Sat just at the king's knee:  
'Sir Patrick Spence is the best seaman,  
That eer set foot on sea.'

3 The king has written a braid letter,  
Seald it wi his ain hand;  
He has sent word to Sir Patrick,  
To come at his command.

4 'O wha is this, or wha is that,  
Has tald the king o me ?'  
For I was never a good seaman,  
Nor ever intend to be.'

5 They mounted sail on Munenday morn,  
Wi a' the haste they may,  
And they hae landed in Norraway,  
Upon the Wednesday.

6 They hadna been a month, a month  
In Norraway but three,  
Till lads o Norraway began to say,  
Ye spend a' our white monie.

7 'Ye spend a' our good kingis goud,  
But and our queenis fee:'

'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud,  
Sae weel's I hear you lie.

8 'For I brought as much white money  
As will gain my men and me;  
I brought half a fou o good red goud  
Out oer the sea with me.

9 'Be 't wind or weet, be 't snaw or  
sleet,  
Our ships maun sail the morn: '  
'O ever alack ! my master dear,  
I fear a deadly storm.

10 'I saw the new moon late yestreen,  
Wi the auld moon in her arm;  
And if we gang to sea, master,  
I fear we'll suffer harm.'

11 They hadna sailed a league on sea,  
A league but barely ane,  
Till anchors brak, and tap-masts lap;  
There came a deadly storm.

12 'Whare will I get a bonny boy  
Will tak thir sails in hand,  
That will gang up to the tap-mast,  
See an he ken dry land ?'

13 Laith, laith were our good Scots lords  
To weet their leathern shoon;  
But or the morn at fair day-light,  
Their hats were wat aboon.

14 Mony was the feather bed,  
That flotterd on the faem,  
And mony was the good Scots lord  
Gaed awa that neer cam hame,  
And mony was the fatherless bairn  
That lay at hame greetin.

15 It's forty miles to Aberdeen,  
And fifty fathoms deep;  
And there lyes a' our good Scots lords,  
Wi Sir Patrick at their feet.

16 The ladies crackt their fingers white,  
The maidens tore their hair,  
A' for the sake o their true loves,  
For them they neer saw mair.

17 Lang, lang may our ladies stand,  
Wi their fans in their hand,  
Ere they see Sir Patrick and his men  
Come sailing to the land.



## 59

## SIR ALDINGAR

This ballad, one of the most important of all that the Percy manuscript has saved from oblivion, was first given to the world in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (II, 48, ed. 1765; II, 49, ed. 1767), with conjectural emendations by the editor, and the insertion of some stanzas to complete the story. A second version (B), very much humbled in diction, and otherwise corrupted, but of indubitable antiquity, as Scott remarks, was published in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* in 1803. Tales of the same general description as this ballad are extremely often to be met with in ballad, romance, chronicle, or saga; nor is the number small of those which have the special traits that the accusation is made by a trusted officer of the husband, who has attempted to seduce the lady, and has failed, and that the wife is cleared by a judgment of God. Our ballad belongs with a very distinct Scandinavian variety of these last, but has adopted one characteristic trait from another source. The Scandinavian ballad in question is 'Ravengaard og Memering,' (Grundtvig, No. 13), of which there are versions from Denmark, Iceland, and the Färöes, as well as a Norwegian prose redaction.

A story essentially the same as that of the English and Scandinavian ballads is told by William of Malmesbury (*De Gestis Regum Anglorum*, ii, 12), of Gunhild, daughter of Cnut the Great and Emma, who was married in 1036 to King Henry, afterwards the Emperor Henry III. William was apparently following ballad authority. Gunhild never had any trouble with her husband. The story was probably transferred to her from St Cunigund, the consort of the Emperor St Henry II, in whose legendary history there is a passage essentially similar. A still earlier instance is that of Gundeberg, wife of the Lombard king Ariold (about 630 A. D.).

The incident of the leper, which does not occur in 'Ravengaard og Memering,' links the English ballad with the story of Oliva, or Sibilla, in the Charlemagne cycle (see the *Karlamagnus Saga*, Unger, p. 51; the old French *chanson de geste* of Doon l'Aleman, etc.). Compare also the Middle English romances *Sir Triamour* and *The Erl of Tolous* (the latter professedly a "lay of Britain"), and the old French romance of *Joufrois*.

## A

'Sir Aldingar,' Percy MS., p. 38; Hales and Furnivall, I, 106.

- 1 OUR king he kept a ffalse steward,  
Men called him Sir Aldingar.  
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- 2 He wold haue layen by our comely  
queene,  
Her deere worshipp to haue betraide  
Our queene shee was a good woman,  
And euer more said him nay.
- 3 Aldingar was offended in his mind,  
With her hee was neuer content,  
But he sought what meanes he cold find  
out,  
In a fyer to haue her brent.
- 4 There came a lame lazer to the kings  
gates,  
A lazer was blind and lame;  
He tooke the lazer ypon his backe,  
Vpon the queenes bed he did him lay.
- 5 He said, Lye still, lazer, wheras thou  
lyest;  
Looke thou goe not away;  
Ile make thee a whole man and a sound  
In two howres of a day.
- 6 And then went forth Sir Aldingar,  
Our queene for to betray,  
And then he mett with our comlye king,  
Saies, God you saue and see !
- 7 'If I had space, as I haue grace,  
A message I wold say to thee.'  
'Say on, say on, Sir Aldingar,  
Say thou on and vnto me.'
- 8 'I can let you now see one of [the]  
greiuos[est] sights  
That euer Christen king did see;  
Our queene hath chosen a new, new  
loue,  
She will haue none of thee.
- 9 'If shee had chosen a right good knight,  
The lesse had beene her shame;  
But she hath chosen a lazer man,  
Which is both blinde and lame.'
- 10 'If this be true, thou Aldingar,  
That thou dost tell to me,  
Then will I make thee a rich knight  
Both of gold and fee.

- 11 'But if it be false, Sir Aldingar,  
That thou doest tell to me,  
Then looke for noe other death  
But to be hangd on a tree.  
Goe with me,' saide our comly king,  
'This lazarus for to see.'
- 12 When the king he came into the queenes  
chamber,  
Standing her bed befor,  
'There is a lodly lome,' says Harry  
King,  
'For our dame Queene Elinor !
- 13 'If thou were a man, as thou art none,  
Here thou sholdest be slaine;  
But a paire of new gallows shall be built,  
Thoust hang on them soe hye.
- 14 'And [a] fayre fyer there shalbe bett,  
And brent our queene shalbee :'  
Fforth then walked our comlye king,  
And mett with our comly queene.
- 15 Saies, God you saue, our queene, Madam,  
And Christ you saue and see !  
Heere you [haue] chosen a new, new  
loue,  
And you will haue none of mee.
- 16 'If you had chosen a right good knight,  
The lesse had beene your shame;  
But you haue chosen a lazarus man,  
That is both blind and lame.'
- 17 'Euer alacke !' said our comly queene,  
'Sir Aldingar is false to mee;  
But euer alacke !' said our comly queene,  
'Euer alas, and woe is mee !
- 18 'I had thought sweuens had neuer been  
true;  
I haue prooued them true at the last;  
I dreamed in my sweauen on Thursday  
at eueninge,  
In my bed wheras I lay,
- 19 'I dreamed a grype and a grimlie beast  
Had carryed my crowne away,  
My gorgett and my kirtle of golde,  
And all my faire heade-geere.
- 20 'How he wold haue worryed me with his  
tush,  
And borne me into his nest,

- Saving there came a little hawk,  
Flying out of the east.
- 21 'Saving there came a little hawke,  
Which men call a merlion;  
Vntill the ground he stroke him downe,  
That dead he did fall downe.
- 22 'Giffe I were a man, as I am none,  
A battell I would proue;  
I wold fight with that false traitor;  
Att him I cast my gloue !
- 23 'Seing I am able noe battell to make,  
You must grant me, my leege, a  
knight,  
To fight with that traitor, Sir Aldingar,  
To maintaine me in my right.'
- 24 'I'le giue thee forty dayes,' said our  
king,  
'To seeke thee a man therin;  
If thou find not a man in forty dayes,  
In a hott fyer thou shall brenn.'
- 25 Our queene sent forth a messenger;  
He rode fast into the south;  
He rode the countryes through and  
through,  
Soe ffar vnto Portsmouth.
- 26 . . . . .  
He cold find never a man in the south  
country  
That wold fight with the knight soe  
keene.
- 27 The second messenger the queen forth  
sent  
Rode far into the east;  
But, blessed be God made sunn and  
moone !  
He sped then all of the best.
- 28 As he rode then by one riuer side,  
There he mett with a little child;  
He seemed noe more in a mans likeness  
Then a child of four yeeres old.
- 29 He askt the queenes messenger how far  
he rode;  
Loth he was him to tell;  
The little one was offended att him,  
Bid him adew, farwell.

- 30 Said, Turne thou againe, thou messenger,  
Greete our queene well from me;  
When bale is att hiest, boote is att next;  
Helpe enough there may bee.
- 31 'Bid our queene remember what she did dreame  
In her bedd wheras shee lay;  
Shee dreamed the grype and the grimly beast  
Had carryed her crowne away;
- 32 'Her gorgett and her kirtle of gold,  
Alsoe her faire head-geere;  
He wold haue werryed her with his tushe,  
And borne her into his nest.
- 33 'Saving there came a little hawke,  
Men call him a merlyon;  
Vntill the ground he did strike him downe,  
*That dead he did ffall downe.*
- 34 'Bidd the queene be merry att her hart,  
Euermore light and glad;  
When bale is att hiest, boote is att next,  
Helpe enoughe there shalbe.'
- 35 Then the queenes messenger rode backe,  
A gladed man then was hee;  
When he came before our queene,  
A gladd woman then was shee.
- 36 Shee gaue the messenger twenty pound,  
O lord, in gold and ffee;  
Saies, Spend and spare not while this doth last,  
Then feitch thou more of me.
- 37 Our queene was put in a tunne to burne,  
She thought no thing but death;  
Thé were ware of the little one  
Came ryding forth of the east.
- 38 With a mu . . . . .  
A louelie child was hee;  
When he came to that fier,  
He light the queene full nigh.
- 39 Said, Draw away these brands of fire  
Lie burning before our queene,  
And feitch me hither Sir Aldingar,  
*That is a knight soe keene.*
- 40 When Aldingar see *that* little one,  
Ffull litle of him hee thought;  
If there had beene halfe a hundred such,  
Of them he wold not haue wrought.
- 41 Hee sayd, Come hither, Sir Aldingar;  
Thou seemust as bigge as a ffooder;  
I trust to God, ere I haue done with thee,  
God will send to vs [an] auger.
- 42 Saies, The first stroke that's giuen, Sir Aldingar,  
I will giue vnto thee,  
And if the second giue thou may,  
Looke then thou spare not mee.
- 43 The litle one pulld forth a well good sword,  
I-wis itt was all of guilt;  
It cast light there over *that* feild,  
It shone soe all of guilt.
- 44 He stroke the first stroke att Aldingar,  
He stroke away his leggs by his knee;  
. . . . .
- 45 Sayes, Stand vp, stand vp, thou false traitor,  
And fight vpon thy feete;  
For and thou thrine as thou begins,  
Of a height wee shalbe meete.
- 46 'A preist, a preist,' sayes Aldingar,  
'Me for to houzle and shrine!  
A preist, a preist,' sayes Aldingar,  
'While I am a man liuing a-liue!
- 47 'I wold haue laine by our comlie queene;  
To it shee wold neuer consent;  
I thought to haue betrayd her to our king,  
In a fyer to haue had her brent.
- 48 'There came a lame lazar to the kings gates,  
A lazar both blind and lame;  
I tooke the lazar vpon my backe,  
In the Queenes bed I did him lay.
- 49 'I bad him, Lie still, lazar, where he lay,  
Looke he went not away;  
I wold make him a whole man and a sound  
In two houres of a day.

- 50 . . . . .  
 'Euer alacke !' sayes Sir Aldingar,  
 'Falsing neuer doth well;
- 51 'Forgiue, forgiue me, queene, Madam !  
 For Christs loue forgiue me !'  
 'God forgaue his death, Aldingar,  
 And freely I forgiue thee.'
- 52 'Now take thy wife, thou King Harry,  
 And loue her as thou shold;  
 Thy wiffe shee is as true to thee  
 As stone *that* lies on the castle  
 wall.'
- 53 The lazar vnder the gallow tree  
 Was a pretty man and small;  
 The lazar vnder the gallow tree  
 Was made steward in King Henerys  
 hall.

## B

'Sir Hugh le Blond,' Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, III, 51, 1803. Communicated to Scott by K. Williamson Burnet, of Monboddie, as written down from the recitation of an old woman, long in the service of the Arbuthnot family.

- 1 THE birds sang sweet as ony bell,  
 The world had not their make;  
 The queen she's gone to her chamber,  
 With Rodingham to talk.
- 2 'I love you well, my queen, my dame,  
 Bove land and rents so clear,  
 And for the love of you, my queen,  
 Would thole pain most severe.'
- 3 'If well you love me, Rodingham,  
 I'm sure so do I thee;  
 I love you well as any man,  
 Save the king's fair bodye.'
- 4 'I love you well, my queen, my dame,  
 'Tis truth that I do tell;  
 And for to lye a night with you,  
 The salt seas I would sail.'
- 5 'Away, away, O Rodingham !  
 You are both stark and stoor;  
 Would you defile the king's own bed,  
 And make his queen a whore ?

- 6 'To-morrow you 'd be taken sure,  
 And like a traitor slain,  
 And I 'd be burned at a stake,  
 Altho I be the queen.'
- 7 He then steppd out at her room-door,  
 All in an angry mood,  
 Until he met a leper-man,  
 Just by the hard way-side.
- 8 He intoxicate the leper-man,  
 With liquors very sweet,  
 And gave him more and more to drink,  
 Until he fell asleep.
- 9 He took him in his arms two,  
 And carried him along,  
 Till he came to the queen's own bed,  
 And there he laid him down.
- 10 He then steppd out of the queen's  
 bower,  
 As swift as any roe,  
 Till he came to the very place  
 Where the king himself did go.
- 11 The king said unto Rodingham,  
 What news have you to me ?  
 He said, Your queen's a false woman,  
 As I did plainly see.
- 12 He hastend to the queen's chamber,  
 So costly and so fine,  
 Until he came to the queen's own bed,  
 Where the leper-man was lain.
- 13 He looked on the leper-man,  
 Who lay on his queen's bed;  
 He lifted up the snaw-white sheets,  
 And thus he to him said.
- 14 'Plooky, plooky are your cheeks,  
 And plooky is your chin,  
 And plooky are your armis twa,  
 My bonny queen's layne in.
- 15 'Since she has lain into your arms,  
 She shall not lye in mine;  
 Since she has kissd your ugsome mouth,  
 She never shall kiss mine.'
- 16 In anger he went to the queen,  
 Who fell upon her knee;  
 He said, You false, unchaste woman,  
 What's this you've done to me ?

- 17 The queen then turn'd herself about,  
The tear blinded her ee:  
'There's not a knight in a' your court  
Dare give that name to me.'
- 18 He said, 'Tis true that I do say;  
For I a proof did make;  
You shall be taken from my bower,  
And burned at a stake.
- 19 'Perhaps I'll take my word again,  
And may repent the same,  
If that you'll get a Christian man  
To fight that Rodingham.'
- 20 'Alas! alas!' then cried our queen,  
'Alas, and woe to me!  
There's not a man in all Scotland  
Will fight with him for me.'
- 21 She breathed unto her messengers,  
Sent them south, east, and west;  
They could find none to fight with  
him,  
Nor enter the contest.
- 22 She breathed on her messengers,  
She sent them to the north;  
And there they found Sir Hugh le  
Blond,  
To fight him he came forth.
- 23 When unto him they did unfold  
The circumstance all right,  
He bade them go and tell the queen  
That for her he would fight.
- 24 The day came on that was to do  
That dreadful tragedy;  
Sir Hugh le Blond was not come up,  
To fight for our lady.
- 25 'Put on the fire,' the monster said,  
'It is twelve on the bell;'  
'Tis scarcely ten, now,' said the  
king,  
'I heard the clock mysell.'
- 26 Before the hour the queen is brought,  
The burning to proceed;  
In a black velvet chair she's set,  
A token for the dead.
- 27 She saw the flames ascending high,  
The tears blinded her ee:

- 'Where is the worthy knight,' she said,  
'Who is to fight for me?'
- 28 Then up and spak the king himsell:  
'My dearest, have no doubt,  
For yonder comes the man himsel,  
As bold as eer set out.'
- 29 They then advanced to fight the duel,  
With swords of temperd steel;  
Till down the blood of Rodingham  
Came running to his heel.
- 30 Sir Hugh took out a lusty sword,  
'T was of the metal clear,  
And he has pierced Rodingham  
Till 's heart-blood did appear.
- 31 'Confess your treachery, now,' he said,  
'This day before you die;'  
'I do confess my treachery,  
I shall no longer lye.
- 32 'I like to wicked Haman am,  
This day I shall be slain:'  
The queen was brought to her chamber,  
A good woman again.
- 33 The queen then said unto the king,  
Arbattle's near the sea;  
Give it unto the northern knight,  
That this day fought for me.
- 34 Then said the king, Come here, Sir  
Knight,  
And drink a glass of wine,  
And, if Arbattle's not enough,  
To it we'll Fordoun join.
- C
- 'Sir Hugh le Blond,' Dr. Joseph Robertson's  
Note-Book, January 1, 1830, p. 6.
- 1 THEY've putten her into prison strang,  
A twalmon lang and mair,  
Until the mice and wild rottens  
Did tear her yallow hair.
- \* \* \* \*
- 2 'One shake o your han,' said Rodingham,  
'One shak o your han gie me;'  
'I cam na here for shaking hans,  
But to fight maist desperatelie.'



- 3 'It's nae ten strucken on the clock,  
Nor eleven on the bell.'  
'We'll doe ill deeds anew ere night,  
Tho it were strucken twall.'

60

## KING ESTMERE

'King Estmere' occurred at page 249 of Percy's folio manuscript, but the three leaves on which it was written were "unfortunately torn out" by Percy to send to the press, and the genuine form of the ballad was thereby put beyond recovery.

We are told by Percy in a note to stanza 63, that though liberties have been taken with that portion of the ballad which follows, yet wherever the fourth edition differs from the preceding ones it has been brought nearer to the folio. Some notes of readings of the folio are also furnished in the fourth edition (and are here restored) which were not given in the others. While we cannot but be vexed that so distinguished a ballad, not injured much, so far as we can see, by time, should not come down to us as it came to Percy, our loss must not be exaggerated. The changes made by the editor, numerous enough, no doubt, cannot be very material until we approach the end. Stanzas 63-66 are entirely suspicious.

'King Estmere' resembles in a general way a series of German poems in which a young king (or his guardians) is nice about a wife, and the princess proposed to him is won only with great difficulty: Ornit, Hugdietrich, Oswald, Orendel, Dietwart (in Dietrichs Flucht). The names of Adler and Estmere appear again in a short romance in the Percy manuscript (Hales and Furnivall, II, 296), in which the story is that of Hugdietrich in the Heldenbuch.

a. Percy's Reliques, ed. of 1794, I, 64. b. Edition of 1765, I, 58.

- 1 HEARKEN to me, gentlemen,  
Come and you shall heare;  
He tell you of two of the boldest brether  
That ever borne were.
- 2 The tone of them was Adler Younge,  
The tother was Kyng Estmere;  
The were as bolde men in their deeds  
As any were, farr and neare.
- 3 As they were drinking ale and wine  
Within his brother's hall,

'When will ye marry a wyfe, brother,  
A wyfe to glad us all?'

- 4 Then bespake him Kyng Estmere,  
And answered him hartilye:  
'I know not that ladye in any land,  
That's able to marrye with mee.'
- 5 'Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother,  
Men call her bright and sheene;  
If I were kyng here in your stead,  
That ladye shold be my queene.'
- 6 Saies, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,  
Throughout merry England,  
Where we might find a messenger  
Betwixt us towe to sende.
- 7 Saies, You shal ryde yourselfe, brother,  
He beare you companie;  
Many a man throughie fals messengers  
is deceived,  
And I feare lest soe shold wee.
- 8 Thus the renisht them to ryde,  
Of twoe good renisht steeds,  
And when the came to King Adlands  
halle,  
Of redd gold shone their weeds.
- 9 And when the came to Kyng Adlands  
hall,  
Before the goodlye gate,  
There they found good Kyng Adland  
Rearing himselfe theratt.
- 10 'Now Christ thee save, good Kyng  
Adland;  
Now Christ you save and see:'  
Sayd, You be welcome, King Estmere,  
Right hartilye to mee.
- 11 'You have a daughter,' said Adler  
Younge,  
'Men call her bright and sheene;  
My brother wold marrye her to his  
wife,  
Of Englande to be queene.'
- 12 'Yesterday was att my deere daughter  
The king his sonne of Spayn,  
And then she nicked him of naye,  
And I doubt sheele do you the same.'

- 13 'The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim,  
And 'leeveth on Mahound,  
And pitye it were that fayre ladye  
Shold marry a heathen hound.'
- 14 'But grant to me,' sayes Kyng Estmere,  
'For my love I you praye,  
That I may see your daughter deere  
Before I goe hence awaye.'
- 15 'Although itt is seven yeers and more  
Since my daughter was in halle,  
She shall come once downe for your  
sake,  
To glad my guestes alle.'
- 16 Downe then came that mayden fayre,  
With ladyes laced in pall,  
And halfe a hundred of bold knightes,  
To bring her [from] bowre to hall,  
And as many gentle squiers,  
To tend upon them all.
- 17 The talents of golde were on her head  
sette  
Hanged low downe to her knee,  
And everye ring on her small finger  
Shone of the chrystall free.
- 18 Saies, God you save, my deere madam,  
Saies, God you save and see:  
Said, You be welcome, Kyng Estmere,  
Right welcome unto mee.
- 19 'And, if you love me, as you saye,  
Soe well and hartilee,  
All that ever you are comen about  
Soone sped now itt shal bee.'
- 20 Then bespake her father deare:  
My daughter, I saye naye;  
Remember well the kyng of Spayne,  
What he sayd yesterdaye.
- 21 'He wold pull downe my halles and  
castles,  
And reave me of my lyfe;  
I cannot blame him if he doe,  
If I reave him of his wyfe.
- 22 'Your castles and your towres, father,  
Are stronglye built aboute,  
And therefore of the king his sonne of  
Spaine  
Wee neede not stande in doubt.
- 23 'Plight me your troth, now, Kyng  
Estmere,  
By heaven and your righte hand,  
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,  
And make me queene of your land.'
- 24 Then Kyng Estmere he plight his  
troth,  
By heaven and his righte hand,  
That he wolde marrye her to his wyfe,  
And make her queene of his land.
- 25 And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,  
To goe to his owne countree,  
To fetche him dukes and lordes and  
knightes,  
That marryed the might bee.
- 26 They had not ridden scant a myle,  
A myle forth of the towne,  
But in did come the kyng of Spayne,  
With kempes many one.
- 27 But in did come the kyng of Spayne,  
With manye a bold barone,  
Tone day to marrye Kyng Adlands  
daughter,  
Tother daye to carrye her home.
- 28 Shee sent one after Kyng Estmere,  
In all the spede might bee,  
That he must either turne againe and  
fichte,  
Or goe home and loose his ladye.
- 29 One whyle then the page he went,  
Another while he ranne;  
Till he had oretaken King Estmere,  
I-wis he never blanne.
- 30 'Tydings, tydings, Kyng Estmere !'  
'What tydings now, my boye ?'  
'O tydinges I can tell to you,  
That will you sore annoye.
- 31 'You had not ridden scant a mile,  
A mile out of the towne,  
But in did come the kyng of Spayne,  
With kempes many a one.
- 32 'But in did come the kyng of Spayne,  
With manye a bold barone,  
Tone daye to marrye King Adlands  
daughter,  
Tother daye to carry her home.

33 'My ladye fayre she greetes you well,  
And ever-more well by mee;  
You must either turne againe and fighte,  
Or goe home and loose your ladye.'

34 Saies, Reade me, reade me, deere brother,  
My reade shall ryse at thee,  
Whether it is better to turne and fighte,  
Or goe home and loose my ladye.

35 'Now hearken to me,' sayes Adler Yonge,  
'And your reade must rise at me;  
I quicklye will devise a waye  
To sette thy ladye free.

36 'My mother was a westernne woman,  
And learned in gramarye,  
And when I learned at the schole,  
Something shee taught itt mee.

37 'There growes an hearbe within this field,  
And iff it were but knowne,  
His color, which is whyte and redd,  
It will make blacke and browne.

38 'His color, which is browne and blacke,  
Itt will make redd and whyte;  
That sworde is not in all Englande  
Upon his coate will byte.

39 'And you shal be a harper, brother,  
Out of the north countrye,  
And Ile be your boy, soe faine of fighte,  
And beare your harpe by your knee.

40 'And you shal be the best harper  
That ever tooke harpe in hand,  
And I wil be the best singer  
That ever sung in this lande.

41 'Itt shal be written in our foreheads,  
All and in grammarye,  
That we towe are the boldest men  
That are in all Christentye.'

42 And thus they renisht them to ryde,  
Of tow good renisht steedes,  
And when they came to King Adlands  
hall,  
Of redd gold shone their weedes.

43 And whan the came to Kyng Adlands  
hall  
Untill the fayre hall-yate,

There they found a proud porter,  
Rearing himselfe thereatt.

44 Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud por-  
ter,  
Sayes, Christ thee save and see:  
'Nowe you be welcome,' sayd the porter,  
'Of what land soever ye bee.'

45 'Wee beene harpers,' sayd Adler Younge,  
'Come out of the northe countrye;  
Wee beene come hither untill this place  
This proud weddinge for to see.'

46 Sayd, And your color were white and  
redd,  
As it is blacke and browne,  
I wold saye King Estmere and his brother  
Were comen untill this towne.

47 Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,  
Layd itt on the porters arme:  
'And ever we will thee, proud porter,  
Thow wilt saye us no harme.'

48 Sore he looked on Kyng Estmere,  
And sore he handled the ryng,  
Then opened to them the fayre hall-yates,  
He lett for no kind of thyng.

49 Kyng Estmere he stabled his steede  
Soe fayre att the hall-bord;  
The froth that came from his brydle  
bitte  
Light in Kyng Bremors beard.

50 Saies, Stable thy steed, thou proud  
harper,  
Saies, Stable him in the stalle;  
It doth not beseeme a proud harper  
To stable his steed in a kyngs halle.

51 'My ladde he is so lither,' he said,  
'He will doe nought that's meete;  
And is there any man in this hall  
Were able him to beate?'

52 'Thou speakst proud words,' sayes the  
king of Spaine,  
'Thou harper, here to mee;  
There is a man within this halle  
Will beate thy ladd and thee.

53 'O let that man come downe,' he said,  
'A sight of him wold I see;

And when hee hath beaten well my ladd,  
Then he shall beate of mee.'

54 Downe then came the kemperye man,  
And looked him in the eare;  
For all the gold that was under hea-  
ven,  
He durst not neigh him neare.

55 'And how nowe, kempe,' said the kyng  
of Spaine,  
'And how, what aileth thee?'  
He saies, It is writt in his forehead,  
All and in gramarye,  
That for all the gold that is under  
heaven,  
I dare not neigh him nye.

56 Then Kyng Estmere pulld forth his  
harpe,  
And plaid a pretty thinge;  
The ladye upstart from the borde,  
And wold have gone from the king.

57 'Stay thy harpe, thou proud harper,  
For Gods love I pray thee;  
For and thou playes as thou beginns,  
Thou 'lt till my bryde from mee.'

58 He stroake upon his harpe againe,  
And playd a pretty thinge;  
The ladye lough a loud laughter,  
As shee sate by the king.

59 Saies, Sell me thy harpe, thou proud  
harper,  
And thy stringes all;  
For as many gold nobles thou shalt have,  
As heere bee rings in the hall.

60 'What wold ye doe with my harpe,' he  
sayd,  
'If I did sell itt yee?'  
'To playe my wiffe and me a fitt,  
When abed together wee bee.'

61 'Now sell me,' quoth hee, 'thy bryde  
soe gay,  
As shee sits by thy knee;  
And as many gold nobles I will give  
As leaves been on a tree.'

62 'And what wold ye doe with my bryde  
soe gay,  
Iff I did sell her thee?

More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye  
To lye by mee then thee.'

63 Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,  
And Adler he did syng,  
'O ladye, this is thy owne true love,  
Noe harper, but a kyng.

64 'O ladye, this is thy owne true love,  
As playulye thou mayest see,  
And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim  
Who partes thy love and thee.'

65 The ladye looked, the ladye blushte,  
And blushte and lookt agayne,  
While Adler he hath drawne his brande,  
And hath the sowdan slayne.

66 Up then rose the kemperye men,  
And loud they gan to crye:  
'Ah! traytors, yee have slayne our  
kyng,  
And therefore yee shall dye.'

67 Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,  
And swith he drew his brand,  
And Estmere he and Adler Yonge  
Right stiffe in stour can stand.

68 And aye their swordes soe sore can byte,  
Throughe help of gramarye,  
That soone they have slayne the kem-  
perye men,  
Or forst them forth to flee.

69 Kyng Estmere tooke that fayre ladye,  
And married her to his wiffe,  
And brought her home to merry Eng-  
land,  
With her to lead his life.

61

## SIR CAWLIN

The copy of this ballad in the Percy manu-  
script, the only one known to exist, shows very  
great carelessness on the part of the tran-  
scriber, or of some predecessor. It begins  
with two stanzas, which manifestly belong to  
an historical ballad, and have only a verbal  
connection with what follows. There is a  
large omission after the 125th verse (the 28th  
stanza as here printed), though the writing is  
continuous. There are also several difficult or

unintelligible passages, even more than are usually met with in this manuscript. As published in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, 'Sir Cawline' is extended to nearly twice the amount of what is found in the manuscript, and a tragical turn is forced upon the story.

'Sir Cawline' may possibly be formed upon a romance in stanzas which itself was composed from earlier ballads. The first adventure resembles one in the romance of Eger, Grime and Gray-Steel. Gervase of Tilbury has a story of an ancient entrenchment in the bishopric of Ely, where anybody could have a passage at arms with an unearthly warrior, by moonlight only, by simply calling out, "Come, knight, and meet knight." Scott has introduced a spectral combat of this sort into his *Marmion*, Canto iii, sts. 23-25. Cf. also the Old French *Lai de l'Espine*, wrongly ascribed to Marie de France. There is a close resemblance between 'Sir Cawline' and the story of Sir Eglamour (*Thornton Romances*, p. 121; Percy MS., Hales and Furnivall, II, 341).

Percy MS., p. 368; Hales and Furnivall, III, 3.

\* \* \* \* \*

1 AND in *that* land dwells a king  
Which does beare the bell ouer all,  
And with him there dwelled a curteous  
knight,  
Sir Cawline men him call.

2 And he hath a ladye to his daughter,  
Of ffashyon shee hath noe peere;  
*Knights* and lordes they wooed her both,  
Trusted to haue beene her feere.

3 Sir Cawline loues her best of onë,  
But nothing durst hee say  
To discreene his counsell to noe man,  
But deerlye loued this may.

4 Till itt beffell vpon a day,  
Great dill to him was dight;  
The maydens loue remoued his mind,  
To care-bed went the knight.

5 And one while he spread his armes him  
ffroe,  
And cryed soe pittiouslye:  
'Ffor the maydens loue *that* I haue  
most minde  
This day may comfort mee,

Or else ere noone I shalbe dead '  
Thus can Sir Cawline say.

6 When our parish masse *that* itt was  
done,  
And our king was bowne to dine,  
He sayes, Where is Sir Cawline,  
*That* was wont to serue me with ale  
and wine ?

7 But then answered a curteous knight,  
Ffast his hands wringing:  
'Sir Cawline's sicke, and like to be dead  
Without and a good leedginge.'

8 'Ffeitch yee downe my daughter deere,  
Shee is a leeche ffull ffine;  
I, and take you doe and the baken  
bread,  
And drinke he on the wine soe red,  
And looke no daynti is ffor him to deare,  
For ffull loth I wold him tine.'

9 This ladye is gone to his chamber,  
Her maydens ffollowing nye;  
'O well,' shee sayth, 'how doth my  
lord ?'  
'O sicke !' againe saith hee.

10 'I, but rise vp wightlye, man, for  
shame !  
Neuer lye here soe cowardlye !  
Itt is told in my ffathers hall,  
Ffor my loue you will dye.'

11 'Itt is ffor your loue, ffayre ladye,  
*That* all this dill I drye;  
Ffor if you wold comfort me with a kisse,  
Then were I brought ffrom bale to blisse,  
Noe longer here wold I lye.'

12 'Alas ! soe well you know, Sir knight,'  
. . . . .

. . . . .

13 . . . . .  
I cannott bee your peere:  
'Ffor some deeds of armes ffaine wold  
I doe,  
To be your bacheeleere.'

14 'Vpon Eldrige Hill there growes a  
thorne,  
Vpon the mores brodinge;



And wold you, sir knight, wake there  
all night  
To day of the other morninge ?

15 ' Ffor the eldrige king, *that* is mickle of  
might,  
Will examine you beforne;  
And there was neuer man *that* bare his  
liffe away  
Since the day *that* I was borne.'

16 'But I will ffor your sake, ffaire ladye,  
Walke on the bents [soe] browne,  
And Ile either bring you a readye token,  
Or Ile neuer come to you againe.'

17 But this ladye is gone to her chamber,  
Her maydens ffollowing bright,  
And Sir Cawlin's gone to the mores soe  
broad,  
Ffor to wake there all night.

18 Vnto midnight [that] the moone did  
rise,  
He walked vp and downe,  
And a lightsome bugle then heard he  
blow,  
Ouer the bents soe browne;  
Saies hee, And if cryance come vntill my  
hart,  
I am farr ffrom any good towne.

19 And he spyed, ene a litle him by,  
A ffuryous king and a ffell,  
And a ladye bright his brydle led,  
*That seemlve itt was to see.*

20 And soe fast hee called vpon Sir Caw-  
line,  
Oh man, I redd the fflye !  
Ffor if cryance come vntill thy hart,  
I am a-feard least thou mun dye.

21 He sayes, [No] cryance comes to my  
hart,  
Nor ifaith I ffeare not thee;  
Ffor because thou minged not Christ be-  
fore,  
Thee lesse me dreadeth thee.

22 But Sir Cawline he shooke a speare;  
The king was bold, and abode;  
And the timber these two children  
bore  
Soe soone in sunder slode;

Ffor they tooke and two good swords,  
And they layden on good loade.

23 But the elridge king was mickle of  
 might,  
 And stiffly to the ground did stand;  
 But Sir Cawline, with an aukeward  
 stroke,  
 He brought ffrom him his hand,  
 I, and flying ouer his head soe hye,  
 [It] ffell downe of that lay land.

24 And his lady stood a litle thereby,  
Ffast ringing her hands:  
' For the maydens loue *that you haue*  
most minde,  
Synye you my lord no more.

25 'And hees neuer come vpon Eldrige  
[Hill],  
Him to sport, gamon, or play,  
And to meete noe man of middle-earth  
And *that* liues on Christs his lay.'

26 But he then vp and *that eldryge king*,  
 Sett him in his sadle againe,  
 And *that eldryge king* and his ladye  
 To their castle are they gone.

27 And hee tooke then vp and *that* eldryge  
sword,  
As hard as any fflynt,  
And soe he did those ringes fline,  
Harder then ffyer, and brent.

28 First he presented to the kings daughter  
The hand, and then the sword,

• • • • •

\* \* \* \* \*

29 ' But a *serre buffett* you haue him giuen,  
The *king* and the *crowne*,' shee sayd:  
' I, but four and *thirty stripes*  
Comen beside the rood.'

30 And a gyant that was both stiffe [and]  
strong,  
He hope now them amonge,  
And vpon his squier fīue heads he bare,  
Vnmackley made was hee.

31 And he dranke then on the *kings* wine,  
And hee put the cup in his sleeue,

And all the trembled and were wan,  
Ffor feare he shold them greeffe.

32 'He tell thee mine arrand, king,' he  
says,  
'Mine errand what I doe heere;  
Ffor I will bren thy temples hye,  
Or He haue thy daughter deere;  
I, or else vpon yond more soe brood  
Thou shalt ffind mee a ppeare.'

33 The king he turned him round about,  
Lord, in his heart he was woe !  
Says, Is there noe knight of the Round  
Table  
This matter will vndergoe ?

34 'I, and hee shall haue my broad lands,  
And keepe them well his liue;  
I, and soe hee shall my daughter deere,  
To be his weded wiffe.'

35 And then stood vp Sir Cawline,  
His owne errand ffor to say:  
'Ifaith, I wold to God, Sir,' sayd Sir  
Cawline,  
'That soldan I will assay.

36 'Goe ffeitch me downe my eldrige  
sword,  
Ffor I woone itt att ffray:'  
'But away, away !' sayd the hend sol-  
dan,  
'Thou tarryest mee here all day !'

37 But the hend soldan and Sir Cawline  
The ffight a summers day;  
Now has hee slaine that hend soldan,  
And brought his ffive heads away.

38 And the king has betaken him his broade  
lands,  
And all his venison;

. . . . .

39 'But take you doo and your lands [soe]  
broad,  
And brooke them well your liffe;  
Ffor you promised mee your daughter  
deere,  
To be my weded wiffe.'

40 'Now by my ffaith,' then sayes our king,  
'Ffor that wee will not striffe,

Ffor thou shalt haue my daughter dere,  
To be thy weded wiffe.'

41 The other morninge Sir Cawline rose  
By the dawning of the day,  
And vntill a garden did he goe  
His mattins ffor to say;  
And that bespyed a ffalse steward,  
A shames death that he might dye !

42 And he lett a lyon out of a bande,  
Sir Cawline ffor to teare;  
And he had noe wepon him vpon,  
Nor noe wepon did weare.

43 But hee tooke then his mantle of greene,  
Into the lyons mouth itt thrust;  
He held the lyon soe sore to the wall  
Till the lyons hart did burst.

44 And the watchmen cryed vpon the walls  
And sayd, 'Sir Cawline's slaine !  
And with a beast is not ffull litle,  
A lyon of mickle mayne:'  
Then the kings daughter shee fell  
downe,  
'For peerlesse is my payne !'

45 'O peace, my lady !' sayes Sir Caw-  
line,  
'I haue bought thy loue ffull deere;  
O peace, my lady !' sayes Sir Cawline,  
'Peace, lady, ffor I am heere !'

46 Then he did marry this kings daughter,  
With gold and siluer bright,  
And fiftene sonnes this ladye beere  
To Sir Cawline the knight.

62

## FAIR ANNIE

A and B were not printed till the beginning of the nineteenth century. A was obtained "chiefly from the recitation of an old woman," but we are not informed who supplied the rest. A fragment (D) printed by Herd in 1769 (before any of the nine other versions), furnished stanzas 2-6, 12, 17, 19. A doubt may be hazarded whether stanzas 8-10 came from the old woman.

The Scandinavian ballad of 'Fair Annie' (Grundtvig, No. 258) is preserved in Danish and Swedish, and is in the main identical in

plot with the English. It was perhaps transmitted from Low German. Various Dutch and German versions are also preserved. The story is also told in the *Lai del Fresne* of Marie de France (about 1180). This tale, of Breton origin, is some four hundred years older than any manuscript of the ballad. Comparison, however, shows that it is not the source either of the English or of the Low German and Scandinavian ballad. The tale and the ballad have a common source, which lies too far back for us to find.

## A

'Lord Thomas and Fair Annie,' Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, II, 102, 1802, chiefly from the recitation of an old woman residing near Kirkhill, in West Lothian.

- 1 'It's narrow, narrow, make your bed,  
And learn to lie your lane;  
For I'm ga'n oer the sea, Fair Annie,  
A braw bride to bring hame.  
Wi her I will get gowd and gear;  
Wi you I neer get nane.
- 2 'But wha will bake my bridal bread,  
Or brew my bridal ale?  
And wha will welcome my brisk bride,  
That I bring oer the dale?'
- 3 'It's I will bake your bridal bread,  
And brew your bridal ale,  
And I will welcome your brisk bride,  
That you bring oer the dale.'
- 4 'But she that welcomes my brisk  
bride  
Maun gang like maiden fair;  
She maun lace on her robe sae jimp,  
And braid her yellow hair.'
- 5 'But how can I gang maiden-like,  
When maiden I am nane?  
Have I not born seven sons to thee,  
And am with child again?'
- 6 She's taen her young son in her arms,  
Another in her hand,  
And she's up to the highest tower,  
To see him come to land.
- 7 'Come up, come up, my eldest son,  
And look oer yon sea-strand,  
And see your father's new-come bride,  
Before she come to land.'

- 8 'Come down, come down, my mother  
dear,  
Come frae the castle wa!  
I fear, if langer ye stand there,  
Ye'll let yoursell down fa.'
- 9 And she gaed down, and farther down,  
Her love's ship for to see,  
And the topmast and the mainmast  
Shone like the silver free.
- 10 And she's gane down, and farther down,  
The bride's ship to behold,  
And the topmast and the mainmast  
They shone just like the gold.
- 11 She's taen her seven sons in her hand,  
I wot she didna fail;  
She met Lord Thomas and his bride,  
As they came oer the dale.
- 12 'You're welcome to your house, Lord  
Thomas,  
You're welcome to your land;  
You're welcome with your fair ladye,  
That you lead by the hand.
- 13 'You're welcome to your ha's, ladye,  
You're welcome to your bowers;  
You're welcome to your hame, ladye,  
For a' that's here is yours.'
- 14 'I thank thee, Annie; I thank thee,  
Annie,  
Sae dearly as I thank thee;  
You're the likest to my sister Annie,  
That ever I did see.
- 15 'There came a knight out oer the sea,  
And steald my sister away;  
The shame scoup in his company,  
And land where'er he gae!'
- 16 She hang ae napkin at the door,  
Another in the ha,  
And a' to wipe the trickling tears,  
Sae fast as they did fa.
- 17 And aye she served the lang tables,  
With white bread and with wine,  
And aye she drank the wan water,  
To had her colour fine.
- 18 And aye she served the lang tables,  
With white bread and with brown;

And ay she turned her round about,  
Sae fast the tears fall down.

19 And he's taen down the silk napkin,  
Hung on a silver pin,  
And aye he wipes the tear trickling  
A' down her cheik and chin.

20 And aye he turn'd him round about,  
And smil'd amang his men;  
Says, Like ye best the old ladye,  
Or her that's new come hame?

21 When bells were rung, and mass was  
sung,  
And a' men bound to bed,  
Lord Thomas and his new-come bride  
To their chamber they were gaed.

22 Annie made her bed a little forbye,  
To hear what they might say;  
'And ever alas!' Fair Annie cried,  
'That I should see this day!

23 'Gin my seven sons were seven young  
rats,  
Running on the castle wa,  
And I were a grey cat mysell,  
I soon would worry them a'.

24 'Gin my seven sons were seven young  
hares,  
Running oer yon lilly lee,  
And I were a grew hound mysell,  
Soon worried they a' should be.'

25 And wae and sad Fair Annie sat,  
And drearie was her sang,  
And ever, as she sobbd and grat,  
'Wae to the man that did the wrang!'

26 'My gown is on,' said the new-come  
bride,  
'My shoes are on my feet,  
And I will to Fair Annie's chamber,  
And see what gars her greet.

27 'What ails ye, what ails ye, Fair  
Annie,  
That ye make sic a moan?  
Has your wine barrels cast the girds,  
Or is your white bread gone?

28 'O wha was't was your father, Annie,  
Or wha was't was your mother?

And had ye ony sister, Annie,  
Or had ye ony brother?'

29 'The Earl of Wemyss was my father,  
The Countess of Wemyss my mother;  
And a' the folk about the house  
To me were sister and brother.'

30 'If the Earl of Wemyss was your father,  
I wot sae was he mine;  
And it shall not be for lack o' gowd  
That ye your love sall tine.

31 'For I have seven ships o' mine ain,  
A' loaded to the brim,  
And I will gie them a' to thee,  
Wi' four to thine eldest son:  
But thanks to a' the powers in heaven  
That I gae maiden hame!'

## B

'Burd Helen,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads,  
II, 376, from the recitation of Mrs Arrot, of  
Aberbrothick.

1 THERE livd a lord on yon sea-side,  
And he thought on a wile,  
How he would go over the saut sea  
A lady to beguile.

2 'O learn to mak your bed, Helen,  
And learn to ly your lane,  
For I'm gaun over the saut seas  
A bright bride to bring hame.'

3 'How can I mak my bed,' she says,  
'Unless I mak it wide,  
Whan I have seven o' your sons  
To lie down by my side?

4 'And the first o' your seven sons,  
He rides a milk-white steed;  
The second o' your seven sons  
He wears a milk-white weed.

5 'The third ane o' your seven sons,  
He draws baith ale and wine;  
The fourth ane o' your seven sons,  
He serves you when you dine.

6 'The fifth ane o' your seven sons,  
He can baith read and write;  
And the sixth ane o' your seven sons,  
He is a' your heart's delight.

- 7 'And the youngest o your seven sons,  
He sleeps on my breast-bane;  
Whan him and I ly down at night,  
For him rest get I nane.'
- 8 'O wha will bake my bridal bread,  
And brew my bridal ale?  
And wha will welcome my gae lady,  
That I bring oer the dale?
- 9 'And sin ye 've taen the turn in hand,  
See that ye do it right,  
And ilka chimly o the house,  
That they be dearly dight.'
- 10 O a' the day she washd and wrang,  
And a' the night she buik,  
And she's awa to her chamber,  
To gie her young son suck.
- 11 'Come here, come here, my eldest son,  
And see what ye may see;  
For yonder comes your father dear,  
Your mother-in-law side be.'
- 12 She's taen a cake o the best bread,  
A bottle o the best wine,  
And a' the keys upon her arm,  
And to the yates she's gane.
- 13 'Ye are welcome hame, gay lady,' she  
said,  
'And ay ye are welcome hame;  
And sae is a' the gentlewomen  
That's wi you ridden and gane.
- 14 'You are welcome hame, gay lord,' she  
said,  
'And ay ye are welcome hame;  
And sae is a' the gentlemen  
That's wi you ridden and gane.'
- 15 She said them up, she said them down,  
She said them till and frae;  
But when she went behind their backs,  
The tear did blind her ee.
- 16 Whan day was gane, and night was  
come,  
And a' man boun to bed,  
The bridegroom and the bonny bride  
In their chamber was laid.
- 17 Burd Helen and her seven sons  
Lay in a bower near by;

- 18 'If my seven sons were seven grey ratts,  
To rin frae wa to wa,  
And I mysel a good grey cat,  
I would bite their back a-twa.
- 19 'If my seven sons were seven grey hares,  
And them to rin a race,  
And I mysel a good greyhound,  
I would gie them a chace.'
- 20 Up and spak the bonny bride,  
In chamber where she lay:  
'There is a lady in this bower,  
She will gae mad or day.'
- 21 'Lye still, lye still, my bonny bride,  
Lie still and tak a sleep;  
It's but ane o my wine puncheons;  
Nae langer wad it keep.'
- 22 'King Henry was my father dear,  
Queen Catherine was my mother,  
Lady Anne she was my sister dear,  
And Frederick was my brother.
- 23 'And whan I was six years of age,  
They ca'd me Mary Mild;  
I was stown frae my father's yate,  
Whan I was but a child.'
- 24 Then up and spak the bonny bride,  
By her lord as she lay:  
'Lye down, lye down, my dear sister,  
There's nae ill done for me.
- 25 'O seven ships conveyd me here,  
And seven came oer the main;  
And four o them shall stay wi you,  
And three convey me hame.
- 26 'But when I gae hame to my father's  
house,  
They will laugh me to scorn,  
To come awa a wedded wife,  
Gae hame a maid the morn.'

## E

'Lady Jane,' Jamieson-Brown MS., p. 20;  
Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 371.

- 1 'O WHA will bake my bridal bread,  
And brew my bridal ale?



- Wha will welcome my bright bride,  
That I bring oer the dale ?'
- 2 'O I will bake your bridal bread,  
An brew your bridal ale;  
An I will welcome your bright bride,  
That you bring oer the dale.'
- 3 'O she that welcomes my bright bride  
Maun gang like maiden fair;  
She maun lace her in her green cloathin,  
And braid her yellow hair.'
- 4 'O how can I gang maiden like,  
Whan maiden I am nane ?  
Whan I ha born you seven sons,  
An am wi bairn again ?'
- 5 The lady stood in her bowr door  
An lookit oer the lan,  
An there she saw her ain good lord.  
Leadin his bride by the han.
- 6 She's dressd her sons i the scarlet  
red,  
Hersel i the dainty green,  
An tho her cheek lookd pale and wan,  
She well might ha been a queen.
- 7 She calld upon her eldest son:  
'Look yonder what you see;  
For yonder comes your father dear,  
Your step-mother him wi.
- 8 'O you'r welcome hame, my ain good  
lord,  
To your ha's but an your bowrs;  
You 'r welcome hame, my ain good  
lord,  
To your castles an your towrs:  
Sae is your bright bride you beside,  
She's fairer nor the flowers.'
- 9 'O whatn a lady's that ?' she says,  
'That welcoms you an me ?  
If I'm lang lady about this place,  
Some good I will her dee.  
She looks sae like my sister Jane,  
Was stoln i the bowr frae me.'
- 10 O she has servd the lang tables,  
Wi the white bread an the wine;  
But ay she drank the wan water,  
To keep her colour fine.
- 11 An she gid by the first table,  
An leugh amo them a';  
But ere she reachd the second table,  
She let the tears down fa.
- 12 She's taen a napkin lang an white,  
An hung 't upon a pin;  
It was to dry her watry eyes,  
As she went out and in.
- 13 Whan bells were rung, 'an mass was  
sung,  
An a' man boun to bed,  
The bride but an the bonny bridegroom  
In ae chamber was laid.
- 14 She's taen her harp intill her han,  
To harp this twa asleep;  
An ay as she harped an she sang,  
Full sorely did she weep.
- 15 'O seven fu fair sons I have born  
To the good lord o this place,  
An I wish that they were seven hares,  
To run the castle race,  
An I mysel a good gray houn,  
An I woud gi them chase.
- 16 'O seven fu fair sons I have born  
To the good lord o this ha;  
I wish that they were seven rottens,  
To rin the castle wa,  
An I mysell a good gray cat,  
I wot I woud worry them a'.
- 17 'The earle o Richmond was my father,  
An the lady was my mother,  
An a' the bairns bisides mysel  
Was a sister an a brother.'
- 18 'Sing on, sing on, ye gay lady,  
I wot ye hae sung in time;  
Gin the earle o Richmond was your  
father,  
I wot sae was he mine.'
- 19 'Rise up, rise up, my bierly bride;  
I think my bed's but caul;  
I woudna hear my lady lament  
For your tocher ten times taul.
- 20 'O seven ships did bring you here,  
An an sal tak you hame;  
The leve I'll keep to your sister Jane,  
For tocher she gat nane.'

## 63

## CHILD WATERS

The variations in the several versions of this charming ballad, which has perhaps no superior in English, and if not in English perhaps nowhere, are not material. An exceedingly popular Scandinavian ballad (Grundtvig, No. 267) is manifestly of the same source, though the story is told in a very different way, the cruel trials to which the woman's love is put being entirely lacking. Another Scandinavian ballad (Grundtvig, No. 249) has a limited resemblance to 'Child Waters,' and there is a Piedmontese ballad (Nigra, No. 35) which has a good many similar incidents.

## A

'Childe Waters,' Percy MS., p. 274; Hales and Furnivall, II, 269.

- 1 CHILDE WATTERS in his stable stooede,  
And stroaket his milke-white steede;  
To him came a ffaire young ladye  
As ere did weare womans wee[de].
- 2 Saies, Christ you saue, good Chyld Waters!  
Sayes, Christ you saue and see!  
My girdle of gold, which was too longe,  
Is now to short ffor mee.
- 3 'And all is with one chyld of yours,  
I ffeele sturre att my side;  
My gowne of greene, it is to strayght;  
Before it was to wide.'
- 4 'If the child be mine, Faire Ellen,' he sayd,  
'Be mine, as you tell mee,  
Take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,  
Take them your owne to bee.
- 5 'If the child be mine, Ffaire Ellen,' he said,  
'Be mine, as you doe sweare,  
Take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,  
And make *that* child your heyre.'
- 6 Shee saies, I had rather haue one kisse,  
Child Waters, of thy mouth,  
Then I wold haue Cheshire and Lancashire both,  
*That* lyes by north and south.

- 7 'And I had rather haue a twinkling,  
Child Waters, of *your* eye,  
Then I wold haue Cheshire and Lancashire both,  
To take them mine oune to bee.'
- 8 'To-morrow, Ellen, I must forth ryde  
Soe ffarr into the north countrey;  
The ffairest lady *that* I can ffind,  
Ellen, must goe with mee.'  
'And euer I pray you, Child Watters,  
Your footpage let me bee!'
- 9 'If you will my footpage be, Ellen,  
As you doe tell itt mee,  
Then you must cutt your gownne of greene  
An inchie aboute your knee.
- 10 'Soe must you doe your yellow lockes,  
Another inch aboute your eye;  
You must tell noe man what is my name;  
My footpage then you shall bee.'
- 11 All this long day Child Waters rode,  
Shee ran bare ffooote by his side;  
Yett was he neuer soe curteous a knight  
To say, Ellen, will you ryde?
- 12 But all this day Child Waters rode,  
Shee ran barffooote thorow the broome;  
Yett he was neuer soe curteous a knight  
As to say, Put on your shoone.
- 13 'Ride softlye,' shee said, 'Child Watters;  
Why doe you ryde soe ffast?  
The child *which* is no mans but yours  
My bodye itt will burst.'
- 14 He sayes, Sees thou yonder water, Ellen,  
*That* fflowes from banke to brim?  
'I trust to God, Child Waters,' shee said,  
'You will neuer see mee swime.'
- 15 But when shee came to the waters side,  
Shee sayled to the chinne:  
'Except the lord of heauen be my speed,  
Now must I learne to swime.'
- 16 The salt waters bare vp Ellens clothes,  
Our Ladye bare vpp he[r] chinne,

And Child Waters was a woe man, good  
Lord,  
To ssee Faire Ellen swime.

17 And when shee ouer the water was,  
Shee then came to his knee:  
He said, 'Come hither, Ffaire Ellen,  
Loe yonder what I see !

18 'Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen ?  
Of redd gold shine the yates;  
There's four and twenty ffayre ladyes,  
The ffairest is my wordlye make.

19 'Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen ?  
Of redd gold shineth the tower;  
There is four and twenty ffaire ladyes,  
The fairest is my paramoure.'

20 'I doe see the hall now, Child Waters,  
That of redd gold shineth the yates;  
God giue good then of your selfe,  
And of your wordlye make !

21 'I doe see the hall now, Child Waters,  
That of redd gold shineth the tower;  
God giue good then of your selfe,  
And of your paramoure !'

22 There were four and twenty ladyes,  
Were playing att the ball,  
And Ellen, was the ffairest ladye,  
Must bring his steed to the stall.

23 There were four and twenty faire ladyes  
Was playing att the chesse;  
And Ellen, shee was the ffairest ladye,  
Must bring his horsse to grasse.

24 And then bespake Child Waters sister,  
And these were the words said shee:  
You haue the prettyest ffootpage, brother,  
That euer I saw with mine eye;

25 'But that his belly it is soe bigg,  
His girdle goes wonderous hye;  
And euer I pray you, Child Waters,  
Let him goe into the chamber with mee.'

26 'It is more meete for a little ffootpage,  
That has run through mosse and mire,  
To take his supper vpon his knee  
And sitt downe by the kitchin fyre,

Then to goe into the chamber with any  
ladye  
That weares soe [rich] attyre.'

27 But when the had supped euery one,  
To bedd they took the way;  
He sayd, Come hither, my little ffootpage,  
Harken what I doe say.

28 And goe thee downe into yonder towne,  
And low into the street;  
The ffairest ladye that thou can find,  
Hyer her in mine armes to sleepe,  
And take her vp in thine armes two,  
For filinge of her ffeete.

29 Ellen is gone into the towne,  
And low into the streete;  
The fairest ladye that shee cold find  
Shee hyred in his armes to sleepe,  
And tooke her in her armes two,  
For filing of her ffeete.

30 'I pray you now, good Child Waters,  
That I may creepe in att your bedds  
feete;  
For there is noe place about this house  
Where I may say a sleepe.'

31 This [night] and itt droue on afterward  
Till itt was neere the day:  
He sayd, Rise vp, my litle ffootpage,  
And giue my steed corne and hay;  
And soe doe thou the good blacke oates,  
That he may carry me the better away.

32 And vp then rose Ffaire Ellen,  
And gaue his steed corne and hay,  
And soe shee did and the good blacke  
oates,  
That he might carry him the better  
away.

33 Shee layned her backe to the manger  
side,  
And greiuouslye did groane;  
And that beheard his mother deere,  
And heard her make her moane.

34 Shee said, Rise vp, thou Child Waters,  
I thinke thou art a cursed man;  
For yonder is a ghost in thy stable,  
That greiuouslye doth groane,  
Or else some woman laboures of child,  
Shee is soe woe begone.

- 35 But vp then rose Child Waters,  
And did on his shirt of silke;  
Then he put on his other clothes  
On his body as white as milke.
- 36 And when he came to the stable-dore,  
Full still *that* hee did stand,  
*That* hee might heare now Faire Ellen,  
How shee made her monand.
- 37 Shee said, Lullabye, my owne deere  
child!  
Lullabye, deere child, deere!  
I wold thy father were a king,  
Thy mother layd on a beere!
- 38 'Peace now,' he said, 'good Faire Ellen,  
And be of good cheere, I thee pray,  
And the bridall and the churching both,  
They shall bee vpon one day.'

## B

a. 'Burd Ellen,' Jamieson-Brown MS., p. 22, taken down from Mrs Brown's recitation before 1783. b. A. Fraser Tytler's Brown MS., No. 9, as recited by Mrs Brown in 1800.

- 1 'I WARN ye all, ye gay ladies,  
That wear scarlet an brown,  
That ye dinna leave your father's house,  
To follow young men frae town.'
- 2 'O here am I, a lady gay,  
That wears scarlet an brown,  
Yet I will leave my father's house,  
An follow Lord John frae the town.'
- 3 Lord John stood in his stable-door,  
Said he was bound to ride;  
Burd Ellen stood in her bowr-door,  
Said she'd rin by his side.
- 4 He's pitten on his cork-heeld shoone,  
An fast awa rade he;  
She's clade hersel in page array,  
An after him ran she.
- 5 Till they came till a wan water,  
An folks do ea it Clyde;  
Then he's lookit oer his left shoulder,  
Says, Lady, can ye wide?
- 6 'O I learnt it i my father house,  
An I learnt it for my weal,

Wenneer I came to a wan water,  
To swim like ony eel.'

- 7 But the firstin stap the lady stappit,  
The water came til her knee;  
'Ohon, alas!' said the lady,  
'This water's oer deep for me.'
- 8 The nextin stap the lady stappit,  
The water came till her middle;  
An sighin says that gay lady,  
I've wat my gouden girdle.
- 9 The nextin stap the lady stappit,  
The water came till her pap;  
An the bairn that was in her twa sides  
For caul begane to quake.
- 10 'Lye still, lye still, my ain dear babe,  
Ye work your mither wae;  
Your father rides on high horse-back,  
Cares little for us twae.'
- 11 O about the midst o Clyden water  
There was a yeard-fast stane;  
He lightly turnd his horse about,  
An took her on him behin.
- 12 'O tell me this now, good Lord John,  
An a word ye dinna lee,  
How far it is to your lodgin,  
Whare we this night maun be?'
- 13 'O see you nae yon castle, Ellen,  
That shines sae fair to see?  
There is a lady in it, Ellen,  
Will sunder you an me.
- 14 'There is a lady in that castle  
Will sunder you and I: '  
'Betide me well, betide me wae,  
I sal go there an try.'
- 15 'O my dogs sal eat the good white bread  
An ye sal eat the bran;  
Then will ye sigh, an say, alas!  
That ever I was a man!'
- 16 'O I sal eat the good white bread,  
An your dogs sal eat the bran;  
An I hope to live an bless the day,  
That ever ye was a man.'
- 17 'O my horse sal eat the good white meal  
An ye sal eat the corn;

- Then will ye curse the heavy hour  
That ever your love was born.'
- 18 'O I sal eat the good white meal,  
An your horse sal eat the corn;  
An I ay sall bless the happy hour  
That ever my love was born.'
- 19 O four an twenty gay ladies  
Welcomd Lord John to the ha,  
But a fairer lady then them a'  
Led his horse to the stable sta.
- 20 An four an twenty gay ladies  
Welcomd Lord John to the green,  
But a fairer lady than them a'  
At the manger stood alane.
- 21 Whan bells were rung, an mass was sung,  
An a' men boun to meat,  
Burd Ellen at a bye-table  
Amo the foot-men was set.
- 22 'O eat an drink, my bonny boy,  
The white bread an the beer:'  
'The never a bit can I eat or drink,  
My heart's sae full of fear.'
- 23 'O eat an drink, my bonny boy,  
The white bread an the wine:'  
'O I canna eat nor drink, master,  
My heart's sae full of pine.'
- 24 But out it spake Lord John's mother,  
An a wise woman was she:  
'Whare met ye wi that bonny boy,  
That looks sae sad on thee?
- 25 'Sometimes his cheek is rosy red,  
An sometimes deadly wan;  
He's liker a woman big wi bairn,  
Than a young lord's serving man.'
- 26 'O it makes me laugh, my mother dear,  
Sic words to hear frae thee;  
He is a squire's ae dearest son,  
That for love has followd me.
- 27 'Rise up, rise up, my bonny boy,  
Gi my horse corn an hay:'  
'O that I will, my master dear,  
As quickly as I may.'
- 28 She's taen the hay under her arm,  
The corn intill her han,
- An she's gane to the great stable,  
As fast as eer she can.
- 29 'O room ye roun, my bonny broun steeds,  
O room ye near the wa;  
For the pain that strikes me thro mysides  
Full soon will gar me fa.'
- 30 She's leand her back against the wa;  
Strong travail seizd her on;  
An even amo the great horse feet  
Burd Ellen brought forth her son.
- 31 Lord John'[s] mither intill her bowr  
Was sitting all alone,  
Whan, i the silence o the night,  
She heard fair Ellen's moan.
- 32 'Won up, won up, my son,' she says,  
'Go se how a' does fare;  
For I think I hear a woman's groans,  
An a bairn greeting sair.'
- 33 O hastily he gat him up,  
Stayd neither for hose nor shoone,  
An he's doen him to the stable-door,  
Wi the clear light o the moon.
- 34 He strack the door hard wi his foot,  
An sae has he wi his knee,  
An iron locks an iron bars  
Into the floor flung he:  
'Be not afraid, Burd Ellen,' he says,  
'Ther's nane come in but me.'
- 35 Up he has taen his bonny young son,  
An gard wash him wi the milk;  
An up has he taen his fair lady,  
Gard row her in the silk.
- 36 'Cheer up your heart, Burd Ellen,' he  
says,  
'Look nae mair sad nor wae;  
For your marriage an your kirkin too  
Sal baith be in ae day.'

## FAIR JANET

There are points of resemblance between 'Fair Janet' and a ballad very popular in Scandinavia, 'King Valdemar and his Sister' (Grundtvig, No. 126), and also in Germany



(e. g., Müllenhoff, *Sagen u. s. w. der Herzogthümer Schleswig-Holstein und Lauenburg*, p. 492; Wunderhorn, 1808, II, 272). In both the Scandinavian and the German, however, the dancing is expressly devised as a test, and there are unspeakably ferocious features which are wanting in the Scottish ballad. A Breton ballad (Luzel, II, 6-15) likewise has the probation by dancing.

## A

'Fair Janet,' Sharpe's Ballad Book, p. 1, as sung by an old woman in Perthshire.

1 'YE maun gang to your father, Janet,  
Ye maun gang to him soon;  
Ye maun gang to your father, Janet,  
In case that his days are dune.'

2 Janet's awa to her father,  
As fast as she could hie:  
'O what's your will wi me, father?  
O what's your will wi me?'

3 'My will wi you, Fair Janet,' he said,  
'It is both bed and board;  
Some say that ye loe Sweet Willie,  
But ye maun wed a French lord.'

4 'A French lord maun I wed, father?  
A French lord maun I wed?  
Then, by my sooth,' quo Fair Janet,  
'He's neer enter my bed.'

5 Janet's awa to her chamber,  
As fast as she could go;  
Wha's the first ane that tapped there,  
But Sweet Willie her jo?

6 'O we maun part this love, Willie,  
That has been lang between;  
There's a French lord coming oer the  
sea,  
To wed me wi a ring;  
There's a French lord coming oer the  
sea,  
To wed and tak me hame.'

7 'If we maun part this love, Janet,  
It causeth mickle woe;  
If we maun part this love, Janet,  
It makes me into mourning go.'

8 'But ye maun gang to your three sisters,  
Meg, Marion, and Jean;

Tell them to come to Fair Janet,  
In case that her days are dune.'

9 Willie's awa to his three sisters,  
Meg, Marion, and Jean:  
'O haste, and gang to Fair Janet,  
I fear that her days are dune.'

10 Some drew to them their silken hose,  
Some drew to them their shoon,  
Some drew to them their silk manteils  
Their coverings to put on,  
And they're awa to Fair Janet,  
By the hie light o the moon.

\* \* \* \* \*

11 'O I have born this babe, Willie,  
Wi mickle toil and pain;  
Take hame, take hame, your babe  
Willie,  
For nurse I dare be nane.'

12 He's tane his young son in his arms,  
And kisst him cheek and chin,  
And he's awa to his mother's bower,  
By the hie light o the moon.

13 'O open, open, mother,' he says,  
'O open, and let me in;  
The rain rains on my yellow hair,  
And the dew drops oer my chin,  
And I hae my young son in my arms,  
I fear that his days are dune.'

14 With her fingers lang and sma  
She lifted up the pin,  
And with her arms lang and sma  
Received the baby in.

15 'Gae back, gae back now, Sweet Willie  
And comfort your fair lady;  
For where ye had but ae nourice,  
Your young son shall hae three.'

16 Willie he was scarce awa,  
And the lady put to bed,  
Whan in and came her father dear:  
'Make haste, and busk the bride.'

17 'There's a sair pain in my head, father  
There's a sair pain in my side;  
And ill, O ill, am I, father,  
This day for to be a bride.'

- 18 'O ye maun busk this bonny bride,  
And put a gay mantle on;  
For she shall wed this auld French  
lord,  
Gin she should die the morn.'
- 19 Some pat on the gay green robes,  
And some pat on the brown;  
But Janet put on the scarlet robes,  
To shine foremost throw the town.
- 20 And some they mounted the black steed,  
And some mounted the brown;  
But Janet mounted the milk-white steed,  
To ride foremost throw the town.
- 21 'O wha will guide your horse, Janet?  
O wha will guide him best?'  
'O wha but Willie, my true-love?  
He kens I loe him best.'
- 22 And when they cam to Marie's kirk,  
To tye the haly ban,  
Fair Janet's cheek looked pale and wan,  
And her colour gaed an cam.
- 23 When dinner it was past and done,  
And dancing to begin,  
'O we'll go take the bride's maidens,  
And we'll go fill the ring.'
- 24 O ben than cam the auld French lord,  
Saying, Bride, will ye dance with me?  
'Awa, awa, ye auld French lord,  
Your face I downa see.'
- 25 O ben than cam now Sweet Willie,  
He cam with ane advance:  
'O I'll go tak the bride's maidens,  
And we'll go tak a dance.'
- 26 'I've seen ither days wi you, Willie,  
And so has mony mae,  
Ye would hae danced wi me mysel,  
Let a' my maidens gae.'
- 27 O ben than cam now Sweet Willie,  
Saying, Bride, will ye dance wi me?  
'Aye, by my sooth, and that I will,  
Gin my back should break in three.'
- 28 She had nae turned her throw the dance,  
Throw the dance but thrice,  
Whan she fell down at Willie's feet,  
And up did never rise.

- 29 Willie's taen the key of his coffer,  
And gien it to his man:  
'Gae hame, and tell my mother dear  
My horse he has me slain;  
Bid her be kind to my young son,  
For father he has nane.'

- 30 The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,  
And the tither in Marie's quire;  
Out of the tane there grew a birk,  
And the tither a bonny brier.

## B

'Fair Janet and Sweet William,' Motherwell's MS., p. 357, from the recitation of Agnes Lyle, Kilbarchan.

- 1 'If you do love me weel, Willie,  
Ye'll shew to me truelie;  
Ye'll build to me a bonnie ship,  
And set her on the sea.'
- 2 He did love her very weel,  
He shewed to her truelie;  
He builded her a bonnie ship,  
And set her on the sea.
- 3 They had not sailed one league, one  
league,  
One league but only three,  
Till sharp, sharp showers fair Janet took,  
She grew sick and like to die.
- 4 'If you do love me weel, Willie,  
Ye'll shew to me trulye;  
Ye'll tak me to my mother's bower,  
Where I was wont to be.'
- 5 He did love her very weel,  
He shewed to her trulye;  
He took her to her mother's bower,  
Where she was wont to be.
- 6 'It's ye'll stand up at my richt side,  
You will on tiptaes stand,  
Until you hear your auld son weep,  
But an your Janet mourn.
- 7 'Come take your auld son in your arms,  
He is both large and lang;  
Come take your auld son in your arms,  
And for a nourice gang.'
- 8 He is to his mother's bowers,  
An hour or it struck nine:

- 'I have a babe into my arms,  
He'll die for nouricing.'
- 9 'Goe home, go home, my son,' she  
says,  
'And mak thy Jenny blythe;  
If æ nurse winna sere her son,  
It's I'll provide him five.'
- 10 Fair Janet was nae weel lighter,  
Nor weel down on her side,  
Till ben and cam her father dear,  
Saying, Wha will busk our bride?
- 11 Ben and cam her brethren dear,  
Saying, Wha will busk our bride?  
And wha will saddle our bride's horse?  
Whom ahint will she ride?
- 12 'Hold your tongue, my brethren dear,  
And let your folly be,  
For I'm sae fair and full of hair  
Sma busking will serve me.
- 13 'Hold your tongue, my brethren dear,  
And let your folly be,  
For I will ride behint William,  
He will best wait on me.
- 14 'Willie, lay the saddle saft,  
And lead the bridle soun,  
And when we come to Mary's Kirk,  
Ye'll set me hooly down.'
- 15 Supper scarslie was owre,  
Nor musick weel fa'n to,  
Till ben and cam the bride's brethren,  
Saying, Bride, ye'll dance wi me:  
'Awa, awa, my brethren dear,  
For dancing's no for me.'
- 16 Ben and came her ain bridegroom,  
Saying, Bride, ye'll dance wi me;  
She says, Awa, awa, ye southland dog,  
Your face I downa see.
- 17 Ben and cam then Sweet Willie,  
Saying, Bride, ye'll dance wi me:  
'Oh I will dance the floor once owre,  
Tho my heart should break in three.'
- 18 'Oh no, oh no,' said Sweet William,  
'Let no such things eer be;  
But I will cut my glove in two,  
And I'll dance for thee and me.'

- 19 She hadna danced the floor once owre,  
I'm sure she hadna thrice,  
Till she fell in a deadly swound,  
And from it neer did rise.
- 20 Out and spak her ain bridegroom,  
And an angry man was he:  
'This day she has gien me the gecks,  
Yet she must bear the scorn;  
There's not a bell in merry Linkum  
Shall ring for her the morn.'
- 21 Out and spoke then Sweet William,  
And a sorry man was he:  
'Altho she has gien you the gecks,  
She will not bear the scorn;  
There's not a bell in merry Linkum  
But shall ring for her the morn.'
- 22 There was not a bell in merry Linkum  
But they tinkled and they rang,  
And a' the birds that flew above,  
They changed their notes and sang.

65

## LADY MAISRY

'Lady Maisry' has a limited, and perhaps quite accidental resemblance to the Scandinavian-German ballad spoken of in the preface to 'Fair Janet' (No. 64).

## A

'Lady Maisry,' Jamieson-Brown MS., p. 24  
Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 73.

- 1 THE young lords o the north country  
Have all a wooing gone,  
To win the love of Lady Maisry,  
But o them she woud hae none.
- 2 O they hae courted Lady Maisry  
Wi a' kin kind of things;  
An they hae sought her Lady Maisry  
Wi broches an wi rings.
- 3 An they ha sought her Lady Maisry  
Frae father and frae mother;  
An they ha sought her Lady Maisry  
Frae sister an frae brother.
- 4 An they ha followd her Lady Maisry  
Thro chamber an thro ha;

But a' that they coud say to her,  
Her answer still was Na.

5 'O had your tongues, young men,' she  
says,  
'An think nae mair o me;  
For I've gien my love to an English  
lord,  
An think nae mair o me.'

6 Her father's kitchy-boy heard that,  
An ill death may he dee !  
An he is on to her brother,  
As fast as gang coud he.

7 'O is my father an my mother well,  
But an my brothers three ?  
Gin my sister Lady Maisry be well,  
There 's naething can ail me.'

8 'Your father and your mother is well,  
But an your brothers three;  
Your sister Lady Maisry 's well,  
So big wi bairn gangs she.'

9 'Gin this be true you tell to me,  
My mailison light on thee !  
But gin it be a lie you tell,  
You sal be hangit hie.'

10 He 's done him to his sister's bowr,  
Wi meikle doole an care;  
An there he saw her Lady Maisry,  
Kemming her yallow hair.

11 'O wha is aught that bairn,' he says,  
'That ye sae big are wi ?  
And gin ye winna own the truth,  
This moment ye sall dee.'

12 She turnd her right an roun about,  
An the kem fell frae her han;  
A trembling seizd her fair body,  
An her rosy cheek grew wan.

13 'O pardon me, my brother dear,  
An the truth I'll tell to thee;  
My bairn it is to Lord William,  
An he is betrothd to me.'

14 'O coud na ye gotten dukes, or lords,  
Intill your ain country,  
That ye draw up wi an English dog,  
To bring this shame on me ?

15 'But ye maun gi up the English lord,  
Whan youre young babe is born;  
For, gin you keep by him an hour  
langer,  
Your life sall be forlorn.'

16 'I will gi up this English blood,  
Till my young babe be born;  
But the never a day nor hour langer,  
Tho my life should be forlorn.'

17 'O whare is a' my merry young men,  
Whom I gi meat and fee,  
To pu the thistle and the thorn,  
To burn this wile whore wi ?'

18 'O whare will I get a bonny boy,  
To help me in my need,  
To rin wi hast to Lord William,  
And bid him come wi speed ?'

19 O out it spake a bonny boy,  
Stood by her brother's side:  
'O I would rin your errand, lady,  
Oer a' the world wide.

20 'Aft have I run your errands, lady,  
Whan blawn baith win and weat;  
But now I'll rin your errand, lady,  
Wi sat tears on my cheek.'

21 O whan he came to broken briggs,  
He bent his bow and swam,  
An whan he came to the green grass  
growin,  
He slackd his shoone and ran.

22 O whan he came to Lord William's  
gates,  
He baed na to chap or ca,  
But set his bent bow till his breast,  
An lightly lap the wa;  
An, or the porter was at the gate,  
The boy was i the ha.

23 'O is my biggins broken, boy ?  
Or is my towers won ?  
Or is my lady lighter yet,  
Of a dear daughter or son ?'

24 'Your biggin is na broken, sir,  
Nor is your towers won;  
But the fairest lady in a' the lan  
For you this day maun burn.'

25 'O saddle me the black, the black,  
Or saddle me the brown;  
O saddle me the swiftest steed  
That ever rade frae a town.'

26 Or he was near a mile awa,  
She heard his wild horse sneeze:  
'Mend up the fire, my false brother,  
It's na come to my knees.'

27 O when he lighted at the gate,  
She heard his bridle ring:  
'Mend up the fire, my false brother,  
It's far yet frae my chin.'

28 'Mend up the fire to me, brother,  
Mend up the fire to me;  
For I see him comin hard an fast  
Will soon men't up to thee.

29 'O gin my hands had been loose,  
Willy,  
Sae hard as they are boun,  
I would have turnd me frae the glead,  
And castin out your young son.'

30 'O I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,  
Your father an your mother;  
An I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,  
Your sister an your brother.

31 'An I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,  
The chief of a' your kin;  
An the last bonfire that I come to,  
Mysel I will cast in.'

## B

Motherwell's MS., p. 422, communicated by  
Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

1 In came her sister,  
Stepping on the floor;  
Says, It's telling me, my sister Janet,  
That you're become a whore.

2 'A whore, sister, a whore, sister?  
That's what I'll never be;  
I'm no so great a whore, sister,  
As liars does on me lee.'

3 In came her brother,  
Stepping on the floor;  
Says, It's telling me, my sister Janet,  
That you're become a whore.

4 'A whore, brother, a whore, brother?  
A whore I'll never be;  
I'm no so bad a woman, brother,  
As liars does on me lee.'

5 In came her mother,  
Stepping on the floor:  
'They are telling me, my daughter,  
That you're so soon become a whore.'

6 'A whore, mother, a whore, mother?  
A whore I'll never be;  
I'm only with child to an English lord  
Who promised to marry me.'

7 In came her father,  
Stepping on the floor;  
Says, They tell me, my daughter Janet,  
That you are become a whore.

8 'A whore, father, a whore, father?  
A whore I'll never be;  
I'm but with child to an English lord  
Who promised to marry me.'

9 Then in it came an old woman,  
The lady's nurse was she,  
And ere she could get out a word  
The tear blinded her ee.

10 'Your father's to the fire, Janet,  
Your brother's to the whin;  
All for to kindle a bold bonfire,  
To burn your body in.'

11 'Where will I get a boy,' she said,  
'Will gain gold for his fee,  
That would run unto fair England  
For my good lord to me?'

12 'O I have here a boy,' she said,  
'Will gain gold to his fee,  
For he will run to fair England  
For thy good lord to thee.'

13 Now when he found a bridge broken,  
He bent his bow and swam,  
And when he got where grass did  
grow,  
He slacked it and ran.

14 And when he came to that lord's gate  
Stopt not to knock or call,  
But set his bent bow to his breast  
And lightly leapt the wall;



And ere the porter could open the  
gate,  
The boy was in the hall,

15 In presence of that noble lord,  
And fell down on his knee:  
'What is it, my boy,' he cried,  
'Have you brought unto me?'

16 'Is my building broke into?  
Or is my towers won?  
Or is my true-love delivered  
Of daughter or of son?'

17 'Your building is not broke,' he cried,  
'Nor is your towers won,  
Nor is your true-love delivered  
Of daughter nor of son;  
But if you do not come in haste,  
Be sure she will be gone.

18 'Her father is gone to the fire,  
Her brother to the whin,  
To kindle up a bold bonfire,  
To burn her body in.'

19 'Go saddle to me the black,' he cried,  
'And do it very soon;  
Get unto me the swiftest horse  
That ever rade from the town.'

20 The first horse that he rade upon,  
For he was raven black,  
He bore him far, and very far,  
But failed in a slack.

21 The next horse that he rode upon,  
He was a bonny brown;  
He bore him far, and very far,  
But did at last fall down.

22 The next horse that he rode upon,  
He as the milk was white;  
Fair fall the mare that foaled that foal  
Took him to Janet's sight!

23 And boots and spurs, all as he was,  
Into the fire he lap,  
Got one kiss of her comely mouth,  
While her body gave a crack.

24 'O who has been so bold,' he says,  
'This bonfire to set on?  
Or who has been so bold,' he says,  
'Her body for to burn?'

25 'O here are we,' her brother said,  
'This bonfire who set on;  
And we have been so bold,' he said,  
'Her body for to burn.'

26 'O I'll cause burn for you, Janet,  
Your father and your mother;  
And I'll cause die for you, Janet,  
Your sister and your brother.

27 'And I'll cause mony back be bare,  
And mony shed be thin,  
And mony wife be made a widow,  
And mony ane want their son.'

66

## LORD INGRAM AND CHIEL WYET

There is a Danish ballad (Grundtvig-Olrik, No. 354) which has certain resemblances to our English ballad. Ebbe Skammelsøn, being obliged to absent himself from his plighted maid for a considerable time, loses her through the artifices of his brother, who pretends first that Ebbe is unfaithful, and then that he is dead. Ebbe is warned by a dream that his brother is about to wed his mistress, goes home in great haste, and arrives on the wedding day. He kills the bride, and then his brother, who, at the last moment, offers to cede the bride to him, as Lord Ingram, in B 17, says he meant to do. Ebbe after this begs his bread, or goes on a pilgrimage weighted with iron on his hands and loins; wherein his part resembles Maisry's.

A

a. 'Lord Ingram and Chiel Wyet,' C. K. Sharpe's MS., "second collection"; Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 173, communicated by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. b. Maidment's *North Country Garland*, p. 24, from tradition in Aberdeenshire.

1 LORD INGRAM and Chiel Wyet  
Was baith born in one bower;  
Laid baith their hearts on one lady,  
The less was their honour.

2 Chiel Wyet and Lord Ingram  
Was baith born in one hall;  
Laid baith their hearts on one lady,  
The worse did them befall.

- 3 Lord Ingram wood her Lady Maisery  
From father and from mother;  
Lord Ingram wood her Lady Maisery  
From sister and from brother.
- 4 Lord Ingram wood her Lady Maisery  
With leave of a' her kin;  
And every one gave full consent,  
But she said no to him.
- 5 Lord Ingram wood her Lady Maisery  
Into her father's ha;  
Chiel Wyet wood her Lady Maisery  
Amang the sheets so sma.
- 6 Now it fell out upon a day,  
She was dressing her head,  
That ben did come her father dear,  
Wearing the gold so red.
- 7 He said, Get up now, Lady Maisery,  
Put on your wedding gown;  
For Lord Ingram he will be here,  
Your wedding must be done.
- 8 'I'd rather be Chiel Wyet's wife,  
The white fish for to sell,  
Before I were Lord Ingram's wife,  
To wear the silk so well.
- 9 'I'd rather be Chiel Wyet's wife,  
With him to beg my bread,  
Before I were Lord Ingram's wife,  
To wear the gold so red.
- 10 'Where will I get a bonny boy,  
Will win gold to his fee,  
And will run unto Chiel Wyet's,  
With this letter from me?'
- 11 'O here I am,' the boy says,  
'Will win gold to my fee,  
And carry away any letter  
To Chiel Wyet from thee.'
- 12 And when he found the bridges broke,  
He bent his bow and swam;  
And when he found the grass growing,  
He hastened and he ran.
- 13 And when he came to Chiel Wyet's  
castle,  
He did not knock nor call,  
But set his bent bow to his breast,  
And lightly leaped the wall;
- And ere the porter opend the gate,  
The boy was in the hall.
- 14 The first line that he looked on,  
A grieved man was he;  
The next line that he looked on,  
A tear blinded his ee:  
Says, I wonder what ails my one brother  
He'll not let my love be!
- 15 'But I'll send to my brother's bridal —  
The bacon shall be mine —  
Full four and twenty buck and roe,  
And ten tun of the wine:  
And bid my love be blythe and glad,  
And I will follow syne.'
- 16 There was not a groom about that castle  
But got a gown of green,  
And all was blythe, and all was glad,  
But Lady Maisery was neen.
- 17 There was no cook about that kitchen  
But got a gown of gray,  
And all was blythe, and all was glad,  
But Lady Maisery was wae.
- 18 Between Mary Kirk and that castle  
Was all spread ower with garl,  
To keep Lady Maisery and her maidens  
From tramping on the marl.
- 19 From Mary Kirk to that castle  
Was spread a cloth of gold,  
To keep Lady Maisery and her maidens  
From treading on the mold.
- 20 When mass was sung, and bells was  
rung,  
And all men bound for bed,  
Then Lord Ingram and Lady Maisery  
In one bed they were laid.
- 21 When they were laid into their bed —  
It was baith saft and warm —  
He laid his hand over her side,  
Says, I think you are with bairn.
- 22 'I told you once, so did I twice,  
When ye came me to woo,  
That Chiel Wyet, your only brother,  
One night lay in my bower.
- 23 'I told you twice, so did I thrice,  
Ere ye came me to wed,

- That Chiel Wyet, your one brother,  
One night lay in my bed.'
- 24 'O will you father your bairn on me,  
And on no other man?  
And I'll give him to his dowry  
Full fifty ploughs of land.'
- 25 'I will not father my bairn on you,  
Nor on no wrongeous man,  
Though ye would give him to his dowry  
Five thousand ploughs of land.'
- 26 Then up did start him Chiel Wyet,  
Shed by his yellow hair,  
And gave Lord Ingram to the heart  
A deep wound and a sair.
- 27 Then up did start him Lord Ingram,  
Shed by his yellow hair,  
And gave Chiel Wyet to the heart  
A deep wound and a sair.
- 28 There was no pity for that two lords,  
Where they were lying slain;  
But all was for her Lady Maisery,  
In that bower she gaed brain.
- 29 There was no pity for that two lords,  
When they were lying dead;  
But all was for her Lady Maisery,  
In that bower she went mad.
- 30 Said, Get to me a cloak of cloth,  
A staff of good hard tree;  
If I have been an evil woman,  
I shall beg till I dee.
- 31 'For a bit I'll beg for Chiel Wyet,  
For Lord Ingram I'll beg three;  
All for the good and honorable marriage  
At Mary Kirk [he] gave me.'

## B

'Lord Ingram and Gil Vielt,' Skene MS.,  
p. 16; taken down in the North of Scotland,  
1802-1803.

- 1 LORD INGRAM and Gil Vielt  
Were baith born in ae ha;  
They laid their love on ae lady,  
An fate they coud na fa.
- 2 Lord Ingram and Gil Vielt  
Were baith laid in ae wame;

They laid their love on ae lady,  
The greater was their shame.

- 3 Lord Ingram wood her Lady Masery  
Frae father and frae mither;  
Gil Vielt wood her Lady Masery  
Frae sister and frae brither.
- 4 Lord Ingram courted her Lady Masery  
Among the company a';  
Jill Vielt he wood her Lady Masery  
Among the sheets so sma.
- 5 'Get up, my daughter dear,  
Put on your bridal gown;  
This day's your bridal day  
Wi Lord Ingram.'
- 6 'How can I get up,  
An put on my bridal gown,  
Or how marry the ae brither,  
An the tither's babe in my womb?'
- \* \* \* \*
- 7 'O laugh you at mysell, brither,  
Or at my companie?  
Or laugh ye at my bonnie bride,  
She wad na laugh at thee?'
- 8 'I laugh na at yoursel, brither,  
Nor at your companie;  
Nor laugh I at your buirle bride,  
She wad na laugh at me.
- 9 'But there's a brotch on a breast-bane,  
A garlan on ane's hair;  
Gin ye kend what war under that,  
Ye wad neer love woman mair.
- 10 'There is a brotch on a breast-bane,  
An roses on ane's sheen;  
Gin ye kend what war under that,  
Your love wad soon be deen.'

- 11 Whan bells were rung, and mass was  
sung,  
And a' man boun to bed,  
Lord Ingram and Lady Masery  
In ae chammer were laid.

- 12 He put his hand out oure his bonnie bride,  
The babe between her sides did quake:

. . . . .

- 13 'O father your babe on me, Lady  
Masery,  
O father your babe on me.'  
. . . . .
- 14 'I may father my babe on a stock,  
Sae may I on a stane,  
But my babe shall never hae  
A father but its ain.'
- 15 He took out a brand,  
And laid it atween them twa;  
. . . . .
- 16 Gill Vielt took out a long brand,  
And stroakd it oer a stro,  
An thro and thro Lord Ingram's bodie  
He made it come and go.
- 17 'Wae mat worth ye, Gill Vielt,  
An ill died mat ye die!  
For I han the cup in my hand  
To hae drunken her oer to thee.'
- 18 '[For] ae mile [I wad gae] for Gil Vielt,  
For Lord Ingram I wad hae gaen  
three;  
An a' for that in good kirk-door  
Fair wedding he gave me.'
- 19 Gil Vielt took a long brand,  
An stroakd it on a stro,  
An through and thro his ain bodie  
He made it come and go.
- 20 There was nae mean made for that godd  
lords,  
In bowr whar they lay slain,  
But a' was for that lady,  
In bowr whar she gaed brain.
- 21 There was nae mean made for that lady,  
In bowr whar she lay dead,  
But a' was for the bonnie babe  
That lay blabbering in her bleed.

## C

'Auld Ingram,' Herd's MSS., I, 169, II, 84;  
'Lord Wa'yates and Auld Ingram,' Jamieson's  
Popular Ballads, II, 265.

- 1 LADY MAISDRY was a lady fair,  
She maid her mither's bed;

Auld Ingram was an aged knight,  
And hee sought her to wed.

- 2 'Tis I forbid ye, Auld Ingram,  
For to seek me to spouse;  
For Lord Wayets, your sister's son,  
Has been into my bowrs.

- 3 'Tis I forbid ye, Auld Ingram,  
For to seek me to wed;  
For Lord Wayets, your sister's son,  
Has been into my bed.'

- 4 'Tis he has bought to this lady  
The robes of the brown;  
'And ever alas,' says this lady,  
'The robs will pit mee down!'

- 5 And he has bought to this lady  
The robs of the red;  
'And ever alas,' says this lady,  
'The robs will be my dead!'

- 6 And he has bought to this lady  
The chrystal and the lammer,  
Sae has hee bought to her mither  
The curches of the cammer.

- 7 Every ane o her se'n brethren  
They had a hawk in hand,  
And every lady i the place  
They got a goud garland.

- 8 Every cuk in that kitchen  
They gat a noble claitth;  
A' was blyth at Auld Ingram's cuming,  
But Lady Maisdrey was wraith.

- 9 'Whare will I get a bonny boy,  
Wad fain wun hos and shoon,  
That wud rin on to my Wayets,  
And quickly cume again?'

- 10 'Here am I, a bonny boy,  
Wad fain wun hos and shoon,  
Wha wull rin on to your Wayets,  
And quickly cume again.'

- 11 'Ye'l bid him, and ye'l pray him baith,  
Gif ony prayer can dee,  
To Mary Kirk to cume the morn,  
My weary wadding to see.'

- 12 Lord Wayets lay our his castle wa,  
Beheld baith dale and down,

- And he beheld a bonny boy  
Cume rinnen to the town.
- 13 'What news, what news, ye bonny boy?  
What news ye hae to niee?  
. . . . .
- 14 'O is my ladie's fauld is brunt?  
Or is her towrs wun?  
Or is my Maisdrey lighter yet  
A dear dochter or sun?'
- 15 'Your ladie's faulds they are not brunt,  
Nor yet are her towrs wun,  
Neither is Maisdrey lighter yet  
A dear dochter or sun.
- 16 'But she bids ye and she prays ye  
baith,  
Gif ony prayer can dee,  
To Mary Kirk to cume the morn,  
Her weary wadding to see.'
- 17 He dung the boord up wi his fit,  
Sae did he wi his tae;  
The silver cup that sat upon 't  
I the fire he gard it flee:  
'O what na a lord in a' Scotland  
Dare marry my Maisdrey?'
- 18 'O 't is but a feeble thought  
To tell the tane and not the tither;  
O 't is but a feeble thought  
To tell 't is your mither's brither.'
- 19 'T is I wull send to that wadding,  
And I wul follow syne,  
The fitches o the fallow deer  
An the gammons o the swine,  
An the nine hides o the noble cow;  
'T was slain in season time.
- 20 'T is I wul send to that wadding  
Ten ton of the red wyne;  
Much more I 'll send to that wadding,  
An I wul follow syne.'
- 21 When he came in unto the ha,  
Lady Maisdrey she did ween,  
And twenty times he kist her mou  
Before Auld Ingram's een.
- 22 Nor to the kirk she wud ne gae,  
Nor til 't she wudn ride,
- Till four and twunt y men she gat her  
before,  
An twunt y on ilka side,  
An four and twunt y milk-white dows  
To flee aboon her head.
- 23 A loud laughter gae Lord Wayets  
Mang the mids o his men:  
'Marry the lady wham they weel,  
A maiden she is nane.'
- 24 'O laugh ye at my men, Wayets?  
Or di ye laugh at me?  
Or laugh ye at the beerly bride,  
That's gane to marry me?'
- 25 'I laugh na at your men, uncle,  
Nor yet dive I at thee,  
Bit I laugh at my lands sae braid,  
Sae weel's I do them see.'
- 26 Whan ene was cume, and ene-bells rung,  
An a' man gane to bed,  
The bride bit and the silly bridegroom  
In chambers they were laid.
- 27 Was na it a fell thing for to see,  
Twa heads lye on a coad,  
Lady Maisdrey like the moten goud,  
Auld Ingram like a toad?
- 28 He turnd his face unto the stock,  
And sound he fell asleep;  
She turnd her fair face unto the wa,  
An sa't tears she did weep.
- 29 It fell about the mark midnight,  
Auld Ingram began to turn him;  
He pat his hands on 's lady's sides,  
An waly, sair was she murnin.
- 30 'What aileth thee, my lady dear?  
Ever alas and wae's me,  
There is a baube betwixt thy sides!  
O sae sair's it grieves me.'
- 31 'Didn I tell ye that, Auld Ingram,  
Or ye saught me to wed,  
That Lord Wayets, your sister's son,  
Had been into my bed?'
- 32 'O father that bairn on me, Maisdrey,  
O father it on me,  
An ye sall hae a rigland shire  
Your mornin's gift to bee.'



33 'O sarbit,' says the Lady Maisdrey,  
 'That ever the like me befa,  
 To father my bairn on Auld Ingram,  
 Lord Wayets in my father's ha !

34 'O sarbit,' says the Lady Maisdrey,  
 'That ever the like me betide,  
 To father my bairn on Auld Ingram,  
 An Lord Wayets beside !'

## 67

## GLASGERION

'Glasgerion' was first printed in Percy's *Reliques*, III, 43, 1765, and was not thought by the editor to require much correction. Certainly the English ballad is one which it would be hard to mend. Scottish B is mainly of good derivation (a poor old woman in Aberdeenshire), and has some good stanzas, but Jamieson unfortunately undertook to improve a copy in which the story was complete, but "the diction much humbled," by combining with it a fragment of another version. 'The Bret Glascurion' is joined in Chaucer's House of Fame, III, 111-118, with the harpers Orpheus, Orion (Arion), and Chiron. 'Bret' is Briton, and Y Bardd Glas Keraint, in English Keraint the Blue Bard (Blue Bard being an appellation of a chief bard, who wore an official robe of blue), is recorded to have been an eminent poet of distinguished birth, son of Owain, Prince of Glamorgan. There is at least no absurdity in the suggestion that the Glascurion of Chaucer and the Glasgerion of the ballad may represent the Welsh Glas Keraint.

## A

'Glasgerion.' Percy MS., p. 94; Hales and Furnivall, I, 248.

1 GLASGERION was a kings owne sonne,  
 And a harper he was good;  
 He harped in the kings chamber,  
 Where cuppe and candle stoode,  
 And soe did hee in the queens chamber,  
 Till ladies waxed wood.

2 And then bespake the kings daughter,  
 And these words thus sayd shee:

. . . . .

3 Saide, Strike on, strike on, Glasgerion,  
 Of thy striking doe not blinne;

There's neuer a stroke comes ouer this  
 harpe  
 But it glads my hart within.

4 'Faire might you fall, lady !' quoth hee  
 'Who taught you now to speake ?  
 I haue loued you, lady, seuen yeere;  
 My hart I durst neere breake.'

5 'But come to my bower, my Glasgerryon  
 When all men are att rest;  
 As I am a ladie true of my promise,  
 Thou shalt bee a welcome guest.'

6 But hom then came Glasgerryon,  
 A glad man, Lord, was hee:  
 'And come thou hither, Iacke, my boy  
 Come hither vnto mee.

7 'For the kings daughter of Normandy  
 Her loue is granted mee,  
 And beffore the cocke haue crowen,  
 Att her chamber must I bee.'

8 'But come you hither, master,' quoth hee  
 'Lay your head downe on this stone;  
 For I will waken you, master deere,  
 Afore it be time to gone.'

9 But vpp then rose *that* lither ladd,  
 And did on hose and shoone;  
 A coller he cast vpon his necke,  
 Hee seemed a gentleman.

10 And when he came to *that* ladies cham-  
 ber,  
 He thrild vpon a pinn;  
 The lady was true of her promise,  
 Rose vp and lett him in.

11 He did not take the lady gay  
 To boulster nor to bedd,  
 But downe vpon her chamber-flore  
 Full soone he hath her layd.

12 He did not kisse *that* lady gay  
 When he came nor when he youd;  
 And sore mistrusted *that* lady gay  
 He was of some churlës blood.

13 But home then came *that* lither ladd,  
 And did of his hose and shoone,  
 And cast *that* coller from about his  
 necke;  
 He was but a churlës sonne:

- 'Awaken,' quoth hee, 'my master deere,  
I hold it time to be gone.
- 4 'For I haue sadled your horsse, master,  
Well bridled I haue your steed;  
Haue not I serued a good breakfast,  
When time comes I haue need.'
- 5 But vp then rose good Glasgerryon,  
And did on both hose and shoone,  
And cast a collar about his necke;  
He was a *king's sonne*.
- 6 And when he came to *that ladies cham-*  
*ber,*  
He thrild vpon a pinn;  
The lady was more then true of promise,  
Rose vp and let him in.
- 7 Saies, Whether haue you left with me  
Your bracelett or your gloue?  
Or are you returned backe againe  
To know more of my loue?
- 8 Glasgerryon swore a full great othe,  
By oake and ashe and thorne,  
'Lady, I was neuer in your chamber  
Sith the time that I was borne.'
- 9 'O then it was your litle foote-page  
Falsly hath beguiled me.'  
And then shee puld forth a litle pen-  
knife,  
That hanged by her knee,  
Says, There shall neuer noe churl's blood  
Spring within my body.
- 20 But home then went Glasgerryon,  
A woe man, good [Lord], was hee;  
Sayes, Come hither, thou Iacke, my boy,  
Come thou hither to me.
- 21 Ffor if I had killed a man to-night,  
Iacke, I wold tell it thee;  
But if I haue not killed a man to-night,  
Iacke, thou hast killed three!
- 22 And he puld out his bright browne  
sword,  
And dried it on his sleeue,  
And he smote off that lither ladds head,  
And asked noe man noe leaue.
- 23 He sett the swords poynt till his brest,  
The pumill till a stone;

Thorrow *that falsenese of that lither ladd*  
These three liues werne all gone.

## B

'Glenkindie,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, i.  
93, taken from the recitation of an old woman  
by Professor Scott, of Aberdeen, and "some-  
what improved" by a fragment communicated  
by the Rev. William Gray, of Lincoln.

- 1 GLENKINDIE was ance a harper gude,  
He harped to the king;  
And Glenkindie was ance the best harper  
That ever harped on a string.
- 2 He'd harpit a fish out o saut water,  
Or water out o a stane,  
Or milk out o a maiden's breast,  
That bairn had never nane.
- 3 He's taen his harp intil his hand,  
He harpit and he sang,  
And ay as he harpit to the king,  
To haud him unthought lang.
- 4 'I'll gie you a robe, Glenkindie,  
A robe o the royal pa,  
Gin ye will harp i the winter's night  
Afore my nobles a'.'

\* \* \* \* \*

- 5 He's taen his harp intill his hand,  
He's harpit them a' asleep,  
Except it was the young countess,  
That love did waukin keep.
- 6 And first he has harpit a grave tune,  
And syne he has harpit a gay,  
And mony a sich atween hands  
I wat the lady gae.
- 7 Says, Whan day is dawen, and cocks hae  
crawen,  
And wappit their wings sae wide,  
It's ye may come to my bower-door,  
And streek you by my side.
- 8 But look that ye tell na Gib, your man,  
For naething that ye dee;  
For, an ye tell him Gib, your man,  
He'll beguile baith you and me.
- 9 He's taen his harp intill his hand,  
He harpit and he sang,

- And he is hame to Gib, his man,  
As fast as he could gang.
- 10 'O mith I tell you, Gib, my man,  
Gin I a man had slain?'  
'O that ye nicht, my gude master,  
Altho ye had slain ten.'
- 11 'Then tak ye tent now, Gib, my  
man,  
My bidden for to dee;  
And but an ye wauken me in time,  
Ye sall be hangit hie.
- 12 'Whan day has dawen, and cocks hae  
crawen,  
And wappit their wings sae wide,  
I 'm bidden gang till you lady's  
bower,  
And streek me by her side.'
- 13 'Gae hame to your bed, my good mas-  
ter;  
Ye 've waukit, I fear, oer lang;  
For I 'll wauken you in as good time  
As any cock i the land.'
- 14 He 's taen his harp intill his hand,  
He harpit and he sang,  
Until he harpit his master asleep,  
Syn e fast awa did gang.
- 15 And he is till that lady's bower,  
As fast as he could rin;  
When he cam till that lady's bower,  
He chappit at the chin.
- 16 'O wha is this,' says that lady,  
'That opens nae and comes in?'  
'It 's I, Glenkindie, your ain true-  
love,  
O open and lat me in!'
- 17 She kent he was nae gentle knight  
That she had latten in,  
For neither when he gaed nor cam,  
Kist he her cheek or chin.
- 18 He neither kist her when he cam,  
Nor clappit her when he gaed,  
And in and at her bower window,  
The moon shone like the gleed.
- 19 'O ragged is your hose, Glenkindie,  
And riven is your sheen,
- And reaveld is your yellow hair,  
That I saw late yestreen.'
- 20 'The stockings they are Gib, my man's  
They came first to my hand,  
And this is Gib, my man's shoon,  
At my bed-feet they stand;  
I 've reaveld a' my yellow hair  
Coming against the wind.'
- 21 He 's taen the harp intill his hand,  
He harpit and he sang,  
Until he cam to his master,  
As fast as he could gang.
- 22 'Won up, won up, my good master,  
I fear ye sleep oer lang;  
There 's nae a cock in a' the land  
But has wappit his wings and crawn.
- 23 Glenkindie 's tane his harp in hand,  
He harpit and he sang,  
And he has reachd the lady's bower  
Afore that eer he blan.
- 24 When he cam to the lady's bower,  
He chappit at the chin:  
'O wha is that at my bower-door,  
That opens nae and comes in?'  
'It 's I, Glenkindie, your ain true-love,  
And in I canna win.'
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 25 'Forbid it, forbid it,' says that lady,  
'That ever sic shame betide,  
That I should first be a wild loon's lass  
And than a young knight's bride.'
- 26 He 's taen his harp intill his hand,  
He harpit and he sang,  
And he is hame to Gib, his man,  
As fast as he could gang.
- 27 'Come forth, come forth, now, Gib, my  
man,  
Till I pay you your fee;  
Come forth, come forth, now, Gib, my  
man,  
Weel payit sall ye be.'
- 28 And he has taen him Gib, his man,  
And he has handd him hie,  
And he 's hangit him oer his ain yate,  
As high as high could be.

- 29 There was nae pity for that lady,  
For she lay cald and dead,  
But a' was for him, Glenkindie,  
In bower he must go mad.

68

## YOUNG HUNTING

Scott's 'Earl Richard' is mainly from Herd's copies A and G, here given, but partly from independent tradition (Minstrelsy, 1802, II, 42; ed. 1803, II, 44).

A Scandinavian ballad (Grundtvig, No. 208), begins somewhat like 'Young Hunting,' but ends like 'Elveskud,' or 'Clerk Colvill' (No. 42). A young man who has made up his mind to marry is warned by his mother against the wiles of a former mistress. He rides to his old love's house and is welcomed to beer and wine. He tells her that he is on the way to his bride. She wants a word with him, or a kiss, and as he leans over to her on the horse, stabs him to the heart. He rides home bleeding, pretends that he has hurt himself by running against a tree, asks that his bed may be made and a priest sent for, and dies.

## A

- 'Young Hunting.' a. Herd's MSS., I, 182.  
b. The same, II, 67.

- 1 OLADY, rock never your young son young  
One hour longer for me,  
For I have a sweetheart in Garlick's  
Wells  
I love thrice better than thee.
- 2 'The very sols of my love's feet  
Is whiter then thy face.'  
'But nevertheless na, Young Hunting,  
Ye'l stay wi me all night.'
- 3 She has birld in him Young Hunting  
The good ale and the beer,  
Till he was as fou drunken  
As any wild-wood steer.
- 4 She has birld in him Young Hunting  
The good ale and the wine,  
Till he was as fou drunken  
As any wild-wood swine.
- 5 Up she has tain him Young Hunting,  
And she has had him to her bed,

- 6 And she has minded her on a little pen-  
knife,  
That hangs low down by her gare,  
And she has gin him Young Hunting  
A deep wound and a sare.
- 7 Out an spake the bonny bird,  
That flew abon her head:  
'Lady, keep well thy green clothing  
Fra that good lord's blood.'
- 8 'O better I'll keep my green clothing  
Fra that good lord's blood  
Nor thou can keep thy flattering tounge,  
That flatters in thy head.
- 9 'Light down, light down, my bonny  
bird,  
Light down upon my hand,
- 10 'O siller, O siller shall be thy hire,  
An goud shall be thy fee,  
An every month into the year  
Thy cage shall changed be.'
- 11 'I winna light down, I shanna light  
down,  
I winna light on thy hand;  
For soon, soon wad ye do to me  
As ye done to Young Hunting.'
- 12 She has booted an spird him Young  
Hunting  
As he had been gan to ride,  
A hunting-horn about his neck,  
An the sharp sould by his side.
- 13 And she has had him to yon wan  
water,  
For a' man calls it Clyde,
- 14 The deepest pot intill it all  
She has puten Young Hunting in;  
A green truff upon his breast,  
To hold that good lord down.
- 15 It fell once upon a day  
The king was going to ride,

- And he sent for him Young Hunting,  
To ride on his right side.
- 16 She has turnd her right and round about,  
She sware now by the corn,  
'I saw na thy son, Young Hunting,  
Sen yesterday at morn.'
- 17 She has turnd her right and round about,  
She swear now by the moon,  
'I saw na thy son, Young Hunting,  
Sen yesterday at noon.
- 18 'It fears me sair in Clyde Water  
That he is drownd therein:'  
O thay ha sent for the king's duckers,  
To duck for Young Hunting.
- 19 They ducked in at the tae water-bank,  
Thay ducked out at the tither:  
'We 'll duck no more for Young Hunt-  
ing,  
All tho he wear our brother.'
- 20 Out an spake the bonny bird,  
That flew abon their heads,  
. . . . .
- 21 'O he 's na drownd in Clyde Water,  
He is slain and put therein;  
The lady that lives in yon castil  
Slew him and put him in.
- 22 'Leave aff your ducking on the day,  
And duck upon the night;  
Whear ever that sakeless knight lys  
slain,  
The candels will shine bright.'
- 23 Thay left off their ducking o the day,  
And ducked upon the night,  
And where that sakeless knight lay  
slain,  
The candles shone full bright.
- 24 The deepest pot intill it a'  
Thay got Young Hunting in;  
A green turff upon his brest,  
To hold that good lord down.
- 25 O thay ha sent aff men to the wood  
To hew down baith thorn an fern,  
That they might get a great bonfire  
To burn that lady in.

'Put na the wyte on me,' she says,  
'It was her May Catheren.'

- 26 Whan thay had tane her May Catheren  
In the bonfire set her in;  
It wad na take upon her cheeks,  
Nor take upon her chin,  
Nor yet upon her yallow hair,  
To healle the deadly sin.
- 27 Out they hae tain her May Catheren,  
And they hay put that lady in;  
O it took upon her cheek, her cheek,  
An it took upon her chin,  
An it took on her fair body,  
She burnt like hoky-gren.

## C

'Young Riedan,' Harris MS., fol. 8, from Mr  
Harris, Perthshire.

- 1 THE ladie stude in her bour-door,  
In her bour-door as she stude,  
She thoct she heard a bridle ring,  
That did her bodie gude.
- 2 She thoct it had been her father dear,  
Come ridin owre the sand;  
But it was her true-love Riedan,  
Come hiean to her hand.
- 3 'You 're welcome, you 're welcome  
Young Riedan,' she said,  
'To coal an cannell-light;  
You 're welcome, you 're welcome, Young  
Riedan,  
To sleep in my bour this nicht.'
- 4 'I thank you for your coal, madame,  
An for your cannell tae;  
There's a fairer maid at Clyde's Water  
I love better than you.'
- 5 'A fairer maid than me, Riedan?  
A fairer maid than me?  
A fairer maid than ten o me  
You shurely neer did see.'
- 6 He leant him owre his saddle-bow,  
To gie her a kiss sae sweet;  
She keppit him on a little penknife,  
An gae him a wound sae deep.
- 7 'Oh hide! oh hide! my bourswoman,  
Oh hide this deed on me!



- An the silks that waur shappit for me  
at Yule  
At Pasch sall be sewed for thee.'
- 8 They saidled Young Riedan, they bridled  
Young Riedan,  
The way he was wont to ride;  
Wi a huntin-horn about his neck,  
An a sharp sword by his side.
- 9 An they are on to Clyde's Water,  
An they rade it up an doon,  
An the deepest linn in a' Clyde's Water  
They flang him Young Riedan [in].
- 10 'Lie you there, you Young Riedan,  
Your bed it is fu wan;  
The [maid] you hae at Clyde's Water,  
For you she will think lang.'
- 11 Up it spak the wily bird,  
As it sat on the tree:  
'Oh wae betide you, ill woman,  
An an ill death may you dee!  
For he had neer anither love,  
Anither love but thee.'
- 12 'Come doon, come doon, my pretty  
parrot,  
An pickle wheat aff my glue;  
An your cage sall be o the beaten goud,  
Whan it's of the willow tree.'
- 13 'I winna come doon, I sanna come doon,  
To siccan a traitor as thee;  
For as you did to Young Riedan,  
Sae wald you do to mee.'
- 14 'Come doon, come doon, my pretty  
parrot,  
An pickle wheat aff my hand;  
An your cage sall be o the beaten goud,  
Whan it's o the willow wand.'
- 15 'I winna come doon, I sanna come  
doon,  
To siccan a traitor as thee;  
You wald thraw my head aff my hase-  
bane,  
An fling it in the sea.'
- 16 It fell upon a Lammas-tide  
The king's court cam ridin bye:  
'Oh whare is it him Young Riedan?  
It's fain I wald him see.'
- 17 'Oh I hae no seen Young Riedan  
Sin three lang weeks the morn;  
It bodes me sair, and dries me mair,  
Clyde's Water's him forlorn.'
- 18 Up it spak the wily bird,  
As it sat on the tree;  
. . . . .
- 19 'Leave aff, leave aff your day-seekin,  
An ye maun seek by nicht;  
Aboon the place Young Riedan lies,  
The cannels burn bricht.'
- 20 They gae up their day-seekin,  
An they did seek by nicht;  
An owre the place Young Riedan lay,  
The cannels burnt bricht.
- 21 The firsten grip his mother got  
Was o his yellow hair;  
An was na that a dowie grip,  
To get her ae son there!
- 22 The nexten grip his mother got  
Was o his milk-white hand;  
An wasna that a dowie grip,  
To bring sae far to land!
- 23 White, white waur his wounds washen,  
As white as ony lawn;  
But sune's the traitor stude afore,  
Then oot the red blude sprang.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 24 Fire wadna tak on her bourswoman,  
Niether on cheek nor chin;  
But it took fast on thae twa hands  
That flang Young Riedan in.
- 25 'Come oot, come oot, my bourswoman,  
Come oot, lat me win in;  
For as I did the deed mysell,  
Sae man I drie the pine.'

## G

Herd's MSS., I, 34; Herd's Scottish Songs,  
1776, I, 148.

- 1 SHE has call'd to her her bower-maidens,  
She has call'd them one by one:  
'There is a dead man in my bower,  
I wish that he was gone.'

2 They have bootèd him, and spurèd him,  
As he was wont to ride,  
A hunting-horn around his waist,  
A sharp sword by his side.

3 Then up and spake a bonie bird,  
That sat upon the tree:  
'What hae ye done wi Earl Richard?  
Ye was his gay lady.'

4 'Cum down, cum down, my bonie bird,  
Cum sit upon my hand;  
And ye sall hae a cage o the gowd,  
Where ye hae but the wand.'

5 'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,  
Nae ill woman for me;  
What ye hae done to Earl Richard,  
Sae wad ye do to mee.'

\* \* \* \* \*

6 'O there's a bird intill your bowir  
That sings sae sad and sweet;  
O there's a bird intill your bower  
Kept me frae my nicht's sleep.'

\* \* \* \* \*

7 And she sware by the grass sae greene,  
Sae did she by the corn,  
That she had not seen Earl Richard  
Sen yesterday at morn.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 69

## CLERK SAUNDERS

'Clerk Saunders' was first given to the world in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, and was there said to be "taken from Herd's MS., with several corrections from a shorter and more imperfect copy in the same volume, and one or two conjectural emendations in the arrangement of the stanzas." Sir Walter arranged his ballad with much good taste, but this account of his dealing with Herd's copies is far from precisely accurate. A, the longer of these, does not end, in Herd's MS., with Margaret's refusal to be comforted, a rather unsufficing conclusion it must be owned. The story is continued by annexing the ballad of 'Sweet William's Ghost,' the lack of which in B makes

Scott call that version imperfect. This sequel found also in F, is omitted here, and will be given under No. 77. F (Jamieson's Ballads) is like Scott's, a made-up copy, "the stanza where the seven brothers are introduced" having been "enlarged from two fragments, which though very defective . . . , furnished lines which, when incorporated in the text, seemed to improve it." But F is important, since it connects 'Clerk Saunders' with a Scandinavian ballad (Grundtvig-Olrik, No. 304) which seems to be preserved, in abbreviated and sometimes perverted forms, by other races as well. Nos. 70 and 71 have connections with 'Clerk Saunders.'

## A

'Clerk Sanders,' Herd's MSS., a, i, 177; b, ii, 419.

1 CLARK SANDERS and May Margret  
Walkt ower yon gravelled green,  
And sad and heavy was the love,  
I wat, it fell this twa between.

2 'A bed, a bed,' Clark Sanders said,  
'A bed, a bed for you and I;'  
'Fye no, fye no,' the lady said,  
'Until the day we married be.

3 'For in it will come my seven brother,  
And a' their torches burning bright;  
They'll say, We hae but ae sister,  
And here her lying wi a knight.'

4 'Ye'll take the sourde fray my scabbord  
And lowly, lowly lift the gin,  
And you may say, your oth to save,  
You never let Clark Sanders in.

5 'Yele take a napken in your hand,  
And ye'll ty up baith your een,  
An ye may say, your oth to save,  
That ye saw na Sandy sen late ye'ren.

6 'Yele take me in your armes twa,  
Yele carrey me ben into your bed,  
And ye may say, your oth to save,  
In your bower-floor I never tread.'

7 She has taen the sourde fray his scabbord,  
And lowly, lowly lifted the gin;  
She was to swear, her oth to save,  
She never let Clerk Sanders in.

- 8 She has tain a napkin in her hand,  
And she ty'd up baith her een;  
She was to swear, her oth to save,  
She saw na him sene late yestreen.
- 9 She has taen him in her armes twa,  
And carried him ben into her bed;  
She was to swear, her oth to save,  
He never in her bower-floor tread.
- 10 In and came her seven brothers,  
And all their torches burning bright;  
Says thay, We hae but ae sister,  
And see there her lying wi a knight.
- 11 Out and speaks the first of them,  
'A wat they hay been lovers dear;'  
Out and speaks the next of them,  
'They hay been in love this many a year.'
- 12 Out an speaks the third of them,  
'It wear great sin this twa to twain;'  
Out an speaks the fourth of them,  
'It wear a sin to kill a sleeping man.'
- 13 Out an speaks the fifth of them,  
'A wat they'll near be twained by me;'  
Out an speaks the sixt of them,  
'We'll tak our leave an gae our way.'
- 14 Out an speaks the seventh of them,  
'Altho there wear no a man but me,  
I bear the brand, I'll gar him die.'
- 15 Out he has taen a bright long brand,  
And he has striped it throw the straw,  
And throw and throw Clarke Sanders'  
body  
A wat he has gard cold iron gae.
- 16 Sanders he started, an Margret she lapt,  
Intill his arms whare she lay,  
And well and wellsom was the night,  
A wat it was between these twa.
- 17 And they lay still, and sleeped sound,  
Untill the day began to daw;  
And kindly till him she did say  
'It's time, trew-love, ye wear awa.'
- 18 They lay still, and sleeped sound,  
Untill the sun began to shine;

She lookt between her and the wa,  
And dull and heavy was his een.

- 19 She thought it had been a loathsome  
sweat,  
A wat it had fallen this twa between;  
But it was the blood of his fair body,  
A wat his life days wair na lang.
- 20 'O Sanders, I'll do for your sake  
What other ladys would na thoule;  
When seven years is come and gone,  
There's near a shoe go on my sole.
- 21 'O Sanders, I'll do for your sake  
What other ladies would think mare;  
When seven years is come an gone,  
Ther's nere a comb go in my hair.
- 22 'O Sanders, I'll do for your sake  
What other ladies would think lack;  
When seven years is come an gone,  
I'll wear nought but dowy black.'
- 23 The bells gaed clinking throw the towne,  
To carry the dead corps to the clay,  
An sighing says her May Margret,  
'A wat I bide a doulfou day.'
- 24 In an come her father dear,  
Stout steping on the floor;  
. . . . .
- 25 'Hold your tounge, my doughter dear,  
Let all your mourning a bee;  
I'll carry the dead corps to the clay,  
An I'll come back an comfort thee.'
- 26 'Comfort well your seven sons,  
For comforted will I never bee;  
For it was neither lord nor lounne  
That was in bower last night wi mee.'

## B

'Clerk Saunders,' Herd's MSS., a, i, 163; b, ii, 46.

- 1 CLERK SAUNDERS and a gay lady  
Was walking in yonder green,  
And heavy, heavy was the love  
That fell this twa lovers between.
- 2 'A bed, a bed,' Clerk Saunders said,  
'And ay a bed for you and me;'

- 'Never a ane,' said the gay lady,  
'Till ance we twa married be.
- 3 'There would come a' my seven brethern,  
And a' their torches burning bright,  
And say, We hae but ae sister,  
And behad, she's lying wi you the night.'
- 4 'You'll take a napkain in your hand,  
And then you will tie up your een;  
Then you may swear, and safe your aith,  
You sawna Sandy sin yestreen.
- 5 'You'll take me up upo your back,  
And then you'll carry me to your bed;  
Then you may swear, and save your aith,  
Your board [-floor] Sandy never tred.'
- 6 She's taen him upo her back,  
And she's carried him unto her bed,  
That she might swear, and safe her aith,  
Her board-floor Sandy never tread.
- 7 She's taen a napkin in her hand,  
And lo she did tie up her een,  
That she might swear, and safe her aith,  
She sawna Sandy syne yestreen.
- 8 They were na weel into the room,  
Nor yet laid weel into the bed,  
. . . . .
- 9 When in came a' her seven brethern,  
And a' their torches burning bright;  
Says they, We hae but ae sister,  
And behold, she's lying wi you this night.
- 10 'I,' bespake the first o them,  
A wat an ill death mat he die !  
'I bear a brand into my hand  
Shall quickly gar Clerk Saunders die.'
- 11 'I,' bespake the second of them,  
A wat a good death mat he die !  
'We will gae back, let him alane,  
His father has nae mair but he.'
- 12 'I,' bespake the third o them,  
A wat an ill death mat he die !  
'I bear the brand into my hand  
Shall quickly help to gar him die.'
- 13 'I,' bespake the fourth o them,  
A wat a good death mat he die !  
'I bear the brand into my hand  
Shall never help to gar him die.'
- 14 'I,' bespake the fifth o them,  
A wat an ill death mat he die !  
'Altho his father hae nae mair,  
I'll quickly help to gar him die.'
- 15 'I,' bespake the sixth o them,  
A wat a good death mat he die !  
'He's a worthy earl's son,  
I'll never help to gar him die.'
- 16 'I,' bespake the seventh of them,  
A wat an ill death mat he die !  
'I bear the brand into my hand  
Shall quickly gar Clerk Saunders die.'
- 17 They baith lay still, and slepted sound  
Untill the sun began to sheen;  
She drew the curtains a wee bit,  
And dull and drowsie was his een.
- 18 'This night,' said she, 'the sleepie  
man  
That ever my twa eyes did see  
Hay lyen by me, and sweat the sheets  
A wite they're a great shame to see'
- 19 She rowd the claiths a' to the foot,  
And then she spied his deadly wound  
'O wae be to my seven brethern,  
A wat an ill death mat they die !
- 20 'I'm sure it was neither rogue nor lo  
I had into my bed wi me;  
'T was Clerk Saunders, that good earl  
son,  
That pledgd his faith to marry me.

## F

'Clerk Saunders,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 83, communicated by Mrs Arrot, Aberbrothick, but enlarged from two fragments.

- 1 CLERK SAUNDERS was an earl's son,  
He livd upon sea-sand;  
May Margaret was a king's daughter  
She livd in upper land.
- 2 Clerk Saunders was an earl's son,  
Weel learned at the scheel;

May Margaret was a king's daughter,  
They baith loed ither weel.

3 He's throw the dark, and throw the  
mark,  
And throw the leaves o green,  
Till he came to May Margaret's door,  
And tirl'd at the pin.

4 'O sleep ye, wake ye, May Margaret,  
Or are ye the bower within?'  
'O wha is that at my bower-door,  
Sae weel my name does ken?'  
'It's I, Clerk Saunders, your true-love,  
You'll open and lat me in.

5 'O will ye to the cards, Margaret,  
Or to the table to dine?  
Or to the bed, that's weel down spread,  
And sleep when we get time?'

6 'I'll no go to the cards,' she says,  
'Nor to the table to dine;  
But I'll go to a bed, that's weel down  
spread,  
And sleep when we get time.'

7 They were not weel lyen down,  
And no weel fa'en asleep,  
When up and stood May Margaret's  
brethren,  
Just up at their bed-feet.

8 'O tell us, tell us, May Margaret,  
And dinna to us len,  
O wha is aught yon noble steed,  
That stands your stable in?'

9 'The steed is mine, and it may be thine,  
To ride whan ye ride in hie;

. . . . .

10 'But awa, awa, my bald brethren,  
Awa, and mak nae din;  
For I am as sick a lady the nicht  
As eer lay a bower within.'

11 'O tell us, tell us, May Margaret,  
And dinna to us len,  
O wha is aught yon noble hawk,  
That stands your kitchen in?'

12 'The hawk is mine, and it may be thine,  
To hawk whan ye hawk in hie;

. . . . .

13 'But awa, awa, my bald brethren,  
Awa, and mak nae din;  
For I'm ane o the sickest ladies this  
nicht  
That eer lay a bower within.'

14 'O tell us, tell us, May Margaret,  
And dinna to us len,  
O wha is that, May Margaret,  
You and the wa between?'

15 'O it is my bower-maiden,' she says,  
'As sick as sick can be;  
O it is my bower-maiden,' she says,  
'And she's thrice as sick as me.'

16 'We hae been east, and we've been  
west,  
And low beneath the moon;  
But a' the bower-women eer we saw  
Hadua goud buckles in their shoon.'

17 Then up and spak her eldest brither,  
Ay in ill time spak he:  
'It is Clerk Saunders, your true-love,  
And never mat I the  
But for this scorn that he has done  
This moment he sall die.'

18 But up and spak her youngest brother,  
Ay in good time spak he:  
'O but they are a gudely pair!  
True lovers an ye be,  
The sword that hangs at my sword-belt  
Sall never sinder ye.'

19 Syne up and spak her nexten brother,  
And the tear stood in his ee:  
'You've loed her lang, and loed her  
weel,  
And pity it wad be  
The sword that hangs at my sword-  
belt  
Shoud ever sinder ye.'

20 But up and spak her fifthen brother:  
'Sleep on your sleep for me;  
But we baith sall never sleep again,  
For the tane o us sall die.'

21 And up and spak her thirdden brother,  
Ay in ill time spak he:



'Curse on his love and comeliness !  
Dishonour as ye be,  
The sword that hangs at my sword-belt  
Sall quickly sinder ye.'

22 The eldest brother has drawn his sword,  
The second has drawn anither,  
Between Clerk Saunders' hause and col-  
lar-bane  
The cald iron met thegither.

23 'O wae be to you, my fause brethren,  
And an ill death mat ye die !  
Ye mith slain Clerk Saunders in open  
field,  
And no in bed wi me.'

## 70

## WILLIE AND LADY MAISRY

'Willie and Lady Maisry,' preserved in two versions, has much in common with 'Clerk Saunders.' The chief point of difference is that of Willie's killing Maisry's brother and the guard (in A, only the guard). Here the ballad has probably been affected by another now represented in English only by a very corrupt version, 'The Bent sae Brown' (No. 71).

## A

'Willie, the Widow's Son,' Motherwell's MS., p. 498; 'Sweet Willie and Lady Margerie,' Motherwell's Minstrely, p. 370. From the recitation of Mrs Notman, then far advanced in years, with whose grandmother it was a favorite: September 9, 1826.

1 WILLIE was a widow's son,  
And he wore a milk-white weed, O  
And weel could Willie read and write,  
Far better ride on steed. O

2 Lady Margerie was the first lady  
That drank to him the wine,  
And aye as the healths gade round and  
round,  
'Laddy, your love is mine.'

3 Lady Margerie was the first ladye  
That drank to him the beer,  
And aye as the healths gade round and  
round,  
'Laddy, you're welcome here.'

4 'You must come into my bower  
When the evening bells do ring,  
And you must come into my bower  
When the evening mass doth sing.'

5 He's taen four and twenty braid arrows,  
And laced them in a whang,  
And he's awa to Lady Margerie's bower,  
As fast as he can gang.

6 He set ae foot on the wall,  
And the other on a stane,  
And he's killed a' the king's life-guards,  
And he's killed them every man.

7 'Oh open, open, Lady Margerie,  
Open and let me in;  
The weet weets a' my yellow hair,  
And the dew draps on my chin.'

8 With her feet as white as sleet  
She strode her bower within,  
And with her fingers long and small  
She's looten Sweet Willie in.

9 She's louten down unto her foot  
To loose Sweet Willie's shoon;  
The buckles were sa stiff they wudna  
lowse,  
The blood had frozen in.

10 'O Willie, Willie, I fear that thou  
Has bred me dule and sorrow;  
The deed that thou has dune this nicht  
Will kythe upon the morrow.'

11 In then came her father dear,  
And a broad sword by his gare,  
And he's gien Willie, the widow's son,  
A deep wound and a sair.

12 'Lye yont, lye yont, Willie,' she says,  
'Your sweat weets a' my side;  
Lye yont, lye yont, Willie,' she says,  
'For your sweat I downa bide.'

13 She turned her back unto the wa,  
Her face unto the room,  
And there she saw her auld father,  
Walking up and down.

14 'Woe be to you, father,' she said,  
'And an ill deed may you die !  
For ye've killd Willie, the widow's son,  
And he would have married me.'

15 She turned her back unto the room,  
Her face unto the wa,  
And with a deep and heavy sigh  
Her heart it brak in twa.

## B

'Willie and Lady Maisry.' Buchan's Ballads  
of the North of Scotland, I, 155.

1 SWEET WILLIE was a widow's son,  
And milk-white was his weed;  
It sets him weel to bridle a horse,  
And better to saddle a steed, my dear,  
And better to saddle a steed.

2 But he is on to Maisry's bower-door,  
And tirl'd at the pin:  
'Ye sleep ye, wake ye, Lady Maisry,  
Ye'll open, let me come in.'

3 'O who is this at my bower-door,  
Sae well that knows my name?'  
'It is your ain true-love, Willie,  
If ye love me, lat me in.'

4 Then huly, huly raise she up,  
For fear o making din,  
Then in her arms lang and bent,  
She caught sweet Willie in.

5 She leand her low down to her toe,  
To loose her true-love's sheen,  
But could, could were the draps o bleed  
Fell fae his trusty brand.

6 'What frightfu sight is that, my love?  
A frightfu sight to see!  
What bluid is this on your sharp brand?  
O may ye not tell me?'

7 'As I came thro the woods this night,  
The wolf maist worried me;  
O shoud I slain the wolf, Maisry?  
Or shoud the wolf slain me?'

8 They hadna kissd, nor love clapped,  
As lovers when they meet,  
Till up it starts her auld father,  
Out o his drowsy sleep.

9 'O what's become o my house-cock,  
Sae crouse at ane did craw?  
I wonder as much at my bold watch,  
That's nae shooting ower the wa.

10 'My gude house-cock, my only son,  
Heir ower my land sae free,  
If ony ruffian hae him slain,  
High hanged shall he be.'

11 Then he's on to Maisry's bower-door,  
And tirl'd at the pin:  
'Ye sleep ye, wake ye, daughter Maisry,  
Ye'll open, lat me come in.'

12 Between the curtains and the wa  
She rowd her true-love then,  
And huly went she to the door,  
And let her father in.

13 'What's become o your maries, Maisry,  
Your bower it looks sae teen?  
What's become o your green claitthing,  
Your beds they are sae thin?'

14 'Gude forgie you, father,' she said,  
'I wish ye be't for sin;  
Sae aft as ye hae dreaded me,  
But never found me wrang.'

15 He turnd him right and round about,  
As he'd been gaun awa;  
But sae nimble as he slippet in  
Behind a screen sae sma.

16 Maisry, thinking a' dangers past,  
She to her love did say,  
'Come, love, and take your silent rest;  
My auld father's away.'

17 Then baith lockd in each other's arms,  
They fell full fast asleep,  
When up it starts her auld father,  
And stood at their bed-feet.

18 'I think I hae the villain now  
That my dear son did slay;  
But I shall be revengd on him  
Before I see the day.'

19 Then he's drawn out a trusty brand,  
And stroakd it oer a stray,  
And thro and thro Sweet Willie's  
middle  
He's gart could iron gae.

20 Then up it wakend Lady Maisry,  
Out o her drowsy sleep,  
And when she saw her true-love slain,  
She straight began to weep.

21 'O gude forgie you now, father,' she  
said,  
'I wish ye be 't for sin;  
For I never lovd a love but ane,  
In my arms ye 've him slain.'

22 'This night he's slain my gude bold  
watch,  
Thirty stout men and twa;  
Likewise he's slain your ae brother,  
To me was worth them a'.'

23 'If he has slain my ae brither,  
Himsell had a' the blame,  
For mony a day he plots contriv'd,  
To hae Sweet Willie slain.

24 'And tho he's slain your gude bold watch,  
He might hae been forgien;  
They came on him in armour bright,  
When he was but alane.'

25 Nae meen was made for this young  
knight,  
In bower where he lay slain,  
But a' was for sweet Maisry bright,  
In fields where she ran brain.

## 71

## THE BENT SAE BROWN

'The Bent sae Brown' combines the story of 'Clerk Saunders' (No. 69) with that of another ballad, not found in an independent form in English, but sufficiently common in Danish and Swedish (Kristensen, No. 80, etc.); whence the non-tragical conclusion, for the killing of a certain number of brothers is not regarded as a very serious matter by the heroine, whether in English or Norse. The introduction and conclusion, and some incidental decorations, of the Scottish ballad will not be found in the Norse, but are an outcome of the invention and the piecing and shaping of that humble but enterprising rhapsodist who has left his trail over so large a part of Buchan's volumes.

Stanzas 21-34 contain the substance of the Norse ballad referred to. A youth has passed the night with his love, either in her bower or in a wood. When they are about to part in the morning, she begs him to be on his guard against her seven brothers, on his way through the wood and over the heath. He makes light of the danger, and in the wood meets the

seven brothers. They demand how he comes to be there, and he feigns to have been out with his hawk and hounds. No, they say, you were with our sister last night. He makes no denial. They ask whether he will fly or fight. He has no thought of flight, kills all seven, and goes back to his love. She will not forsake him for killing her brothers; nor would she, in some versions, had he killed her father too.

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland,  
I, 30.

1 'THERE are sixteen lang miles, I'm  
sure,  
Between my love and me;  
There are eight o them in gude dry land,  
And other eight by sea.

2 'Betide me life, betide me death,  
My love I'll gang and see;  
Altho her friends they do me hate,  
Her love is great for me.

3 'Of my coat I'll make a boat,  
And o my sark a sail,  
And o my cane a gude tapmast,  
Dry land till I come till.'

4 Then o his coat he's made a boat,  
And o his sark a sail;  
And o his cane a gude tapmast,  
Dry land till he came till.

5 He is on to Annie's bower-door,  
And tirl'd at the pin:  
'O sleep ye, wake ye, my love, Annie,  
Ye'll rise, lat me come in.'

6 'O who is this at my bower-door,  
Sae well that kens my name?'  
'It is your true-love, Sweet Willie,  
For you I've crossd the faem.'

7 'I am deeply sworn, Willie,  
By father and by mother;  
At kirk or market where we meet,  
We darna own each other.

8 'And I am deeply sworn, Willie,  
By my bauld brothers three;  
At kirk or market where we meet,  
I darna speak to thee.'

9 'Ye take your red fan in your hand,  
Your white fan ower your een,

And ye may swear, and save your oath,  
Ye sawna me come in.

'Ye take me in your arms twa,  
And carry me to your bed;  
And ye may swear, and save your oath,  
Your bower I never tread.'

She's taen her red fan in her hand,  
The white fan ower her een;  
It was to swear, and save her oath,  
She sawna him come in.

She's taen him in her arms twa,  
And carried him to her bed;  
It was to swear, and save her oath,  
Her bower he never tread.

They hadna kissd, nor love clapped,  
As lovers do when they meet,  
Till up it waukens her mother,  
Out o her drowsy sleep.

'Win up, win up, my three bauld sons,  
Win up and make ye boun;  
Your sister's lover's in her bower,  
And he's but new come in.'

Then up it raise her three bauld sons,  
And girt to them their brand,  
And they are to their sister's bower,  
As fast as they coud gang.

When they came to their sister's bower,  
They sought it up and down;  
But there was neither man nor boy  
In her bower to be foun.

Then out it speaks the first o them:  
'We'll gang and lat her be;  
For there is neither man nor boy  
Intill her companie.'

Then out it speaks the second son:  
'Our travel's a' in vain;  
But mother dear, nor father dear,  
Shall break our rest again.'

Then out it speaks the third o them,  
An ill death mat he die!  
'We'll lurk amang the bent sae brown,  
That Willie we may see.'

He stood behind his love's curtains,  
His goud rings showd him light;

And by this ye may a' weell guess  
He was a renowned knight.

21 He's done him to his love's stable,  
Took out his berry-brown steed;  
His love stood in her bower-door,  
Her heart was like to bleed.

22 'O mourn ye for my coming, love?  
Or for my short staying?  
Or mourn ye for our safe sindring,  
Case we never meet again?'

23 'I mourn nae for your here coming,  
Nor for your staying lang;  
Nor mourn I for our safe sindring,  
I hope we'll meet again.

24 'I wish ye may won safe away,  
And safely frae the town;  
For ken you not my brothers three  
Are mang the bent sae brown?'

25 'If I were on my berry-brown steed,  
And three miles frae the town,  
I woudna fear your three bauld brothers,  
Amang the bent sae brown.'

26 He leint him ower his saddle-bow,  
And kissd her lips sae sweet;  
The tears that fell between these twa,  
They wat his great steed's feet.

27 But he wasna on his berry-brown steed,  
Nor twa miles frae the town,  
Till up it starts these three fierce men,  
Amang the bent sae brown.

28 Then up they came like three fierce men,  
Wi mony shout and cry:  
'Bide still, bide still, ye cowardly youth,  
What makes your haste away?'

29 'For I must know before you go,  
Tell me, and make nae lie;  
If ye've been in my sister's bower,  
My hands shall gar ye die.'

30 'Tho I've been in your sister's bower.  
I have nae fear o thee;  
I'll stand my ground, and fiercely fight,  
And shall gain victorie.'

- 31 'Now I entreat you for to stay,  
Unto us gie a wad;  
If ye our words do not obey,  
I 'se gar your body bleed.'
- 32 'I have nae wad,' says Sweet Willie,  
'Unless it be my brand,  
And that shall guard my fair body,  
Till I win frae your hand.'
- 33 Then two o them stept in behind,  
All in a furious meed;  
The third o them came him before,  
And seizd his berry-brown steed.
- 34 O then he drew his trusty brand,  
That hang down by his gare,  
And he has slain these three fierce men,  
And left them sprawling there.
- 35 Then word has gane to her mother,  
In bed where she slept soun,  
That Willie had kild her three bauld  
sons,  
Amang the bent sae brown.
- 36 Then she has cut the locks that hung  
Sae low down by her ee,  
Sae has she kiltit her green claithing  
A little aboon her knee.
- 37 And she has on to the king's court,  
As fast as gang coud she;  
When Fair Annie got word o that,  
Was there as soon as she.
- 38 Her mother, when before the king,  
Fell low down on her knee;  
'Win up, win up, my dame,' he said,  
'What is your will wi me?'
- 39 'My wills they are not sma, my liege,  
The truth I'll tell to thee;  
There is ane o your courtly knights  
Last night hae robbed me.'
- 40 'And has he broke your bigly bowers?  
Or has he stole your fee?  
There is nae knight into my court  
Last night has been frae me;
- 41 'Unless 't was Willie o Lauderdale,  
Forbid that it be he!'  
'And by my sooth,' says the auld woman,  
'That very man is he.

- 42 'For he has broke my bigly bowers,  
And he has stole my fee,  
And made my daughter Ann a whore,  
And an ill woman is she.
- 43 'That was not all he did to me,  
Ere he went frae the town;  
My sons sae true he fiercely slew,  
Amang the bent sae brown.'
- 44 Then out it spake her daughter Ann,  
She stood by the king's knee:  
'Ye lie, ye lie, my mother dear,  
Sae loud's I hear you lie.
- 45 'He has not broke your bigly bowers,  
Nor has he stole your fee,  
Nor made your daughter Ann a whore;  
A good woman I'll be.
- 46 'Altho he slew your three bauld sons,  
He weel might be forgien;  
They were well clad in armour bright,  
Whan my love was him laue.'
- 47 'Well spoke, well spoke,' the king re-  
plied,  
'This taunking pleases me;  
For ae kiss o your lovely mouth,  
I'll set your true-love free.'
- 48 She's taen the king in her arms,  
And kissd him cheek and chin;  
He then set her behind her love,  
And they went singing hame.

72

## THE CLERK'S TWA SONS O OWSENFORD

There are ballads both in Northern and Southern Europe which have a certain amount of likeness with 'The Clerk's Twa Sons,' but if the story of all derives from one original, time has introduced great and even unusual variations. A very well known German ballad ('Das Schloss in Oesterreich,' Böhme's Erk, No. 61), found also in the Low Countries and in Scandinavia, has the following story. A youth is lying in a dungeon, condemned to be hanged. His father comes to the town and they exchange words about the severity of his prison. The father then goes to the lord of the place and offers three hundred florins as a ransom.



Ransom is refused: the boy has a gold chain on his neck which will be his death. The father says that the chain was not stolen, but the gift of a young lady, who reared the boy as a page, or what not. There is no dear-bought love in the case. The father, standing by the gallows, threatens revenge, but his son deprecates that: he cares not so much for his life as for his mother's grief. Within a half year, more than three hundred men pay with their lives for the death of the boy. A Catalan and Italian ballad (Milá, Romancerillo, No. 208; Nigra, No. 4) has resemblances with the Scottish and the German, and may possibly be a common link. Three students meet three girls, and attempt some little jests with them: ask them for a kiss, or throw some pebbles at them; or meet one girl on a bridge and kiss her. For this the girls have them arrested by an accommodating catchpoll, and they are hanged by a peremptory judge. This Southern ballad is originally French (see *Journal des Savants*, Sept.-Nov., 1889, p. 614).

## A

'The Clerk's Twa Sons o Owsenfurd,' Kinloch MSS., v, 403, in the handwriting of James Chambers, as sung to his maternal grandmother, Janet Grieve, seventy years before, by an old woman, a Miss Ann Gray, of Neidpath Castle, Peeblesshire; January 1, 1829.

- 1 O I WILL sing to you a sang,  
But oh my heart is sair!  
The clerk's twa sons in Owsenfurd  
Has to learn some unco lair.
- 2 They hadna been in fair Parish  
A twelvemonth an a day,  
Till the clerk's twa sons o Owsenfurd  
Wi the mayor's twa daughters lay.
- 3 O word's gaen to the mighty mayor,  
As he saild on the sea,  
That the clerk's twa sons o Owsenfurd  
Wi his twa daughters lay.
- 4 'If they hae lain wi my twa daughters,  
Meg an Marjorie,  
The morn, or I taste meat or drink,  
They shall be hangit hie.'
- 5 O word's gaen to the clerk himself,  
As he sat drinkin wine,  
That his twa sons in fair Parish  
Were bound in prison strong.

- 6 Then up and spak the clerk's ladye,  
And she spak powrfully:  
'O tak with ye a purse of gold,  
Or take with ye three,  
And if ye canna get William,  
Bring Andrew hame to me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

- 7 'O lye ye here for owsen, dear sons,  
Or lie ye here for kye?  
Or what is it that ye lie for,  
Sae sair bound as ye lie?'
- 8 'We lie not here for owsen, dear father,  
Nor yet lie here for kye,  
But it's for a little o dear bought love  
Sae sair bound as we lie.'
- 9 O he's gane to the mighty mayor,  
And he spoke powerfully:  
'Will ye grant me my twa sons' lives,  
Either for gold or fee?  
Or will ye be sae gude a man  
As grant them baith to me?'
- 10 'I'll no grant ye yere twa sons' lives,  
Neither for gold or fee,  
Nor will I be sae gude a man  
As gie them back to thee;  
Before the morn at twelve o'clock  
Ye'll see them hangit hie.'
- 11 Up an spak his twa daughters,  
An they spak powrfully:  
'Will ye grant us our twa loves' lives,  
Either for gold or fee?  
Or will ye be sae gude a man  
As grant them baith to me?'
- 12 'I'll no grant ye yere twa loves' lives,  
Neither for gold or fee,  
Nor will I be sae gude a man  
As grant their lives to thee;  
Before the morn at twelve o'clock  
Ye'll see them hangit hie.'
- 13 O he's taen out these proper youths,  
And handg them on a tree,  
And he's bidden the clerk o Owsenfurd  
Gang hame to his ladie.
- 14 His lady sits on yon castle-wa,  
Beholding dale an doun,

An there she saw her ain gude lord  
Come walkin to the toun.

- 15 'Ye're welcome, welcome, my ain gude lord,  
Ye're welcome hame to me;  
But where away are my twa sons?  
Ye should hae brought them wi ye.'

- 16 'It's I've putten them to a deeper lair,  
An to a higher schule;  
Yere ain twa sons ill no be here  
Till the hallow days o Yule.'

- 17 'O sorrow, sorrow come mak my bed,  
An dool come lay me doon!  
For I'll neither eat nor drink,  
Nor set a fit on ground.'

## 73

## LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET

The English version of this ballad, 'Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor' (D), given, with alterations, in Percy's *Reliques*, III, 82, 1765, is a broadside of Charles the Second's time and licensed by L'Estrange, who was censor from 1663 to 1685. This copy has become traditional in Scotland and Ireland. The Scottish traditional copy, A, given by Percy in the *Reliques* (unfortunately with some corrections, but these cannot have been many), is far superior, and one of the most beautiful of all ballads. 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William' (No. 74) begins in the same way, but the conclusion is that the forsaken maid dies of grief, not by the hand of her incensed rival. It is most natural that the two stories should be blended in tradition, as they are here in I (and in versions E-H). Sts. 31 ff. of I belong to 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William' (No. 74). Norse ballads (see Grundtvig, IV, 219) have the story of 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet,' coming very close in details. Those forms which are nearest to the English resemble more the mixed versions than the simple version A. A southern ballad has something of the outline of the English and Norse, and sounds like a thin echo of them.

## A

'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet,' Percy's *Reliques*, 1765, II, 593, "given, with some corrections, from a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland;" III, 240, ed. 1767.

- 1 LORD THOMAS and Fair Annet  
Sate a' day on a hill;  
Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,  
They had not talkt their fill.
- 2 Lord Thomas said a word in jest,  
Fair Annet took it ill:  
'A, I will nevir wed a wife  
Against my ain friends' will.'
- 3 'Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,  
A wife wull neir wed yee:'  
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,  
And knelt upon his knee.
- 4 'O rede, O rede, mither,' he says,  
'A gude rede gie to mee;  
O sall I tak the nut-browne bride,  
And let Faire Annet bee?'
- 5 'The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,  
Fair Annet she has gat nane;  
And the little beauty Fair Annet haes  
O it wull soon be gane.'
- 6 And he has till his brother gane:  
'Now, brother, rede ye mee;  
A, sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,  
And let Fair Annet bee?'
- 7 'The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,  
The nut-browne bride has kye;  
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,  
And cast Fair Annet bye.'
- 8 'Her oxen may dye i the house, billie,  
And her kye into the byre,  
And I sall hae nothing to mysell  
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.'
- 9 And he has till his sister gane:  
'Now, sister, rede ye mee;  
O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,  
And set Fair Annet free?'
- 10 'I'se rede ye tak Fair Annet, Thomas,  
And let the browne bride alane;  
Lest ye sould sigh, and say, Alace,  
What is this we brought hame!'
- 11 'No, I will tak my mither's counsel,  
And marrie me cwt o hand;

- And I will tak the nut-browne bride,  
Fair Annet may leive the land.'
- 2 Up then rose Fair Annet's father,  
Twa hours or it wer day,  
And he is gane into the bower  
Wherein Fair Annet lay.
- 3 'Rise up, rise up, Fair Annet,' he says,  
'Put on your silken sheene;  
Let us gae to St Marie's kirke,  
And see that rich weddeen.'
- 4 'My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,  
And dress to me my hair;  
Whaireir yee laid a plait before,  
See yee lay ten times mair.
- 5 'My maids, gae to my dressing-room,  
And dress to me my smock;  
The one half is o the holland fine,  
The other o needle-work.'
- 6 The horse Fair Annet rade upon,  
He amblit like the wind;  
Wi siller he was shod before,  
Wi burning gowd behind.
- 7 Four and twanty siller bells  
Wer a' tyed till his mane,  
And yae tift o the norland wind,  
They tinkled ane by ane.
- 8 Four and twanty gay gude knights  
Rade by Fair Annet's side,  
And four and twanty fair ladies,  
As gin she had bin a bride.
- 9 And whan she cam to Marie's kirk,  
She sat on Marie's stean:  
The cleading that Fair Annet had on  
It skinkled in their een.
- 0 And whan she cam into the kirk,  
She shimmerd like the sun;  
The belt that was about her waist  
Was a' wi pearles bedone.
- 1 She sat her by the nut-browne bride,  
And her een they wer sae clear,  
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,  
Whan Fair Annet drew near.
- 2 He had a rose into his hand,  
He gae it kisses three,
- And reaching by the nut-browne bride,  
Laid it on Fair Annet's knee.
- 23 Up than spak the nut-browne bride,  
She spak wi meikle spite:  
'And whair gat ye that rose-water,  
That does mak yee sae white?'
- 24 'O I did get the rose-water  
Whair ye wull neir get nane,  
For I did get that very rose-water  
Into my mither's wame.'
- 25 The bride she drew a long bodkin  
Frae out her gay head-gear,  
And strake Fair Annet unto the heart,  
That word spak nevir mair.
- 26 Lord Thomas he saw Fair Annet wex  
pale,  
And marvelit what mote bee;  
But whan he saw her dear heart's blude,  
A' wood-wroth wexed hee.
- 27 He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp,  
That was sae sharp and meet,  
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,  
That fell deid at his feit.
- 28 'Now stay for me, dear Annet,' he sed,  
'Now stay, my dear,' he cry'd;  
Then strake the dagger untill his heart,  
And fell deid by her side.
- 29 Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-  
wa,  
Fair Annet within the quiere,  
And o the tane thair grew a birk,  
The other a bonny briere.
- 30 And ay they grew, and ay they threw,  
As they wad faine be neare;  
And by this ye may ken right weil  
They were twa luvvers deare.

## D

'Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor.' a. Pepys Ballads, III, 316, No. 312. b. A Collection of Old Ballads, I, 249, 1723. c. Ritson, Select Collection of English Songs, II, 187, 1783. d. Buchan's Gleanings, p. 86. e, f, g, h, i, recited copies.

- 1 LORD THOMAS he was a bold forrester,  
And a chaser of the king's deer;

- Faire Ellinor was a fair woman,  
And Lord Thomas he loved her dear.
- 2 'Come riddle my riddle, dear mother,'  
he said,  
'And riddle us both as one,  
Whether I shall marry Fair Ellinor,  
And let the brown girl alone.'
- 3 'The brown girl she has got houses and  
lands,  
And Fair Ellinor she has got none;  
Therefore I charge you on my blessing  
To bring me the brown girl home.'
- 4 And as it befell on a high holidaye,  
As many did more beside,  
Lord Thomas he went to Fair Ellinor,  
That should have been his bride.
- 5 But when he came to Fair Ellinor's  
bower,  
He knocked there at the ring;  
But who was so ready as Fair Ellinor  
For to let Lord Thomas in.
- 6 'What news, what news, Lord Thomas,'  
she said,  
'What news hast thou brought unto  
me?'  
'I am come to bid thee to my wedding,  
And that is bad news to thee.'
- 7 'Oh God forbid, Lord Thomas,' she  
said,  
'That such a thing should be done;  
I thought to have been thy bride my  
own self,  
And you to have been the bridg's-  
groom.'
- 8 'Come riddle my riddle, dear mother,'  
she said,  
'And riddle it all in one;  
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas's  
wedding,  
Or whether I shall tarry at home.'
- 9 'There's many that are your friends,  
daughter,  
And many that are your fo;  
Therefore I charge you on my bless-  
ing,  
To Lord Thomas's wedding don't  
go.'
- 10 'There's many that are my friends,  
mother,  
If a thousand more were my foe,  
Betide my life, betide my death,  
To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go.'
- 11 She cloathed herself in gallant attyre,  
And her merry men all in green,  
And as they rid thorough every town,  
They took her to have been a queene.
- 12 But when she came to Lord Thomas's  
gate,  
She knocked there at the ring;  
But who was so ready as Lord Thomas  
To lett Fair Ellinor in.
- 13 'Is this your bride?' Fair Ellinor  
said,  
'Methinks she looks wondrous browne;  
Thou mightest have had as fair a woman  
As ever trod on the ground.'
- 14 'Despise her not, Fair Ellinor,' he said,  
'Despise her not now unto mee;  
For better I love thy little finger  
Than all her whole body.'
- 15 This browne bride had a little penknife,  
That was both long and sharp,  
And betwixt the short ribs and the long  
Prickd Fair Ellinor to the heart.
- 16 'Oh Christ now save thee,' Lord Thomas  
he said,  
'Methinks thou lookst wondrous wan;  
Thou wast usd for to look with as fresh  
a colour  
As ever the sun shin'd on.'
- 17 'Oh art thou blind, Lord Thomas?' she  
said,  
'Or canst thou not very well see?  
Oh dost thou not see my own heart's  
blood  
Runs trickling down my knee?'
- 18 Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side,  
As he walked about the hall;  
He cut off his bride's head from her  
shoulders,  
And he threw it against the wall.
- 19 He set the hilt against the ground,  
And the point against his heart;

There was never three lovers that ever  
met  
More sooner they did depart.

## I

Abbotsford MS., Scotch Ballads, Materials  
or Border Minstrelsy, No. 22 h; in the hand-  
writing of William Laidlaw. From Jean Scott.

1 FAIR ANNIE an Sweet Willie  
Sat a' day on yon hill;  
Whan day was gane an night was  
comd,  
They hadna said their fill.

2 Willie spak but ae wrang word,  
An Annie took it ill:  
'I'll never marry a fair woman  
Against my friends's will.'

3 Annie spak but ae wrang word,  
An Willy lookit down:  
'If I binna gude enough for yer wife,  
I'm our-gude for yer loun.'

4 Willie's turnd his horse's head about,  
He's turnd it to the broom,  
An he's away to his father's bower,  
I the ae light o the moon.

5 Whan he cam to his father's bower,  
[He tirlt at the pin;  
Nane was sae ready as his father  
To rise an let him in.]

6 'An askin, an askin, dear father,  
An askin I'll ask thee;  
'Say on, say on, my son Willie,  
Whatever your askin be.'

7 'O sall I marry the nit-brown bride,  
Has corn, caitle an kye,  
Or sall I marry Fair Annie,  
Has nought but fair beauty?'

8 'Ye ma sit a gude sate, Willy,  
Wi corn, caitle an kye;  
But ye'll but sit a silly sate  
Wi nought but fair beauty.'

9 Up than spak his sister's son,  
Sat on the nurse's knee,  
Sun-bruist in his mother's wame,  
Sun-brunt on his nurse's knee:

10 'O yer hogs will die out i the field,  
Yer kye ill die i the byre;  
An than, whan a' yer gear is gane,  
A fusom fag by yer fire!  
But a' will thrive at is wi you  
An ye get yer heart's desire.'

11 Willie's turnd his horse's head about,  
He's away to his mother's bour,  
etc.

12 'O my hogs ill die out i the field,  
My kye die i the byre,  
An than, whan a' my gear is gane,  
A fusom fag bi my fire!  
But a' will thrive at is wi me  
Gin I get my heart's desire.'

13 Willie's, etc.,  
He's awae to his brother's bower, etc.

14 " " " " sister's bower, etc.

15 Than Willie has set his wadin-day  
Within thirty days an three,  
An he has sent to Fair Annie  
His waddin to come an see.

16 The man that gade to Fair Annie  
Sae weel his errant coud tell:  
'The morn it's Willie's wadin-day,  
Ye maun be there yer sell.'

17 'T was up an spak her aged father,  
He spak wi muckle care;  
'An the morn be Willie's wadin-day,  
I wate she maun be there.

18 'Gar take a steed to the smiddie,  
Caw on o it four shoon;  
Gar take her to a merchant's shop,  
Cut off for her a gown.'

19 She wadna ha't o the red sae red  
Nor yet o the grey sae grey,  
But she wad ha't o the sky couler  
That she woor ilka day.

\* \* \* \* \*

20 There war four-a-twontie gray goss-  
hawks  
A' flaffin their wings sae wide,  
To flaff the stour thra off the road  
That Fair Annie did ride.



- 21 The[re] war four-an-twontie milk-white  
dows  
A' fleein aboon her head,  
An four-an-twontie milk-white swans  
Her out the gate to lead.
- 22 Whan she cam to St Marie's kirk,  
She lightit on a stane;  
The beauty o that fair creature  
Shone oer mony ane.
- 23 'T was than out cam the nit-brown  
bride,  
She spak wi muckle spite;  
'O where gat ye the water, Annie,  
That washes you sae white?'
- 24 'I gat my beauty  
Where ye was no to see;  
I gat it i my father's garden,  
Aneath an apple tree.
- 25 'Ye ma wash i dubs,' she said,  
'An ye ma wash i syke,  
But an ye wad wash till doomsday  
Ye neer will be as white.
- 26 'Ye ma wash i dubs,' she said,  
'An ye ma wash i the sea,  
But an ye soud wash till doomsday  
Ye 'll neer be as white as me.
- 27 'For I gat a' this fair beauty  
Where ye gat never none,  
For I gat a' this fair beauty  
Or ever I was born.'
- 28 It was than out cam Willie,  
Wi hats o silks and flowers;  
He said, Keep ye thae, my Fair Annie,  
An brook them weel for yours.
- 29 'Na, keep ye thae, Willie,' she said,  
'Gie them to yer nit-brown bride;  
Bid her wear them wi mukle care,  
For woman has na born a son  
Sal mak my heart as sair.'
- 30 Annie's luppen on her steed  
An she has ridden hame,  
Than Annie's luppen of her steed  
An her bed she has taen.
- 31 When mass was sung, an bells war  
rung,  
An a' man bound to bed,

- An Willie an his nit-brown bride  
I their chamber war laid,
- 32 They war na weel laid in their bed,  
Nor yet weel faen asleep,  
Till up an startit Fair Annie,  
Just up at Willie's feet.
- 33 'How like ye yer bed, Willie?  
An how like ye yer sheets?  
An how like ye yer nut-brown bride,  
Lies in yer arms an sleeps?'
- 34 'Weel enough I like my bed, Annie,  
Weel enough I like my sheets;  
But wae be to the nit-brown bride  
Lies in my arms an sleeps!'
- 35 Willie's ca'd on his merry men a'  
To rise an pit on their shoon;  
'An we 'll awae to Annie's bower,  
Wi the ae light o the moon.'
- 36 An whan he cam to Annie's bower,  
He tirlt at the pin;  
Naue was sae ready as her father  
To rise an let him in.
- 37 There was her father a[n] her se'er  
brethren  
A' makin to her a bier,  
Wi ae stamp o the melten goud,  
Another o siller clear.
- 38 When he cam to the chamber-door  
Where that the dead lay in,  
There was her mother an six sisters  
A' makin to her a sheet,  
Wi ae drap o . . . .  
Another o silk sae white.
- 39 'Stand by, stand by now, ladies a',  
Let me look on the dead;  
The last time that I kiss[t] her lips  
They war mair bonny red.'
- 40 'Stand by, stand by now, Willie,' they  
said,  
'An let ye her alane;  
Gin ye had done as ye soud done,  
She wad na there ha lien.'
- 41 'Gar deal, gar deal at Annie's burrial  
The wheat bread an the wine,  
For or the morn at ten o'clock  
Ye's deal'd as fast at mine.'

## 74

## FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM

A, a, b, c, are broadside or stall copies, a of the end of the seventeenth century, b "modern" in Percy's time. The ballad is twice quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, 1611 (ii, 8; iii, 5). David Mallet published as his own, in 1724, 'Margaret's Ghost,' which turns out to be simply 'William and Margaret, an Old Ballad,' printed in 1711, with a few changes. The 1711 text is simply 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William' rewritten in what used to be called an elegant style.

'Fair Margaret and Sweet William' begins like No. 73, and from the fifth stanza on is blended with a form of that ballad. The catastrophe of 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William' is repeated in 'Lord Lovel' (No. 75).

## A

a. 'Fair Margaret's Misfortune,' etc., Douce Ballads, i, fol. 72. b. 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William,' Ritson, *A Select Collection of English Songs*, 1783, ii, 190. c. 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William,' Percy's *Reliques*, 1765, iii, 121. d. Percy's *Reliques*, 1767, iii, 119.

1 As it fell out on a long summer's day,  
Two lovers they sat on a hill;  
They sat together that long summer's day,  
And could not talk their fill.

2 'I see no harm by you, Margaret,  
Nor you see none by me;  
Before tomorrow eight a clock  
A rich wedding shall you see.'

3 Fair Margaret sat in her bower-window,  
A combing of her hair,  
And there she spy'd Sweet William and  
his bride,  
As they were riding near.

4 Down she layd her ivory comb,  
And up she bound her hair;  
She went her way forth of her bower,  
But never more did come there.

5 When day was gone, and night was  
come,  
And all men fast asleep,

Then came the spirit of Fair Margaret,  
And stood at William's feet.

6 'God give you joy, you two true lovers,  
In bride-bed fast asleep;  
Loe I am going to my green grass grave,  
And am in my winding-sheet.'

7 When day was come, and night was  
gone,  
And all men wak'd from sleep,  
Sweet William to his lady said,  
'My dear, I have cause to weep.

8 'I dreamd a dream, my dear lady;  
Such dreams are never good;  
I dreamd my bower was full of red  
swine,  
And my bride-bed full of blood.'

9 'Such dreams, such dreams, my hon-  
oured lord,  
They never do prove good,  
To dream thy bower was full of swine,  
And [thy] bride-bed full of blood.'

10 He called up his merry men all,  
By one, by two, and by three,  
Saying, I'll away to Fair Margaret's  
bower,  
By the leave of my lady.

11 And when he came to Fair Margaret's  
bower,  
He knocked at the ring;  
So ready was her seven brethren  
To let Sweet William in.

12 He turned up the covering-sheet:  
'Pray let me see the dead;  
Methinks she does look pale and wan,  
She has lost her cherry red.

13 'I'll do more for thee, Margaret,  
Than any of thy kin;  
For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,  
Tho a smile I cannot win.'

14 With that bespeak her seven brethren,  
Making most pitious moan:  
'You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,  
And let our sister alone.'

15 'If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,  
I do but what is right;

For I made no vow to your sister dear,  
By day or yet by night.

16 'Pray tell me then how much you 'll deal  
Of your white bread and your wine;  
So much as is dealt at her funeral today  
Tomorrow shall be dealt at mine.'

17 Fair Margaret dy'd today, today,  
Sweet William he dy'd the morrow;  
Fair Margaret dy'd for pure true love,  
Sweet William he dy'd for sorrow.

18 Margaret was buried in the lower chan-  
cel,  
Sweet William in the higher;  
Out of her breast there sprung a rose,  
And out of his a brier.

19 They grew as high as the church-top,  
Till they could grow no higher,  
And then they grew in a true lover's  
knot,  
Which made all people admire.

20 There came the clerk of the parish,  
As you this truth shall hear,  
And by misfortune cut them down,  
Or they had now been there.

### B

Percy Papers; communicated by the Dean  
of Derry, as written down from memory by  
his mother, Mrs Bernard; February, 1776.

1 SWEET WILLIAM would a wooing ride,  
His steed was lovely brown;  
A fairer creature than Lady Margaret  
Sweet William could find none.

2 Sweet William came to Lady Margaret's  
bower,  
And knocked at the ring,  
And who so ready as Lady Margaret  
To rise and to let him in.

3 Down then came her father dear,  
Clothed all in blue:  
'I pray, Sweet William, tell to me  
What love's between my daughter  
and you?'

4 'I know none by her,' he said,  
'And she knows none by me;

Before tomorrow at this time  
Another bride you shall see.'

5 Lady Margaret at her bower-window,  
Combing of her hair,  
She saw Sweet William and his brown  
bride  
Unto the church repair.

6 Down she cast her iv'ry comb,  
And up she tossd her hair,  
She went out from her bowr alive,  
But never so more came there.

7 When day was gone, and night was come,  
All people were asleep,  
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet.

8 'How d' ye like your bed, Sweet Wil-  
liam?  
How d' ye like your sheet?  
And how d' ye like that brown lady,  
That lies in your arms asleep?'

9 'Well I like my bed, Lady Margaret,  
And well I like my sheet;  
But better I like that fair lady  
That stands at my bed's feet.'

10 When night was gone, and day was  
come,  
All people were awake,  
The lady waket out of her sleep,  
And thus to her lord she spake.

11 'I dreamd a dream, my wedded lord,  
That seldom comes to good;  
I dreamd that our bowr was lin'd with  
white swine,  
And our brid-chamber full of blood.'

12 He called up his merry men all,  
By one, by two, by three,  
'We will go to Lady Margaret's bower  
With the leave of my wedded lady.'

13 When he came to Lady Margaret's  
bower,  
He knocked at the ring,  
And who were so ready as her bretheren  
To rise and let him in.

14 'Oh is she in the parlor,' he said,  
'Or is she in the hall?'

- Or is she in the long chamber,  
Amongst her merry maids all ?'
- 15 'She's not in the parlor,' they said,  
'Nor is she in the hall;  
But she is in the long chamber,  
Laid out against the wall.'
- 16 'Open the winding sheet,' he cry'd,  
'That I may kiss the dead;  
That I may kiss her pale and wan  
Whose lips used to look so red.'
- 17 Lady Margaret [died] on the over night,  
Sweet William died on the morrow;  
Lady Margaret died for pure, pure  
love,  
Sweet William died for sorrow.
- 18 On Margaret's grave there grew a rose,  
On Sweet William's grew a briar;  
They grew till they joind in a true  
lover's knot,  
And then they died both together.

## 75

## LORD LOVEL

In 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William' (No. 74), as also in 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet' (No. 73), a lover sacrifices his inclination to make a marriage of interest. In 'Lord Lovel' the woman dies, not of affections betrayed, but of hopes too long deferred, and her laggard but not unfaithful lover sinks under his remorse and grief. There are several sets of ballads, very common in Germany and in Scandinavia, which, whether they are or are not variations of the same original, at least have a great deal in common with 'Lord Lovel' and 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William.' Of these, one which more closely resembles the English is 'Der Ritter und die Maid,' of German origin (see Uhland, No. 97; Erk, Liederhort, No. 26), but found also in Scandinavia. A Romaic ballad (Passow, No. 415) has the characteristic features of the English, German, and Scandinavian stories, with a beginning of its own, as these also have.

## A

'Lady Ouncebell,' Percy Papers, communicated by the Rev. P. Parsons, of Wye, from singing; May 22, 1770, and April 19, 1775.

- 1 'AND I fare you well, Lady Ouncebell,  
For I must needs be gone,  
And this time two year I'll meet you  
again,  
To finish the loves we begun.'
- 2 'That is a long time, Lord Lovill,' said  
she,  
'To live in fair Scotland;'  
'And so it is, Lady Ouncebell,  
To leave a fair lady alone.'
- 3 He had not been in fair Scotland  
Not half above half a year,  
But a longin mind came into his head,  
Lady Ouncebell he woud go see her.
- 4 He called up his stable-groom,  
To saddle his milk-white stead;  
Dey down, dey down, dey down dey  
down,  
I wish Lord Lovill good speed.
- 5 He had not been in fair London  
Not half above half a day,  
But he heard the bells of the high chapel  
ring,  
They rang with a ceserera.
- 6 He asked of a gentlemar,  
That set there all alone,  
What made the bells of the high chapel  
ring,  
The ladys make all their moan.
- 7 'One of the king's daughters are dead,'  
said he,  
'Lady Ouncebell was her name;  
She died for love of a courtous young  
night,  
Lord Lovill he was the same.'
- 8 He caused her corps to be set down,  
And her winding sheet undone,  
And he made a vow before them all  
He'd never kiss wowman again.
- 9 Lady Ouncebell died on the yesterday,  
Lord Lovill on the morrow;  
Lady Ouncebell died for pure true love,  
Lord Lovill died for sorrow.
- 10 Lady Ouncebell was buried in the high  
chancel,  
Lord Lovill in the choir;

- Lady Ouncebell's breast sprung out a  
sweet rose,  
Lord Lovill's a bunch of sweet  
brier.
- 11 They grew till they grew to the top of  
the church,  
And then they could grow no higher;  
They grew till they grew to a true-lover's  
not,  
And then they tyed both together.
- 12 An old wowman coming by that way,  
And a blessing she did crave,  
To cut off a bunch of that true-lover's  
not,  
And buried them both in one grave.

## B

'Lord Lavel,' Kinloch MSS., i, 45, from the  
recitation of Mary Barr, of Lesmahago, "aged  
upwards of 70," May, 1827.

- 1 LORD LAVEL he stands at his stable-  
door,  
Kaiming his milk-white steed;  
And by and cam Fair Nancybelle,  
And wished Lord Lavel good speed.

- 2 'O whare are ye going, Lord Lavel?'  
she said,  
'I pray ye tell to me:'  
'O I am going to merry England,  
To win your love aff me.'

- 3 'And whan will ye return again?' she  
said,  
'Lord Lavel, pray tell to me:'  
'Whan seven lang years are past and  
gane,  
Fair Nancybelle, I'll return to thee.'

- 4 'T is too lang, Lord Lavel,' she said,  
'T is too lang for me;  
'T is too lang, Lord Lavel,' she said,  
'A true lover for to see.'

\* \* \* \* \*

- 5 He had na been in merry England  
A month but barely three,  
Till languishing thoughts cam into his  
mind,  
And Nancybelle fain wad he see.

- 6 He rade, and he rade, along the hieway  
Till he cam to yonder toun;  
He heard the sound o a fine chapel-bell  
And the ladies were mourning roun.

- 7 He rade, and he rade, along the hieway  
Till he cam to yonder hall;  
He heard the sound o a fine chapel-bell  
And the ladies were mourning all.

- 8 He asked wha it was that was dead,  
The ladies did him tell:  
They said, It is the king's daughter,  
Her name is Fair Nancybelle;  
She died for the love of a courteous  
young knight,  
His name is Lord Lavel.

- 9 'O hast thou died, Fair Nancybelle,  
O hast thou died for me!  
O hast thou died, Fair Nancybelle!  
'Then I will die for thee.'

- 10 Fair Nancybelle died, as it might be  
this day,  
Lord Lavel he died tomorrow;  
Fair Nancybelle died with pure, pure  
love,  
Lord Lavel he died with sorrow.

- 11 Lord Lavel was buried in Mary's kirk,  
Nancybelle in Mary's quire;  
And out o the ane there grew a birk,  
Out the other a bonny brier.

- 12 And ae they grew, and ae they threw,  
Until they twa did meet,  
That ilka ane might plainly see  
They war twa lovers sweet.

## D

'Lord Lavel,' Kinloch MSS., vii, 88, from  
the recitation of a lady of Roxburghshire  
Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 31.

- 1 LORD LOVEL stands at his stable-door,  
Mounted upon a grey steed,  
And bye cam Ladie Nanciebel,  
And wishd Lord Lovel much speed.

- 2 'O whare are ye going, Lord Lovel?  
My dearest, tell unto me:'  
'I am going a far journey,  
Some strange countrey to see.



- 3 'But I'll return in seven long years,  
Lady Nanciebel to see.'  
'Oh seven, seven, seven long years,  
They are much too long for me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

- 4 He was gane about a year away,  
A year but barely ane,  
Whan a strange fancy cam intil his  
head  
That fair Nanciebel was gane.

- 5 It's then he rade, and better rade,  
Untill he cam to the toun,  
And there he heard a dismal noise,  
For the church bells aw did soun.

- 6 He asked what the bells rang for;  
They said, It's for Nanciebel;  
She died for a discourteous squire,  
And his name is Lord Lovel.

- 7 The lid of the coffin he opened up,  
The liuens he faulded down,  
And ae he kissd her pale, pale lips,  
And the tears cam trinkling down.

- 8 'Weill may I kiss these pale, pale lips,  
For they will never kiss me;  
I'll mak a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
That I'll neer kiss ane but thee.'

- 9 Lady Nancie died on Tuesday's night,  
Lord Lovel upon the niest day;  
Lady Nancie died for pure, pure love,  
Lord Lovel for deep sorraye.

76

## THE LASS OF ROCH ROYAL

A, the oldest copy, published for the first time in Child's English and Scottish Popular Ballads, is from a manuscript of the first half of the eighteenth century. A has a preliminary history wanting in all others, but the story is somewhat obscure and two different relations may have been confounded. The conclusion of A is that of 'Lord Lovel' (No. 75) and 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William' (No. 74), and must perhaps be set aside as not the original one.

A

'Fair Isabell of Rochroyall,' Elizabeth Cockburn's Song-Book, MS., p. 151, No. 114.

- 1 FAIR ISABELL of Rochroyall,  
She dreamd where she lay,  
She dreamd a dream of her love Gregory,  
A litle before the day.

- 2 O huly, huly rose she up,  
And huly she put on,  
And huly, huly she put on  
The silks of crimson.

- 3 'Gar saddle me the black,' she sayes,  
'Gar saddle me the broun;  
Gar saddle me the swiftest steed  
That ever rode the toun.

- 4 'Gar shoe him with the beat silver,  
And grind him with the gold;  
Gar put two bells on every side,  
Till I come to some hold.'

- 5 She had not rode a mile, a mile,  
A mile but barely three,  
Till that she spyed a companie  
Come rakeing oere the lee.

- 6 'O whether is this the first young may,  
That lighted and gaed in;  
Or is this the second young may,  
That neer the sun shined on?  
Or is this Fair Isabell of Roch Royall,  
Banisht from kyth and kin?'

- 7 'O I am not the first young may,  
That lighted and gaed in;  
Nor neither am I the second young  
may,  
That neer the sun shone on;

- 8 'But I'm Fair Isabell of Roch Royall  
Banisht from kyth and kin;  
I'm seeking my true-love Gregory,  
And I woud I had him in.'

- 9 'O go your way to yon castle,  
And ride it round about,  
And there you'll find Love Gregory;  
He's within, without any doubt.'

- 10 O she's away to yon castle,  
She's tirlid at the pin:  
'O open, open, Love Gregory,  
And let your true-love in.'

- 11 'If you be the lass of the Rochroyall,  
As I trow not you be,

- You will tell me some of our love-tokens,  
That was betwixt you and me.'
- 12 'Have you not mind, Love Gregory,  
Since we sat at the wine;  
When we changed the rings off our fingers,  
And ay the worst fell mine ?
- 13 'Mine was of the massy gold,  
And thine was of the tin;  
Mine was true and trusty both,  
And thine was false within.'
- 14 'If you be [the] lass of the Roch Royall,  
As I trow not you be,  
You will tell me some other love-token  
That was betwixt you and me.'
- 15 'Have you not mind, Love Gregory,  
Since we sat at the wine,  
We changed the smocks off our two backs,  
And ay the worst fell mine ?
- 16 'Mine was of the holland fine,  
And thine was course and thin;  
So many blocks have we two made,  
And ay the worst was mine.'
- 17 'Love Gregory, he is not at home,  
But he is to the sea;  
If you have any word to him,  
I pray you leave 't with me.'
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 18 'O who will shoe my bony foot ?  
Or who will glove my hand ?  
Or who will bind my midle jimp  
With the broad lilly band ?
- 19 'Or who will comb my bony head  
With the red river comb ?  
Or who will be my bairn's father  
Ere Gregory he come home ?'
- 20 'O I's gar shoe thy bony foot,  
And I's gar glove thy hand,  
And I's gar bind thy midle jimp  
With the broad lilly band.
- 21 'And I's gar comb thy bony head  
With the red river comb;
- But there is none to be thy bairn's father  
Till Love Gregory he come home.'
- 22 'I'll set my foot on the ship-board,  
God send me wind and more !  
For there's never a woman shall bear  
son  
Shall make my heart so sore.'
- 23 'I dreamed a dream now since yestreen  
That I never dreamed before;  
I dreamd that the lass of the Roch  
royall  
Was knocking at the door.'
- 24 'Ly still, ly still, my 6 dear son,  
Ly still, and take a sleep;  
For it's neither ane hour, nor yet a half  
Since she went from the gate.'
- 25 'O wo be to you, ill woman,  
And ane ill death mott you die !  
For you might have come to my bedside  
And then have wakened me.
- 26 'Gar sadle me the black,' he sayes,  
'Gar sadle me the broun;  
Gar sadle me the swiftest steed  
That ever rode the toun.
- 27 'Gar shoe him with the beat silver,  
Gar grind him with the gold;  
Cause put two bells on every side,  
Till I come to some hold.'
- 28 They saddled him the black, the black,  
So did they him the broun;  
So did they him the swiftest steed  
That ever rode to toun.
- 29 They shoed him with the beat silver,  
They grind him with the gold;  
They put two bells on every side,  
Till he came to some hold.
- 30 He had not rode a mile, a mile,  
A mile but barely three,  
Till that he spyed her comely corps  
Come raking oere the lee.
- 31 'Set down, set down these comely corps,  
Let me look on the dead :'  
And out he's ta'en his little pen-knife,  
And slitted her winding sheet.

32 And first he kist her cheek, her cheek,  
And then he kist her chin;  
And then he kist her rosy lips,  
But there was no breath within.

33 'Gar deall, gar deall for my love sake  
The spiced bread and the wine;  
For ere the morn at this time  
So shall you deall for mine.

34 'Gar deall, gar deall for my love sake  
The pennys that are so small;  
For ere the morn at this time  
So shall you deall for all.'

35 The one was buried in Mary kirk,  
The other in Mary quire;  
Out of the one there sprung a birk,  
Out of the other a bryar;  
So thus you may well know by that  
They were two lovers dear.

## D

'Fair Anny,' Jamieson-Brown MS., p. 27;  
'Fair Annie of Lochroyan,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 36.

1 'O WHA will shoe my fu fair foot ?  
An wha will glove my han ?  
An wha will lace my middle gimp  
Wi the new made London ban ?

2 'Or wha will kemb my yallow hair,  
Wi the new made silver kemb ?  
Or wha 'll be father to my young bairn,  
Till Love Gregor come hame ?'

3 Her father shoed her fu fair foot,  
Her mother glovd her han;  
Her sister lac'd her middle gimp  
Wi the new made London ban.

4 Her brother kembd her yallow hair,  
Wi the new made silver kemb,  
But the king o heaven maun father her  
bairn,  
Till Love Gregor come hame.

5 'O gin I had a bony ship,  
An men to sail wi me,  
It's I would gang to my true-love,  
Since he winna come to me.'

6 Her father's gien her a bonny ship,  
An sent her to the stran;

She's tane her young son in her arms,  
An turnd her back to the lan.

7 She had na been o the sea saillin  
About a month or more,  
Till landed has she her bonny ship  
Near her true-love's door.

8 The night was dark, an the win blew  
caul,  
An her love was fast asleep,  
An the bairn that was in her twa  
arms  
Fu sair began to weep.

9 Long stood she at her true-love's door,  
An lang tird at the pin;  
At length up gat his fa'se mither,  
Says, Wha's that woud be in ?

10 'O it is Anny of Roch-royal,  
Your love, come oer the sea,  
But an your young son in her arms;  
So open the door to me.'

11 'Awa, awa, you ill woman,  
You've na come here for gude;  
You're but a witch, or wile warlock,  
Or mermaid o the flude.'

12 'I'm na a witch, or wile warlock,  
Nor mermaiden,' said she;  
'I'm but Fair Anny o Roch-royal;  
O open the door to me.'

13 'O gin ye be Anny o Roch-royal,  
As [I] trust not ye be,  
What taiken can ye gie that ever  
I kept your company ?'

14 'O dinna ye mind, Love Gregor,' she  
says,  
'Whan we sat at the wine,  
How we changed the napkins frae our  
necks,  
It's na sae lang sin syne ?

15 'An yours was good, an good enough,  
But nae sae good as mine;  
For yours was o the cumbruk clear,  
But mine was silk sae fine.

16 'An dinna ye mind, Love Gregor,' she  
says,  
'As we twa sat at dine,

- How we changed the rings frae our  
fingers,  
But ay the best was mine ?
- 17 'For yours was good, an good enough,  
Yet nae sae good as mine;  
For yours was of the good red gold,  
But mine o the diamonds fine.
- 18 'Sae open the door now, Love Gregor,  
An open it wi speed,  
Or your young son that is in my arms  
For cauld will soon be dead.'
- 19 'Awa, awa, you ill woman,  
Gae frae my door for shame;  
For I hae gotten another fair love,  
Sae ye may hye you hame.'
- 20 'O hae you gotten another fair love,  
For a' the oaths you sware ?  
Then fair you well now, fa'se Gregor,  
For me you 's never see mair.'
- 21 O heely, heely gi'd she back,  
As the day began to peep;  
She set her foot on good ship-board,  
An sair, sair did she weep.
- 22 Love Gregor started frae his sleep,  
An to his mither did say,  
I dreamd a dream this night, mither,  
That maks my heart right wae.
- 23 'I dreamd that Anny of Roch-royal,  
The flour o a' her kin,  
Was standin mournin at my door,  
But nane would lat her in.'
- 24 'O there was a woman stood at the  
door,  
Wi a bairn intill her arms,  
But I woud na lat her within the  
bowr,  
For fear she had done you harm.'
- 25 O quickly, quickly raise he up,  
An fast ran to the stran,  
An there he saw her Fair Anny,  
Was sailin frae the lan.
- 26 An 'Heigh, Anny !' an 'Hou, Anny !  
O Anny, speak to me !'  
But ay the louder that he cried Anny,  
The louder roard the sea.
- 27 An 'Heigh, Anny !' an 'Hou, Anny !  
O Anny, winna you bide ?'  
But ay the langer that he cried Anny,  
The higher roard the tide.
- 28 The win grew loud, an the sea grew  
rough,  
An the ship was rent in twain,  
An soon he saw her Fair Anny  
Come floating oer the main.
- 29 He saw his young son in her arms,  
Baith tossd aboon the tide;  
He wrang his hands, than fast he ran,  
An plung'd i the sea sae wide.
- 30 He catchd her by the yallow hair,  
An drew her to the strand,  
But cauld an stiff was every limb  
Before he reachd the land.
- 31 O first he kissd her cherry cheek,  
An then he kissd her chin;  
An sair he kissd her ruby lips,  
But there was nae breath within.
- 32 O he has mournd oer Fair Anny  
Till the sun was gaing down,  
Then wi a sigh his heart it brast,  
An his soul to heaven has flown.

77

## SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST

The story of this ballad seems to have become disordered in most of the versions. A alone, the first published, has perhaps retained the original form. The principal idea is, however, preserved in all the full versions: the dead lover returns to ask back his unfulfilled troth-plight. His grave is wrongly said in A to be far beyond the sea. B constitutes, in Herd's MSS, and F in Jamieson's Popular Ballads, the termination of a copy of 'Clerk Saunders' (No. 69).

'Sweet William's Ghost' has much in common with one of the most beautiful and celebrated of the Scandinavian ballads, 'The Betrothed in the Grave' (Grundtvig, No. 90), and may well be a different development of the same story. A man dies as he is to be married. His love grieves for him passionately. The dead hears her under the ground, comes to her bower with his coffin on his back, and knocks. She lets him in after he has proved himself to be "a spirit of health" by uttering the name of

Jesus, combs his hair, and asks him how it is under the black earth. It is like the bliss of heaven. May she follow him into the grave? It is like blackest hell. Every time she weeps for him his coffin is filled with lapped blood. But when she sings and is happy, his grave is all hung with rose-leaves. The cock crows, the white, the red, the black; he takes up his coffin and goes wearily back to the graveyard. His love follows through the mirk wood, to the churchyard and into the church. Then his yellow hair falls away, his rosy color wanes. He bids her go home and never weep for him more. "Look up at the sky, the night is going!" and as she looks he slips into his grave. He goes sadly home, prays God that she may not live out a year and a day, falls sick, and dies within a month. The Scandinavian ballad agrees in many particulars with the conclusion of the second lay of Helgi Hundingsbani in the Elder Edda.

## A

'Sweet William's Ghost,' Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany, "4th volume, 1740;" here from the London edition of 1750, p. 324.

- 1 THERE came a ghost to Margret's door,  
With many a grievous groan,  
And ay he tirl'd at the pin,  
But answer made she none.
- 2 'Is that my father Philip,  
Or is 't my brother John?  
Or is 't my true-love, Willy,  
From Scotland new come home?'
- 3 'Tis not thy father Philip,  
Nor yet thy brother John;  
But 'tis thy true-love, Willy,  
From Scotland new come home.
- 4 'O sweet Margret, O dear Margret,  
I pray thee speak to me;  
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,  
As I gave it to thee.'
- 5 'Thy faith and troth thou's never get,  
Nor yet will I thee lend,  
Till that thou come within my bower,  
And kiss my cheek and chin.'
- 6 'If I shoud come within thy bower,  
I am no earthly man;

And shoud I kiss thy rosy lips,  
Thy days will not be lang.

- 7 'O sweet Margret, O dear Margret,  
I pray thee speak to me;  
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,  
As I gave it to thee.'
- 8 'Thy faith and troth thou's never get,  
Nor yet will I thee lend,  
Till you take me to yon kirk,  
And wed me with a ring.'
- 9 'My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,  
Afar beyond the sea,  
And it is but my spirit, Margret,  
That's now speaking to thee.'
- 10 She stretchd out her lilly-white hand,  
And, for to do her best,  
'Hae, there's your faith and troth,  
Willy,  
God send your soul good rest.'
- 11 Now she has kilted her robes of green  
A piece below her knee,  
And a' the live-lang winter night  
The dead corp followed she.
- 12 'Is there any room at your head, Willy?  
Or any room at your feet?  
Or any room at your side, Willy,  
Wherein that I may creep?'
- 13 'There's no room at my head, Margret,  
There's no room at my feet;  
There's no room at my side, Margret,  
My coffin's made so meet.'
- 14 Then up and crew the red, red cock,  
And up then crew the gray:  
'Tis time, tis time, my dear Margret,  
That you were going away.'
- 15 No more the ghost to Margret said,  
But, with a grievous groan,  
Evanishd in a cloud of mist,  
And left her all alone.
- 16 'O stay, my only true-love, stay,'  
The constant Margret cry'd;  
Wan grew her cheeks, she closd her  
een,  
Stretchd her soft limbs, and dy'd.



## B

Herd's MSS., I, 177, II, 49, stanzas 27 ff.

- 1 WHEN bells war rung, an mass was sung,  
A wat a' man to bed were gone,  
Clark Sanders came to Margret's window,  
With mony a sad sigh and groan.
- 2 'Are ye sleeping, Margret,' he says,  
'Or are ye waking, presentlie?  
Give me my faith and trouthe again,  
A wat, trew-love, I gied to thee.'
- 3 'Your faith and trouth ye's never get,  
Nor our trew love shall never twain,  
Till ye come with me in my bower,  
And kiss me both cheek and chin.'
- 4 'My mouth it is full cold, Margret,  
It has the smell now of the ground;  
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,  
Thy life-days will not be long.
- 5 'Cocks are crowing a merry mid-larf,  
I wat the wild fule boded day;  
Gie me my faith and trouthe again,  
And let me fare me on my way.'
- 6 'Thy faith and trouth thou shall na get,  
Nor our trew love shall never twin,  
Till ye tell me what comes of women  
Awat that dy's in strong traveling.'
- 7 'Their beds are made in the heavens high,  
Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,  
Well set about wi gilly-flowers,  
A wat sweet company for to see.
- 8 'O cocks are crowing a merry midd-larf,  
A wat the wilde foule boded day;  
The salms of Heaven will be sung,  
And ere now I'le be misst away.'
- 9 Up she has tain a bright long wand,  
And she has straked her trouth thereon;  
She has given [it] him out at the shot-window,  
Wi many a sad sigh and heavy groan.

- 10 'I thank you, Margret, I thank you  
Margret,  
And I thank you hartlie;  
Gine ever the dead come for the quick  
Be sure, Margret, I'll come again for  
thee.'
- 11 It's hose an shoon an gound alane  
She clame the wall and followed him  
Until she came to a green forest,  
On this she lost the sight of him.
- 12 'Is their any room at your head, Sanders?  
Is their any room at your feet?  
Or any room at your twa sides?  
Whare fain, fain woud I sleep.'
- 13 'Their is na room at my head, Margret,  
Their is na room at my feet;  
There is room at my twa sides,  
For ladys for to sleep.
- 14 'Cold meal is my covering owre,  
But an my winding sheet;  
My bed it is full low, I say,  
Down among the hongerey worms  
sleep.
- 15 'Cold meal is my covering owre,  
But an my winding sheet;  
The dew it falls na sooner down  
Then ay it is full weat.'

## F

Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 83, stanzas 26 ff.

- 1 WHEN seven years were come and gan  
Lady Margaret she thought lang;  
And she is up to the highest tower,  
By the lee licht o the moon.
- 2 She was lookin oer her castle high,  
To see what she might fa,  
And there she saw a grieved ghost,  
Comin waukin oer the wa.
- 3 'O are ye a man of mean,' she says,  
'Seekin ony o my meat?  
Or are you a rank robber,  
Come in my bower to break?'
- 4 'O I'm Clerk Saunders, your true-lov  
Behold, Margaret, and see,

And mind, for a' your meikle pride,  
Sae will become of thee.'

5 'Gin ye be Clerk Saunders, my true-love,  
This meikle marvels me;  
O wherein is your bonny arms,  
That wont to embrace me?'

6 'By worms they're eaten, in mools  
they're rotten,  
Behold, Margaret, and see,  
And mind, for a' your mickle pride,  
Sae will become o thee.'

\* \* \* \* \*

7 O, bonny, bonny sang the bird,  
Sat on the coil o hay;  
But dowie, dowie was the maid  
That followd the corpse o clay.

8 'Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?  
Is there ony room at your feet?  
Is there ony room at your twa sides,  
For a lady to lie and sleep?'

9 'There is nae room at my head, Margaret,  
As little at my feet;  
There is nae room at my twa sides,  
For a lady to lie and sleep.

10 'But gae hame, gae hame now, May  
Margaret,  
Gae hame and sew your seam;  
For if ye were laid in your weel made  
bed,  
Your days will nae be lang.'

### G

Abbotsford MS., Scotch Ballads, Materials  
for Border Minstrelsy, No. 141; in the hand-  
writing of James Hogg. Minstrelsy of the  
Scottish Border, III, 183, ed. 1823.

1 'BUT plett a wand o bonnie birk  
An lay it on my breast,  
An drap a tear upon my grave,  
An wiss my saul gude rest.

2 'But fair Marget, an rare Marget,  
An Marget, o verity,

If eer ye loe another man,  
Neer loe him as ye did me.'

3 But up then crew the milk-white cock,  
An up then crew the grey;  
Her lover vanishd in the air,  
An she gaed weepin away.

### 78

## THE UNQUIET GRAVE

This fragmentary ballad exhibits the universal popular belief that excessive grieving for the dead interferes with their repose. There are many tales and ballads that express this superstition. One of the most striking is contained in the second lay of Helgi Hundingsbani in the Elder Edda (see introduction to No. 77). Cf. 'The Twa Brothers,' No. 49, B, sts. 10-12.

### A

'The Unquiet Grave,' communicated to the Folk Lore Record, I, 60, 1868, by Miss Charlotte Latham, as written down from the lips of a girl in Sussex.

1 'THE wind doth blow today, my love,  
And a few small drops of rain;  
I never had but one true-love,  
In cold grave she was lain.

2 'I'll do as much for my true-love  
As any young man may;  
I'll sit and mourn all at her grave  
For a twelvemonth and a day.'

3 The twelvemonth and a day being up,  
The dead began to speak:  
'Oh who sits weeping on my grave,  
And will not let me sleep?'

4 'Tis I, my love, sits on your grave,  
And will not let you sleep;  
For I crave one kiss of your clay-cold  
lips,  
And that is all I seek.'

5 'You crave one kiss of my clay-cold lips;  
But my breath smells earthy strong;  
If you have one kiss of my clay-cold lips,  
Your time will not be long.

6 'Tis down in yonder garden green,  
Love, where we used to walk,

The finest flower that ere was seen  
Is withered to a stalk.

- 7 'The stalk is withered dry, my love,  
So will our hearts decay;  
So make yourself content, my love,  
Till God calls you away.'

79

## THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

A motive for the return of the Wife's three sons is not found in A and B. The mother had cursed the sea when she first heard they were lost, and can only go mad when she finds that after all she has not recovered them; nor will a little wee while make any difference. There is no indication that the sons come back to forbid obstinate grief, as the dead often do. C and D, however, say that they return in answer to prayer. But supplying a motive would add nothing to the impressiveness of the verses. Nothing that we have is more profoundly affecting.

## A

'The Wife of Usher's Well,' *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, II, 111, 1802, from the recitation of an old woman residing near Kirkhill, in West Lothian.

- 1 THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,  
And a wealthy wife was she;  
She had three stout and stalwart sons,  
And sent them oer the sea.
- 2 They hadna been a week from her,  
A week but barely ane,  
Whan word came to the carline wife  
That her three sons were gane.
- 3 They hadna been a week from her,  
A week but barely three,  
Whan word came to the carlin wife  
That her sons she 'd never see.
- 4 'I wish the wind may never cease,  
Nor fashes in the flood,  
Till my three sons come hame to me,  
In earthly flesh and blood.'
- 5 It fell about the Martinmass,  
When nights are lang and mirk,  
The carlin wife's three sons came hame,  
And their hats were o the birk.

- 6 It neither grew in syke nor ditch,  
Nor yet in ony sheugh;  
But at the gates o Paradise,  
That birk grew fair enugh.

\* \* \* \*

- 7 'Blow up the fire, my maidens,  
Bring water from the well;  
For a' my house shall feast this night,  
Since my three sons are well.'

- 8 And she has made to them a bed,  
She's made it large and wide,  
And she's taen her mantle her about,  
Sat down at the bed-side.

\* \* \* \*

- 9 Up then crew the red, red cock,  
And up and crew the gray;  
The eldest to the youngest said,  
'T is time we were away.

- 10 The cock he hadna crawd but once,  
And clappd his wings at a',  
When the youngest to the eldest said,  
Brother, we must awa.

- 11 'The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,  
The channerin worm doth chide;  
Gin we be mist out o our place,  
A sair pain we maun bide.

- 12 'Fare ye weel, my mother dear!  
Fareweel to barn and byre!  
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass  
That kindles my mother's fire!

## B

Kinloch MSS., v, 403, stanzas 18-23 (as conclusion to No. 72, A). In the handwriting of James Chambers, as sung to his maternal grandmother, Janet Grieve, seventy years before, by an old woman, a Miss Ann Gray, of the Neidpath Castle, Peeblesshire: January 1, 1829.

- 1 THE hallow days o Yule are come,  
The nights are lang an dark,  
An in an cam her ain twa sons,  
Wi their hats made o the bark.

- 2 'O eat an drink, my merry men a',  
The better shall ye fare,

For my twa sons the are come hame  
To me for evermair.'

3 O she has gaen an made their bed,  
An she 's made it saft an fine,  
An she 's happit them wi her gay mantel,  
Because they were her ain.

4 O the young cock crew i the merry  
Linkem,  
An the wild fowl chirpd for day;  
The aulder to the younger did say,  
Dear brother, we maun away.

5 'Lie still, lie still a little wee while,  
Lie still but if we may;  
For gin my mother miss us away  
She 'll gae mad or it be day.'

6 O it's they've taen up their mother's  
mantel,  
An they've hangd it on the pin:  
'O lang may ye hing, my mother's  
mantel,  
Or ye hap us again !'

## C

'The Widow-Woman,' Shropshire Folk-  
Lore, edited by Charlotte Sophia Burne, 1883-  
86, p. 541; "taken down by Mr Hubert Smith,  
24th March, 1883, from the recitation of an  
elderly fisherman at Bridgworth, who could  
neither read nor write, and had learnt it some  
forty years before from his grandmother in  
Corve Dale."

1 THERE was a widow-woman lived in far  
Scotland,  
And in far Scotland she did live,  
And all her cry was upon sweet Jesus,  
Sweet Jesus so meek and mild.

2 Then Jesus arose one morning quite  
soon,  
And arose one morning betime,  
And away he went to far Scotland,  
And to see what the good woman  
want.

3 And when he came to far Scotland,  
Crying, What, O what, does the good  
woman want,  
That is calling so much on me ?

4 'It's you go rise up my three sons,  
Their names, Joe, Peter, and John,  
And put breath in their breast,  
And clothing on their backs,  
And immediately send them to far Scot-  
land,  
That their mother may take some  
rest.'

5 Then he went and rose up her three  
sons,  
Their names, Joe, Peter, and John,  
And did immediately send them to far  
Scotland,  
That their mother may take some  
rest.

6 Then she made up a supper so neat,  
As small, as small, as a yew-tree leaf,  
But never one bit they could eat.

7 Then she made up a bed so soft,  
The softest that ever was seen,  
And the widow-woman and her three  
sons  
They went to bed to sleep.

8 There they lay ; about the middle of  
the night,  
Bespeaks the youngest son:  
'The white cock he has crowed once,  
The second has, so has the red.'

9 And then bespeaks the eldest son:  
'I think, I think it is high time  
For the wicked to part from their  
dead.'

10 Then they laid [=led] her along a  
green road,  
The greenest that ever was seen,  
Until they came to some far chaperine,  
Which was builded of lime and sand;  
Until they came to some far chaperine,  
Which was builded with lime and  
stone.

11 And then he opened the door so big,  
And the door so very wide;  
Said he to her three sons, Walk in !  
But told her to stay outside.

12 'Go back, go back !' sweet Jesus re-  
plied,  
'Go back, go back !' says he;

'For thou hast nine days to repent  
For the wickedness that thou hast  
done.'

- 13 Nine days then was past and gone,  
And nine days then was spent,  
Sweet Jesus called her once again,  
And took her to heaven with him.

## D

Communicated, 1896, by Miss Emma M.  
Backus, of North Carolina, who notes that it  
has long been sung by the "poor whites" in  
the mountains of Polk County in that State.

- 1 THERE was a lady fair and gay,  
And children she had three:  
She sent them away to some northern  
land,  
For to learn their grammeree.

- 2 They had n't been gone but a very short  
time,  
About three months to a day,  
When sickness came to that land  
And swept those babes away.

- 3 There is a king in the heavens above  
That wears a golden crown:  
She prayed that he would send her  
babies home  
To-night or in the morning soon.

- 4 It was about one Christmas time,  
When the nights was long and cool,  
She dreamed of her three little lonely  
babes  
Come running in their mother's room.

- 5 The table was fixed and the cloth was  
spread,  
And on it put bread and wine:  
'Come sit you down, my three little  
babes,  
And eat and drink of mine.'

- 6 'We will neither eat your bread, dear  
mother,  
Nor we'll neither drink your wine;  
For to our Saviour we must return  
To-night or in the morning soon.'

- 7 The bed was fixed in the back room;  
On it was some clean white sheet,

And on the top was a golden cloth,  
To make those little babies sleep.

- 8 'Wake up! wake up!' says the oldest  
one,  
'Wake up! it's almost day.  
And to our Saviour we must return  
To-night or in the morning soon.'

- 9 'Green grass grows at our head, dear  
mother,  
Green moss grows at our feet;  
The tears that you shed for us three  
babes  
Won't wet our winding sheet.'

80

## OLD ROBIN OF PORTINGALE

The information given by a page, the re-  
ward promised and the alternative punishment  
threatened him, the savage vengeance taken  
on the lady, and the immediate remorse are  
repeated in No. 81.

Percy MS., p. 90; Hales and Furnivall, 235.

- 1 GOD let neuer soe old a man  
Marry soe yonge a wiffe  
As did Old Robin of Portingale;  
He may rue all the dayes of his liffe.

- 2 Ffor the maiors daughter of Lin, God  
wott,  
He chose her to his wife,  
And thought to have liued in quietnesse  
With her all the dayes of his liffe.

- 3 They had not in their wed-bed laid,  
Scarely were both on sleepe,  
But vpp shee rose, and forth shee goes  
To Sir Gyles, and fast can weepe.

- 4 Saies, Sleepe you, wake you, faire Sir  
Gyles?  
Or be not you within?

- 5 'But I am waking, sweete,' he said,  
'Lady, what is your will?'  
'I haue vnethought me of a wile,  
How my wed lord we shall spill.



- 6 'Four and twenty knights,' she sayes,  
'That dwells about this towne,  
Eene four and twenty of my next cozens,  
Will helpe to dinge him downe.'
- 7 With *that* beheard his litle foote-page,  
As he was watering his masters steed;  
Soe s . . . . .  
His verry heart did bleed.
- 8 He mourned, sikt, and wept full sore;  
I sweare by the holy roode,  
The teares he for his master wept  
Were blend water and bloude.
- 9 With *that* beheard his deare master,  
As [he] in his garden sate;  
Says, Euer alacke, my litle page,  
What causes thee to weepe?
- 10 'Hath any one done to thee wronge,  
Any of thy fellowes here?  
Or is any of thy good friends dead,  
Which makes thee shed such teares?
- 11 'Or if it be my head-kookes-man,  
Greiued againe he shalbe,  
Nor noe man within my howse  
Shall doe wrong vnto thee.'
- 12 'But it is not your head-kookes-man,  
Nor none of his degree;  
But [f]or to morrow, ere it be noone,  
You are deemed to die.
- 13 'And of that thanke your head-steward,  
And after, your gay ladie.'  
'If it be true, my litle foote-page,  
He make thee heyre of all my land.'
- 14 'If it be not true, my deare master,  
God let me neuer thye.'  
'If it be not true, thou litle foot-page,  
A dead corse shalt thou be.'
- 15 He called downe his head-kookes-man,  
Cooke in kitchen super to dresse:  
'All and anon, my deare master,  
Anon att your request.'
- 16 . . . . .  
'And call you downe my faire lady,  
This night to supp with mee.'
- 17 And downe then came *that* fayre lady,  
Was cladd all in purple and palle;  
The rings *that* were vpon her fingers  
Cast light thorow the hall.
- 18 'What is your will, my owne wed lord,  
What is your will with mee?'  
'I am sicke, fayre lady,  
Sore sicke, and like to dye.'
- 19 'But and you be sicke, my owne wed lord,  
Soe sore it greiueth mee;  
But my fue maydens and my selfe  
Will goe and make your bedd.
- 20 'And at the wakening of your first sleepe  
You shall haue a hott drinke made,  
And at the wakening of your next sleepe  
Your sorrowes will haue a slake.'
- 21 He put a silke cote on his backe,  
Was thirteen inches folde,  
And put a steele cap vpon his head,  
Was gilded with good red gold.
- 22 And he layd a bright browne sword by  
his side,  
And another att his ffeete,  
And full well knew Old Robin then  
Whether he shold wake or sleepe.
- 23 And about the middle time of the night  
Came twenty four good knights in;  
Sir Gyles he was the formost man,  
Soe well he knew *that* giinne.
- 24 Old Robin, with a bright browne sword,  
Sir Gyles head he did winne;  
Soe did he all those twenty four,  
Neuer a one went quicke out [agen].
- 25 None but one litle foot-page,  
Crept forth at a window of stone,  
And he had two armes when he came in,  
And [when he went out he had none].
- 26 Vpp then came *that* ladie light,  
With torches burning bright;  
Shee thought to haue brought Sir Gyles  
a drinke,  
But shee found her owne wedd knight.
- 27 And the first thinge *that* this ladye stum-  
bled vpon  
Was of Sir Gyles his ffoote;

Sayes, Euer alacke, and woe is me,  
Here lyes my sweete hart-roote !

28 And the *second* thing *that* this ladie  
stumbled on

Was of Sir Gyles his head;  
Sayes, Euer alacke, and woe is me,  
Heere lyes my true-loue deade !

29 Hee cutt the papps beside he[r] brest,  
And bad her wish her will;  
And he cutt the eares beside her heade,  
And bade her wish on still.

30 'Mickle is the mans blood I haue  
spent,  
To doe thee and me some good;'  
Sayes, Euer alacke, my fayre lady,  
I thinke *that* I was woode !

31 He calld then vp his litle foote-page,  
And made him heyre of all his land,  
. . . . .

32 And he shope the crosse in his right  
sholder,  
Of the white flesh and the redd,  
And he went him into the holy land,  
Wheras Christ was quicke and dead.

## 81

LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY  
BARNARD

A broadside printed for Henry Gosson (C) appears to be the earliest impression known, but it has not so good a text as A. The ballad is quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* (about 1611), act v, scene 3, and in other old plays. 'Little Musgrave' is entered to Francis Coules in the Stationers' Registers, June 24, 1630.

## A

'Little Musgrave and the Lady Barnard.' a. Wit Restord, 1658, in the reprint 'Facetiæ,' London, 1817, i, 293. b. Wit and Drollery, 1682, p. 81.

1 As it fell one holy-day,  
Hay downe  
As many be in the yeare,

When young men and maids together  
did goe,  
Their mattins and masse to heare,

2 Little Musgrave came to the church  
dore;  
The preist was at private masse;  
But he had more minde of the faire  
women  
Then he had of our lady[']s] grace.

3 The one of them was clad in green,  
Another was clad in pall,  
And then came in my lord Barnard'  
wife,  
The fairest amongst them all.

4 She cast an eye on Little Musgrave,  
As bright as the summer sun;  
And then bethought this Little Mus  
grave,  
This lady's heart have I woonn.

5 Quoth she, I have loved thee, Little  
Musgrave,  
Full long and many a day;  
'So have I loved you, fair lady,  
Yet never word durst I say.'

6 'I have a bower at Buckelsfordbery,  
Full daintily it is deight;  
If thou wilt wend thither, thou Little  
Musgrave,  
Thou's lig in mine armes all night.'

7 Quoth he, I thank yee, faire lady,  
This kindnes thou showest to me;  
But whether it be to my weal or woe,  
This night I will lig with thee.

8 With that he heard, a little tynë page,  
By his ladye's coach as he ran:  
'All though I am my ladye's foot-page  
Yet I am Lord Barnard's man.

9 'My lord Barnard shall knowe of this,  
Whether I sink or swim;'  
And ever where the bridges were broake  
He laid him downe to swimme.

10 'A sleepe or wake, thou Lord Barnard  
As thou art a man of life,  
For Little Musgrave is at Bucklesford  
bery,  
A bed with thy own wedded wife.'

- 11 'If this be true, thou little tinny page,  
This thing thou tellest to me,  
Then all the land in Bucklesfordbery  
I freely will give to thee.
- 12 'But if it be a ly, thou little tinny  
page,  
This thing thou tellest to me,  
On the hyst tree in Bucklesfordbery  
Then hanged shalt thou be.'
- 13 He called up his merry men all:  
'Come saddle me my steed;  
This night must I to Buckellsford-  
bery,  
For I never had greater need.'
- 14 And some of them whistld, and some of  
them sung,  
And some these words did say,  
And ever when my lord Barnard's horn  
blew,  
'Away, Musgrave, away!'
- 15 'Methinks I hear the thresel-cock,  
Methinks I hear the jaye;  
Methinks I hear my lord Barnard,  
And I would I were away.'
- 16 'Lye still, lye still, thou Little Mus-  
grave,  
And huggell me from the cold;  
'T is nothing but a shephard's boy,  
A driving his sheep to the fold.
- 17 'Is not thy hawke upon a perch?  
Thy steed eats oats and hay;  
And thou a fair lady in thine armes,  
And wouldst thou bee away?'
- 18 With that my lord Barnard came to the  
dore,  
And lit a stone upon;  
He plucked out three silver keys,  
And he opened the dores each one.
- 19 He lifted up the coverlett,  
He lifted up the sheet:  
'How now, how now, thou Littell Mus-  
grave,  
Doest thou find my lady sweet?'
- 20 'I find her sweet,' quoth Little Mus-  
grave,  
'The more 't is to my paine;

- I would gladly give three hundred  
pounds  
That I were on yonder plaine.'
- 21 'Arise, arise, thou Littell Musgrave,  
And put thy clothés on;  
It shall nere be said in my country  
I have killed a naked man.
- 22 'I have two swords in one scabberd,  
Full deere they cost my purse;  
And thou shalt have the best of them,  
And I will have the worse.'
- 23 The first stroke that Little Musgrave  
stroke,  
He hurt Lord Barnard sore;  
The next stroke that Lord Barnard  
stroke,  
Little Musgrave nere struck more.
- 24 With that bespake this faire lady,  
In bed whereas she lay:  
'Although thou 'rt dead, thou Little  
Musgrave,  
Yet I for thee will pray.
- 25 'And wish well to thy soule will I,  
So long as I have life;  
So will I not for thee, Barnard,  
Although I am thy wedded wife.'
- 26 He cut her paps from off her brest;  
Great pittie it was to see  
That some drops of this ladie's heart's  
blood  
Ran trickling downe her knee.
- 27 'Woe worth you, woe worth, my mery  
men all,  
You were nere borne for my good;  
Why did you not offer to stay my  
hand,  
When you see me wax so wood?
- 28 'For I have slaine the bravest sir knight  
That ever rode on steed;  
So have I done the fairest lady  
That ever did woman's deed.
- 29 'A grave, a grave,' Lord Barnard  
cryd,  
'To put these lovers in;  
But lay my lady on the upper hand,  
For she came of the better kin.'

## B

Percy MS., p. 53; Hales and Furnivall, I, 119.

\* \* \* \* \*

1 . . . . .

'Ffor this same night att [Bucklesfeild-  
berry]  
Litle Musgreue is in bed with thy  
wife.'

2 'If it be trew, thou litle foote-page,  
This tale thou hast told to mee,  
Then all my lands in Buckle[s]feildberry  
I'le freely giue to thee.

3 'But if this be a lye, thou little foot-  
page,  
This tale thou hast told to mee,  
Then on the highest tree in Buckles-  
feildberry  
All hanged that thou shalt bee.'

4 Saies, Vpp and rise, my merrymen all,  
And saddle me my good steede,  
For I must ride to Bucklesfeildberry;  
God wott I had neuer more need !

5 But some they whistled, and some the  
sunge,  
And some they thus cold say,  
When euer as Lord Barnetts horne  
blowes,  
'Away, Musgreue, away !'

6 'Mie thinks I heare the throstlecocke,  
Me thinks I heare the iay,  
Me thinks I heare Lord Barnetts horne,  
Away, Musgreue, away !'

7 'But lie still, lie still, Litle Musgreue,  
And huddle me from the cold,  
For it is but some sheaperds boy,  
Is whistling sheepe ore the mold.

8 'Is not thy hauke vpon a pearch,  
Thy horsse eating corne and hay ?  
And thou, a gay lady in thine armes,  
And yett thou wold goe away !'

9 By this time Lord Barnett was come to  
the dore,  
And light vpon a stone,

And he pulled out three silver kayes,  
And opened the dores euery one.

10 And first he puld the couering downe,  
And then puld downe the sheete;  
Saies, How now ? How now, Litle Mus-  
greue ?  
Dost find my gay lady sweet ?

11 'I find her sweete,' saies Litle Musgreue  
'The more is my greefe and paine;'

. . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

12 . . . . .  
'Soe haue I done the fairest lady  
That euer wore womans weede.

13 'Soe haue I done a heathen child,  
Which full sore greiueeth mee,  
For which Ile repent all the dayes o  
my life,  
And god be with them all three !'

## 82

## THE BONNY BIRDY

Jamieson, in printing this ballad, gave the husband the name Lord Randal, made many changes, and introduced several stanzas, "to fill up chasms." But the chasms, such as they are, are easily leapt by the imagination, and Jamieson's interpolations are mere bridges of carpenter's work. The admirably effective burden is taken into the story at stanza 11.

The main part of the action is the same as in 'Little Musgrave' (No. 81). The superior lyrical quality of the Scottish ballad makes up for its inferiority as a story.

Jamieson-Brown MS., p. 42 ; Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 162.

1 THERE was a knight, in a summer's  
night,  
Was riding oer the lee, diddle  
An there he saw a bonny birdy,  
Was singing upon a tree. diddle  
O wow for day ! diddle  
An dear gin it were day ! diddle  
Gin it were day, an gin I were away  
For I ha na lang time to stay. diddle

- 2 'Make hast, make hast, ye gentle knight,  
What keeps you here so late ?  
Gin ye kent what was doing at hame,  
I fear you woud look blate.'
- 3 'O what needs I toil day an night,  
My fair body to kill,  
Whan I hae knights at my comman,  
An lads at my will ?'
- 4 'Ye lee, ye lee, ye gentle knight,  
Sa loud 's I hear you lee;  
Your lady 's a knight in her arms twa  
That she lees far better nor the.'
- 5 'Ye lee, you lee, you bonny birdy,  
How you lee upo my sweet !  
I will tak out my bonny bow,  
An in troth I will you sheet.'
- 6 'But afore ye hae your bow well bent,  
An a' your arrows yare,  
I will flee till another tree,  
Whare I can better fare.'
- 7 'O whare was you gotten, and whare  
was ye clecked ?  
My bonny birdy, tell me :'  
'O I was clecked in good green wood,  
Intill a holly tree ;  
A gentleman my nest herryed,  
An ga me to his lady.'
- 8 'Wi good white bread an farrow-cow  
milk  
He bade her feed me aft,  
An ga her a little wee simmer-dale  
wannay,  
To ding me sindle and saft.'
- 9 'Wi good white bread an farrow-cow  
milk  
I wot she fed me nought,  
But wi a little wee simmer-dale wannay  
She dang me sair an aft :  
Gin she had deen as ye her bade,  
I woudna tell how she has wrought.'
- 10 The knight he rade, and the birdy flew,  
The live-lang simmer's night,  
Till he came till his lady's bowr-door,  
Then even down he did light :  
The birdy sat on the crap of a tree,  
An I wot it sang fu dight.

- 11 'O wow for day !       diddle  
An dear gin it were day !       diddle  
Gin it were day, and gin I were away !  
For I ha na lang time to stay.'       diddle
- 12 'What needs ye lang for day,       diddle.  
An wish that you were away ?       diddle  
Is no your hounds i my cellar,  
Eating white meal an gray ?       diddle  
O wow, etc.
- 13 'Is nae your steed in my stable,  
Eating good corn an hay ?  
An is nae your hawk i my perch-tree,  
Just perching for his prey ?  
An is nae yoursel i my arms twa ?  
Then how can ye lang for day ?'
- 14 'O wow for day !       diddle  
An dear gin it were day !       diddle  
For he that 's in bed wi anither man's  
wife  
Has never lang time to stay.'       diddle
- 15 Then out the knight has drawn his  
sword,  
An straiked it oer a strae,  
An thro and thro the fa'se knight's  
waste  
He gaird could iron gae :  
An I hope ilk ane sal sae be servd  
That treats ane honest man sae.

## 83

## CHILD MAURICE

A is from the Percy MS. Of B Motherwell says (1827): "By testimony of a most unexceptionable description, but which it would be tedious here to detail, the editor can distinctly trace this ballad as existing in its present shape at least a century ago." The ballad was printed at Glasgow by Foulis in 1755 (and in an earlier edition, now lost), with considerable modern improvements. Hume's tragedy of Douglas, produced in Edinburgh in 1756, was founded upon the story, and the popularity of the play seems to have given vogue to the ballad. The sophisticated copy passed into recitation, and may very likely have more or less infected those which were repeated from earlier tradition. The poet Gray writes to Mason, June, 1757 (?) : "I have got the old Scottish ballad on which Douglas was



founded; it is divine, and as long as from here [Cambridge] to Aston." He quotes the first fifteen lines, substantially as in Foulis. Percy's version in the *Reliques*, 1765 (II, 93), is that of Foulis with further "improvements."

## A

'Childe Maurice,' Percy MS., p. 346; Hales and Furnivall, II, 502.

1 CHILDE MAURICE hunted ithe siluer wood,

He hunted itt round about,  
And noebodye *that* he ffound therin,  
Nor none there was with-out.

2 . . . . .

And he tooke his siluer combe in his hand,  
To kembe his yellow lockes.

3 He sayes, Come hither, thou litle ffoot-page,

*That* runneth lowlye by my knee,  
Ffor thou shalt goe to Iohn Stewards wiffe  
And pray her speake with mee.

4 . . . . .

'I, and greete thou doe *that* ladye well,  
Euer soe well ffroe mee.

5 'And, as itt ffalls, as many times  
As knotts beene knitt on a kell,  
Or marchant men gone to leue London,  
Either to buy ware or sell.

6 'And, as itt ffalles, as many times  
As any hart can thinke,  
Or schoole-masters are in any schoole-house,

Writting with pen and inke:  
Ffor if I might, as well as shee may,  
This night I wold with her speake.

7 'And heere I send her a mantle of greene,

As greene as any grasse,  
And bidd her come to the siluer wood,  
To hunt with Child Maurice.

8 'And there I send her a ring of gold,  
A ring of precyous stone,

And bidd her come to the siluer wood,  
Let ffor no kind of man.'

9 One while this litle boy he yode,  
Another while he ran,  
Vntill he came to Iohn Stewards hall,  
I-wis he neuer blan.

10 And of nurture the child had good,  
Hee ran vp hall and bower free,  
And when he came to this lady ffaire,  
Sayes, God you saue and see!

11 'I am come ffrom Ch[i]ld Maurice,  
A message vnto thee;  
And Child Maurice, he greetes you well  
And euer soe well ffrom mee.

12 'And, as itt ffalls, as oftentimes  
As knotts beene knitt on a kell,  
Or marchant-men gone to leue London  
Either ffor to buy ware or sell.

13 'And as oftentimes he greetes you well  
As any hart can thinke,  
Or schoolemasters [are] in any schoole  
Wryting with pen and inke.

14 'And heere he sends a mantle of greene  
As greene as any grasse,  
And he bids you come to the siluer wood,  
To hunt with Child Maurice.

15 'And heere he sends you a ring of gold  
A ring of the precyous stone;  
He prayes you to come to the siluer wood,  
Let ffor no kind of man.'

16 'Now peace, now peace, thou litle ffoot-page,  
Ffor Christes sake, I pray thee!  
Ffor if my lord heare one of thes words,  
Thou must be hanged hye!'

17 Iohn Steward stood vnder the castle wall,  
And he wrote the words euerye one,

. . . . .

18 And he called vnto his hors-keeper,  
'Make readye you my steede!'

- I, and soe hee did to his chamber-  
laine,  
'Make readye thou my weede !'
- 19 And he cast a lease vpon his backe,  
And he rode to the siluer wood,  
And there he sought all about,  
About the siluer wood.
- 20 And there he ffound him Child Maurice  
Sitting vpon a blocke,  
With a siluer combe in his hand,  
Kembing his yellow locke[s].
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 21 But then stood vp him Child Maurice,  
And sayd these words trulye:  
'I doe not know your ladye,' he said,  
'If that I doe her see.'
- 22 He sayes, How now, how now, Child  
Maurice ?  
Alacke, how may this bee ?  
Ffor thou hast sent her loue-tokens,  
More now then two or three.
- 23 'Ffor thou hast sent her a mantle of  
greene,  
As greene as any grasse,  
And bade her come to the siluer woode,  
To hunt with Child Maurice.
- 24 'And thou [hast] sent her a ring of gold,  
A ring of precyous stone,  
And bade her come to the siluer wood,  
Let ffor noe kind of man.
- 25 'And by my ffaith, now, Child Maurice,  
The tone of vs shall dye !'  
'Now be my troth,' sayd Child Maurice,  
'And that shall not be I.'
- 26 But hee pulled forth a bright browne  
sword,  
And dried itt on the grasse,  
And soe ffast he smote att Iohn Steward,  
I-wisse he neuer [did] rest.
- 27 Then hee pulled fforth his bright browne  
sword,  
And dried itt on his sleeue,  
And the first good stroke Iohn Stewart  
stroke,  
Child Maurice head he did cleuee.
- 28 And he pricked itt on his swords poynt,  
Went singing there beside,  
And he rode till he came to *that* ladye  
ffaire,  
Wheras this ladye lyed.
- 29 And sayes, Dost thou know Child  
Maurice head,  
If *that* thou dost itt see ?  
And lapp itt soft, and kisse itt off,  
Ffor thou louedst him better than  
mee.
- 30 But when shee looked on Child Maurice  
head,  
Shee neuer spake words but three:  
'I neuer beare no child but one,  
And you haue slaine him trulye.'
- 31 Sayes, Wicked be my merrymen all,  
I gaue meate, drinke, and clothe !  
But cold they not haue holden me  
When I was in all *that* wrath !
- 32 'Ffor I haue slaine one of the cur-  
teousest *knights*  
*That* euer bestrode a steed,  
Soe haue I done one [of] the fairest  
ladyes  
*That* euer ware womans weede !'
- B**
- 'Child Noryce,' Motherwell's MS., p. 255;  
Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 282. From the  
singing of Widow McCormick, Paisley, Jan-  
uary 19, 1825. Learned by her of an old  
woman in Dumbarton: Motherwell's Note  
Book, fol. 4.
- 1 CHILD NORYCE is a clever young man,  
He wavers wi the wind;  
His horse was silver-shod before,  
With the beaten gold behind.
- 2 He called to his little man John,  
Saying, You don't see what I see;  
O yonder I see the very first woman  
That ever loved me.
- 3 'Here is a glove, a glove,' he said,  
'Lined with the silver grey;  
You may tell her to come to the merry  
green-wood,  
To speak to Child Nory.

- 4 'Here is a ring, a ring,' he says,  
'It's all gold but the stane;  
You may tell her to come to the merry  
green-wood,  
And ask the leave o nane.'
- 5 'So well do I love your errand, my  
master,  
But far better do I love my life;  
O would you have me go to Lord Bar-  
nard's castle,  
To betray away his wife?'
- 6 'O do I not give you meat,' he says,  
'And do I not pay you fee?  
How dare you stop my errand?' he  
says;  
'My orders you must obey.'
- 7 O when he came to Lord Bernard's  
castle,  
He tinkled at the ring;  
Who was as ready as Lord Bernard  
himself  
To let this little boy in?
- 8 'Here is a glove, a glove,' he says,  
'Lined with the silver grey;  
You are bidden to come to the merry  
green-wood,  
To speak to Child Nory.
- 9 'Here is a ring, a ring,' he says,  
'It's all gold but the stane;  
You are bidden to come to the merry  
green-wood,  
And ask the leave o nane.'
- 10 Lord Barnard he was standing by,  
And an angry man was he:  
'O little did I think there was a lord in  
the world  
My lady loved but me!'
- 11 O he dressed himself in the holland  
smock,  
And garments that was gay,  
And he is away to the merry green-  
wood,  
To speak to Child Nory.
- 12 Child Noryce sits on yonder tree,  
He whistles and he sings:  
'O wae be to me,' says Child Noryce,  
'Yonder my mother comes!'
- 13 Child Noryce he came off the tree,  
His mother to take off the horse:  
'Och alace, alace,' says Child Noryce,  
'My mother was neer so gross!'
- 14 Lord Barnard he had a little small  
sword,  
Hung low down by his knee;  
He cut the head off Child Noryce,  
And put the body on a tree.
- 15 And when he came home to his castell,  
And to his ladie's hall,  
He threw the head into her lap,  
Saying, Lady, there's a ball!
- 16 She turned up the bloody head,  
She kissed it frae cheek to chin:  
'Far better do I love this bloody head  
Than all my royal kin.
- 17 'When I was in my father's castel,  
In my virginity,  
There came a lord into the North,  
Gat Child Noryce with me.'
- 18 'O wae be to thee, Lady Margaret,' he  
said,  
'An ill death may you die;  
For if you had told me he was your son,  
He should neer have been slain by me.'

## D

'Gill Morice,' Motherwell's MS., p. 480, from  
the recitation of Widow Michael, a very old  
woman, as learned by her in Banffshire seventy  
years before. August, 1826.

- 1 GILL MORICE stood in stable-door,  
With red gold shined his weed;  
A bonnie boy him behind,  
Dressing a milk-white steed.
- 2 'Woe's me for you, maister,  
Your name it waxes wide;  
It is not for your rich, rich robes,  
Nor for your meikle pride,  
But all is for yon lord's ladie,  
She lives on Ithan side.'
- 3 'Here's to thee, my bonnie wee boy,  
That I pay meat and fee;  
You will run on to Ithan side  
An errand unto me.'

- 4 'If ye gar me that errand run,  
Sae sair against my will,  
I'll make a vow, and keep it true,  
I'll do your errand ill.'
- 5 'I fear nae ill of thee, boy,  
I fear nae ill of thee;  
I ferna ill of my bonnie boy,  
My sister's son are ye.
- 6 'Ye'll tak here this green manteel,  
It's lined with the frieze;  
Ye'll bid her come to gude green-wood,  
To talk with Gill Morice.
- 7 'Ye'll tak here this sark o silk,  
Her ain hand sewed the sleeve;  
Ye'll bid her come to gude green-wood,  
And ask not Burnard's leave.'
- 8 When he gade to Ithan side  
They were hailing at the ba,  
And four and twenty gay ladies  
They lookd ower castle wa.
- 9 'God mak you safe, you ladies all,  
God mak you safe and sure;  
But Burnard's lady amang you all,  
My errand is to her.
- 10 'Ye'll tak here this green manteel,  
It's a' lined wi the frieze;  
Ye're bidden come to gude green-wood  
And speak to Gill Morice.
- 11 'Ye'll tak here this sark of silk,  
Your ain hand sewed the sleeve;  
Ye're bidden come to gude green-wood,  
And ask not Burnard's leave.'
- 12 Up it stood the little nurice,  
She winked with her ee:  
'Welcome, welcome, bonnie boy,  
With luv-tidings to me.'
- 13 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye false nurice,  
Sae loud 's I hear ye lie;  
It's to the lady of the house,  
I'm sure ye are not shee.'
- 14 Then out and spoke him bold Burnard,  
Behind the door stood he:  
'I'll go unto gude green-wood,  
And see what he may be.
- 15 'Come, bring to me the gowns of silk,  
Your petticoats so small,  
And I'll go on to gude green-wood,  
I'll try with him a fall.'
- 16 Gill Morice stood in gude green-wood,  
He whistled and he sang:  
'I think I see the woman come  
That I have loved lang.'
- 17 'What now, what now, ye Gill Morice,  
What now, and how do ye?  
How lang hae ye my lady luv'd?  
This day come tell to me.'
- 18 'First when I your lady loved,  
In green-wood amang the thyme,  
I wot she was my first fair love  
Or ever she was thine.
- 19 'First when I your lady loved,  
In green-wood amang the flours,  
I wot she was my first fair love  
Or ever she was yours.'
- 20 He's taen out a lang, lang brand  
That he was used to wear,  
And he's taen aff Gill Morice head,  
And put it on a spear:  
The soberest boy in a' the court  
Gill Morice head did bear.
- 21 He's put it in a braid basin,  
And brocht it in the ha,  
And laid it in his lady's lap;  
Said, Lady, tak a ba!
- 22 'Play ye, play ye, my lady,' he said,  
'Play ye frae ha to bower;  
Play ye wi Gill Morice head,  
He was your paramour.'
- 23 'He was not my paramour,  
He was my son indeed;  
I got him in my mother's bower,  
And in my maiden-weed.
- 24 'I got him in my mother's bower,  
Wi meikle sin and shame;  
I brocht him up in good green-wood,  
Got mony a shower o rain.
- 25 'But I will kiss his bluidy head,  
And I will clap his chin;

- I'll make a vow, and keep it true,  
I'll never kiss man again.
- 26 'Oftimes I by his cradle sat,  
And fond to see him sleep;  
But I may walk about his grave,  
The saut tears for to weep.'
- 27 'Bring cods, bring cods to my ladye,  
Her heart is full of wae;' 'None of your cods, Burnet,' she says,  
'But lay me on the strae.'
- 28 'Pox on you, my lady fair,  
That wudna telled it me;  
If I had known he was your son,  
He had not been slain by me;  
And for ae penny ye wud hae gien  
I wud hae gien him three.'
- 29 'Keep weel your land, Burnet,' she said,  
'Your land and white monie;  
There's land eneuch in Norrøway  
Lies heirless I wot the day.'
- 30 The one was killed in the mornin air,  
His mother died at een,  
And or the mornin bells was rung  
The threesome were a' gane.

## 84

## BONNY BARBARA ALLAN

Pepys makes this entry in his *Diary*, January 2, 1666: "In perfect pleasure I was to hear her [Mrs Knipp, an actress] sing, and especially her little Scotch song of Barbary Allen." Goldsmith, in his third essay, 1765, p. 14, writes: "The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with 'Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night,' or 'The Cruelty of Barbara Allen.'"

## A

a. 'Bonny Barbara Allan,' *The Tea-Table Miscellany*, iv, 46, ed. 1740; here from the London edition of 1750, p. 343. b. 'Sir John Grehme, and Barbara Allan,' *Percy's Reliques*, iii, 131, ed. 1765, "with a few conjectural emendations from a written copy."

- 1 It was in and about the Martinmas time,  
When the green leaves were a falling,

That Sir John Græme, in the West  
Country,  
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

- 2 He sent his man down through the town  
To the place where she was dwelling  
'O haste and come to my master dear  
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.'
- 3 O hooly, hooly rose she up,  
To the place where he was lying,  
And when she drew the curtain by,  
'Young man, I think you're dying.'
- 4 'O it's I'm sick, and very, very sick,  
And 't is a' for Barbara Allan:'  
'O the better for me ye's never be,  
Tho your heart's blood were a spill  
ing.'
- 5 'O dinna ye mind, young man,' said  
she,  
'When ye was in the tavern a drink  
ing,  
That ye made the healths gae round and  
round,  
And slighted Barbara Allan?'
- 6 He turnd his face unto the wall,  
And death was with him dealing;  
'Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,  
And be kind to Barbara Allan.'
- 7 And slowly, slowly raise she up,  
And slowly, slowly left him,  
And sighing said, she could not stay,  
Since death of life had reft him.
- 8 She had not gane a mile but twa,  
When she heard the dead-bell ringing  
And every jow that the dead-bell geid,  
It cry'd, Woe to Barbara Allan!
- 9 'O mother, mother, make my bed!  
O make it saft and narrow!  
Since my love died for me to-day,  
I'll die for him to-morrow.'

## B

a. 'Barbara Allen's Cruelty,' *Roxburgh Ballads*, ii, 25; reprint of the *Ballad Society*, iii, 433. b. *Roxburgh Ballads*, iii, 52. c. A broadside formerly belonging to Bishop Percy. d. *Percy's Reliques*, 1765, iii, 125.



- 1 IN Scarlet Town, where I was bound,  
There was a fair maid dwelling,  
Whom I had chosen to be my own,  
And her name it was Barbara Allen.
- 2 All in the merry month of May,  
When green leaves they was spring-  
ing,  
This young man on his death-bed lay,  
For the love of Barbara Allen.
- 3 He sent his man unto her then,  
To the town where she was dwelling:  
'You must come to my master dear,  
If your name be Barbara Allen.
- 4 'For death is printed in his face,  
And sorrow 's in him dwelling,  
And you must come to my master dear,  
If your name be Barbara Allen.'
- 5 'If death be printed in his face,  
And sorrow 's in him dwelling,  
Then little better shall he be  
For bonny Barbara Allen.'
- 6 So slowly, slowly she got up,  
And so slowly she came to him,  
And all she said when she came there,  
Young man, I think you are a dying.
- 7 He turnd his face unto her then:  
'If you be Barbara Allen,  
My dear,' said he, 'come pittie me,  
As on my death-bed I am lying.'
- 8 'If on your death-bed you be lying,  
What is that to Barbara Allen?  
I cannot keep you from [your] death;  
So farewell,' said Barbara Allen.
- 9 He turnd his face unto the wall,  
And death came creeping to him:  
'Then adieu, adieu, and adieu to all,  
And adieu to Barbara Allen!'
- 10 And as she was walking on a day,  
She heard the bell a ringing,  
And it did seem to ring to her  
'Unworthy Barbara Allen.'
- 11 She turnd herself round about,  
And she spy'd the corps a coming:  
'Lay down, lay down the corps of clay,  
That I may look upon him.'

- 12 And all the while she looked on,  
So loudly she lay laughing,  
While all her friends cry'd [out] amain,  
'Unworthy Barbara Allen!'
- 13 When he was dead, and laid in grave,  
Then death came creeping to she:  
'O mother, mother, make my bed,  
For his death hath quite undone me.
- 14 'A hard-hearted creature that I was,  
To slight one that lov'd me so dearly;  
I wish I had been more kinder to him,  
The time of his life when he was near  
me.'
- 15 So this maid she then did dye,  
And desired to be buried by him,  
And repented her self before she dy'd,  
That ever she did deny him.

85

## LADY ALICE

This little ballad, which is said to be still of the regular stock of the stalls, is a sort of counterpart to 'Lord Lovel' (No. 75).

## A

'Lady Alice.' a. Bell's Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England, p. 127, a stall copy. b. Edward Hawkins, in Notes and Queries, Second Series, I, 418. c. Notes and Queries, Second Series, I, 354, as heard sung forty years before 1856, "Uneda," Philadelphia.

- 1 LADY ALICE was sitting in her bower-  
window,  
Mending her midnight quoil,  
And there she saw as fine a corpse  
As ever she saw in her life.
- 2 'What bear ye, what bear ye, ye six  
men tall?  
What bear ye on your shoulders?'  
'We bear the corpse of Giles Collins,  
An old and true lover of yours.'
- 3 'O lay him down gently, ye six men  
tall,  
All on the grass so green,

And tomorrow, when the sun goes  
down,  
Lady Alice a corpse shall be seen.

4 'And bury me in Saint Mary's church,  
All for my love so true,  
And make me a garland of marjoram,  
And of lemon-thyme, and rue.'

5 Giles Collins was buried all in the east,  
Lady Alice all in the west,  
And the roses that grew on Giles Col-  
lins's grave,  
They reached Lady Alice's breast.

6 The priest of the parish he chanced to  
pass,  
And he severed those roses in twain;  
Sure never were seen such true lovers  
before,  
Nor eer will there be again.

## B

'Giles Collins and Proud Lady Anna,'  
Gammer Gurton's Garland, p. 38, ed. 1810.

1 GILES COLLINS he said to his old mo-  
ther,  
Mother, come bind up my head,  
And send to the parson of our parish,  
For tomorrow I shall be dead. dead,  
For tomorrow I shall be dead.

2 His mother she made him some water-  
gruel,  
And stirrd it round with a spoon;  
Giles Collins he ate up his water-gruel,  
And died before 't was noon.

3 Lady Anna was sitting at her window,  
Mending her night-robe and coif;  
She saw the very prettiest corpse  
She'd seen in all her life.

4 'What bear ye there, ye six strong  
men,  
Upon your shoulders so high?'  
'We bear the body of Giles Collins,  
Who for love of you did die.'

5 'Set him down, set him down,' Lady  
Anna she cry'd,  
'On the grass that grows so green;

Tomorrow, before the clock strike  
ten,  
My body shall lye by hisn.'

6 Lady Anna was buried in the east,  
Giles Collins was buried in the west,  
There grew a lilly from Giles Collins  
That touchd Lady Anna's breast.

7 There blew a cold north-easterly wind,  
And cut this lilly in twain,  
Which never there was seen before,  
And it never will again.

## C

'Giles Collin,' Miss M. H. Mason's *Nursery  
Rhymes and Country Songs*, 1877, p. 46.

1 GILES COLLIN he said to his mother  
one day,  
Oh, mother, come bind up my head  
For tomorrow morning before it is day  
I'm sure I shall be dead.

2 'Oh, mother, oh, mother, if I should die  
And I am sure I shall,  
I will not be buried in our churchyard  
But under Lady Alice's wall.'

3 His mother she made him some water-  
gruel,  
And stirred it up with a spoon;  
Giles Collin he ate but one spoonful,  
And died before it was noon.

4 Lady Alice was sitting in her window,  
All dressed in her night-coif;  
She saw as pretty a corpse go by  
As ever she'd seen in her life.

5 'What bear ye there, ye six tall men?  
What bear ye on your shourn?'  
'We bear the body of Giles Collin,  
'Who was a true lover of yourn.'

6 'Down with him, down with him, upon  
the grass,  
The grass that grows so green;  
For tomorrow morning before it is day  
My body shall lie by him.'

7 Her mother she made her some plum-  
gruel,  
With spices all of the best;

Lady Alice she ate but one spoonful,  
And the doctor he ate up the rest.

8 Giles Collin was laid in the lower  
chancel,  
Lady Alice all in the higher;  
There grew up a rose from Lady Alice's  
breast,  
And from Giles Collin's a briar.

9 And they grew, and they grew, to the  
very church-top,  
Until they could grow no higher,  
And twisted and twined in a true-lover's  
knot,  
Which made all the parish admire.

## 86

## YOUNG BENJIE

Scott's version in the *Border Minstrelsy*, 1803, III, 251, contains the whole of A\* except the first stanza. It has about twice as many verses as A\*, and the other half might well have been supplied by the editor. Scott's title 'Young Benjie' is here retained, and some of the additional stanzas are given in the Notes.

## A\*

From Jean Scott. In the handwriting of William Laidlaw. *Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy*, No. 29, Abbotsford.

1 FAIR Marjorie sat i her bower-door,  
Sewin her silken seam,  
When by then cam her false true-love,  
Gard a' his bridles ring.

2 'Open, open, my true-love,  
Open an let me in;  
'I dare na, I dare na, my true-love,  
My brethren are within.'

3 'Ye lee, ye lee, my ain true-love,  
Sae loud I hear ye lee!  
For or I cam thrae Lothian banks  
They took fare-weel o me.'

4 The wind was loud, that maid was proud,  
An leath, leath to be dung,  
But or she wan the Lothian banks  
Her fair coulour was gane.

5 He took her up in his armis,  
An threw her in the lynn.

6 Up then spak her eldest brother,  
Said, What is yon I see?  
Sure, youn is either a drowned ladie  
Or my sister Marjorie.

7 Up then spak her second brother,  
Said, How will we her ken?  
Up then spak her . . . brother,  
There a hinnie-mark on her chin.

8 About the midle o the night  
The cock began to crow;  
About the middle o the night  
The corpse began to thraw.

9 'O whae has doon ye wrang, sister?  
O whae has doon ye wrang?'

10 'Young Boonjie was the ae first man  
I laid my love upon;  
He was sae proud an hardie  
He threw me oer the lynne.'

11 'O shall we Boonjie head, sister?  
Or shall we Boonjie hang?  
O shall we pyke out his twa grey  
eyes,  
An punish him or he gang?'

12 'O ye sanna Boonjie head, brother,  
Ye sana Boonjie hang;  
But ye maun pyke out his twa grey  
eyes,  
An punish him or he gang.'

13 'The ae best man about your house  
Maun wait young Boonjie on.'

## 87

## PRINCE ROBERT

There is a White Russian and a Ruthenian ballad in which a mother prepares wholesome drink for her son, poison for his wife; both son and wife are poisoned. They are buried separately, one in the church, one in the graveyard. Trees from the graves join their tops. There are other ballad-stories of a mother's poisoning because of displeasure at a son's match, but they do not demand comparison with 'Prince Robert.'

## A

'Prince Robert,' Scott's *Minstrelsy*, II, 124, ed. 1802; III, 269, ed. 1833: from the recitation of Miss Christian Rutherford.

1 PRINCE ROBERT has wedded a gay ladye,  
He has wedded her with a ring;  
Prince Robert has wedded a gay ladye,  
But he daur na bring her hame.

2 'Your blessing, your blessing, my mother dear,  
Your blessing now grant to me!'  
'Instead of a blessing ye sall have my curse,  
And you'll get nae blessing frae me.'

3 She has called upon her waiting-maid,  
To fill a glass of wine;  
She has called upon her fause steward,  
To put rank poison in.

4 She has put it to her roudes lip,  
And to her roudes chin;  
She has put it to her fause, fause mouth,  
But the never a drop gaed in.

5 He has put it to his bonny mouth,  
And to his bonny chin,  
He's put it to his cherry lip,  
And sae fast the rank poison ran in.

6 'O ye hae poisoned your ae son, mother,  
Your ae son and your heir;  
O ye hae poisoned your ae son, mother,  
And sons you'll never hae mair.

7 'O where will I get a little boy,  
That will win hose and shoon,  
To rin sae fast to Darlinton,  
And bid Fair Eleanor come?'

8 Then up and spake a little boy,  
That wad win hose and shoon,  
'O I'll away to Darlinton,  
And bid Fair Eleanor come.'

9 O he has run to Darlinton,  
And tirl'd at the pin;  
And wha was sae ready as Eleanor's sell  
To let the bonny boy in?

10 'Your gude-mother has made ye a  
dinour,  
She's made it baith gude and fine;  
Your gude-mother has made ye a  
dinour,  
And ye maun cum till her and dine

11 It's twenty lang miles to Sillertown,  
The longest that ever were gane;  
But the steed it was wight, and the  
ladye was light,  
And she cam linkin in.

12 But when she came to Sillertown town  
And into Sillertown ha,  
The torches were burning, the ladies  
were mourning,  
And they were weeping a'.

13 'O where is now my wedded lord,  
And where now can he be?  
O where is now my wedded lord?  
For him I canna see.'

14 'Your wedded lord is dead,' she says,  
'And just gane to be laid in the clae;  
Your wedded lord is dead,' she says,  
'And just gane to be buried to-  
day.'

15 'Ye'se get nane o his gowd, ye'se get  
nane o his gear,  
Ye'se get nae thing frae me;  
Ye'se na get an inch o his gude bro-  
land,  
Tho your heart suld burst in three.

16 'I want nane o his gowd, I want nane  
his gear,  
I want nae land frae thee;  
But I'll hae the ring that's on his finger,  
For them he did promise to me.'

17 'Ye'se na get the ring that's on his  
finger,  
Ye's na get them frae me;  
Ye'se na get the ring that's on his  
finger,  
An your heart suld burst in three.'

18 She's turn'd her back unto the wa,  
And her face unto a rock,  
And there, before the mother's face,  
Her very heart it broke.

19 The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,  
The tother in Marie's quair,  
And out o the tane there sprang a birk,  
And out o the tother a brier.

20 And thae twa met, and thae twa plat,  
The birk but and the brier,  
And by that ye may very weel ken  
They were twa lovers dear.

## E

'Earl Robert,' Motherwell's MS., p. 149;  
Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 200 : from the recitation of Mrs Thomson, Kilbarchan, a native of Bonhill, Dumbartonshire, aged betwixt sixty and seventy.

1 It's fifty miles to Sittingen's Rocks,  
As eer was ridden or gane;  
And Earl Robert has wedded a wife,  
But he dare na bring her hame.  
And Earl Robert has wedded a wife,  
But he dare na bring her hame.

2 His mother, she called to her waiting-maid,  
To bring her a pint o wine:  
'For I dinna weel ken what hour of the day  
That my son Earl Robert shall dine.'

3 She's put it to her fause, fause cheek,  
But an her fause, fause chin;  
She's put it to her fause, fause lips,  
But never a drap went in.

4 But he's put it to his bonny cheek,  
Aye and his bonny chin;  
He's put it to his red rosy lips,  
And the poison went merrily doun.

5 'O where will I get a bonny boy,  
That will win hose and shoon,  
That will gang quickly to Sittingen's Rocks,  
And bid my lady come?'

6 It's out then speaks a bonny boy,  
To Earl Robert was something akin:  
'Many a time have I ran thy errand,  
But this day wi the tears I'll rin.'

7 Bat when he came to Sittingin's Rocks,  
To the middle of a' the ha,

There were bells a ringing, and music  
playing,  
And ladies dancing a'.

8 'What news, what news, my bonny boy?  
What news have ye to me?  
Is Earl Robert in very good health,  
And the ladies of your countrie?'

9 'O Earl Robert's in very good health,  
And as weel as a man can be;  
But his mother this night has a drink to  
be druken,  
And at it you must be.'

10 She called to her waiting-maid,  
To bring her a riding-weed,  
And she called to her stable-groom,  
To saddle her milk-white steed.

11 But when she came to Earl Robert's  
boudoir,  
To the middle of a' the ha,  
There were bells a ringing, and sheets  
doun hinging,  
And ladies mourning a'.

12 'I've come for none of his gold,' she  
said,  
'Nor none of his white monie,  
Excepting a ring of his smallest finger,  
If that you will grant me.'

13 'Thou'll not get none of his gold,' she  
said,  
'Nor none of his white monie;  
Thou'll not get a ring of his smallest  
finger,  
Tho thy heart should break in three.'

14 She set her foot unto a stane,  
Her back unto a tree;  
She set her foot unto a stane,  
And her heart did break in three.

15 The one was buried in Mary's kirk,  
The other in Mary's quire;  
Out of the one there grew a birk,  
From the other a bonnie brier.

16 And these twa grew, and these twa  
threw,  
Till their twa craps drew near;  
So all the world may plainly see  
That they loved each other dear.



88

## YOUNG JOHNSTONE

An explanation of Young Johnstone's motive for stabbing his lady was afforded by Motherwell's reciter: "The barbarous act was committed unwittingly, through Young Johnstone's suddenly waking from sleep, and, in that moment of confusion and alarm, unhappily mistaking his mistress for one of his pursuers." The apology may go for what it is worth. Awake or waking, Young Johnstone's first instinct is as duly to stab as a bull-dog's is to bite.

## A

'The Cruel Knight,' Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scots Songs*, 1769, p. 305; I, 165, ed. 1776.

- 1 THE knight stands in the stable-door,  
As he was for to ryde,  
When out then came his fair lady,  
Desiring him to byde.
- 2 'How can I byde? how dare I byde?  
How can I byde with thee?  
Have I not killd thy ae brother?  
Thou hadst nae mair but he.'
- 3 'If you have killd my ae brother,  
Alas, and woe is me!  
But if I save your fair body,  
The better you 'll like me.'
- 4 She's tane him to her secret bower,  
Pinnd with a siller pin,  
And she's up to her highest tower,  
To watch that none come in.
- 5 She had na well gane up the stair,  
And entered in her tower,  
When four and twenty armed knights  
Came riding to the door.
- 6 'Now God you save, my fair lady,  
I pray you tell to me,  
Saw you not a wounded knight  
Come riding by this way?'
- 7 'Yes, bloody, bloody was his sword,  
And bloody were his hands;  
But if the steed he rides be good,  
He's past fair Scotland's strands.

8 'Light down, light down then, gentle  
men,  
And take some bread and wine;  
The better you will him pursue  
When you shall lightly dine.'

9 'We thank you for your bread, lady,  
We thank you for your wine;  
I would gie thrice three thousand pound  
Your fair body was mine.'

10 Then she's gane to her secret bower,  
Her husband dear to meet;  
But he drew out his bloody sword,  
And wounded her sae deep.

11 'What aileth thee now, good my lord  
What aileth thee at me?  
Have you not got my father's gold,  
But and my mother's fee?'

12 'Now live, now live, my fair lady,  
O live but half an hour,  
There's neer a leech in fair Scotland  
But shall be at thy bower.'

13 'How can I live? how shall I live?  
How can I live for thee?  
See you not where my red heart's blood  
Runs trickling down my knee?'

\* \* \* \* \*

## B

a. 'Young Johnstone,' Motherwell's *Miscellaneous Poems*, p. 193, from the recitation of Mr. Gentles, Paisley. b. 'The Young Johnstone,' Finlay's *Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads*, II, 71, from two recited copies.

1 YOUNG JOHNSTONE and the young Colne  
Sat drinking at the wine:  
'O gin ye wad marry my sister,  
It's I wad marry thine.'

2 'I wadna marry your sister  
For a' your houses and land;  
But I 'll keep her for my leman,  
When I come oer the strand.

3 'I wadna marry your sister  
For a' your gowd so gay;  
But I 'll keep her for my leman,  
When I come by the way.'

- 4 Young Johnstone had a little small sword,  
Hung low down by his gair,  
And he stabbed it through the young Colnel,  
That word he neer spak mair.
- 5 But he's awa to his sister's bower,  
He's tirl'd at the pin:  
'Whare hae ye been, my dear brither,  
Sae late a coming in?'
- 'I hae been at the school, sister,  
Learning young clerks to sing.'
- 6 'I've dreamed a dreary dream this night,  
I wish it may be for good;  
They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,  
And the young Colnel was dead.'
- 7 'Hawks and hounds they may seek me,  
As I trow well they be;  
For I have killed the young Colnel,  
And thy own true-love was he.'
- 8 'If ye hae killed the young Colnel,  
O dule and wae is me!  
But I wish ye may be hanged on a hie gallows,  
And hae nae power to flee.'
- 9 And he's awa to his true-love's bower,  
He's tirl'd at the pin:  
'Whar hae ye been, my dear Johnstone,  
Sae late a coming in?'
- 'It's I hae been at the school,' he says,  
'Learning young clerks to sing.'
- 10 'I have dreamed a dreary dream,' she says,  
'I wish it may be for good;  
They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,  
And the young Colnel was dead.'
- 11 'Hawks and hounds they may seek me,  
As I trow well they be;  
For I hae killed the young Colnel,  
And thy ae brother was he.'
- 12 'If ye hae killed the young Colnel,  
O dule and wae is me!  
But I care the less for the young Colnel,  
If thy ain body be free.
- 13 'Come in, come in, my dear Johnstone,  
Come in and take a sleep;  
And I will go to my casement,  
And carefully I will thee keep.'
- 14 He had not weel been in her bower-door,  
No not for half an hour,  
When four and twenty belted knights  
Came riding to the bower.
- 15 'Well may you sit and see, lady,  
Well may you sit and say;  
Did you not see a bloody squire  
Come riding by this way?'
- 16 'What colour were his hawks?' she says,  
'What colour were his hounds?  
What colour was the gallant steed,  
That bore him from the bounds?'
- 17 'Bloody, bloody were his hawks,  
And bloody were his hounds;  
But milk-white was the gallant steed,  
That bore him from the bounds.'
- 18 'Yes, bloody, bloody were his hawks,  
And bloody were his hounds;  
And milk-white was the gallant steed,  
That bore him from the bounds.
- 19 'Light down, light down now, gentlemen,  
And take some bread and wine;  
And the steed be swift that he rides on,  
He's past the brig o Lyne.'
- 20 'We thank you for your bread, fair lady,  
We thank you for your wine;  
But I wad gie thrice three thousand pound  
That bloody knight was taen.'
- 21 'Lie still, lie still, my dear Johnstone,  
Lie still and take a sleep;  
For thy enemies are past and gone,  
And carefully I will thee keep.'
- 22 But Young Johnstone had a little wee sword,  
Hung low down by his gair,  
And he stabbed it in fair Annet's breast,  
A deep wound and a sair.
- 23 'What aileth thee now, dear Johnstone?  
What aileth thee at me?

Hast thou not got my father's gold  
Bot and my mither's fee ?'

24 'Now live, now live, my dear ladye,  
Now live but half an hour,  
And there's no a leech in a' Scotland  
But shall be in thy bower.'

25 'How can I live ? how shall I live ?  
Young Johnstone, do not you see  
The red, red drops o my bonny heart's  
blood  
Rin tinkling down my knee ?

26 'But take thy harp into thy hand,  
And harp out owre yon plain,  
And neer think mair on thy true-love  
Than if she had never been.'

27 He hadna weel been out o the stable,  
And on his saddle set,  
Till four and twenty broad arrows  
Were thrilling in his heart.

## 89

## FAUSE FOODRAGE

This ballad, though substantially genuine, has come down to us in an enfeebled form. The rebellion of the nobles in A is evidently a corruption; it is a prosaic touch, and not at all ballad-like. 'Fause Foodrage' is closely related to the Scandinavian ballad of 'Svend of Volde-sløv' (Grundtvig-Olrik, No. 298).

## A

'Fa'se Footrage,' Alexander Fraser Tytler's Brown MS., No. 3.

1 KING EASTER has courted her for her  
gowd,  
King Wester for her fee,  
King Honor for her lands sae braid,  
And for her fair body.

2 They had not been four months married,  
As I have heard them tell,  
Until the nobles of the land  
Against them did rebel.

3 And they cast kaivles them amang,  
And kaivles them between,

And they cast kaivles them amang  
Wha shoud gae kill the king.

4 O some said yea, and some said nay,  
Their words did not agree;  
Till up it gat him Fa'se Footrage,  
And sware it shoud be lie.

5 When bells were rung, and mass was  
sung,  
And a' man boon to bed,  
King Honor and his gay ladie  
In a hie chammer were laid.

6 Then up it raise him Fa'se Footrage,  
While a' were fast asleep,  
And slew the porter in his lodge,  
That watch and ward did keep.

7 O four and twenty silver keys  
Hang hie upon a pin,  
And ay as a door he did unlock,  
He has fastend it him behind.

8 Then up it raise him King Honor,  
Says, What means a' this din !  
Now what's the matter, Fa'se Footrage ?  
O wha was 't loot you in ?

9 'O ye my errand well shall learn  
Before that I depart ;'  
Then drew a knife baith lang and  
sharp  
And pierced him thro the heart.

10 Then up it got the Queen hersell,  
And fell low down on her knee:  
'O spare my life now, Fa'se Footrage  
For I never injured thee.

11 'O spare my life now, Fa'se Footrage  
Until I lighter be,  
And see gin it be lad or lass  
King Honor has left me wi.'

12 'O gin it be a lass,' he says,  
'Well nursed she shall be;  
But gin it be a lad-bairn,  
He shall be hanged hie.

13 'I winna spare his tender age,  
Nor yet his hie, hie kin;  
But as soon as eer he born is,  
He shall mount the gallows-pin.

- 14 O four and twenty valiant knights  
Were set the Queen to guard,  
And four stood ay at her bower-door,  
To keep baith watch and ward.
- 15 But when the time drew till an end  
That she should lighter be,  
She cast about to find a wile  
To set her body free.
- 16 O she has birl'd these merry young men  
Wi strong beer and wi wine,  
Until she made them a' as drunk  
As any wallwood swine.
- 17 'O narrow, narrow is this window,  
And big, big am I grown !'  
Yet thro the might of Our Ladie  
Out at it she has won.
- 18 She wanderd up, she wanderd down,  
She wanderd out and in,  
And at last, into the very swines' stye,  
The Queen brought forth a son.
- 19 Then they cast kaivles them amang  
Wha should gae seek the Queen,  
And the kaivle fell upon Wise William,  
And he's sent his wife for him.
- 20 O when she saw Wise William's wife,  
The Queen fell on her knee;  
'Win up, win up, madame,' she says,  
'What means this courtesie ?'
- 21 'O out of this I winna rise  
Till a boon ye grant to me,  
To change your lass for this lad-bairn  
King Honor left me wi.
- 22 'And ye maun learn my gay gose-hawke  
Well how to breast a steed,  
And I shall learn your turtle-dow  
As well to write and read.
- 23 'And ye maun learn my gay gose-hawke  
To wield baith bow and brand,  
And I shall learn your turtle-dow  
To lay gowd wi her hand.
- 24 'At kirk or market where we meet,  
We dare nae mair avow  
But, Dame, how does my gay gose-  
hawk ?  
Madame, how does my dow ?'
- 25 When days were gane, and years came  
on,  
Wise William he thought long;  
Out has he taen King Honor's son,  
A hunting for to gang.
- 26 It sae fell out at their hunting,  
Upon a summer's day,  
That they cam by a fair castle,  
Stood on a sunny brae.
- 27 'O dinna ye see that bonny castle,  
Wi wa's and towers sae fair ?  
Gin ilka man had back his ain,  
Of it you shoud be heir.'
- 28 'How I shoud be heir of that castle  
In sooth I canna see,  
When it belongs to Fa'se Footrage,  
And he's nae kin to me.'
- 29 'O gin ye shoud kill him Fa'se Foot-  
rage,  
You woud do what is right;  
For I wot he kildd your father dear,  
Ere ever you saw the light.
- 30 'Gin ye should kill him Fa'se Foot-  
rage,  
There is nae man durst you blame;  
For he keeps your mother a prisoner,  
And she dares no take you hame.'
- 31 The boy stared wild like a gray gose-  
hawke,  
Says, What may a' this mean !  
'My boy, you are King Honor's son,  
And your mother's our lawful queen.'
- 32 'O gin I be King Honor's son,  
By Our Ladie I swear,  
This day I will that traytour slay  
And relieve my mother dear.'
- 33 He has set his bent bow till his breast,  
And lap the castle-wa,  
And soon he's siesed on Fa'se Footrage,  
Wha loud for help gan ca.
- 34 'O hold your tongue now, Fa'se Foot-  
rage,  
Frae me you shanno flee;'  
Syne pierced him through the foul fa'se  
heart,  
And set his mother free.

35 And he has rewarded Wise William  
 Wi the best half of his land,  
 And sae has he the turtle-dow  
 Wi the truth of his right hand.

## B

'The Eastmure King and the Westmure King,' Motherwell's MS., p. 341.

1 THE Eastmure king, and the Westmure king,  
 And the king of Onorie,  
 They have all courted a pretty maid,  
 And guess wha she might be.

2 The Eastmure king courted her for gold,  
 And the Westmure king for fee,  
 The king of Onore for womanheid,  
 And for her fair beautie.

3 The Eastmure king swore a solemn oath,  
 He would keep it till May,  
 That he would murder the king of Onore,  
 Upon his wedding day.

4 When bells was rung, and psalms was sung,  
 And all men boune for sleep,  
 Up and started the Eastmure king  
 At the king of Onore's head.

5 He has drawn the curtains by—  
 Their sheets was made of dorn—  
 And he has murdered the king of Onore,  
 As innocent as he was born.

6 This maid she awak'd in the middle of the night,  
 Was in a drowsy dream;  
 She found her bride's-bed swim with blood,  
 Bot and her good lord slain.

7 'What will the court and council say?  
 What will they say to me?  
 What will the court and council say  
 But this night I've murderd thee?'

8 Out and speaks the Eastmure king:  
 'Hold your tongue, my pretty may,  
 And come along with me, my dear,  
 And that court ye 'll never see.'

9 He mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
 Himself upon a gray;  
 She turn'd her back against the court,  
 And weeping rode away.

10 'Now if you be with child,' he says,  
 'As I trew well you be,  
 If it be of a lassie-bairn,  
 I'll give her nurses three.

11 'If it be a lassie-bairn,  
 If you please she'll get five;  
 But if it be a bonnie boy,  
 I will not let him live.'

12 Word is to the city gone,  
 And word is to the town,  
 And word is to the city gone,  
 She's delivered of a son.

13 But a poor woman in the town  
 In the same case does lye,  
 Wha gived to her her woman-child,  
 Took awa her bonnie boy.

14 At kirk or market, whereer they met,  
 They never durst avow,  
 But 'Thou be kind to my boy,' she says,  
 'I'll be kind to your bonnie dow.'

15 This boy was sixteen years of age,  
 But he was nae seventeen,  
 When he is to the garden gone,  
 To slay that Eastmure king.

16 'Be aware, be aware, thou Eastmure king,  
 Be aware this day of me;  
 For I do swear and do declare  
 Thy botcher I will be.'

17 'What aileth thee, my bonnie boy?  
 What aileth thee at me?  
 I'm sure I never did thee wrang;  
 Thy face I neer did see.'

18 'Thou murdered my father dear,  
 When scarce conceived was I;  
 Thou murdered my father dear,  
 When scarce conceived was me:'  
 So then he slew that Eastmure king,  
 Beneath that garden tree.



C

'Eastmuir King,' Harris MS., No. 18, fol. 22: derived from Jannie Scott, an old Perthshire nurse, about 1790.

- 1 EASTMUIR king, and Wastmuir king,  
And king o Luve, a' three,  
It's they coost kevels them amang,  
About a gay ladie.
- 2 Eastmuir king he wan the gowd,  
An Wastmuir king the fee,  
But king o Luve, wi his lands sae broad,  
He's won the fair ladie.
- 3 Thae twa kings, they made an aith,  
That, be it as it may,  
They wad slay him king o Luve,  
Upon his waddin day.
- 4 Eastmuir king he brak his aith,  
An sair penance did he;  
But Wastmuir king he made it oot,  
An an ill deid mat he dee!

90

JELLON GRAME

'Jellon Grame' may be regarded as a counterpart to 'Fause Foodrage' (No. 89). It has certainly suffered very much in transmission. There is a material difference in plot between the story furnished by A and what we learn from the three other copies (of which B is here printed).

A

a. 'Jellon Grame and Lillie Flower,' A. Fraser Tytler's Brown MS., No. 4. b. 'Jellon Grame,' Scott's Minstrelsy, II, 20, 1802.

- 1 O JELLON GRAME sat in Silver Wood,  
He whistled and he sang,  
And he has call'd his little foot-page,  
His errand for to gang.
- 2 'Win up, my bonny boy,' he says,  
'As quick as eer you may;  
For ye maun gang for Lillie Flower,  
Before the break of day.'
- 3 The boy he's buckled his belt about,  
And thro the green-wood ran,

And he came to the ladie's bower-door,  
Before the day did dawn.

- 4 'O sleep ye, or wake ye, Lillie Flower?  
The red run's i the rain:'  
'I sleep not aft, I wake right aft;  
Wha's that that kens my name?'
- 5 'Ye are bidden come to Silver Wood,  
But I fear you 'll never win hame;  
Ye are bidden come to Silver Wood,  
And speak wi Jellon Grame.'
- 6 'O I will gang to Silver Wood,  
Though I shoud never win hame;  
For the thing I most desire on earth  
Is to speak wi Jellon Grame.'
- 7 She had no ridden a mile, a mile,  
A mile but barely three,  
Ere she came to a new made grave,  
Beneath a green oak tree.
- 8 O then up started Jellon Grame,  
Out of a bush hard bye:  
'Light down, light down now, Lillie  
Flower,  
For it's here that ye maun ly.'
- 9 She lighted aff her milk-white steed,  
And knelt upon her knee:  
'O mercy, mercy, Jellon Grame!  
For I'm nae prepar'd to die.'
- 10 'Your bairn, that stirs between my  
sides,  
Maun shortly see the light;  
But to see it weltring in my blude  
Woud be a piteous sight.'
- 11 'O shoud I spare your life,' he says,  
'Until that bairn be born,  
I ken fu well your stern father  
Woud hang me on the morn.'
- 12 'O spare my life now, Jellon Grame!  
My father ye neer need dread;  
I'll keep my bairn i the good green  
wood,  
Or wi it I'll beg my bread.'
- 13 He took nae pity on that ladie,  
Tho she for life did pray;  
But pierced her thro the fair body,  
As at his feet she lay.

- 14 He felt nae pity for that ladie,  
Tho she was lying dead;  
But he felt some for the bonny boy,  
Lay weltring in her blude.
- 15 Up has he taen that bonny boy,  
Gien him to nurices nine,  
Three to wake, and three to sleep,  
And three to go between.
- 16 And he's brought up that bonny boy,  
Calld him his sister's son;  
He thought nae man would eer find  
out  
The deed that he had done.
- 17 But it sae fell out upon a time,  
As a hunting they did gay,  
That they rested them in Silver Wood,  
Upon a summer-day.
- 18 Then out it spake that bonny boy,  
While the tear stood in his eye,  
'O tell me this now, Jellon Grame,  
And I pray you dinna lie.
- 19 'The reason that my mother dear  
Does never take me hame?  
To keep me still in banishment  
Is baith a sin and shame.'
- 20 'You wonder that your mother dear  
Does never send for thee;  
Lo, there's the place I slew thy mother,  
Beneath that green oak tree.'
- 21 Wi that the boy has bent his bow,  
It was baith stout and lang,  
And through and thro him Jellon Grame  
He's gard an arrow gang.
- 22 Says, Lye you thare now, Jellon Grame,  
My mellison you wi;  
The place my mother lies buried in  
Is far too good for thee.
- B**
- 'Hind Henry,' Motherwell's MS., p. 443.
- 1 WORD has come to May Margerie,  
In her bower where she sat:  
'You are bid come to good green-wood,  
To make your love a shirt.'
- 2 'I wonder much,' said May Margerie,  
'At this message to me;  
There is not a month gone of this year  
But I have made him three.'
- 3 Then out did speak her mother dear,  
A wise woman was she;  
Said, Stay at home, my daughter May,  
They seek to murder thee.
- 4 'O I'll cast off my gloves, mother,  
And hang them up, I say;  
If I come never back again,  
They will mind you on May.
- 5 'Go saddle my horseback,' she said,  
'It's quick as ever you may,  
And we will ride to good green-wood;  
It is a pleasant day.'
- 6 And when she came to good green-wood,  
It's through it they did ride;  
Then up did start him Hind Henry,  
Just at the lady's side.
- 7 Says, Stop, O stop, you May Margerie,  
Just stop I say to thee;  
The boy that leads your bridle reins  
Shall see you red and blue.
- 8 It's out he drew a long, long brand,  
And stroked it ower a strae,  
And through and through that lady's  
sides  
He made the cauld weapon gae.
- 9 Says, Take you that now, May Margerie,  
Just take you that from me,  
Because you love Brown Robin,  
And never would love me.
- 10 There was less pity for that lady,  
When she was lying dead,  
As was for her bony infant boy,  
Lay swathed amang her bleed.
- 11 The boy fled home with all his might,  
The tear into his ee:  
'They have slain my lady in the wood,  
With fear I'm like to die.'
- 12 Her sister's ran into the wood,  
With greater grief and care,  
Sighing and sobbing all the way,  
Tearing her cloaths and hair.

- 13 Says, I'll take up that fair infant,  
And lull him on my sleeve;  
Altho his father should wish me woe,  
His mother to me was leeve.
- 14 Now she has taken the infant up,  
And she has brought him hame,  
And she has called him Brown Robin,  
That was his father's name.
- 15 And when he did grow up a bit,  
She put him to the lair,  
And of all the youths was at that school  
None could with him compare.
- 16 And it fell once upon a day  
A playtime it was come,  
And when the rest went from the school,  
Each one to their own home,
- 17 He hied him unto good green-wood,  
And leapt from tree to tree;  
It was to pull a hollin wand,  
To play his ownself wi.
- 18 And when he thus had passed his time,  
To go home he was fain,  
He chanced to meet him Hind Henry,  
Where his mother was slain.
- 19 'O how is this,' the youth cried out,  
'If it to you is known,  
How all this wood is growing grass,  
And on that small spot grows none?'
- 20 'Since you do wonder, bonnie boy,  
I shall tell you anon;  
That is indeed the very spot  
I killed your mother in.'
- 21 He catched hold of Henry's brand,  
And stroked it ower a strae,  
And thro and thro Hind Henry's sides  
He made the cauld metal gae.
- 22 Says, Take you that, O Hind Henry,  
O take you that from me,  
For killing of my mother dear,  
And her not hurting thee.

## FAIR MARY OF WALLINGTON

'Fair Mary of Wallington' (A) was communicated to Bishop Percy, with other "old

Scots Songs," in 1775, by Roger Halt, and presumably in a copy of the garland from which it is here printed. The story is well preserved in this version. A Breton ballad, 'Pontplan-coat' (Luzel, I, 382 ff.), exhibits such correspondences with the English and Scottish that it may be assumed to have the same source. The localization of A in Northumberland is of no special significance.

## A

'Fair Mary of Wallington,' Lovely Jenny's Garland, three copies, as early as 1775, but without place or date.

- 1 WHEN we were silly sisters seven,  
sisters were so fair,  
Five of us were brave knights' wives,  
and died in childbed lair.
- 2 Up then spake Fair Mary,  
marry woud she nane;  
If ever she came in man's bed,  
the same gate wad she gang.
- 3 'Make no vows, Fair Mary,  
for fear they broken be;  
Here's been the Knight of Walling-  
ton,  
asking good will of thee.'
- 4 'If here's been the knight, mother,  
asking good will of me,  
Within three quarters of a year  
you may come bury me.'
- 5 When she came to Wallington,  
and into Wallington hall,  
There she spy'd her mother dear,  
walking about the wall.
- 6 'You're welcome, daughter dear,  
to thy castle and thy bowers;'  
'I thank you kindly, mother,  
I hope they'll soon be yours.'
- 7 She had not been in Wallington  
three quarters and a day,  
Till upon the ground she could not  
walk,  
she was a weary prey.
- 8 She had not been in Wallington  
three quarters and a night,  
Till on the ground she could not walk,  
she was a weary wight.

- 9 'Is there neer a boy in this town,  
who'll win hose and shun,  
That will run to fair Pudlington,  
and bid my mother come?'
- 10 Up then spake a little boy,  
near unto a-kin;  
'Full oft I have your errands gone,  
but now I will it run.'
- 11 Then she call'd her waiting-maid  
to bring up bread and wine:  
'Eat and drink, my bonny boy,  
thou'll neer eat more of mine.'
- 12 'Give my respects to my mother,  
[as] she sits in her chair of stone,  
And ask her how she likes the news,  
of seven to have but one.'
- 13 ['Give my respects to my mother,  
as she sits in her chair of oak,  
And bid her come to my sickening,  
or my merry lake-wake.']
- 14 'Give my love to my brother  
William, Ralph, and John,  
And to my sister Betty fair,  
and to her white as bone.'
- 15 'And bid her keep her maidenhead,  
be sure make much on 't,  
For if eer she come in man's bed,  
the same gate will she gang.'
- 16 Away this little boy is gone,  
as fast as he could run;  
When he came where brigs were  
broke,  
he lay down and swum.
- 17 When he saw the lady, he said,  
Lord may your keeper be!  
'What news, my pretty boy,  
hast thou to tell to me?'
- 18 'Your daughter Mary orders me,  
as you sit in a chair of stone,  
To ask you how you like the news,  
of seven to have but one.'
- 19 'Your daughter gives commands,  
as you sit in a chair of oak,  
And bids you come to her sickening,  
or her merry lake-wake.'
- 20 'She gives command to her brother  
William, Ralph, and John,  
[And] to her sister Betty fair,  
and to her white as bone.'
- 21 'She bids her keep her maidenhead,  
be sure make much on 't,  
For if eer she came in man's bed,  
the same gate woud she gang.'
- 22 She kickt the table with her foot,  
she kickt it with her knee,  
The silver plate into the fire,  
so far she made it flee.
- 23 Then she call'd her waiting-maid  
to bring her riding-hood,  
So did she on her stable-groom  
to bring her riding-steed.
- 24 'Go saddle to me the black [th  
black,]  
go saddle to me the brown,  
Go saddle to me the swiftest steed  
that eer rid [to] Wallington.'
- 25 When they came to Wallington,  
and into Wallington hall,  
There she spy'd her son Fenwick,  
walking about the wall.
- 26 'God save you, dear son,  
Lord may your keeper be!  
Where is my daughter fair,  
that used to walk with thee?'
- 27 He turnd his head round about,  
the tears did fill his ee:  
''T is a month,' he said, 'since she  
took her chambers from me.'
- 28 She went on . . . .  
and there were in the hall  
Four and twenty ladies,  
letting the tears down fall.
- 29 Her daughter had a scope  
into her cheek and into her chin,  
All to keep her life  
till her dear mother came.
- 30 'Come take the rings off my fingers,  
the skin it is so white,  
And give them to my mother dear,  
for she was all the wite.'

31 'Come take the rings off my fingers,  
the veins they are so red,  
Give them to Sir William Fenwick,  
I'm sure his heart will bleed.'

32 She took out a razor  
that was both sharp and fine,  
And out of her left side has taken  
the heir of Wallington.

33 There is a race in Wallington,  
and that I rue full sare;  
Tho the cradle it be full spread up,  
the bride-bed is left bare.

## C

'The Bonny Earl of Livingston,' Alexander  
Fraser Tytler's Brown MS., No. 5.

1 'O WE were sisters seven, Maisry,  
And five are dead wi child;  
There is nane but you and I, Maisry,  
And we'll go maidens mild.'

2 She hardly had the word spoken,  
And turnd her round about,  
When the bonny Earl of Livingston  
Was calling Maisry out.

3 Upon a bonny milk-white steed,  
That drank out of the Tyne,  
And a' was for her Ladie Maisry,  
To take her hyne and hyne.

4 Upon a bonny milk-white steed,  
That drank out o the Tay,  
And a' was for her Lady Maisry,  
To carry her away.

5 She had not been at Livingston  
A twelve month and a day,  
Until she was as big wi bairn  
As any ladie coud gae.

6 She calld upon her little foot-page,  
Says, Ye maun run wi speed,  
And bid my mother come to me,  
For of her I'll soon have need.

7 'See, there is the brootch frae my hause-  
bane,  
It is of gowd sae ried;  
Gin she winna come when I'm alive,  
Bid her come when I am dead.'

8 But ere she wan to Livingston,  
As fast as she coud ride,  
The gaggs they were in Maisry's mouth,  
And the sharp sheers in her side.

9 Her good lord wrang his milk-white  
hands,  
Till the gowd rings flaw in three:  
'Let ha's and bowers and a' gae waste,  
My bonny love's taen frae me!'

10 'O hold your tongue, Lord Livingston,  
Let a' your mourning be;  
For I bare the bird between my sides,  
Yet I maun thole her to die.'

11 Then out it spake her sister dear,  
As she sat at her head:  
'That man is not in Christendoom  
Shall gar me die sicken dead.'

12 'O hold your tongue, my ae daughter,  
Let a' your folly be,  
For ye shall be married ere this day  
week  
Tho the same death you should die.'

## 92

## BONNY BEE HOM

The talisman in this ballad reminds one of  
'Hind Horn' (No. 17); the vows, of 'Clerk  
Saunders' (No. 69). Similar vows occur in a  
song called 'The Lowlands of Holland' (see  
the Notes).

## A

'Bonny Bee Ho'm,' Alexander Fraser Tytler's  
Brown MS., No. 6.

1 By Arthur's Dale as late I went  
I heard a heavy moan;  
I heard a ladie lammenting sair,  
And ay she cried Ohone!

2 'Ohon, alas! what shall I do,  
Tormented night and day!  
I never loved a love but aye,  
And now he's gone away.

3 'But I will do for my true-love  
What ladies woud think sair;  
For seven year shall come and go  
Ere a kaim gane in my hair.



- 4 'There shall neither a shoe gang on my foot,  
Nor a kaim gang in my hair,  
Nor eer a coal nor candle-light  
Shine in my bower nae mair.'
- 5 She thought her love had been on the sea,  
Fast sailling to Bee Hom;  
But he was in a quiet chammer,  
Hearing his ladie's moan.
- 6 'Be husht, be husht, my ladie dear,  
I pray thee mourn not so;  
For I am deep sworn on a book  
To Bee Hom for to go.'
- 7 She has gien him a chain of the beaten gowd,  
And a ring with a ruby stone:  
'As lang as this chain your body binds,  
Your blude can never be drawn.
- 8 'But gin this ring shoud fade or fail,  
Or the stone shoud change its hue,  
Be sure your love is dead and gone,  
Or she has proved untrue.'
- 9 He had no been at Bonny Bee Hom  
A twelve month and a day,  
Till, looking on his gay gowd ring,  
The stone grew dark and gray.
- 10 'O ye take my riches to Bee Hom,  
And deal them presentlie,  
To the young that canna, the auld that maunna,  
And the blind that does not see.'
- 11 Now death has come into his bower,  
And split his heart in twain;  
So their twa souls flew up to heaven,  
And there shall ever remain.

93

## LAMKIN

The versions are very numerous, — Professor Child prints twenty-six, including fragments, — but the story does not vary essentially. Only three are given here. One of these (K) is defective, but it is the oldest version, except

perhaps P, which is greatly inferior. The tale has been localized in various places in Scotland. The name Lamkin is probably an ironical designation for the bloody mason, the terror of countless nurseries.

## A

'Lamkin,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, i, 176; communicated by Mrs Brown.

- 1 It's Lamkin was a mason good  
as ever built wi stane;  
He built Lord Wearie's castle,  
but payment got he nane.
- 2 'O pay me, Lord Wearie,  
come, pay me my fee:'  
'I canna pay you, Lamkin,  
for I maun gang oer the sea.'
- 3 'O pay me now, Lord Wearie,  
come, pay me out o hand:'  
'I canna pay you, Lamkin,  
unless I sell my land.'
- 4 'O gin ye winna pay me,  
I here sall mak a vow,  
Before that ye come hame again,  
ye sall hae cause to rue.'
- 5 Lord Wearie got a bonny ship,  
to sail the saut sea faem;  
Bade his lady weel the castle keep,  
ay till he should come hame.
- 6 But the nourice was a fause limmer  
as eer hung on a tree;  
She laid a plot wi Lamkin,  
whan her lord was oer the sea.
- 7 She laid a plot wi Lamkin,  
when the servants were awa,  
Loot him in at a little shot-window,  
and brought him to the ha.
- 8 'O whare's a' the men o this house,  
that ca me Lamkin?'  
'They're at the barn-well thrashing;  
't will be lang ere they come in.'
- 9 'And whare's the women o this house,  
that ca me Lamkin?'  
'They're at the far well washing;  
't will be lang ere they come in.'

0 'And whare's the bairns o this house,  
that ca me Lamkin ?'  
'They're at the school reading;  
't will be night or they come hame.'

1 'O whare's the lady o this house,  
that ca's me Lamkin ?'  
'She's up in her bower sewing,  
but we soon can bring her down.'

2 Then Lamkin's tane a sharp knife,  
that hang down by his gaire,  
And he has gien the bonny babe  
a deep wound and a sair.

3 Then Lamkin he rocked,  
and the fause nourice sang,  
Till frae ilkae bore o the cradle  
the red blood out sprang.

4 Then out it spak the lady,  
as she stood on the stair:  
'What ails my bairn, nourice,  
that he's greeting sae sair ?'

5 'O still my bairn, nourice,  
O still him wi the pap !'  
'He winna still, lady,  
for this nor for that.'

6 'O still my bairn, nourice,  
O still him wi the wand !'  
'He winna still, lady,  
for a' his father's land.'

7 'O still my bairn, nourice,  
O still him wi the bell !'  
'He winna still, lady,  
till ye come down yoursel.'

8 O the firsten step she steppit,  
she steppit on a stane;  
But the neisten step she steppit,  
she met him Lamkin.

9 'O mercy, mercy, Lamkin,  
hae mercy upon me !  
Though you've taen my young son's  
life,  
ye may let mysel be.'

0 'O sall I kill her, nourice,  
or sall I lat her be ?'  
'O kill her, kill her, Lamkin,  
for she neer was good to me.'

21 'O scour the bason, nourice,  
and mak it fair and clean,  
For to keep this lady's heart's blood,  
for she's come o noble kin.'

22 'There need nae bason, Lamkin,  
lat it run through the floor;  
What better is the heart's blood  
o the rich than o the poor ?'

23 But ere three months were at an end,  
Lord Wearie came again;  
But dowie, dowie was his heart  
when first he came hame.

24 'O wha's blood is this,' he says,  
'that lies in the chamer ?'  
'It is your lady's heart's blood;  
't is as clear as the lamer.'

25 'And wha's blood is this,' he says,  
'that lies in my ha ?'  
'It is your young son's heart's blood;  
't is the clearest ava.'

26 O sweetly sang the black-bird  
that sat upon the tree;  
But sairer grat Lamkin,  
when he was condemn'd to die.

27 And bonny sang the mavis,  
out o the thorny brake;  
But sairer grat the nourice,  
when she was tied to the stake.

## B

'Lambert Linkin,' Motherwell's MS., p. 15;  
from the recitation of Mrs Thomson, Kil-  
barehan, February 25, 1825.

1 BALANKIN was as gude a mason  
as eer picked a stane;  
He built up Prime Castle,  
but payment gat nae.

2 The lord said to his lady,  
when he was going abroad,  
O beware of Balankin,  
for he lyes in the wood.

3 The gates they were bolted,  
baith outside and in;  
At the sma peep of a window  
Balankin crap in.

- 4 'Good morrow, good morrow,'  
said Lambert Linkin:  
'Good morrow to yoursell, sir,'  
said the false nurse to him.
- 5 'O where is your good lord ?  
said Lambert Linkin:  
'He's awa to New England,  
to meet with his king.'
- 6 'O where is his auld son ?'  
said Lambert Linkin:  
'He's awa to buy pearlins,  
gin our lady lye in.'
- 7 'Then she'll never wear them,'  
said Lambert Linkin:  
'And that is nae pity,'  
said the false nurse to him.
- 8 'O where is your lady ?'  
said Lambert Linkin:  
'She's in her bower sleeping,'  
said the false nurse to him.
- 9 'How can we get at her ?'  
said Lambert Linkin:  
'Stab the babe to the heart,  
wi a silver bokin.'
- 10 'That would be a pity,'  
said Lambert Linkin:  
'No pity, no pity,'  
said the false nurse to him.
- 11 Balankin he rocked,  
and the false nurse she sang,  
Till all the tores of the cradle  
wi the red blood down ran.
- 12 'O still my babe, nurice,  
O still him wi the knife !'  
'He'll no be still, lady,  
tho I lay down my life.'
- 13 'O still my babe, nurice,  
O still him wi the kame !'  
'He'll no be still, lady,  
till his daddy come hame.'
- 14 'O still my babe, nurice,  
O still him wi the bell !'  
'He'll no be still, lady,  
till ye come down yoursell.'
- 15 'It's how can I come down,  
this cauld winter nicht,  
Without eer a coal,  
or a clear candle-light ?'
- 16 'There's two smocks in your coffer,  
as white as a swan;  
Put one of them about you,  
it will shew you licht down.'
- 17 She took ane o them about her,  
and came tripping down;  
But as soon as she viewed,  
Balankin was in.
- 18 'Good morrow, good morrow,'  
said Lambert Linkin:  
'Good morrow to yoursell, sir'  
said the lady to him.
- 19 'O save my life, Balankin,  
till my husband come back,  
And I'll gie you as much red gold  
as you'll hold in your hat.'
- 20 'I'll not save your life, lady,  
till your husband come back,  
Tho you would give me as much red  
gold  
as I could hold in a sack
- 21 'Will I kill her ?' quo Balankin,  
'will I kill her, or let her be ?'  
'You may kill her,' said the false nurse,  
'she was neer good to me;  
And ye'll be laird of the castle,  
and I'll be ladie.'
- 22 Then he cut aff her head  
fram her lily breast-bane,  
And he hung 't up in the kitchen,  
it made a' the ha shine.
- 23 The lord sat in England,  
a drinking the wine:  
'I wish a' may be weel  
with my lady at hame;  
For the rings of my fingers  
the're now burst in twain !'
- 24 He saddled his horse,  
and he came riding down,  
But as soon as he viewed,  
Balankin was in.

- 25 He had na weel stepped  
twa steps up the stair,  
Till he saw his pretty young son  
lying dead on the floor.
- 26 He had not weel stepped  
other twa up the stair,  
Till he saw his pretty lady  
lying dead in despair.
- 27 He hanged Balankin  
out over the gate,  
And he burnt the fause nurice,  
being under the grate.

## K

'Long Longkin,' Percy Papers, communicated to Percy by Rev. P. Parsons, of Wye, near Ashford, Kent, April 19, 1775.

- 1 My lord said to my lady,  
when he went from home,  
Take care of Long Longkin,  
he lies in the lone.
- 2 My lady said to my lord,  
when he went abroad,  
.  
.  
.
- 3 'I care not for Longkin,  
nor none of his kin,  
For my gate's fast barred,  
and my windows shut in.'
- 4 My lord was not gone  
many miles from the place,  
Untill the false Longkin  
came straight to the place.
- \* \* \* \*
- 5 'Pinch the bairn, nourry,  
pinch it very sore,  
Untill the mother  
shall come down below.'
- 6 'Still the bairn, nury,  
still it with the pap:'  
'It wont be stilled, madam,  
with neither this nor that.'
- 7 'Still the bairn, nury,  
still it with a bell:'  
'It wont be stilled, madam,  
till you cum down yoursell.'

\* \* \* \*

- 8 'Come down, Lady Betty,  
the flower of all your kin,  
And see your mother's heart's blood,  
so freely running.
- 9 Down came Lady Betty,  
her heart full of woe:  
'Oh take my life, Longkin,  
and let my mother go.'
- 10 'Come down, Lady Nelly,  
the flower of all your kin,  
And see your sister's heart's blood,  
so freely running.'
- 11 Down came Lady Nelly,  
her heart full of woe:  
'Oh take my life, Longkin,  
and let my sister go.'
- 12 'Come down, Lady Jenny, etc.

94

## YOUNG WATERS

'Young Waters' was first printed in 1755; Percy's text (*Reliques*, 1765, II, 172) agrees with this edition except in half a dozen trivial points. Motherwell says he had never met with any traditional version of this ballad. Buchan, who may generally be relied upon to produce a longer ballad than anybody else, has 'Young Waters' in thirty-nine stanzas, "the only complete version which he had ever met." Everything in this copy which is not in the edition of 1755 (itself a little worse for editing) is a counterfeit of the lowest description.

It is possible, and Aytoun thinks highly probable, that this ballad may have been founded on some real event in Scottish history; but Aytoun shows a commendable discretion in his conclusion that, "though various conjectures have been hazarded as to its origin, none appear sufficiently plausible to warrant their adoption." A Scandinavian ballad (*Grundtvig*, No. 178), historical to the extent that one version has historical names, exhibits the principal incidents of the short story of 'Young Waters.'

Young Waters, an Ancient Scottish Poem, never before printed. Glasgow, Printed and sold by Robert and Andrew Foulis, 1755. Small 4<sup>o</sup>, 8 pages.

- 1 ABOUT Yule, when the wind blew cule,  
And the round tables began,  
A there is cum to our king's court  
Mony a well-favord man.
- 2 The queen luikt owre the castle-wa,  
Beheld baith dale and down,  
And there she saw Young Waters  
Cum riding to the town.
- 3 His footmen they did rin before,  
His horsemen rade behind;  
And mantel of the burning gowd  
Did keip him frae the wind.
- 4 Gowden-graithd his horse before,  
And siller-shod behind;  
The horse Young Waters rade upon  
Was fleeter than the wind.
- 5 Out then spack a wylie lord,  
Unto the queen said he,  
'O tell me wha's the fairest face  
Rides in the company?'
- 6 'I've sene lord, and I've sene laird,  
And knights of high degree,  
Bot a fairer face than Young Waters  
Mine eyne did never see.'
- 7 Out then spack the jealous king,  
And an angry man was he:  
'O if he had bin twice as fair,  
You micht have excepted me.'
- 8 'You're neither laird nor lord,' she  
says,  
'Bot the king that wears the crown;  
There is not a knight in fair Scotland  
But to thee maun bow down.'
- 9 For a' that she coud do or say,  
Appeasd he wad nae bee,  
Bot for the words which she had said,  
Young Waters he maun die.
- 10 They hae taen Young Waters,  
And put fetters to his feet;  
They hae taen Young Waters,  
And thrown him in dungeon deep.
- 11 'Aft I have ridden thro Stirling town  
In the wind bot and the weit;  
Bot I neir rade thro Stirling town  
Wi fetters at my feet.

- 12 'Aft I have ridden thro Stirling town  
In the wind bot and the rain;  
Bot I neir rade thro Stirling town  
Neir to return again.'
- 13 They hae taen to the heiding-hill  
His young son in his craddle,  
And they hae taen to the heiding-hill  
His horse bot and his saddle.
- 14 They hae taen to the heiding-hill  
His lady fair to see,  
And for the words the queen had spok  
Young Waters he did die.

## 95

THE MAID FREED FROM THE  
GALLOWS

All the English versions are defective and distorted. In many others, both from northern and southern Europe, a young woman has fallen into the hands of corsairs; father, mother, brother, sister, refuse to pay ransom, but her lover, in one case husband, stickles at no price which may be necessary to retrieve her. The best ballad of the cycle is the Sicilian 'Scibilia Nobili' (Salomone-Marino, *Leggende popolari siciliane* in *Poesia*, No. 29). There are very numerous versions in Finnish and Esthonian and numerous variations on the theme occur in Russia and elsewhere.

## A

Percy Papers, communicated to Percy, April 7, 1770, by the Rev. P. Parsons, of Wye, from oral tradition.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 1 'O good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord  
Judge,  
Peace for a little while!  
Methinks I see my own father,  
Come riding by the stile.
- 2 'Oh father, oh father, a little of your  
gold,  
And likewise of your fee!  
To keep my body from yonder grave,  
And my neck from the gallows-tree.
- 3 'None of my gold now you shall have,  
Nor likewise of my fee;



For I am come to see you hangd,  
And hanged you shall be.'

4 'Oh good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord  
Judge,  
Peace for a little while !  
Methinks I see my own mother,  
Come riding by the stile.

5 'Oh mother, oh mother, a little of your  
gold,  
And likewise of your fee,  
To keep my body from yonder grave,  
And my neck from the gallows-tree !'

6 'None of my gold now shall you  
have,  
Nor likewise of my fee;  
For I am come to see you hangd,  
And hanged you shall be.'

7 'Oh good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord  
Judge,  
Peace for a little while !  
Methinks I see my own brother,  
Come riding by the stile.

8 'Oh brother, oh brother, a little of your  
gold,  
And likewise of your fee,  
To keep my body from yonder grave,  
And my neck from the gallows-  
tree !'

9 'None of my gold now shall you have,  
Nor likewise of my fee;  
For I am come to see you hangd,  
And hanged you shall be.'

10 'Oh good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord  
Judge,  
Peace for a little while !  
Methinks I see my own sister,  
Come riding by the stile.

11 'Oh sister, oh sister, a little of your  
gold,  
And likewise of your fee,  
To keep my body from yonder grave,  
And my neck from the gallows-tree !'

12 'None of my gold now shall you have,  
Nor likewise of my fee;  
For I am come to see you hangd,  
And hanged you shall be.'

13 'Oh good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord  
Judge,  
Peace for a little while !  
Methinks I see my own true-love,  
Come riding by the stile.

14 'Oh true-love, oh true-love, a little of  
your gold,  
And likewise of your fee,  
To save my body from yonder grave,  
And my neck from the gallows-tree.'

15 'Some of my gold now you shall have,  
And likewise of my fee,  
For I am come to see you saved.  
And saved you shall be.'

## I

Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Min-  
strelsy, No. 127, Abbotsford. Sent to John  
Leyden, by whom and when does not appear.

1 'HOLD your hand, Lord Judge,' she  
says,  
'Yet hold it a little while;  
Methinks I see my ain dear father  
Coming wandering many a mile.

2 'O have you brought me gold, father ?  
Or have you brought me fee ?  
Or are you come to save my life  
From off this gallows-tree ?'

3 'I have not brought you gold, daughter,  
Nor have I brought you fee,  
But I am come to see you hangd,  
As you this day shall be.'

["The verses run thus untill she has seen  
her mother, her brother, and her sister like-  
wise arrive, and then

Methinks I see my ain dear lover, etc."]

4 'I have not brought you gold, true-love,  
Nor yet have I brought fee,  
But I am come to save thy life  
From off this gallows-tree.'

5 'Gae hame, gae hame, father,' she says,  
'Gae hame and saw yer seed;  
And I wish not a pickle of it may grow  
up,  
But the thistle and the weed.

6 'Gae hame, gae hame, gae hame, mother,  
Gae hame and brew yer yill;  
And I wish the girds may a' loup off,  
And the Deil spill a' yer yill.

7 'Gae hame, gae hame, gae hame, brother,  
Gae hame and lie with yer wife;  
And I wish that the first news I may hear  
That she has tane your life.

8 'Gae hame, gae hame, sister,' she says,  
'Gae hame and sew yer seam;  
I wish that the needle-point may break,  
And the craws pyke out yer een.'

## 96

## THE GAY GOSHAWK

'The Gay Goshawk' first appeared in print in the second volume of Scott's *Minstrelsy*, in 1802. Scott's copy was formed partly from Mrs Brown's version (A) and partly from E\*.

A ballad widely known in France has the central idea of 'The Gay Goshawk,' but in the development of the story there is no likeness. In a version of this ballad, 'Belle Isambourg,' printed as early as 1607, the king wishes to give Fair Isambourg a husband, but her heart is fixed on a handsome knight, whom she loves more than all her kin together, though he is poor. The king shuts her up in a dark tower, thinking that this treatment will bring about a change, but it does not. Isambourg sees her lover riding towards or by the tower at full speed. She calls to him to stop, and says:

Malade et morte m'y feray,  
Porter en terre m'y lairray,  
Pourtant morte je ne seray.

Puis apres je vous prie amy,  
Qu'à ma chapelle à Saint-Denis  
Ne m'y laissez pas enfouir.

Isambourg is now proclaimed to be dead, and is carried to burial by three princes and a knight. Her lover, hearing the knelling and chanting, puts himself in the way and bids the bearers stop. Since she has died for loving him too well, he wishes to say a *De Profundis*. He rips open a little of the shroud, and she darts a loving smile at him. Everybody is astonished.

In 'Willie's Lyke-Wake' (No. 25) a man feigns death in order to capture a coy maid, or a maid refused him by her parents.

## A

'The Gay Goss Hawk,' Jamieson-Brown MS., No. 6, p. 15.

1 'O WELL's me o my gay goss-hawk,  
That he can speak and flee;  
He'll carry a letter to my love,  
Bring back another to me.'

2 'O how can I your true-love ken,  
Or how can I her know?  
Whan frae her mouth I never heard  
couth,  
Nor wi my eyes her saw.'

3 'O well sal ye my true-love ken,  
As soon as you her see;  
For, of a' the flowrs in fair Englan,  
The fairest flower is she.

4 'At even at my love's bowr-door  
There grows a bowing birk,  
An sit ye down and sing thereon,  
As she gangs to the kirk.

5 'An four-and-twenty ladies fair  
Will wash and go to kirk,  
But well shall ye my true-love ken,  
For she wears goud on her skirt.

6 'An four and twenty gay ladies  
Will to the mass repair,  
But well sal ye my true-love ken,  
For she wears goud on her hair.'

7 O even at that lady's bowr-door  
There grows a bowin birk,  
An he set down and sang thereon,  
As she ged to the kirk.

8 'O eet and drink, my marys a',  
The wine flows you among,  
Till I gang to my shot-window,  
An hear yon bonny bird's song.

9 'Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,  
The song ye sang the streen,  
For I ken by your sweet singin  
You're frae my true-love sen.'

10 O first he sang a merry song,  
An then he sang a grave,  
An then he peckd his feathers gray,  
To her the letter gave.

- 11 'Ha, there's a letter frae your love,  
He says he sent you three;  
He canna wait your love langer,  
But for your sake he'll die.
- 12 'He bids you write a letter to him;  
He says he's sent you five;  
He canno wait your love langer,  
Tho you're the fairest woman alive.'
- 13 'Ye bid him bake his bridal-bread,  
And brew his bridal-ale,  
An I'll meet him in fair Scotlan  
Lang, lang or it be stale.'
- 14 She's doen her to her father dear,  
Fa'n low down on her knee:  
'A boon, a boon, my father dear,  
I pray you, grant it me.'
- 15 'Ask on, ask on, my daughter,  
An granted it sal be;  
Except ae squire in fair Scotlan,  
An him you sall never see.'
- 16 'The only boon, my father dear,  
That I do crave of the,  
Is, gin I die in southin lands,  
In Scotland to bury me.
- 17 'An the firstin kirk that ye come till,  
Ye gar the bells be rung,  
An the nextin kirk that ye come till,  
Ye gar the mess be sung.
- 18 'An the thirdin kirk that ye come till,  
You deal gold for my sake,  
An the fourthin kirk that ye come till,  
You tarry there till night.'
- 19 She is doen her to her bigly bowr,  
As fast as she coud fare,  
An she has tane a sleepy draught,  
That she had mixed wi care.
- 20 She's laid her down upon her bed,  
An soon she's fa'n asleep,  
And soon oer every tender limb  
Cauld death began to creep.
- 21 Whan night was flown, an day was  
come,  
Nae ane that did her see  
But thought she was as surely dead  
As only lady coud be.

- 22 Her father an her brothers dear  
Gard make to her a bier;  
The tae half was o guide red gold,  
The tither o silver clear.
- 23 Her mither an her sisters fair  
Gard work for her a sark;  
The tae half was o cambrick fine,  
The tither o needle wark.
- 24 The firstin kirk that they came till,  
They gard the bells be rung,  
An the nextin kirk that they came till,  
They gard the mess be sung.
- 25 The thirdin kirk that they came till,  
They dealt gold for her sake,  
An the fourthin kirk that they came till,  
Lo, there they met her make!
- 26 'Lay down, lay down the bigly bier,  
Lat me the dead look on;  
Wi cherry cheeks and ruby lips  
She lay an smil'd on him.
- 27 'O ae sheave o your bread, true-love,  
An ae glass o your wine,  
For I hae fasted for your sake  
These fully days is nine.
- 28 'Gang hame, gang hame, my seven  
bold brothers,  
Gang hame and sound your horn;  
An ye may boast in southin lans  
Your sister's playd you scorn.'

## E\*

Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Min-  
strely, No. 146 a, Abbotsford.

- 1 'O WALY, waly, my gay goss-hawk,  
Gin your feathering be sheen!'  
'O waly, waly, my master dear,  
Gin ye look pale and lean!
- 2 'Whether is it for the gold sae rid,  
Or is it for the silver clear?  
Or is it for the lass in southern land,  
That she cannot win here.'
- 3 'It is not for the gold sae rid,  
Nor is it for the silver clear,  
But it is for the lass in southern land,  
That she cannot win her[e].'

- 4 'Sit down, sit down, my master dear,  
Write a love-letter hastily,  
And put it in under my feathern gray,  
And I'll away to southen land as fast  
as I can flee.
- 5 'But how shall I your true-love ken?  
Or how shall I her know?  
I bear the tongue never wi her spake,  
The eye that never her saw.'
- 6 'The red that is in my love's cheek  
Is like blood spilt among the snaw;  
The white that is on her breast-bone  
Is like the down on the white sea-  
maw.
- 7 'There's one that stands at my love's  
gate  
And opens the silver pin,  
And there ye may safely set ye on  
And sing a lovely song.
- 8 'First ye may sing it loud, loud, loud,  
And then ye may sing it clear,  
And ay the oerword of the tune  
Is, 'Your love cannot win here.'
- 9 He has written a love-letter,  
Put it under his feathern gray,  
And he's awa to southen land,  
As fast as ever he may.
- 10 When he came to the lady's gate,  
There he lighted down,  
And there he sat him on the pin  
And sang a lovely song.
- 11 First he sang it loud, loud, loud,  
And then he sang it clear,  
And ay the oerword of the tune  
Was, 'Your love cannot win here.'
- 12 'Hold your tongues, my merry maids all,  
And hold them a little while;  
I hear some word from my true-love,  
That lives in Scotland's isle.'
- 13 Up she rose, to the door she goes,  
To hear what the bird woud say,  
And he's let the love-letter fall  
From under his feathern gray.
- 14 When she looked the letter on,  
The tear blinded her eye,  
And when she read it oer and oer  
A loud laughter took she.
- 15 'Go hame, go hame, my bonny bird,  
And to your master tell,  
If I be nae wi him at Martinmass,  
I shall be wi him at Yule.'
- 16 The lady's to her chamber gane,  
And a sick woman grew she;  
The lady's taen a sudden brash,  
And nathing she'll do but die.
- 17 'An asking, an asking, my father dear,  
An asking grant to me!  
If that I die in southen land,  
In Scotland bury me.'
- 18 'Ask on, ask on, my daughter dear,  
That asking is granted thee;  
If that you die in southen land,  
In Scotland I'll bury thee.'
- 19 'Gar call to me my seven bretheren,  
To hew to me my bier,  
The one half of the beaten gold,  
The other of the silver clear.
- 20 'Go call to me my seven sisters,  
To sew to me my caul;  
Every needle-steik that they put in  
Put by a silver bell.'
- 21 The first Scots kirk that they came to,  
They heard the mavis sing;  
The next Scots kirk that they came to,  
They heard the dead-bell ring.
- 22 The next Scots kirk that they came to,  
They were playing at the foot-ball,  
And her true-love was them among,  
The chieftian amangst them all.
- 23 'Set down, set down these corps,' said he,  
'Let me look them upon;'  
As soon as he looked the lady on,  
The blood sprang in her chin.
- 24 'One bite of your bread, my love,  
And one glass of your wine!  
For I have fasted these five long days,  
All for your sake and mine.
- 25 'Go hame, go hame, my seven brothers,  
Go hame and blaw your horn,

And ye may tell thro southen land  
How I playd you the scorn.'

- 26 'Woe to you, my sister dear,  
And ane ill death may you die!  
For we left father and mother at hame  
Breaking their heart for thee.'

97

## BROWN ROBIN

The story undoubtedly stops at the right point in A, with the escape of the two lovers to the wood.

A

'Brown Robin.' a. Jamieson-Brown MS., p. 37. b. Abbotsford MS., Scottish Songs.

- 1 THE king but an his nobles a' } *bis*  
Sat birling at the wine;  
He would ha nane but his ae daughter  
To wait on them at dine.
- 2 She's servd them butt, she's servd them  
ben,  
Intill a gown of green,  
But her ee was ay on Brown Robin,  
That stood low under the rain.
- 3 She's doen her to her bigly bowr,  
As fast as she coud gang,  
An there she's drawn her shot-window,  
An she's harped an she sang.
- 4 'There sits a bird i my father's garden,  
An O but she sings sweet!  
I hope to live an see the day  
Whan wi my love I'll meet.'
- 5 'O gin that ye like me as well  
As your tongue tells to me,  
What hour o the night, my lady bright,  
At your bowr sal I be?'
- 6 'Whan my father an gay Gilbert  
Are baith set at the wine,  
O ready, ready I will be  
To lat my true-love in.'
- 7 O she has bird her father's porter  
Wi strong beer an wi wine,  
Untill he was as beastly drunk  
As ony wild-wood swine:

She's stown the keys o her father's yates  
An latten her true-love in.

- 8 Whan night was gane, an day was come,  
An the sun shone on their feet,  
Then out it spake him Brown Robin,  
I'll be discoverd yet.
- 9 Then out it spake that gay lady:  
My love, ye need na doubt;  
For wi ae wile I've got you in,  
Wi anither I'll bring you out.
- 10 She's taen her to her father's cellar,  
As fast as she can fare;  
She's drawn a cup o the gude red  
wine,  
Hung 't low down by her gare;  
An she met wi her father dear  
Just coming down the stair.
- 11 'I woud na gi that cup, daughter,  
That ye hold i your han  
For a' the wines in my cellar,  
An gantrees whare the stan.'
- 12 'O wae be to your wine, father,  
That ever 't came oer the sea;  
'T'is pitten my head in siek a steer  
I my bowr I canna be.'
- 13 'Gang out, gang out, my daughter dear,  
Gang out an tack the air;  
Gang out an walk i the good green wood,  
An a' your marys fair.'
- 14 Then out it spake the proud porter —  
Our lady wisd him shame —  
'We'll send the marys to the wood,  
But we'll keep our lady at hame.'
- 15 'There's thirty marys i my bowr,  
There's thirty o them an three;  
But there's nae ane amo them a'  
Kens what flowr gains for me.'
- 16 She's doen her to her bigly bowr,  
As fast as she coud gang,  
An she has dresst him Brown Robin  
Like ony bowr-woman.
- 17 The gown she pat upon her love  
Was o the dainty green,  
His hose was o the saft, saft silk,  
His shoon o the cordwain fine.



- 18 She's pitten his bow in her bosom,  
His arrow in her sleeve,  
His sturdy bran her body next,  
Because he was her love.
- 19 Then she is unto her bowr-door,  
As fast as she could gang;  
But out it spake the proud porter —  
Our lady wishd him shame —  
'We'll count our marys to the wood,  
An we'll count them back again.'
- 20 The firsten mary she sent out  
Was Brown Robin by name;  
Then out it spake the king himsel,  
'This is a sturdy dame.'
- 21 O she went out in a May morning,  
In a May morning so gay,  
But she came never back again,  
Her auld father to see.

## B

'Love Robbie,' Christie's Traditional Ballad  
Airs, I, 136, from the recitation of an old woman in Buckie, Enzie, Banffshire.

- 1 'A FEATHERD fowl's in your orchard,  
father,  
O dear, but it sings sweet!  
What would I give, my father dear,  
That bonnie bird to meet!  
What would I give, etc.
- 2 'O hold your tongue, my daughter  
Mary,  
Let a' your folly be;  
There's six Scots lords tomorrow, child,  
That will a' dine wi me,  
And ye maun serve them a', Mary,  
As 't were for meat and fee.'
- 3 She served them up, sae has she down,  
The footmen a' the same,  
But her mind was aye on Love Robbie,  
Stood out below the rain.
- 4 A hundred pun o pennies roun,  
Tied in a towel so sma,  
She has gien to him Love Robbie,  
Out oer the castle-wa;  
Says, Tak ye that, my love Robbie.  
And mysel ye may hae.

- 5 A hundred pun o pennies roun,  
Tied in a napkin white,  
She has gien to him Love Robbie,  
Out oer the garden-dyke;  
Says, Tak ye that, my Love Robbie,  
And mysel gin ye like.
- 6 'If this be true ye tell to me,  
As your tongue woudna lee,  
I shall be in your bigly bower  
Before the clock strike three;  
I shall be in your bigly bower,  
Dressd like a gay ladye.'
- 7 When bells were rung, and mass was  
sung,  
And all men bound for bed,  
Love Robbie came to Mary's bower,  
Dressd like a comely maid.
- 8 They had not kissd nor love clappèd,  
As lovers when they meet,  
Till sighing said he Love Robbie,  
My life, my life I doubt.
- 9 'Your life, your life, you Love Robbie,  
Your life you needna doubt;  
For it was wiles brought in Robbie,  
And wiles will lat him out.'
- 10 Then in it came her father dear,  
And stood upon the floor,  
And she filld the cup of good red wine,  
Said, Father, will ye drink more?
- 11 'O better I love the cup, Mary,  
The cup that's in your hand,  
Than all my barrels full of wine,  
On the gantrees where they stand.'
- 12 'O woe be to your wine, father,  
It eer came oer the sea!  
If I getna the air o good greenwood  
O I will surely dee.'
- 13 'There's seven maries in your bower,  
There's seven o them and three,  
And I'll send them to good green-  
wood,  
For flowers to shortsome thee.'
- 14 'There's seven maries in my bower,  
There's seven o them and three,  
But there's nae a mary mang them a'  
Can pu flowers to shortsome me.'

- 'Then by my sooth,' said her father  
dear,  
'Let yoursel gang them wi.'
- 15 She dressd hersel in the royal red,  
Love Robbie was in dainty green;  
Love Robbie's brand was about his mid-  
dle,  
And he shone like ony queen.
- 16 The firsten aue that took the floor,  
Love Robbie was that aue:  
'Now by my sooth,' said the proud por-  
ter,  
'She is a sonsie dame;  
I would not care now very much  
To turn her in again.'
- 17 'I'd fain see any woman or man,  
Of high or low degree,  
Would turn a mary in again  
That once came out with me.'
- 18 They had not been in good greenwood,  
Pu'd a flower but only three,  
Till the porter stood behind a bush,  
And shot him Love Robbie.
- 19 Now word has come to her father  
dear,  
In the chamber where he lay,  
Lady Mary's sick in good greenwood,  
And cannot come away.
- 20 He's taen his mantle him about,  
His cane into his han,  
And he is on to good greenwood,  
As fast as he could gang.
- 21 'O want you fish out o the fleed,  
Or whale out o the sea?  
Or is there any one alive  
This day has angerd thee?'
- 22 'I want not fish out o the fleed,  
Nor whale out o the sea;  
But woe be to your proud porter,  
Sae sair's he's angerd me!  
He's shot the fairest flower this day,  
That would hae comfort me.'
- 23 'O hold your tongue, my daughter Mary,  
Let a' your folly be;  
Tomorrow ere I eat or drink  
High hangèd shall he be.'

98

## BROWN ADAM

'Brown Adam' was No. 14 of the fifteen ballads furnished William Tytler by Mrs Brown in 1783. A Danish ballad (Grundtvig, No. 199) has a remote likeness to 'Brown Adam.'

## A

'Brown Adam,' Jamieson-Brown MS., p. 17.

- 1 O WHA woud wish the win to blaw,  
Or the green leaves fa therewith?  
Or wha wad wish a leeler love  
Than Brown Adam the Smith?
- 2 His hammer's o the beaten gold,  
His study's o the steel,  
His fingers white are my delite,  
He blows his bellows well.
- 3 But they ha banishd him Brown Adam  
Frae father and frae mither,  
An they ha banishd him Brown Adam  
Frae sister and frae brither.
- 4 And they ha banishd Brown Adam  
Frae the flou o a' his kin;  
An he's biggit a bowr i the good green  
wood  
Betwen his lady an him.
- 5 O it fell once upon a day  
Brown Adam he thought lang,  
An he woud to the green wood gang,  
To hunt some venison.
- 6 He's ta'en his bow his arm oer,  
His bran intill his han,  
And he is to the good green wood,  
As fast as he coud gang.
- 7 O he's shot up, an he's shot down,  
The bird upo the briar,  
An he's sent it hame to his lady,  
Bade her be of good cheer.
- 8 O he's shot up, an he's shot down,  
The bird upo the thorn,  
And sent it hame to his lady,  
And hee'd be hame the morn.

- 9 Whan he came till his lady's bowr-door  
 He stood a little foreby,  
 And there he heard a fu fa'se knight  
 Temptin his gay lady.
- 10 O he's taen out a gay gold ring,  
 Had cost him mony a poun:  
 'O grant me love for love, lady,  
 An this sal be your own.'
- 11 'I loo Brown Adam well,' she says,  
 'I wot sae does he me;  
 An I woud na gi Brown Adam's love  
 For nae fa'se knight I see.'
- 12 Out has he ta'en a purse of gold,  
 Was a' fu to the string:  
 'Grant me but love for love, lady,  
 An a' this sal be thine.'
- 13 'I loo Brown Adam well,' she says,  
 'An I ken sae does he me;  
 An I woudna be your light leman  
 For mair nor ye coud gie.'
- 14 Then out has he drawn his lang, lang  
 bran,  
 And he's flashd it in her een:  
 'Now grant me love for love, lady,  
 Or thro you this sal gang!'
- 15 'O,' sighing said that gay lady,  
 'Brown Adam tarrys lang!'  
 Then up it starts Brown Adam,  
 Says, I'm just at your han.
- 16 He's gard him leave his bow, his bow,  
 He's gard him leave his bran;  
 He's gard him leave a better pledge,  
 Four fingers o his right han.

## B

'Broun Edom,' Harris MS., fol. 27 b, No. 26.

1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 For wha ere had a lealer luve  
 Than Broun Edom the smith?

2 His studie was o the beaten gowd,  
 His hammer o the pith;  
 His cords waur o the gude green silk,  
 That blew his bellows with.

- 3 It fell out ance upon a time  
 Broun Edom he thought lang,  
 That he wald gae to see his luve,  
 By the le licht o the mune.

99

## JOHNIE SCOT

A was No. 2 of the fifteen ballads in William Tytler's lost Brown MS. The story of 'Willie o Winsbury' (No. 100) has considerable resemblance to that of 'Johnie Scot.' There is also some resemblance to 'Child Maurice' (No. 83).

## A

'Jack, the Little Scot,' Jamieson-Brown MS. p. 5.

- 1 O JOHNEY was as brave a knight  
 As ever saild the sea,  
 An he's done him to the English court  
 To serve for meat and fee.
- 2 He had nae been in fair England  
 But yet a little while,  
 Untill the kingis ae daughter  
 To Johney proves wi chil.
- 3 O word's come to the king himsel,  
 In his chair where he sat,  
 That his ae daughter was wi bairn  
 To Jack, the Little Scott.
- 4 'Gin this be true that I do hear,  
 As I trust well it be,  
 Ye pit her into prison strong,  
 An starve her till she die.'
- 5 O Johney's on to fair Scotland,  
 A wot he went wi speed,  
 An he has left the kingis court,  
 A wot good was his need.
- 6 O it fell once upon a day  
 That Johney he thought lang,  
 An he's gane to the good green wood,  
 As fast as he coud gang.
- 7 'O whare will I get a bonny boy,  
 To rin my errand soon,  
 That will rin into fair England,  
 An haste him back again?'

- 8 O up it starts a bonny boy,  
Gold yallow was his hair,  
I wish his mither meickle joy,  
His bonny love mieckle mair.
- 9 'O here am I, a bonny boy,  
Will rin your errand soon;  
I will gang into fair England,  
An come right soon again.'
- 10 O whan he came to broken briggs,  
He bent his bow and swam;  
An whan he came to the green grass  
growan,  
He slaikid his shoone an ran.
- 11 Whan he came to yon high castèl,  
He ran it roun about,  
An there he saw the king's daughter,  
At the window looking out.
- 12 'O here's a sark o silk, lady,  
Your ain han sewd the sleeve;  
You'r bidden come to fair Scotlan,  
Speer nane o your parents leave.
- 13 'Ha, take this sark o silk, lady,  
Your ain han sewd the gare;  
You're bidden come to good green wood,  
Love Johnney waits you there.'
- 14 She's turnd her right and roun about,  
The tear was in her ee:  
'How can I come to my true-love,  
Except I had wings to flee?
- 15 'Here am I kept wi bars and bolts,  
Most grievous to behold;  
My breast-plate's o the sturdy steel,  
Instead of the beaten gold.
- 16 'But tak this purse, my bonny boy,  
Ye well deserve a fee,  
An bear this letter to my love,  
An tell him what you see.'
- 17 Then quickly ran the bonny boy  
Again to Scotlan fair,  
An soon he reachd Pitnachten's towrs,  
An soon found Johnney there.
- 18 He pat the letter in his han  
An taul him what he sa,  
But eer he half the letter read,  
He loote the tears doun fa.
- 19 'O I will gae back to fair Englan,  
Tho death shoud me betide,  
An I will relieve the damesel  
That lay last by my side.'
- 20 Then out it spake his father dear,  
My son, you are to blame;  
An gin you'r catchd on English groun,  
I fear you'll neer win hame.
- 21 Then out it spake a valiant knight,  
Johny's best friend was he;  
I can commaun five hunder men,  
An I'll his surety be.
- 22 The firstin town that they came till,  
They gard the bells be rung;  
An the nextin town that they came  
till,  
They gard the mess be sung.
- 23 The thirdin town that they came till,  
They gard the drums beat roun;  
The king but an his nobles a'  
Was startld at the soun.
- 24 Whan they came to the king's palace  
They rade it roun about,  
An there they saw the king himsel,  
At the window looking out.
- 25 'Is this the Duke o Albany,  
Or James, the Scottish king?  
Or are ye some great foreign lord,  
That's come a visitin?'
- 26 'I'm nae the Duke of Albany,  
Nor James, the Scottish king;  
But I'm a valiant Scottish knight,  
Pitnachten is my name.'
- 27 'O if Pitnachten be your name,  
As I trust well it be,  
The morn, or I tast meat or drink,  
You shall be hanged hi.'
- 28 Then out it spake the valiant knight  
That came brave Johnney wi;  
Behold five hunder bowmen bold,  
Will die to set him free.
- 29 Then out it spake the king again,  
An a scornfu laugh laugh he;  
I have an Italian i my house  
Will fight you three by three.

- 30 'O grant me a boon,' brave Johny cried;  
'Bring your Italian here;  
Then if he fall beneath my sword,  
I've won your daughter dear.'
- 31 Then out it came that Italian,  
An a gurious ghost was he;  
Upo the point o' Johny's sword  
This Italian did die.
- 32 Out has he drawn his lang, lang bran,  
Struck it across the plain:  
'Is there any more o' your English dogs  
That you want to be slain?'
- 33 'A clark, a clark,' the king then cried,  
'To write her tocher free;'  
'A priest, a priest,' says Love Johny,  
'To marry my love and me.'
- 34 'I'm seeking nane o' your gold,' he says,  
'Nor of your silver clear;  
I only seek your daughter fair,  
Whose love has cost her dear.'

100

## WILLIE O WINSBURY

The story of this ballad is similar to that of 'Johnie Scot' (No. 99), but Willie's extreme beauty moves the king to offer his daughter to him in marriage, without a combat.

## A

'Willie o Winsbury,' Campbell MSS., II, 38.

- 1 THE king he hath been a prisoner,  
A prisoner lang in Spain, O  
And Willie o the Winsbury  
Has lain lang wi his daughter at  
hame. O
- 2 'What aileth thee, my daughter Janet,  
Ye look so pale and wan?  
Have ye had any sore sickness,  
Or have ye been lying wi a man?  
Or is it for me, your father dear,  
And biding sae lang in Spain?'
- 3 'I have not had any sore sickness,  
Nor yet been lying wi a man;  
But it is for you, my father dear,  
In biding sae lang in Spain.'

- 4 'Cast ye off your berry-brown gown,  
Stand straight upon the stone,  
That I may ken ye by yere shape,  
Whether ye be a maiden or none.'
- 5 She's coosten off her berry-brown gown,  
Stooden straight upo yon stone;  
Her apron was short, and her haunches  
were round,  
Her face it was pale and wan.
- 6 'Is it to a man o' might, Janet?  
Or is it to a man of fame?  
Or is it to any of the rank robbers  
That's lately come out o' Spain?'
- 7 'It is not to a man of might,' she  
said,  
'Nor is it to a man of fame;  
But it is to William of Winsbury:  
I could lye nae langer my lane.'
- 8 The king's called on his merry men  
all,  
By thirty and by three:  
'Go fetch me William of Winsbury,  
For hanged he shall be.'
- 9 But when he cam the king before,  
He was clad o the red silk;  
His hair was like to threeds o gold,  
And his skin was as white as milk.
- 10 'It is nae wonder,' said the king,  
'That my daughter's love ye did  
win;  
Had I been a woman, as I am a man,  
My bedfellow ye should hae been.'
- 11 'Will ye marry my daughter Janet,  
By the truth of thy right hand?  
I'll gie ye gold, I'll gie ye money,  
And I'll gie ye an earldom o land.'
- 12 'Yes, I'll marry yere daughter Janet,  
By the truth of my right hand;  
But I'll hae nane o yer gold, I'll hae  
nane o yer money,  
Nor I winna hae an earldom o land.'
- 13 'For I hae eighteen corn-mills,  
Runs all in water clear,  
And there's as much corn in each o  
them  
As they can grind in a year.'



## D

Percy Papers, communicated to Percy by the Rev. P. Parsons, of Wye, apparently in 1775. "This I had from the spinning-wheel."

- 1 THERE was a lady fine and gay,  
She was so neat and trim;  
She went unto her own garden-wall,  
To see her own ships come in.
- 2 And there she spied her daughter  
Jane,  
Who lookd so pale and wan:  
'What, have you had some long sick-  
ness,  
Or lain with some young man?'
- 3 'No, I have had no long sickness,  
Nor lain with no young man:'  
Her petticoats they were so short,  
She was full nine months gone.
- 4 'Oh is it by some nobleman?  
Or by some man of fame?  
Or is it by Johnny Barbary,  
That's lately come from Spain?'
- 5 'No, it is by no nobleman,  
Nor by no man of fame;  
But it is by Johnny Barbary,  
That's lately come from Spain.'
- 6 Then she calld down her merry men,  
By one, by two, by three;  
Johnny Barbary used to be the first,  
But now the last came he.
- 7 'Oh will you take my daughter Jane,  
And wed her out of hand?  
And you shall dine and sup with me,  
And be heir of my land.'
- 8 'Yes, I will take your daughter Jane,  
And wed her out of hand;  
And I will dine and sup with you,  
But I do not want your land.'
- 9 Then she calld down her merry men,  
With a shrill and a pleasant voice:  
'Come, let us all now mery be,  
Since she has made such a happy  
choice.'

## 101

## WILLIE O DOUGLAS DALE

A was among the fifteen ballads furnished by Mrs Brown to William Tytler in 1783. The first part of the story of this ballad, or down to the birth of the boy, is repeated in No. 102. This portion of the ballad also has resemblances to 'Leesome Brand' (No. 15).

## A

'Willy o Douglass-dale,' Jamieson-Brown MS., p. 8.

- 1 O WILLY was as brave a lord  
As ever saild the sea,  
And he has gane to the English court,  
To serve for meat and fee.
- 2 He had nae been at the kingis court  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
Till he longd for a sight o the king's  
daughter,  
But ane he coud never see.
- 3 O it fell ance upon a day  
To the green wood she has gane,  
An Willy he has followd her,  
With the clear light o the moon.
- 4 He looted him low, by her did go,  
Wi his hat intill his hand:  
'O what's your will wi me, Sir Knight?  
I pray keep your hat on.'
- 5 'O I am not a knight, Madam,  
Nor never thinks to be;  
For I am Willy o Douglassdale,  
An I serve for meat and fee.'
- 6 'O I'll gang to my bowr,' she says,  
'An sigh baith even an morn  
That ever I saw your face, Willy,  
Or that ever ye was born.
- 7 'O I'll gang to my bowr,' she says,  
'An I'll pray baith night an day,  
To keep me frae your tempting looks,  
An frae your great beauty.'
- 8 O in a little after that  
He keepit Dame Oliphant's bowr,

- An the love that passd between this twa,  
It was like paramour.
- 9 'O narrow, narrow's my gown, Willy,  
That wont to be sae wide;  
An short, short is my coats, Willy,  
That wont to be sae side;  
An gane is a' my fair colour,  
An low laid is my pride.
- 10 'But an my father get word of this,  
He'll never drink again;  
An gin my mother get word of this,  
In her ain bowr she'll go brain;  
An gin my bold brothers get word o  
this,  
I fear, Willy, you'll be slain.'
- 11 'O will you leave your father's court,  
An go along wi me?  
I'll carry you unto fair Scotland,  
And mak you a lady free.'
- 12 She pat her han in her pocket  
An gae him five hunder poun:  
'An take you that now, Squire Willy,  
Till awa that we do won.'
- 13 Whan day was gane, and night was come,  
She lap the castle-wa;  
But Willy kepit his gay lady,  
He was laith to let her fa.
- 14 Whan night was gane, an day come in,  
An lions gaed to their dens,  
An ay the lady followd him,  
An the tears came hailing down.
- 15 'O want ye ribbons to your hair?  
Or roses to your shoone?  
Or want ye as meickle dear bought love  
As your ain heart can contain?'
- 16 'I want nae ribbons to my hair,  
Nor roses till my shoone;  
An Ohone, alas, for dear bought love!  
I have mair nor I can contain.'
- 17 O he's pu'd the oak in good green wood,  
An he's made to her a fire;  
He coverd it oer wi withred leaves,  
An gard it burn thro ire.
- 18 He made a bed i the good green wood,  
An he's laid his lady down,
- An he's coverd her oer wi fig-tree  
leaves,  
But an his ain night-gown.
- 19 'O had I a bunch o yon red roddins,  
That grows in yonder wood,  
But an a drink o water clear,  
I think it woud do me good.'
- 20 He's pu'd her a bunch o yon red rod-  
dins,  
That grew beside yon thorn,  
But an a drink o water clear,  
Intill his hunting-horn.
- 21 He's bent his bow, and shot the deer,  
An thro the green wood gane,  
An ere that he came back again  
His lady took travailing.
- 22 'O up ye tak that horn,' she says,  
'An ye blaw a blast for me;  
Gin my father be in good green wood,  
Sae seen's he'll come me ti.'
- 23 'O gin there be a man on earth  
That ye loo better nor me,  
Ye blaw the horn yoursell,' he says,  
'For it's never be blawn by me.'
- 24 O he's bent his bow, an shot the  
deer,  
An thro the green wood has he gane,  
An lang or he came back again  
His lady bare him a son.
- 25 O up has he tane his bonny young son,  
An washn him wi the milk,  
An up has he tane his gay lady,  
An rowd her i the silk.
- 26 He's bent his bow, and shot the deer,  
An thro the green wood has he gane,  
Till he met wi a well-fard may,  
Her father's flock feeding.
- 27 'Ye leave your father's flock feeding,  
An go along wi me;  
I'll carry you to a lady fair,  
Will gi you both meat and fee.'
- 28 O whan she came the lady before,  
She's fa'n down on her knee:  
'O what's your will wi me, my dame?  
An a dame you seem to be.'

29 'O I'm Dame Oliphant, the king's  
daughter,  
Nae doubt but ye've heard o me;  
Will you leave your father's flock feed-  
ing,  
An go to Scotlan wi me ?

30 'An ye sal get a nouriship  
Intill an earldome,  
An I will gar provide for the  
To marry some brave Scotsman.'

31 The may she keepit the bonny boy,  
An Willy led his lady,  
Untill they took their fair shippin,  
Then quickly hame came they.

32 The win was fair, an the sea was clear,  
An they a' wan safe to lan;  
He's haild her lady of Douglassdale,  
Himsel the lord within.

## 102

WILLIE AND EARL RICHARD'S  
DAUGHTER

A was taken down from Mrs Brown's recitation by Jamieson in 1800, and published in his collection in 1806, "without the alteration of a single word." The first half of the story in A, 1-9, is that of No. 101, A, 1-24. The first part of B, 4-18, is a variety of the widespread tragic ballad of 'Leesome Brand' (No. 15). So, also, is the larger part of 'Willie o Douglas Dale,' with the tragic features dropped.

This ballad certainly does not belong to the cycle of Robin Hood. The connection with that hero was in all probability mediated by the name Brown Robin (see No. 97).

## A

'The Birth of Robin Hood,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 44, from Mrs Brown's recitation.

1 O WILLIE's large o limb and lith,  
And come o high degree,  
And he is gane to Earl Richard,  
To serve for meat and fee.

2 Earl Richard had but ae daughter,  
Fair as a lily-flower,

And they made up their love-contract  
Like proper paramour.

3 It fell upon a simmer's nicht,  
Whan the leaves were fair and green,  
That Willie met his gay ladie  
Intil the wood alane.

4 'O narrow is my gown, Willie,  
That wont to be sae wide;  
And gane is a' my fair colour,  
That wont to be my pride.

5 'But gin my father should get word  
What's past between us twa,  
Before that he should eat or drink,  
He'd hang you oer that wa.

6 'But ye'll come to my bower, Willie,  
Just as the sun gaes down,  
And kep me in your arms twa,  
And latna me fa down.'

7 O whan the sun was now gane down,  
He's doen him till her bower,  
And there, by the lee licht o the  
moon,  
Her window she lookit oer.

8 Intill a robe o red scarlet  
She lap, fearless o harm;  
And Willie was large o lith and limb,  
And keppit her in his arm.

9 And they've gane to the gude green  
wood,  
And, ere the night was deen,  
She's born to him a bonny young son,  
Amang the leaves sae green.

10 Whan night was gane, and day was  
come,  
And the sun began to peep,  
Up and raise the Earl Richard  
Out o his drowsy sleep.

11 He's ca'd upon his merry young men,  
By ane, by twa, and by three:  
'O what's come o my daughter dear,  
That she's nae come to me ?

12 'I dreamt a dreary dream last night,  
God grant it come to gude !  
I dreamt I saw my daughter dear  
Drown in the saut sea flood.

- 13 'But gin my daughter be dead or sick,  
Or yet be stown awa,  
I mak a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
I'll hang ye ane and a' !'
- 14 They sought her back, they sought her  
fore,  
They sought her up and down;  
They got her in the gude green wood,  
Nursing her bonny young son.
- 15 He took the bonny boy in his arms,  
And kist him tenderlie;  
Says, Though I would your father  
hang,  
Your mother's dear to me.
- 16 He kist him oer and oer again:  
'My grandson I thee claim,  
And Robin Hood in gude green wood,  
And that shall be your name.'
- 17 And mony ane sings o grass, o grass,  
And mony ane sings o corn,  
And mony ane sings o Robin Hood  
Kens little whare he was born.
- 18 It wasna in the ha, the ha,  
Nor in the painted bower,  
But it was in the gude green wood,  
Amang the lily-flower.

## B

'The Birth of Robin Hood,' Buchan's Bal-  
lads of the North of Scotland, II, 1.

- 1 MONY ane talks o the grass, the grass,  
And mony ane o the corn,  
And mony ane talks o gude Robin Hood  
Kens little whar he was born.
- 2 He was gotten in a earl's ha,  
And in a lady's bower,  
And born into gude greenwood,  
Thro mony cauld winter's shower.
- 3 His father was the earl's own steward,  
Sprung frae sma pedigree;  
His mother, Earl Huntingdon's ae  
daughter,  
For he had nane else but she.
- 4 When nine months were near an end,  
And eight months they were gone,

The lady's cheeks wi tears were wet,  
And thus she made her moan:

- 5 'What shall I say, my love Archibald  
This day for you and me?  
I will be laid in cauld irons,  
And ye'll be hanged on tree.'
- 6 'What aileth my love Clementina?  
What gars you mourn sae sair?'  
'You know,' said she, 'I'm with chi-  
to thee,  
These eight lang months and mair.'
- 7 'Will ye gae to my mother's bower,  
Stands on yon stately green?  
Or will ye gae to the gude greenwood  
Where ye will not be seen?'
- 8 'I winna gang to your mother's bower  
Stands on yon stately green;  
But I will on to gude greenwood,  
For I will not be seen.'
- 9 He's girt his sword down by his side,  
Took his lady by the hand,  
And they are on thro gude greenwood  
As fast as they could gang.
- 10 With slowly steps these couple walkd  
About miles scarcely three,  
When this lady, being sair wearied o  
Lay down beneath a tree.
- 11 'O for a few of yon junipers,  
To cheer my heart again,  
And likewise for a gude midwife,  
To ease me of my pain !'
- 12 'I'll bring to you yon junipers,  
To cheer your heart again,  
And I'll be to you a gude midwife,  
To ease you of your pain.'
- 13 'Had far awa frae me, Archibald,  
For this will never dee;  
That's nae the fashion o our land,  
And it's nae be used by me.
- 14 'Ye'll take your small-sword by yon  
side,  
Your buckler and your bow,  
And ye'll gae down thro gude gree-  
wood,  
And hunt the deer and roe.

- 15 'You will stay in gude greenwood,  
And with the chase go on,  
Until yon white hind pass you by,  
Then straight to me ye 'll come.'
- 16 He's girt his sword then by his side,  
His buckler and his bow,  
And he is on thro gude greenwood,  
To hunt the deer and roe.
- 17 And in the greenwood he did stay,  
And with the chase gaed on,  
Until the white hind passd him by,  
Then to his love he came.
- 18 He girt his sword then by his side,  
Fast thro greenwood went he,  
And there he found his love lie dead,  
Beneath the green oak tree.
- 19 The sweet young babe that she had  
born  
Right lively seemed to be;  
'Ohon, alas!' said young Archibald,  
'A mournful scene to me !
- 20 'Altho my sweet babe is alive,  
This does increase my woe;  
How to nourish a motherless babe  
Is mair than I do know.'
- 21 He looked east, he looked west,  
To see what he could see,  
Then spied the Earl o' Huntingdon,  
And mony a man him wi.
- 22 Then Archibald fled from the earl's  
face,  
Among the leaves sae green,  
That he might hear what might be said,  
And see, and nae be seen.
- 23 The earl straight thro the greenwood  
came,  
Unto the green oak tree,  
And there he saw his daughter dead,  
Her living child her wi.
- 24 Then he's taen up the little boy,  
Rowed him in his gown-sleeve;  
Said, Tho your father's to my loss,  
Your mother's to me leave.
- 25 And if ye live until I die,  
My bowers and lands ye 'se heir;

You are my only daughter's child;  
But her I never had mair.

- 26 Ye 'se hae all kinds of nourishment,  
And likewise nurses three;  
If I knew where the fause knave were,  
High hanged should he be.
- 27 His daughter he buried in gude church-  
yard,  
All in a mournful mood,  
And brought the boy to church that day,  
And christend him Robin Hood.
- 28 This boy was bred in the earl's ha  
Till he became a man,  
But loved to hunt in gude greenwood,  
To raise his noble fame.

## C

Kinloch MSS., v, 330 f., the last two stanzas  
of 'Douglass Dale.'

- 1 MONY ane speaks o grass, o grass,  
And mony mare o corn,  
And mony ane sings o Robin Heed  
Kens little whare he was born.
- 2 He was born in good green wood,  
At the fut o yon olive tree;  
His father was a knight's ae son,  
And his mother a lady free.

## 103

ROSE THE RED AND WHITE  
LILY

A was one of the fifteen ballads written down by Mrs Brown for William Tytler in 1783. The only part of the ballad which has the stamp of indubitably ancient tradition is the child-birth in the wood, and this scene is the rightful and perhaps exclusive property of 'Leesome Brand' (No. 15). Several stanzas of A are found again in No. 101, and the first part of Nos. 101 and 102 is a variation of 'Leesome Brand.'

In B (Buchan's Ballads) the two maids, ill-treated by their step-mother, betake themselves to the wood, where they meet, not Brown Robin, but Robin Hood, and take service with him. Rose and Lily change parts; Rose consorting with Robin Hood, and Lily with Little



John. It is not, however, Robin Hood and Little John who turn out to be their lovers, but "a lad in the company," and "another youth among the company."

In the fragmentary *C* (Kinloch's Ballads) the maids are daughters of a king. In consequence of the harshness of their stepmother, these king's daughters go to the wood as Nicholas and Rogee Roun, to seek Robin Hood, and they are discovered to be maids by a song which Rogee sings. Rogee is wedded to Robin Hood, and Nicholas to Little John.

Robin Hood has no love-story in any ancient ballad, though his name has been foisted into modern love-ballads, as in 'Robin Hood and the Tanner's Daughter.' Maid Marian is a late accretion.

## A

'Rose the Red and White Lilly,' Jamieson-Brown MS., p. 1.

- 1 O ROSE THE RED and White Lilly,  
Their mother dear was dead,  
And their father married an ill woman,  
Wishd them twa little guede.
- 2 Yet she had twa as fu fair sons  
As eer brake manis bread,  
And the tane of them loed her White  
Lilly,  
An the tither lood Rose the Red.
- 3 O biggit ha they a bigly bowr,  
And strawn it oer wi san,  
And there was mair mirth i the ladies'  
bowr  
Than in a' their father's lan.
- 4 But out it spake their step-mother,  
Wha stood a little foreby:  
I hope to live and play the prank  
Sal gar your loud sang ly.
- 5 She's calld upon her eldest son:  
Come here, my son, to me;  
It fears me sair, my eldest son,  
That ye maun sail the sea.
- 6 'Gin it fear you sair, my mither dear,  
Your bidding I maun dee;  
But be never war to Rose the Red  
Than ye ha been to me.'
- 7 'O had your tongue, my eldest son,  
For sma sal be her part;

You'll nae get a kiss o her comely  
mouth  
Gin your very fair heart should break.'

- 8 She's calld upon her youngest son:  
Come here, my son, to me;  
It fears me sair, my youngest son,  
That ye maun sail the sea.
- 9 'Gin it fear you sair, my mither dear,  
Your bidding I maun dee;  
But be never war to White Lilly  
Than ye ha been to me.'
- 10 'O haud your tongue, my youngest son,  
For sma sall be her part;  
You'll neer get a kiss o her comely  
mouth  
Tho your very fair heart should break.'
- 11 When Rose the Red and White Lilly  
Saw their twa loves were gane,  
Then stopped ha they their loud, loud  
sang,  
And tane up the still mournin;  
And their step-mother stood listnain by,  
To hear the ladies' mean.
- 12 Then out it spake her White Lilly:  
My sister, we'll be gane;  
Why should we stay in Barnsdale,  
To waste our youth in pain?
- 13 Then cutted ha they their green cloath-  
ing  
A little below their knee,  
An sae ha they there yallow hair,  
A little aboon there bree;  
An they've doen them to haely chapel,  
Was christened by Our Lady.
- 14 There ha they chang'd their ain twa  
names,  
Sae far frae ony town,  
An the tane o them hight Sweet Willy,  
An the tither o them Roge the Roun.
- 15 Between this twa a vow was made,  
An they sware it to fulfil;  
That at three blasts o a bugle-horn,  
She'd come her sister till.
- 16 Now Sweet Willy's gane to the kingis  
court,  
Her true-love for to see,

- An Roke the Roun to good green wood,  
Brown Robin's man to be.
- 17 As it fell out upon a day  
They a' did put the stane,  
Full seven foot ayont them a'  
She gard the puttin-stane gang.
- 18 She leand her back against an oak,  
And gae a loud Ohone!  
Then out it spake him Brown Robin,  
But that's a womau's moan!
- 19 'O ken ye by my red rose lip?  
Or by my yallow hair?  
Or ken ye by my milk-white breast?  
For ye never saw it bare?'
- 20 'I ken no by your red rose lip,  
Nor by your yallow hair;  
Nor ken I by your milk-white breast,  
For I never saw it bare;  
But come to your bowr whaever sae  
likes,  
Will find a lady there.'
- 21 'O gin ye come to my bowr within,  
Thro fraud, deceit, or guile,  
Wi this same bran that's in my han,  
I swear I will the kill.'
- 22 'But I will come thy bowr within,  
An spear nae leave,' quoth he;  
'An this same bran that's i my han  
I sall ware back on the.'
- 23 About the tenth hour of the night  
The ladie's bower-door was broken,  
An eer the first hour of the day  
The bonny knave-bairn was gotten.
- 24 When days were gane, and months were  
run,  
The lady took travailing,  
And sair she cry'd for a bowr-woman,  
For to wait her upon.
- 25 Then out it spake him Brown Robin:  
Now what needs a' this din?  
For what coud any woman do  
But I coud do the same?
- 26 'T was never my mither's fashion,' she  
says,  
'Nor sall it ever be mine,
- That belted knights shold eer remain  
Where ladies dreed their pine.
- 27 'But ye take up that bugle-horn,  
An blaw a blast for me;  
I ha a brother i the kingis court  
Will come me quickly ti.'
- 28 'O gin ye ha a brither on earth  
That ye love better nor me,  
Ye blaw the horn yoursel,' he says,  
'For ae blast I winna gie.'
- 29 She's set the horn till her mouth,  
And she's blawn three blasts sae  
shrill;  
Sweet Willy heard i the kingis court,  
And came her quickly till.
- 30 Then up it started Brown Robin,  
An an angry man was he:  
'There comes nae man this bowr within  
But first must fight wi me.'
- 31 O they hae fought that bowr within  
Till the sun was gaing down,  
Till drops o blude frae Rose the Red  
Came hailing to the groun.
- 32 She leand her back against the wa,  
Says, Robin, let a' be;  
For it is a lady born and bred  
That's foughthen sae well wi thee.
- 33 O seven foot he lap a back;  
Says, Alas, and wae is me!  
I never wisht in a' my life,  
A woman's blude to see;  
An a' for the sake of ae fair maid  
Whose name was White Lilly.
- 34 Then out it spake her White Lilly,  
An a hearty laugh laugh she:  
She's lived wi you this year an mair,  
Tho ye kentna it was she.
- 35 Now word has gane thro a' the lan,  
Before a month was done,  
That Brown Robin's man, in good green  
wood,  
Had born a bonny young son.
- 36 The word has gane to the kingis  
court,  
An to the king himsel;

- 'Now, by my fay,' the king could say,  
'The like was never heard tell!'
- 37 Then out it spake him Bold Arthur,  
An a hearty laugh laugh he:  
I trow some may has playd the loun,  
And fled her ain country.
- 38 'Bring me my steed,' then cry'd the king,  
'My bow and arrows keen;  
I'll ride mysel to good green wood,  
An see what's to be seen.'
- 39 'An 't please your grace,' said Bold Arthur,  
'My liege, I'll gang you wi,  
An try to fin a little foot-page,  
That's strayd awa frae me.'
- 40 O they've hunted i the good green wood  
The buck but an the rae,  
An they drew near Brown Robin's bowr,  
About the close of day.
- 41 Then out it spake the king in hast,  
Says, Arthur, look an see  
Gin that be no your little foot-page  
That leans against yon tree.
- 42 Then Arthur took his bugle-horn,  
An blew a blast sae shrill;  
Sweet Willy started at the sound,  
An ran him quickly till.
- 43 'O wanted ye your meat, Willy?  
Or wanted ye your fee?  
Or gat ye ever an angry word,  
That ye ran awa frae me?'
- 44 'I wanted nought, my master dear;  
To me ye ay was good;  
I came but to see my ae brother,  
That wons in this green wood.'
- 45 Then out it spake the king again,  
Says, Bonny boy, tell to me  
Wha lives into yon bigly bowr,  
Stands by yon green oak tree?
- 46 'O pardon me,' says Sweet Willy,  
'My liege, I dare no tell;  
An I pray you go no near that bowr,  
For fear they do you fell.'
- 47 'O haud your tongue, my bonny boy,  
For I winna be said nay;  
But I will gang that bowr within,  
Betide me weel or wae.'
- 48 They've lighted off their milk-white steeds,  
An saftly enterd in,  
An there they saw her White Lilly,  
Nursing her bonny yong son.
- 49 'Now, by the rood,' the king coud say,  
'This is a comely sight;  
I trow, instead of a forrester's man,  
This is a lady bright!'
- 50 Then out it spake her Rose the Red,  
An fell low down on her knee:  
O pardon us, my gracious liege,  
An our story I'll tell thee.
- 51 Our father was a wealthy lord,  
That wond in Barnsdale;  
But we had a wicked step-mother,  
That wrought us meickle bale.
- 52 Yet she had twa as fu fair sons  
As ever the sun did see,  
An the tane o them lood my sister dear,  
An the tither sayd he lood me.
- 53 Then out it spake him Bold Arthur,  
As by the king he stood:  
Now, by the faith o my body,  
This shoud be Rose the Red!
- 54 Then in it came him Brown Robin,  
Frae hunting o the deer,  
But whan he saw the king was there,  
He started back for fear.
- 55 The king has taen him by the hand,  
An bade him naithing dread;  
Says, Ye maun leave the good green wood,  
Come to the court wi speed.
- 56 Then up he took White Lilly's son,  
An set him on his knee;  
Says, Gin ye live to wiald a bran,  
My bowman ye sall bee.
- 57 The king he sent for robes of green,  
An girdles o shinning gold;

He gart the ladies be arrayd  
Most comely to behold.

58 They've done them unto Mary Kirk,  
An there gat fair wedding,  
An fan the news spread oer the lan,  
For joy the bells did ring.

59 Then out it spake her Rose the Red,  
An a hearty laugh laugh she:  
I wonder what would our step-dame  
say,  
Gin she this sight did see!

104

## PRINCE HEATHEN

The fragment A is partly explained by B, which is no doubt some stall copy, reshaped from tradition. Motherwell's copy was derived from Buchan.

## A

'The Disconsolate Lady,' The Jovial Rake's Garland, n. d., p. 6, No. 4, Bodleian Library, Douce PP, 164.

1 LADY MARGERY MAY sits in her bower,  
Sewing at her seem;  
By there comes a heathen knight,  
From her her maidenhead has tane.

2 He has put her in a tower strong,  
With double locks on fifty doors:  
'Lady Margery May, will you ga now?'  
'O ye heathen knight, not yet for you.

3 'I am asking, you heathen knight;  
What I am asking will you grant to me?  
Will ye let one of your waitmen  
A drink of your well bring to me?'

4 'Meat nor drink you shall never get,  
Nor out of that shall you never come,  
Meat nor drink shall you never get,  
Until you bear to me daughter or son.'

5 Thus time drew on, and further on,  
For travail came this young lady to;  
She travailed up, so did she down,  
But lighter could she never be.

6 'An asking, an asking, you heathen knight;  
An asking will you grant to me?  
Will you give me a scread of silk,  
For to row your young son wi?'

7 He took the horse-sheet in his hand,  
The tears came twinkling down:  
'Lady Margaret May, will ye ga now?'  
'O ye heathen knight, not yet for you.'

8 'I'll wash my young son with the milk,  
I will dry my young son with the silk;  
For hearts will break, and bands will bow;  
So dear will I love my lady now!'

## B

'Prince Heathen,' Buchan's MSS., 1, 97;  
Motherwell's MS., p. 665.

1 LADY MARGARET sat in her bower-door,  
Sewing at her silken seem,  
When by it came Prince Heathen then,  
An gae to her a gay gold ring.

2 He turnd about, an gied a bow;  
She said, Begone, I love na you;  
When he sware by his yellow hair  
That he woud gar her greet fu sair.

3 But she sware by her milk-white skin  
Prince Heathen shoud gar her greet nane:  
'O bonny may, winna ye greet now?'  
'Ye heathenish dog, nae yet for you.'

4 He's taen her in his arms twa,  
Laid her between him an the wa,  
An ere he let her free again,  
Her maidenhead frae her he's taen.  
'O bonny may, winna ye greet now?'  
'Ye heathenish dog, nae yet for you.'

5 'I killd your father in his bed,  
And your gay mother by his side,  
And your seven brothers, ane by ane,  
And they were seven pretty men.  
O bonny may, winna ye greet now?'  
'Ye heathenish dog, nae yet for you.'

6 'I'll put you in a vault o stone,  
Where five an thirty locks hing on;

Naebody there then shall you see,  
For I will keep the keys wi me.  
O bonny may, wiuna ye greet now ?  
'Ye heathenish dog, nae yet for you.'

7 He's put her in a vault o stone,  
Where five an thirty locks hing on;  
Naebody there coud eer her see,  
Prince Heathen kept the keys him wi.  
But ae she cried, What shall I do !  
The heathenish dog has gart me rue.

8 Prince Heathen from the mountains  
came,  
Attended by his armed men,  
And he's gane to the bonny may,  
And to the prison where she lay:  
'O bonny may, what do you now ?'  
'Ye heathenish dog, dying for you.'

9 'I'll take you out upon the green,  
Where women ye shall neer see ane,  
But only me and my young men,  
Till ye bring daughter hame or son.  
O bonny may, what do you now ?'  
'Ye heathenish dog, dying for you.'

10 He's taen her out upon the green,  
Where she saw women never ane,  
But only him and 's merry young men,  
Till she brought hame a bonny young  
son.  
'O bonny may, what do you now ?'  
'Ye heathenish dog, dying for you.'

11 'A drink, a drink, frae Prince Heathen's  
hand,  
Though it were frae yon cauld well  
strong !'  
'O neer a drap, Prince Heathen,' said  
one,  
'Till ye row up your bonny young son.'  
'How can I row up my bonny young  
son,  
When I hae naething to row him in ?'

12 'I will lend you my horse's sheet,  
That will row him baith head and feet.'  
As soon 's she took it in her han,  
Tears oer her cheeks down rapping ran.  
'O bonny may, ye do greet now :'  
'Ye heathenish dog, but nae for you.'

13 'But a' is for my bonny young son;  
Your sheets are rough to row him in;

Ohon, alas, sair may I rue  
That eer I saw such rogues as you !'

14 'Ye'll row my young son in the silk,  
An ye will wash him wi the milk,  
An lay my lady very saft,  
That I may see her very aft.'  
When hearts are broken, bands will bow  
Sae well 's he loved his lady now !

105

## THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

This ballad is the counterpart of one found in other languages (and represented in English by Percy's cento 'The Friar of Orders Gray,' *Reliques*, i, 225, 1765), in which a man tells a woman that the object of her affection, lover, or more commonly husband, is dead. It is found in Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and Romaic.

'True Love Requited, or, The Bayliff's Daughter of Islington.' a. Printed for P. Brooksby, Roxburghe Ballads, ii, 457. b. Printed for J. Walter, Douce Ballads, ii, fol. 229. c. Printed for P. Brooksby, *Pepys Ballads*, iii, 258, No. 256. d. Printed for P. Brooksby, *Roxburghe Ballads*, iv, 56. e. Printed for P. Brooksby, *Douce Ballads*, ii, fol. 230. f. An Aldermary Churchyard copy.

1 THERE was a youth, and a well belovd  
youth,  
And he was a esquire's son,  
He loved the bayliff's daughter dear,  
That lived in Islington.

2 She was coy, and she would not believe  
That he did love her so,  
No, nor at any time she would  
Any countenance to him show.

3 But when his friends did understand  
His fond and foolish mind,  
They sent him up to fair London,  
An apprentice for to bind.

4 And when he had been seven long years,  
And his love he had not seen,  
'Many a tear have I shed for her  
sake  
When she little thought of me.'



- 5 All the maids of Islington  
Went forth to sport and play;  
All but the bayliff's daughter dear;  
She secretly stole away.
- 6 She put off her gown of gray,  
And put on her puggish attire;  
She's up to fair London gone,  
Her true-love to require.
- 7 As she went along the road,  
The weather being hot and dry,  
There was she aware of her true-love,  
At length came riding by.
- 8 She stept to him, as red as any rose,  
And took him by the bridle-ring:  
'I pray you, kind sir, give me one penny,  
To ease my weary limb.'
- 9 'I prithe, sweetheart, canst thou tell me  
Where that thou wast born?'  
'At Islington, kind sir,' said she,  
'Where I have had many a scorn.'
- 10 'I prithe, sweetheart, canst thou tell me  
Whether thou dost know  
The bailiff's daughter of Islington?'  
'She's dead, sir, long ago.'
- 11 'Then will I sell my goodly steed,  
My saddle and my bow;  
I will into some far countrey,  
Where no man doth me know.'
- 12 'O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth!  
She's alive, she is not dead;  
Here she standeth by thy side,  
And is ready to be thy bride.'
- 13 'O farewell grief, and welcome joy,  
Ten thousand times and more!  
For now I have seen my own true-love,  
That I thought I should have seen no  
more.'

106

## THE FAMOUS FLOWER OF SERVING-MEN

This ballad was given in Percy's Reliques, II, 87, 1765, "from a written copy, containing some improvements (perhaps modern ones)." These improvements are execrable in style and

matter, so far as there is new matter, but not in so glaring contrast with the groundwork as literary emendations of traditional ballads. The Roxburghe copy is in the Ballad Society's edition, vi, 567.

a. Wood, E. 25, fol. 75, Bodleian Library.  
b. Pepys, III, 142, No. 140, Magdalene College Library, Cambridge. c. A Collection of Old Ballads, I, 216, 1723.

- 1 You beautilous ladies, great and small,  
I write unto you one and all,  
Whereby that you may understand  
What I have suffered in this land.
- 2 I was by birth a lady fair,  
My father's chief and onely heir,  
But when my good old father dy'd,  
Then was I made a young knight's  
bride.
- 3 And then my love built me a bower,  
Bedeckt with many a fragrant flower;  
A braver bower you never did see  
Then my true-love did build for me.
- 4 But there came thieves late in the night,  
They rob'd my bower, and slew my  
knight,  
And after that my knight was slain,  
I could no longer there remain.
- 5 My servants all from me did flye,  
In the midst of my extremitie,  
And left me by my self alone,  
With a heart more cold then any  
stone.
- 6 Yet, though my heart was full of care,  
Heaven would not suffer me to despair;  
Wherefore in hast I chang'd my name  
From Fair Elise to Sweet William.
- 7 And therewithal I cut my hair,  
And drest my self in man's attire,  
My doublet, hose, and bever-hat,  
And a golden band about my neck.
- 8 With a silver rapier by my side,  
So like a gallant I did ride;  
The thing that I delighted on,  
Was for to be a serving-man.
- 9 Thus in my sumptuous man's array,  
I bravely rode along the way;

- And at the last it chanced so  
That I unto the king's court did go.
- 10 Then to the king I bowed full low,  
My love and duty for to show,  
And so much favour I did crave  
That I a serving-man's place might have.
- 11 'Stand up, brave youth,' the king replyd,  
'Thy service shall not be denyd;  
But tell me first what thou canst do;  
Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.
- 12 'Wilt thou be usher of my hall,  
To wait upon my nobles all?  
Or wilt thou be taster of my wine,  
To wait on me when I shall dine?
- 13 'Or wilt thou be my chamberlain,  
To make my bed both soft and fine?  
Or wilt thou be one of my guard?  
And I will give thee thy reward.'
- 14 Sweet William, with a smiling face,  
Said to the king, If 't please your grace  
To show such favour unto me,  
Your chamberlain I fain would be.
- 15 The king then did the nobles call,  
To ask the counsel of them all,  
Who gave consent Sweet William he  
The king's own chamberlain should be.
- 16 Now mark what strange things came to  
pass:  
As the king one day a hunting was,  
With all his lords and noble train,  
Sweet William did at home remain.
- 17 Sweet William had no company then  
With him at home but an old man;  
And when he saw the coast was clear,  
He took a lute which he had there.
- 18 Upon the lute Sweet William plaid,  
And to the same he sung and said,  
With a pleasant and most noble voice,  
Which made the old man to rejoice:
- 20 'And I my self a lady gay,  
Bedeckt with gorgeous rich array;  
The bravest lady in the land  
Had not more pleasures to command.
- 21 'I had my musick every day,  
Harmonious lessons for to play;  
I had my virgins fair and free,  
Continually to wait on me.
- 22 'But now, alas! my husband's dead,  
And all my friends are from me fled;  
My former joys are past and gone,  
For now I am a serving-man.'
- 23 At last the king from hunting came,  
And presently upon the same  
He called for the good old man,  
And thus to speak the king began.
- 24 'What news, what news, old man?'  
quod he;  
'What news hast thou to tell to me?'  
'Brave news,' the old man he did say;  
'Sweet William is a lady gay.'
- 25 'If this be true thou tellest me  
I'll make thee a lord of high degree;  
But if thy words do prove a lye,  
Thou shalt be hanged up presently.'
- 26 But when the king the truth had found,  
His joys did more and more abound;  
According as the old man did say,  
Sweet William was a lady gay.
- 27 Therefore the king without delay  
Put on her glorious rich array,  
And upon her head a crown of gold,  
Which was most famous to behold.
- 28 And then, for fear of further strife,  
He took Sweet William for his wife;  
The like before was never seen,  
A serving-man to be a queen.

The first stanza of A furnishes a sort of general lyrical introduction, and does not belong to the story. A fragment in Campbell's MSS. (B) is simply a confused recollection of some parts of the ballad.

## A

'Will Stewart and Iohn,' Percy MS., p. 428;  
Hales and Furnivall, III, 216.

1 ADLATTs parke is wyde and broad,  
And grasse growes greene in our  
countrie;  
Eche man can gett the loue of his ladye,  
But alas, I can gett none of mine!

2 Itt's by two men I sing my song,  
Their names is William Stewart and  
Iohn;  
William he is the elder brother,  
But Iohn hee is the wiser man.

3 But William he is in care-bed layd,  
And for the loue of a ffaire ladye;  
If he haue not the loue of the Erle of  
Mar's daughter,  
In ffaith ffor loue *that* he must dye.

4 Then Iohn was sorry ffor his brother,  
To see him lye and languish soe:  
'What doe you mourne for, brother?'  
he saies,  
'I pray you tell to me your woe.

5 'Doe [you] mourne for gold, brother?'  
he saies,  
'Or doe you mourne ffor ffee?  
'Or doe you mourne for a likesome  
ladye,  
You neuer saw her with your eye?'

6 'I doe not mourne for gold,' he saies,  
'Nor I doe not mourne for any  
ffee;  
But I doe mourne for a likesome ladye,  
I neere blinke on her with mine  
eye.'

7 'But when haruest is gotten, my deere  
brother —  
All this is true *that* I tell thee —  
Gentlemen, they loue hunting well,  
And giue wight-men their cloth and  
ffee.

8 'Then I'le goe a wooing ffor thy sake,  
In all the speed *that* I can gone,  
And for to see this likesome ladye,  
And hope to send thee good tydings  
home.'

9 Iohn Stewart is gone a wooing for his  
brother,  
Soe ffarr into ffaire Scotland,  
And left his brother in mikle ffeare,  
Vntill he heard the good tydand.

10 And when he came to the Erle of Mar's  
his house,  
Soe well he could his curtesye,  
And when he came before the erle,  
He kneeled low downe vpon his knee.

11 'O rise vp, rise vp, Iohn Stewart,  
Rise vp, now, I doe bidd thee;  
How doth thy ffather, Iohn Stewart,  
And all the lords in his countrie?'

12 'And itt please you, my lord, my ffather  
is dead;  
My brother and I cannott agree;  
My brother and I am ffallen att discord,  
And I am come to craue a service of  
thee.'

13 'O welcome, welcome, Iohn Stewart,  
A welcome man thou art to me;  
I'le make thee chamberlaine to my  
daughter,  
And ffor to tend of *that* ladye soe  
free.

14 'And if thou wilt haue a better office,  
Aske, and thou shall haue itt of mee;  
And where I giue other men a penny of  
wage,  
Inffaith, Iohn, thou shalt haue three.'

15 And then bespake him Iohn Stewart,  
And these were the words said hee:  
There is no office in your court  
This day *that* better pleaseth mee.

16 The Ffryday is gone, the Sunday is  
come —  
All this is true *that* I doe say —  
And to the church that they be gone,  
Iohn Stewart and the lady gay.

17 And as they did come home againe —  
I-wis itt was a meeten mile —  
Iohn Stewart and the lady gay,  
They thought itt but a [little] while.

18 'I am a messenger, ladye,' he saies,  
'I am a messenger to thee:'

- 'O speake ffor thy selfe, Iohn Stewart,  
shee saies,  
'A welcome man *that* thou shalt bee.'
- 19 'Nay, by my ffaith,' saies Iohn Stewart,  
'Which euer, alas, *that* may not bee!  
He hath a higher degree in honour,  
Allas, ladye, then euer I!
- 20 'He is a lord now borne by birth,  
And an erle after his ffather doth dye;  
His haire is yellow, his eyes beene gray;  
All this is true *that* I tell yee.
- 21 'He is ffine in the middle, and small in  
the wast,  
And pleasant in a woman's eye;  
And more nor this, he dyes for your loue,  
Therefore, lady, show some pittye.'
- 22 'If this be soe,' then saies the lady,  
'If this be true *that* thou tells mee,  
By my ffaith then, Iohn Stewart,  
I can loue him hartilye.
- 23 'Bidd him meete me att S<sup>t</sup> Patr[i]cke's  
Church  
On Sunday after S<sup>t</sup> Andrew's day;  
The flouer of Scotland will be there,  
And then begins our summer's play.
- 24 'And bidd him bring with him a hundred  
gunners,  
And rawnke ryders lett them bee,  
And lett them bee of the rankest ryders  
*That* be to be ffound in *that* countrie.
- 25 'They best and worst, and all in like,  
Bidd him cloth them in one liurye;  
And ffor his men, greene is the bēst,  
And greene now lett their liuries bee.
- 26 'And clothe himselfe in scarlett redd,  
*That* is soe seemlye ffor to see;  
Ffor scarlett is a ffaire coulour,  
And pleasant allwayes in a woman's  
eye.
- 27 'He must play sixteene games att ball,  
Against the men of this countrie,  
And if he winn the greater part,  
Then I shall love him more tenderlye.'
- 28 What the lady said, Iohn Stewart writt,  
And to Argyle Castle sent it hee;
- And [when] Willie Steward saw the  
letter,  
Fforth of care-bed then lope hee.
- 29 Hee mustered together his merry men  
all,  
Hee mustered them soe louelilye;  
Hee thought hee had had scarson halfe  
a hundred,  
Then had hee eleuen score and three.
- 30 He chose fforth a hundred of the best  
*That* were to be ffound in *that* coun-  
trye,  
He cladd them all in one coulour,  
And greene i-wis their liuries bee.
- 31 He cladd himselfe in scarlett redd,  
*That* is soe seemlye ffor to see;  
Ffor scarlett is a ffaire coulour,  
And seemlye in a woman's eye.
- 32 And then towards Patricke Church he  
went,  
With all his men in braue array,  
To gett a sight, if he might,  
And speake with his lady gay.
- 33 When they came to Patricke's church,  
Shee kneeled downe by her mother  
trulye:  
'O mother, if itt please you to giue me  
leauē,  
The Stewart's horsse ffaine wold I  
see.'
- 34 'I'll giue you leauē, my deere daughter,  
And I and my maide will goe with  
yee:'  
The lady had rather haue gone her  
selfe  
Then haue had her mother's com-  
panye.
- 35 When they came before Willie Steward,  
Soe well hee cold his curtesye:  
'I wold kisse your daughter, ladye,' he  
said,  
'And if your will *that* soe itt bee.'
- 36 The ladye's mother was content  
To doe a straunger *that* curtesye;  
And when Willie had gotten a kisse.  
I-wis shee might haue teemed him  
three.

- 7 Sixteen games were plaid *that* day there —  
This is the truth as I doe say —  
Willie Stewart and his merry men,  
Thé carryed twelue of them away.
- 8 And when they games *that* they were done,  
And all they ffolkes away were gone  
But the Erle of Marr and William Stewart,  
The erle wold needs haue William home.
- 9 And when they came vnto the erle's howse,  
They walked to a garden greene;  
Ffor to conferr of their bussines,  
Into the garden they be gone.
- 0 'I loue your daughter,' saies William Stewart,  
'But I cannott tell whether she loueth mee:'  
'Marry, God defend,' saies the Erle of Mar,  
'*That* euer soe *that* itt shold bee !
- 1 'I had rather a gallowes there was made,  
And hange thee ffor my daughter's sake;  
I had rather a ffyer were made att a stake,  
And burne thee ffor my daughter's sake !
- 2 'To chamber, to chamber, gay ladye,' he saies,  
'In the deuill's name now I bidd thee !  
And thou gett thee not to the chamber soone,  
I 'le beate thee before the Stewart's eye.'
- 3 And then bespake William Stewart,  
These were the words said hee:  
'If thou beate thy daughter for my sake,  
Thou'st beate a hundred men and mee.'
- 4 Then bespake Iohn Stewart —  
Lord ! an angry man was hee —

- 'O churle, if thou wouldest not haue macht with my brother,  
Thou might haue answerd him curteouslye.'
- 45 'O hold thy peace, Iohn Stewart,  
And chamber thy words now, I bidd thee;  
If thou chamber not thy words soone,  
Thou'st loose a good service; soe shalt thou doe me.'
- 46 'Marry ! hang them *that* cares,' saies Iohn Stewart,  
'Either ffor thy service or ffor thee;  
Services can I haue enoughe,  
But brethren wee must euer bee.'
- 47 William Stewart and his brother Iohn,  
To Argyle Castle gon they bee;  
And when Willye came to Argyle Castle,  
Into care-bedd then lope hee.
- 48 A parlaiment att Edenborrow was made,  
The king and his nobles all mett there;  
Thé sent ffor William Stewart and Iohn,  
To come amongst the other peeres.
- 49 Their clothing was of scarlett redd,  
That was soe seemelye ffor to see;  
Blacke hatts, white feathers plewed with gold,  
And sett all on their heads trulye.
- 50 Their stockings were of twisted silke,  
With garters ffringed about with gold;  
Their shoes were of the cordevine,  
And all was comelye to behold.
- 51 And when they came to Edenborrowe,  
They called ffor Iohn Stewart and Willie:  
'I answer in a lord's roome,' saies Will Stewart,  
'But an erle I hope to bee.'
- 52 'Come downe, come downe,' saies the Lord of Marr,  
'I knew not what was thy degree:'  
'O churle, if I might not haue macht with thy daughter,  
Itt had not beene long of my degree.



- 53 'My ffather, hee is the *king* his brother,  
And then the *king* is vncke to me;  
O churle, if I might not haue macht  
with thy daughter,  
Itt had not beene long of my degree.'
- 54 'O hold your peace,' then sayd the *king*,  
'Cozen William, I doe bidd thee;  
Infaith, cozen William, he loues you the  
worsse  
Because you are a-kinn to mee.
- 55 'I'le make thee an erle with a siluer  
wande,  
And adde more honors still to thee;  
Thy brother Ihon shall be a lord,  
Of the best att home in his countrye.
- 56 'Thy brother Kester shalbe a *knight*,  
Lands and liuings I will him giue,  
And still hee shall liue in court with mee,  
And I'le maintaine him whilest he  
doth liue.'
- 57 And when the parlaiment was done,  
And all the ffolkes away were gone,  
Willie Stewart and Iohn his brother,  
To Argyle Castle they be gone.
- 58 But when they came to Argyle Castle,  
That was soe ffarr in *that* countrye,  
He thought soe much then of his loue  
*That* into care-bedd then lope hee.
- 59 Iohn Stewart did see his brother soe ill,  
Lord, in his heart *that* hee was woe!  
'I will goe wooing for thy sake  
Againe yonder gay ladye to.
- 60 'I'le cloth my selfe in strange array,  
In a beggar's habbitt I will goe,  
*That* when I come before the Erle of  
Marr  
My clothing strange he shall not  
knowe.'
- 61 Iohn hee gott on a clouted cloake,  
Soe meete and low then by his knee,  
With four garters vpon one legg,  
Two aboue, and towe below trulye.
- 62 'But if thou be a beggar, brother,  
Thou art a beggar *that* is vnknowne;  
Ffor thou art one of the stoutest beggars  
*That* euer I saw since I was borne.
- 63 'Heere, geeue the lady this gay gold  
ringe,  
A token to her *that* well is knowne;  
And if shee but aduise itt well,  
Shee'le know some time itt was her  
owne.'
- 64 'Stay, by my ffaith, I goe not yett,'  
Iohn Stewart he can repley;  
'I'le haue my bottle ffull of beere,  
The best *that* is in thy butterye.
- 65 'I'le haue my sachell ffilld full of meate,  
I am sure, brother, [it] will doe noe  
harme;  
Ffor, before I come to the Erle of Marr's  
his house,  
My lipps, I am sure, they wilbe  
warme.'
- 66 And when he came to the Erle of Marr's  
house,  
By chance itt was of the dole-day;  
But Iohn cold ffind no place to stand,  
Vntill he came to the ladye gaye.
- 67 But many a beggar he threw downe,  
And made them all with weeping  
say,  
He is the devill, hee is no beggar,  
*That* is come fforth of some strange  
countrye.
- 68 And now the dole *that* itt is delte,  
And all the beggars be gon away,  
Sauing Iohn Stewart, *that* seemed a  
beggar,  
And the ladye *that* was soe gay.
- 69 'Lady,' sais Iohn, 'I am no beggar,  
As by my clothes you may thinke  
*that* I bee;  
I am your servant, Iohn Stewart,  
And I am sent a messenger to thee.'
- 70 'But if thou be Iohn Stewart,  
As I doe thinke *that* thou bee,  
Avayle thy capp, avayle thy hoode,  
And I will stand and speake to thee.
- 71 'How doth thy brother, Iohn Stewart,  
And all the lords in his countrye?'  
'O ffeye vpon thee, wicked woman!  
My brother he doth the worsse ffo  
thee.'

72 With *that* the teares stood in her eyes;  
O lord, shee wept soe tenderlye !  
Sais, Ligg the blame vnto my ffather;  
I pray you, Iohn Stewart, lay itt not  
to mee.

73 Comend me to my owne true-loue,  
*That* liues soe farr in the North  
countrie,  
And bidd him meete me att Martings-  
dale,  
Ffullye w[i]thin these dayes three.

74 Hang them, sais the lady gay,  
*That* lets their ffather witting bee !  
I 'le prone a ladye full of loue,  
And be there by the sunn be a quar-  
ter highe.

75 And bidd him bring with him a hundred  
gunners,  
And ranke riders lett them bee;  
Lett them be of the rankest ryders  
*That* be to be ffound in *that* countrie.

76 The best and worse, and all in like,  
Bidd him clothe them in one liuerye;  
And for his men, greene is the best,  
And greene now lett their lyueryes  
bee.

77 And cloth himselfe in scarlett redd,  
*That* is soe seemelye for to see;  
For scarlett is a ffaire coulour,  
And pleasant in a woman's eye.

78 What they lady sayd, Iohn Stewart  
writt,  
To Argyle Castle sent itt hee;  
His bagg and his dish and showing  
horne,  
Unto three beggars he gaue them all  
three.

79 And when Willie Stewart saw the let-  
ter,  
Fforth of care-bed then lope hee;  
He thought himselfe as lustye and sound  
As any man in *that* countrie.

80 He mustered together his merrymen all,  
He mustered them soe louinglye;  
He thought he had had scarce halfe a  
hundred,  
Then had hee eleuen score and three.

81 He chose fforth a hundred of the best  
*That* were to be found in *that* com-  
panye,  
And presentlye they tooke their horsse,  
And to Martingsdale posted hee.

82 And when he came to Martingsdale,  
He found his loue staying there trulye,  
For shee was a lady true of loue,  
And was there by [the] sunn was a  
quarter highe.

83 Shee kisst William Stewart and his  
brother Iohn,  
Soe did shee part of his merry men:  
'If the churle, thy ffather, hee were  
here,  
He shold not haue thee backe againe.'

84 They sent ffor preist, they sent ffor  
clarke,  
And they were marryed there with  
speede;  
William tooke the lady home with him,  
And they liued together long time  
indeed.

85 And in twelue monthe soe they wrought,  
The lady shee was great with childe;  
Thé sent Iohn Stewart to the Erle off  
Marre,  
To come and christen the barne soe  
milde.

86 'And if this be soe,' sayes the Erle of  
Marre,  
'Iohn Stewart, as thou tells mee,  
I hope in God you haue marryed my  
daughter,  
And put her bodye to honestye.'

87 'Nay, by my ffaith,' then saies Iohn  
Stewart,  
'Ffor euer alas *that* shall not bee;  
Ffor now wee haue put her body to  
shame,  
Thou'st haue her againe hame to  
thee.'

88 'I had rather make thee Erle of Marre,  
And marry my daughter vnto thee;  
For by my ffaith,' saies the Erle of  
Marr,  
'Her marryage is marrd in our  
countrie.'

89 'If this be soe,' then sais Iohn Stewart,  
 'A marryage soone *that* thou shalt  
 see;  
 Ffor my brother William, my ffather's  
 heyre,  
 Shall marry thy daughter before thine  
 eye.'

90 They sent ffor preist, thé sent ffor  
 clarke,  
 And marryed there they were with  
 speed;  
 And William Stewart is Erle of Marr,  
 And his ffather-in-law dwells with  
 him indeed.

## 108

## CHRISTOPHER WHITE

This ballad is found in the Percy MS. only.

'Christopher White,' Percy MS., p. 518;  
 Hales and Furnivall, III, 494.

1 As I walked fforth one morninge,  
 By one place *that* pleased mee,  
 Wherin I heard a wandering wight,  
 Sais, Christopher White is good com-  
 panye.

2 I drew me neere, and very neere,  
 Till I was as neere as neere cold bee;  
 Loth I was her counsell to discreene,  
 Because I wanted companye.

3 'Say on, say on, thou well faire mayd,  
 Why makest thou moane soe heauilye?'  
 Sais, All is ffor one wandering wight,  
 Is banished fforth of his owne coun-  
 trye.

4 'I am the burgesse of Edenburrow,  
 Soe am I more of townes three;  
 I haue money and gold great store,  
 Come, sweet wench, and ligg thy loue  
 on mee.'

5 The merchant pulled forth a bagg of  
 gold  
 Which had hundreds two or three;  
 Sais, Euery day throughout the weeke  
 I 'le comt as much downe on thy knee.

6 'O merchant, take thy gold againe,  
 A good liuing 't will purchase thee;  
 If I be ffalse to *Christopher White*,  
 Merchant, I cannott be true to thee.

7 Sais, I haue halls, soe haue I bowers,  
 Sais, I haue shippes sayling on the sea  
 I ame the burgesse of Edenburrowe;  
 Come, sweete wench, ligge thy loue  
 on mee.

8 Come on, come, thou well faire mayde,  
 Of our matters lett vs goe through,  
 For to-morrowe I 'le marry thee,  
 And thy dwelling shalbe in Edenbur-  
 rowe.

9 The lady shee tooke this gold in her  
 hand,  
 The teares thé fell ffast ffrom her eye  
 Sais, Siluer and gold makes my hart to  
 turne,  
 And makes me leaue good companye.

10 They had not beene marryed  
 Not ouer monthes two or three,  
 But tydings came to Edenburrowe  
 That all the merchants must to the  
 sea.

11 Then as this lady sate in a deske,  
 Shee made a loue-letter ffull round;  
 Shee mad a *lettre* to *Christopher White*,  
 And in itt shee put a hundred pound.

12 Shee lin'd the letter with gold soe red,  
 And mony good store in itt was found  
 Shee sent itt to *Christopher White*,  
 That was soe ffar in the Scotts ground.

13 Shee bade him then ffrankely spend,  
 And looke *that* hee shold merry bee,  
 And bid him come to Edenburrowe,  
 Now all the merchants be to the sea.

14 But *Christopher* came to leaue London  
 And there he kneeled lowly downe,  
 And there hee begd his pardon then,  
 Of our noble king *that* ware the  
 crowne.

15 But when he came to his true-loue's  
 house,  
 Which was made both of lime and  
 stone,

- Shee tooke him by the lily-white hand,  
Sais, True-loue, you are welcome  
home!
- 6 Welcome, my honey, welcome, my ioy,  
Welcome, my true-loue, home to mee!  
Ffor thou art hee *that* will lengthen my  
dayes,  
And I know thou art good companye.
- 7 *Christopher*, I am a merchant's wiffe;  
*Christopher*, the more shall be your  
gaine;  
Siluer and gold you shall haue enough,  
Of the merchant's gold *that* is in  
Spaine.
- 8 'But if you be a merchant's wiffe,  
Something to much you are to blame;  
I will thee reade a loue-letter  
Shall sture thy stumpes, thou noble  
dame.'
- 9 'Although I be a marchant's wiffe,  
. . . shall . . . mine  
. . . and g . . .  
Into England I 'le goe with the.'
- 10 They packet vp both siluer and plate,  
Siluer and gold soe great plentye,  
And they be gon into Litle England,  
And the marchant must them neuer  
see.
- 11 And when the merchants they came  
home,  
Their wiues to eche other can say,  
Heere hath beene good *Christopher White*,  
And he hath tane thy wiffe away.
- 12 They haue packett vp spoone and plate,  
Siluer and gold great plenty,  
And they be gon into Litle England,  
And them againe thow must neuer see.
- 13 'I care nott ffor my siluer and gold,  
Nor for my plate soe great plentye,  
But I mourne for *that* like-some ladye  
*That Christopher White* hath tane ffrom  
mee.
- 14 'But one thing I must needs confesse,  
This lady shee did say to me,  
If shee were false to *Christopher White*,  
Shee cold neuer be true to mee.

- 25 'All young men a warning take,  
A warning, looke, you take by mee;  
Looke *that* you loue your old lous best,  
For infaith they are best companye.'

109

## TOM POTTS

Besides the copy in the Percy MS. there are two broadside versions (B, C). All three are of the seventeenth century, and the ballad need not be put much beyond that date. Modernized editions, differing much, were issued in the century following, perhaps earlier, some of which have a Second Part, narrating the happy married life of Tom Potts, Lord Arundel, and Fair Rosamond. Unequal matches are common enough in ballads and romances, and very naturally, since they are an easy expedient for exciting interest, at least with those who belong to the humbler party. We have other ballad-examples of disparagement on the female side in 'Richie Story' (No. 232) and 'The Kitchie-Boy' (No. 252).

## A

'Thomas of Potte,' Percy MS., p. 409; Hales and Furnivall, III, 135.

- 1 ALL you lords of Scotland ffaire,  
And ladyes alsoe, bright of blee,  
There is a ladye amongst them all,  
Of her report you shall heare of me.
- 2 Of her bewtye shee is soe bright,  
And of her colour soe bright of blee;  
Shee is daughter to the Lord Arrndell,  
His heyre apparant ffor to bee.
- 3 'I 'le see *that* bryde,' Lord Phenix sayes,  
'*That* is a ladye of hye degree,  
And iff I like her countenance well,  
The heyre of all my land shee'st bee.'
- 4 To *that* ladye ffayre Lord Phenix came,  
And to *that* like-some dame said hee,  
Now God thee saue, my ladye ffaire,  
The heyre of all my land tho'st bee.
- 5 'Leane of your suite,' the ladye sayd;  
'You are a lord of honor ffree;  
You may gett ladyes enowe att home,  
And I haue a loue in mine owne  
countrie.

- 6 'I haue a louer true of mine owne,  
A seruinge-man of a small degree;  
Thomas a Pott, itt is his name,  
He is the ffirst loue *that* euer I had,  
and the last *that* hee shalbee.'
- 7 'Giue Thomas a Pott then be his name,  
I wott I ken him soe readilye;  
I can spend forty pounds by weeke,  
And hee cannott spend pounds three.'
- 8 'God giue you good of your gold,' said  
the ladye,  
'And alsoe, sir, of your ffee !  
Hee was the ffirst loue *that* euer I  
had,  
And the last, sir, shall hee bee.'
- 9 With *that* Lord Phenix was sore amoued;  
Vnto her ffather then went hee;  
Hee told her ffather how itt was proued,  
How *that* his daughter's mind was  
sett.
- 10 'Thou art my daughter,' the Erle of  
Arrndell said,  
'The heyre of all my land to bee;  
Thou 'st be bryde to the Lord Phenix,  
Daughter, giue thou 'le be heyre to  
mee.'
- 11 For lacke of her loue this ladye must  
lose,  
Her foolish wooing lay all aside;  
The day is appoynted, and ffreinds are  
agreede;  
Shee is fforete to be the Lord Phenix  
bryde.
- 12 With *that* the lady began to muse —  
A greened woman, God wott, was  
shee —  
How shee might Lord Phenix beguile,  
And scape vnmarried ffrom him *that*  
day.
- 13 Shee called to her her litle ffoote-page,  
To Iacke her boy, soe tenderlye;  
Sayes, Come thou hither, thou litle ffoote-  
page,  
For indeed I dare trust none but thee.
- 14 To Strawberry Castle, boy, thou must  
goe,  
To Thomas Pott there as hee can bee,  
And giue him here this letter ffaire,  
And on Guilford Greene bidd him  
meete me.
- 15 Looke thou marke his contenance well,  
And his colour tell to mee;  
And hye thee ffast, and come againe,  
And forty shillings I will giue thee.
- 16 For if he blush in his fface,  
Then in his hart hee 'se sorry bee;  
Then lett my ffather say what hee will,  
For false to Potts I 'le neuer bee.
- 17 And giue hee smile then with his mouth,  
Then in his heart hee 'le merry be;  
Then may hee gett him a loue where-  
euer he can,  
For small of his companye my part  
shalbe.
- 18 Then one while *that* the boy hee went,  
Another while, God wott, rann hee,  
And when hee came to Strawberry Cas-  
tle,  
There Thomas Potts hee see.
- 19 Then he gaue him this letter ffaire,  
And when he began then for to reade,  
They boy had told him by word of mouth  
His loue must be the Lord Phenix  
bryde.
- 20 With *that*, Thomas a Pott began to  
blushe,  
The teares trickeled in his eye:  
'Indeed this letter I cannot reede,  
Nor neuer a word to see or spye.
- 21 'I pray thee, boy, to me thou 'le be trew  
And heer's ffive marke I will giue thee  
And all these words thou must peruse,  
And tell thy lady this ffrom mee.
- 22 'Tell her by ffaith and troth shee is  
mine owne,  
By some part of promise, and soe itt 's  
be found;  
Lord Phenix shall neuer marry her, by  
night nor day,  
Without he can winn her with his  
hand.
- 23 'On Gilford Greene I will her meete,  
And bidd *that* ladye ffor mee pray;



- For there I 'le loose my liffe soe sweete,  
Or else the wedding I will stay.'
- 4 Then backe againe the boy he went,  
As ffast againe as he cold hye;  
The ladye mett him ffive mile on the way:  
'Why hast thou stayd soe long?' saies shee.
- 5 'Boy,' said the ladye, 'thou art but younge;  
To please my mind thou 'le mocke and scorne;  
I will not beleuee thee on word of mouth,  
Vnlesse on this booke thou wilt be sworne.'
- 6 'Marry, by this booke,' the boy can say,  
'As Christ himselfe be true to mee,  
Thomas Pott cold not his letter reade  
For teares trickling in his eye.'
- 7 'If this be true,' the ladye sayd,  
'Thou bonny boy, thou tells to mee,  
Forty shillings I did thee promise,  
But heere 's ten pounds I 'le giue itt thee.
- 8 'All my maids,' the lady sayd,  
'That this day doe waite on mee,  
Wee will ffall downe vpon our knees,  
For Thomas Pott now pray will wee.
- 9 'If his ffortune be now ffor to winn —  
Wee will pray to Christ in Triny-tye —  
I 'le make him the fflower of all his kinn,  
Ffor they Lord of Arrundale he shal-be.'
- 10 Now lett vs leaue talking of this ladye faire,  
In her prayer good where shee can bee;  
And I 'le tell you hou Thomas Pott  
For ayd to his lord and master came hee.
- 11 And when hee came Lord Iockye before,  
He kneeled him low downe on his knee;  
Saies, Thou art welcome, Thomas Pott,  
Thou art allwayes full of thy curtesye.
- 32 Has thou slaine any of thy ffellowes,  
Or hast thou wrought me some villanye?  
'Sir, none of my ffellowes I haue slaine,  
Nor I haue wrought you noe villanye.
- 33 'But I haue a loue in Scottland ffaire,  
I doubt I must lose her through pouertye;  
If you will not beleuee me by word of mouth,  
Behold the letter shee writt vnto mee.'
- 34 When Lord Iockye looked the letter vpon,  
The tender words in itt cold bee,  
'Thomas Pott, take thou no care,  
Thou 'st neuer loose her through pouertye.
- 35 'Thou shalt have forty pounds a weeke,  
In gold and siluer thou shalt rowe,  
And Harbye towne I will thee allowe  
As longe as thou dost meane to wooe.
- 36 'Thou shalt haue fortye of thy ffellowes ffaire,  
And forty horsse to goe with thee,  
And forty speares of the best I haue,  
And I my-selfe in thy companye.'
- 37 'I thanke you, master,' sayd Thomas Pott,  
'Neither man nor boy shall goe with mee;  
I wold not ffor a thousand pounds  
Take one man in my companye.'
- 38 'Why then, God be with thee, Thomas Pott!  
Thou art well knowen and proued for a man;  
Looke thou shedd no guiltlesse bloode,  
Nor neuer confound no gentleman.
- 39 'But looké thou take with him some truce,  
Apoint a place of lybertye;  
Lett him provide as well as hee cann,  
And as well provided thou shalt bee.'
- 40 And when Thomas Pott came to Gilford Greene,  
And walked there a litle beside,

- Then was hee ware of the Lord Phenix,  
And with him Ladye Rozamund his  
bryde.
- 41 Away by the bryde rode Thomas of Pott,  
But noe word to her *that* he did say;  
But when he came Lord Phenix before,  
He gaue him the right time of the  
day.
- 42 'O thou art welcome, Thomas a Potts,  
Thou serving-man, welcome to mee!  
How ffares they lord and master att  
home,  
And all the ladyes in thy cuntrye?'
- 43 'Sir, my lord and my master is in verry  
good health,  
I wott I ken itt soe readylye;  
I pray you, will you ryde to one outsyde,  
A word or towe to talke with mee.
- 44 'You are a nobleman,' sayd Thomas a  
Potts,  
'Yee are a borne lord in Scotland  
ffree;  
You may gett ladyes enowe att home;  
You shall neuer take my loue ffrom  
mee.'
- 45 'Away, away, thou Thomas a Potts!  
Thou seruing-man, stand thou a-side!  
I wott there's not a serving-man this  
day,  
I know, can hinder mee of my bryde.'
- 46 'If I be but a seruing-man,' sayd  
Thomas,  
'And you are a lord of honor ffree,  
A speare or two I'le with you runn,  
Before I'le loose her thus cowardlye.'
- 47 'On Gilford Greene,' Lord Phenix saies,  
'I'le thee meete;  
Neither man nor boy shall come hither  
with mee;  
'And as I am a man,' said Thomas a  
Pott,  
'I'le haue as ffew in my companye.'
- 48 With *that* the wedding-day was stayd,  
The bryde went vnmarrried home  
again;e  
Then to her maydens ffast shee loughed,  
And in her hart shee was ffull ffaine.
- 49 'But all my mayds,' they ladye sayd,  
'*That* this day doe waite on mee,  
Wee will ffall downe againe vpon our  
knees,  
For Thomas a Potts now pray will  
wee.
- 50 'If his ffortune be ffor to winn—  
Wee 'le pray to Christ in Trynitye—  
I'le make him the fflower of all his kinn.  
For the Lord of Arrundale he shalbe.'
- 51 Now let vs leaue talking of this ladye  
fayre,  
In her prayers good where shee can  
bee;  
I'le tell you the troth how Thomas a Potts  
For aide to his lord againe came hee.
- 52 And when he came to Strawberry Castle,  
To try ffor his ladye he had but one  
weeke;  
Alacke, ffor sorrow hee cannott ffor-  
beare,  
For four dayes then he ffell sicke.
- 53 With *that* his lord and master to him  
came,  
Sayes, I pray thee, Thomas, tell mee  
without all doubt,  
Whether hast thou gotten the bonny  
ladye,  
Or thou man gange the ladye with-  
oute.
- 54 'Marry, master, yett *that* matter is vn-  
tryde;  
Within two dayes tryed itt must bee;  
He is a lord, and I am but a seruing-  
man,  
I doubt I must loose her through  
pouertye.'
- 'Why, Thomas a Pott, take thou no care  
Thou'st neuer loose her through pou-  
ertye.
- 55 'Thou shalt haue halfe my land a yeere  
And *that* will raise thee many a pound  
Before thou shalt loose thy bonny ladye  
Thou shalt drop angells with him to  
the ground.
- 56 'And thou shalt haue forty of thy ffele-  
lowes ffaire,  
And forty horssees to goe with thee,

- And forty speres of the best I haue,  
And I my-selfe in thy companye.'
- 57 'I thanke you, *master*,' said *Thomas* a  
Potts,  
'But of one thinge, sir, I wold be  
ffaine;  
If I shold loose my bonny ladye,  
How shall I increase your goods  
again?'
- 58 'Why, if thou winn thy lady ffaire,  
Thou maye well fforth for to pay mee;  
If thou loose thy lady, thou hast losse  
enough;  
Not one penny I will aske thee.'
- 59 '*Master*, you haue thirty horssees in one  
hold,  
You keepe them ranke and royallye;  
There's an old horsse — for him you  
doe not care —  
This day wold sett my lady ffree.
- 60 '*That* is a white, with a cutt tayle,  
Ffull sixteen yeeres of age is hee;  
Giffe you wold lend me *that* old horsse,  
Then I shold gett her easilye.'
- 61 'Thou takes a ffoolish part,' the Lord  
Iockye sayd,  
'And a ffoolish part thou takes on  
thee;  
Thou shalt haue a better then euer he  
was,  
*That* forty pounds cost more nor hee.'
- 62 'O *master*, those horssees beene wild and  
wicked,  
And litle they can skill of the old  
traine;  
Giffe I be out of my saddle cast,  
They beene soe wild they 'le neuer 'le  
tane againe.
- 63 'Lett me haue age, sober and wise;  
Itt is a part of wisdom, you know itt  
plaine;  
If I be out of my sadle cast,  
Hee 'le either stand still or turne  
againe.'
- 64 'Thou shalt haue *that* horsse with all  
my hart,  
And my cote-plate of siluer ffree,
- And a hundred men att thy backe,  
For to fight if neede shalbee.'
- 65 'I thanke you, *master*,' said *Thomas* a  
Potts,  
'Neither man nor boy shall goe with  
mee;  
As you are a lord off honor borne,  
Let none of my ffellowes know this of  
mee.
- 66 'Ffor if they wott of my goinge,  
I wott behind me they will not bee;  
Without you keepe them vnder a locke,  
Vppon *that* greene I shall them see.'
- 67 And when *Thomas* came to Gilford  
Greene,  
And walked there some houres three,  
Then was he ware of the Lord Phenix,  
And four men in his companye.
- 68 'You haue broken your vow,' sayd  
*Thomas* a Pott,  
'Your vowe *that* you made vnto mee;  
You said you wold come your selfe alone,  
And you haue brought more then two  
or three.'
- 69 'These are my waiting-men,' Lord Phe-  
nix sayd,  
'*That* euery day doe waite on mee;  
Giffe any of these shold att vs stirr,  
My speare shold runn throwe his  
bodye.'
- 70 'I 'le runn noe race,' said *Thomas* Potts,  
'Till *that* this othe heere made may  
bee:  
If the one of vs be slaine,  
The other fforgiuen *that* hee may bee.'
- 71 'I 'le make a vow,' Lord Phenix sayes,  
'My men shall beare wittnesse with  
thee,  
Giffe thou slay mee att this time,  
Neuer the worsse beloued in Scotland  
thou shalt bee.'
- 72 Then they turned their horssees round  
about,  
To run the race more egarlye;  
Lord Phenix he was stiffe and stout,  
He has runn *Thomas* quite thorow  
the thye.

- 73 And beere *Thomas* out of his saddle  
ffaire;  
Vpon the ground there did hee lye;  
He saies, For my liffe I doe not care,  
But ffor the loue of my ladye.
- 74 But shall I lose my ladye ffaire?  
I thought shee shold haue beene my  
wiffe;  
I pray thee, *Lord Phenix*, ryde not away,  
For with thee I will loose my liffe.
- 75 Tho *Thomas* a Potts was a seruing-man,  
He was alsoe a phisityan good;  
He clapt his hand vpon his wound,  
With some kind of words he stauncht  
the blood.
- 76 Then into his sadle againe hee leepe;  
The blood in his body began to warme;  
He mist *Lord Phenix* bodye there,  
But he run him quite throw the brawne  
of the arme.
- 77 And he bore him quite out of his saddle  
ffaire;  
Vpon the ground there did he lye;  
He said, I pray thee, *Lord Phenix*, rise  
and ffight,  
Or else yeeld this ladye sweete to mee.
- 78 'To ffight with thee,' quoth *Phenix*, 'I  
cannott stand,  
Nor ffor to ffight, I cannott, sure;  
Thou hast run me through the brawne of  
the arme;  
Noe longer of thy spere I cannott en-  
dure.
- 79 'Thou 'st haue *that* ladye with all my  
hart,  
Sith itt was like neuer better to proue.  
Nor neuer a noble-man this day,  
*That* will seeke to take a pore man's  
loue.'
- 80 'Why then, be of good cheere,' saies  
*Thomas Pott*,  
'Indeed your bucher I 'le neuer bee,  
For I 'le come and stanche your bloode,  
Giff any thanks you 'le giue to mee.'
- 81 As he was stanching the *Phenix* blood,  
These words *Thomas* a Pott cann to  
him proue:
- 'I 'le neuer take a ladye of you thus,  
But here I 'le giue you another choice
- 82 'Heere is a lane of two miles longe;  
Att either end sett wee will bee;  
The ladye shall sitt vs betweene,  
And soe will wee sett this ladye ffree.
- 83 'If thou 'le doe soe,' *Lord Phenix* sayes  
'*Thomas* a Pott, as thou dost tell mee  
Whether I gett her or goe without her  
Heere 's forty pounds I 'le giue itt  
thee.'
- 84 And when the ladye there can stand,  
A woman's mind that day to proue,  
'Now, by my ffaith,' said this ladye  
ffaire,  
'This day *Thomas* a Pott shall haue his  
owne loue.'
- 85 Toward *Thomas* a Pott the lady shee  
went,  
To leape behind him hastilye;  
'Nay, abyde a while,' sayd *Lord Phenix*,  
'Ffor better yett proued thou shalt bee.
- 86 'Thou shalt stay heere with all thy  
maids—  
In number with thee thou hast but  
three—  
*Thomas* a Pott and I 'le goe beyond yon-  
der wall,  
There the one of vs shall dye.'
- 87 And when they came beyond the wall,  
The one wold not the other nye;  
*Lord Phenix* he had giuen his word  
With *Thomas* a Pott neuer to ffight.
- 88 'Giue me a choice,' *Lord Phenix* sayes,  
'*Thomas* a Pott, I doe pray thee;  
Lett mee goe to yonder ladye ffaire,  
To see whether shee be true to thee.'
- 89 And when hee came *that* ladye too,  
Vnto that likesome dame sayd hee,  
Now God thee saue, thou ladye ffaire,  
The heyre of all my land thou 'st bee
- 90 Ffor this *Thomas* a Potts I haue slaine  
He hath more then deadlye wounde  
two or three;  
Thou art mine owne ladye, he sayd,  
And marryed together wee will bee.

- 91 The ladye said, If Thomas a Potts this  
day thou haue slaine,  
Thou hast slaine a better man than  
euer was thee;  
And I 'le sell all the state of my lande  
But thou 'st be hanged on a gallow-  
tree.
- 92 With that they lady shee ffell in a soone;  
A greewood woman, I wott, was shee;  
Lord Phenix hee was readye there,  
Tooke her in his armes most hastilye.
- 93 'O Lord, sweete, and stand on thy ffeete,  
This day Thomas a Pott aliuie can bee;  
I 'le send ffor thy ffather, the Lord of  
Arrundale,  
And marryed together I will you see:  
Giffe hee will not maintaine you well,  
Both gold and land you shall haue  
from me.'
- 94 'I 'le see *that* wedding,' my Lord of  
Arrundale said,  
'Of my daughter's loue *that* is soe  
ffaire;  
And sith itt will no better be,  
Of all my land Thomas a Pott shall  
be my heyre.'
- 95 'Now all my maids,' the ladye said,  
'And ladies of England, faire and  
ffree,  
Looke you neuer change your old loue  
for no new,  
Nor neuer change for no pouertye.
- 96 'Ffor I had a louver true of mine owne,  
A seruing-man of a small degree;  
Ffrom Thomas a Pott I 'le turne his  
name,  
And the Lord of Arrundale hee shall  
bee.'

110

## THE KNIGHT AND SHEP- HERD'S DAUGHTER

The only English version of this ballad is a broadside in the Roxburghe Collection. The fifteenth stanza is quoted in Fletcher's comedy of 'The Pilgrim,' 1621. Kinloch is fully justified in claiming for the Scottish ballad a decided superiority. The humorous artifices

which the lady practises to maintain the character of a beggar's brat are, as he says, kept up with great spirit and fancy.

Parts of this ballad inevitably suggest a parallel with the tales belonging to the class of the 'Marriage of Sir Gawain' (No. 31), to which Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Tale belongs. The Danish ballad of 'Ebbe Galt' (Grundtvig-Olrik, No. 314) has also several features in common with 'The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter.' For a discussion of the whole matter, see G. H. Maynadier, *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, 1901.

### A

'The Beautifull Shepherdesse of Arcadia.'  
a. Roxburghe Ballads, III, 160, 161. b. The same, II, 30, 31.

- 1 THERE was a shepherd's daughter  
Came triping on the way,  
And there she met a courteous knight,  
Which caused her to stay.  
Singing trang dil do lee
- 2 'Good morow to you, beauntious maid,'  
These words pronounced he;  
'O I shall dye this day,' he said,  
'If I have not my will of thee.'
- 3 'The Lord forbid,' the maid reply'd,  
'That such a thing should be,  
That ever such a courteous yong knight  
Should dye for love of me.'
- 4 He took her by the middle so small,  
And laid her down on the plain,  
And after he had had his will,  
He took her up again.
- 5 'Now you have had your wil, good sir,  
And put my body thus to shame,  
Even as you are a courteous knight,  
Tel me what is your name.'
- 6 'Some men do call me Jack, sweet  
heart,  
And some do call me John,  
But when I come to the king's [fair]  
court,  
They call me Sweet William.'
- 7 He set his foot in the stirrop,  
And away then did he ride;  
She tuckt her kirtle about her middle,  
And run close by his side.



- 8 But when she came to the broad water,  
She set her brest and swom,  
And when she was got out again,  
She took her heels and run.
- 9 He never was the courteous knight  
To say, Fair maid, will you ride ?  
Nor she never was so loving a maid  
To say, Sir Knight, abide.
- 10 But when she came to the king's fair  
court,  
She knocked at the ring;  
So ready was the king himself  
To let this fair maid in.
- 11 'O Christ you save, my gracious leige,  
Your body Christ save and see !  
You have got a knight within your court  
This day hath robbed me.'
- 12 'What hath he robbed thee of, fair  
maid ?  
Of purple or of pall ?  
Or hath he took thy gay gold ring,  
From off thy finger small ?'
- 13 'He hath not robbed me, my liege,  
Of purple nor of pall;  
But he hath got my maidenhead,  
Which grieves me worst of all.'
- 14 'Now if he be a batchelor,  
His body I 'le give to thee;  
But if he be a married man,  
High hanged shall he be.'
- 15 He called down his merry men all,  
By one, by two, and by three;  
Sweet William was us'd to be the first,  
But now the last comes hee.
- 16 He brought her down full forty pound,  
Ty'd up with[in] a glove:  
'Fair maid, I give the same to the,  
And seek another love.'
- 17 'O I 'le have none of your gold,' she  
said,  
'Nor I 'le have none of your fee;  
But I must have your fair body  
The king hath given me.'
- 18 Sweet William ran and fetcht her then  
Five hundred pound in gold,

Saying, Fair maid, take this unto thee;  
Thy fault will never be told.

- 19 'T is not your gold that shall me tempt,'  
These words then answered she,  
'But I must have your own body;  
So the king hath granted me.'
- 20 'Would I had drank the fair water  
When I did drink the wine,  
That ever any shepherd's daughter  
Should be a fair lady of mine !
- 21 'Would I had drunk the puddle-water  
When I did drink the ale,  
That ever any shepherd's daughter  
Should have told me such a tale !'
- 22 'A shepheard's daughter as I was,  
You might have let me be;  
I 'd never come to the king's fair court  
To have craved any love of thee.'
- 23 He set her on a milk-white steed,  
And himselfe upon a gray;  
He hung a bugle about his neck,  
And so they rode away.
- 24 But when they came unto the place  
Where marriage rites were done,  
She provd her self a duke's daughter,  
And he but a squire's son.
- 25 'Now you have married me, sir knight,  
Your pleasures may be free;  
If you make me lady of one good town,  
I 'le make you lord of three.'
- 26 'Accursed be the gold,' he said,  
'If thou hadst not bin true,  
That should have parted thee from me,  
To have chang'd thee for a new.'
- 27 Their hearts being then so linked fast,  
And joyning hand in hand,  
He had both purse and person too,  
And all at his command.

## B

'Shepherd's Dochter,' Kinloch MSS., v, 255,  
in the handwriting of Mr Kinloch.

- 1 THERE was a shepherd's dochter  
Kept sheep upon yon hill,

- And by cam a gay braw gentleman,  
And wad hae had his will.
- 2 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
And laid her on the ground,  
And whan he got his will o her  
He lift her up again.
- 3 'O syne ye've got your will o me,  
Your will o me ye've taen,  
'Tis all I ask o you, kind sir,  
Is to tell to me your name.'
- 4 'Sometimes they call me Jack,' he said,  
'Sometimes they call me John,  
But whan I am in the king's court,  
My name is Wilfu Will.'
- 5 Then he loup on his milk-white steed,  
And straught away he rade,  
And she did kilt her petticoats,  
And after him she gaed.
- 6 He never was sae kind as say,  
O lassie, will ye ride?  
Nor ever had she the courage to say,  
O laddie, will ye bide!
- 7 Until they cam to a wan water,  
Which was called Clyde,  
And then he turned about his horse,  
Said, Lassie, will ye ride?
- 8 'I learned it in my father's hall,  
I learned it for my weel,  
That whan I come to deep water,  
I can swim as it were an eel.
- 9 'I learned it in my mother's bower,  
I learned it for my better,  
That whan I come to broad water,  
I can swim like ony otter.'
- 10 He plunged his steed into the ford,  
And straught way thro he rade,  
And she set in her lilly feet,  
And thro the water wade.
- 11 And whan she cam to the king's court,  
She tirlid on the pin,  
And wha sae ready 's the king himsel  
To let the fair maid in?
- 12 'What is your will wi me, fair maid?  
What is your will wi me?'
- 'There is a man into your court  
This day has robbed me.'
- 13 'O has he taen your gold,' he said,  
'Or has he taen your fee?  
Or has he stown your maidenhead,  
The flower of your bodye?'
- 14 'He has na taen my gold, kind sir,  
Nor as little has he taen my fee,  
But he has taen my maidenhead,  
The flower of my bodye.'
- 15 'O gif he be a married man,  
High hangit shall he be,  
But gif he be a bachelor,  
His body I'll grant thee.'
- 16 'Sometimes they call him Jack,' she  
said,  
'Sometimes they call him John,  
But whan he's in the king's court,  
His name is Sweet William.'
- 17 'There's not a William in a' my court,  
Never a one but three,  
And one of them is the Queen's brother;  
I wad laugh gif it war he.'
- 18 The king called on his merry men,  
By thirty and by three;  
Sweet Willie, wha used to be foremost  
man,  
Was the hindmost a' but three.
- 19 O he cam cripple, and he cam blind,  
Cam twa-fald oer a tree:  
'O be he cripple, or be he blind,  
This very same man is he.'
- 20 'O whether will ye marry the bonny may,  
Or hang on the gallows-tree?'  
'O I will rather marry the bonny may,  
Afore that I do die.'
- 21 But he took out a purse of gold,  
Weel locked in a glove:  
'O tak ye that, my bonny may,  
And seek anither love.'
- 22 'O I will hae none o your gold,' she  
says,  
'Nor as little ony of your fee,  
But I will hae your ain body,  
The king has granted me.'

- 23 O he took out a purse of gold,  
A purse of gold and store;  
'O tak ye that, fair may,' he said,  
'Frae me ye'll neer get mair.'
- 24 'O haud your tongue, young man,' she  
says,  
'And I pray you let me be;  
For I will hae your ain body,  
The king has granted me.'
- 25 He mounted her on a bonny bay horse,  
Himsel on the silver grey;  
He drew his bonnet out oer his een,  
He whipt and rade away.
- 26 O whan they cam to yon nettle bush,  
The nettles they war spread:  
'O an my mithar war but here,' she says,  
'These nettles she wad sned.'
- 27 'O an I had drank the wan water  
Whan I did drink the wine,  
That eer a shepherd's dochter  
Should hae been a love o mine !
- 28 'O may be I'm a shepherd's dochter,  
And may be I am nane;  
But you might hae ridden on your ways,  
And hae let me alane.'
- 29 O whan they cam unto yon mill,  
She heard the mill clap:  
. . . . .
- 30 'Clap on, clap on, thou bonny mill,  
Weel may thou, I say,  
For mony a time thou's filled my pock  
Wi baith oat-meal and grey.'
- 31 'O an I had drank the wan water  
Whan I did drink the wine,  
That eer a shepherd's dochter  
Should hae been a love o mine !'
- 32 'O may be I'm a shepherd's dochter,  
And may be I am nane;  
But you might hae ridden on our ways,  
And hae let me alane.
- 33 'But yet I think a fitter match  
Could scarcely gang thegither  
Than the King of France's auld dochter  
And the Queen of Scotland's brither.'

## CROW AND PIE

This is not a purely popular ballad, but rather of that kind which, for convenience, may be called the minstrel-ballad. It has, however, popular features, and markedly in stanzas 13, 14, for which see No. 50, sts. 5-7; No. 52, st. 6; No. 110, A, sts. 5, 6, B, sts. 3, 4, etc.

MS. Rawlinson, C. 813, fol. 56 b, beginning of the sixteenth century. Halliwell's *Nugæ Poetiæ*, p. 42.

- 1 THROUGHE a forest as I can ryde,  
To take my sporte yn on mornyng,  
I cast my eye on euery syde,  
I was ware of a bryde syugynge.
- 2 I sawe a faire mayde come rydyng;  
I speke to hur of loue, I trowe;  
She answered me all yn scornynge,  
And sayd, The crowe shall byte yow.
- 3 'I pray yow, damesell, scorne me nott;  
To wyn your loue ytt ys my wyll;  
For your loue I haue dere bought,  
And I wyll take good hede thertyll.'
- 4 'Nay, for God, *sir*, that I nyll;  
I tell the, Jenken, as I trowe,  
Thow shalt nott fynde me suche a gyll,  
Therfore the crowe shall byte yow.'
- 5 He toke then ow't a good golde ryng,  
A purse of velweytt, that was soo  
fyne:  
'Haue ye thys, my dere swetyng,  
With that ye wylbe lemman myn.'
- 6 'Be Cryst, I dare nott, for my dame,  
To dele with hym pat I do nott  
knowe;  
For soo I myght dyspyse my name;  
Therfore the crow shall byte yow.'
- 7 He toke hur abowte the mydell small,  
That was soo faire of hyde and hewe;  
He kyssed hur cheke as whyte as whall,  
And prayed hur pat she wolde vpon  
hym rewe.
- 8 She scornyd hym, and callyd hym Hew;  
His loue was as a paynted blowe:

- 'To-day me, to-morowe a newe;  
Therefore the crow shall byte yow.'
- 9 He toke hur abowte the mydell small,  
And layd hur downe vpon the grene;  
Twys or thrys he served hur soo with-  
all,  
He wolde nott stynt yet, as I wene.
- 0 'But sythe ye haue i-lyen me bye,  
Ye wyll wedde me now, as I trowe:'  
'I wyll be aduysed, Gyll,' sayd he,  
'For now the pye hathe peckyd yow.'
- 1 'But sythe ye haue i-leyn me by,  
And brought my body vnto shame,  
Some of your good ye wyll part with  
me,  
Or elles, be Cryst, ye be to blame.'
- 2 'I wylbe aduysed,' he sayde;  
'þe wynde ys wast þat thow doyst  
blowe;  
I haue a-noder þat most be payde;  
Therefore the pye hathe pecked yow.'
- 3 'Now sythe ye haue i-leyn me bye,  
A lyttle thyng ye wyll tell;  
In case that I with chyld be,  
What ys your name? Wher doo ye  
dwell?'
- 4 'At Yorke, a[t] London, at Clerken-  
well,  
At Leycester, Cambryge, at myrre  
Brystowe;  
Some call me Rycharde, Robart, Jacke,  
and Wylly;  
For now the pye hathe peckyd yow.
- 5 'But, all medans, be ware be rewe,  
And lett no man downe yow throwe;  
For and yow doo, ye wyll ytt rewe,  
For then þe pye wyll pecke yow.'
- 6 'Farewell, cortour, ouer the medow,  
Pluke vp your helys, I yow beshrew!  
Your trace, wher so euer ye ryde or  
goo,  
Crystes curse goo wythe yow!
- 7 'Thoughe a knave hathe by me leyne,  
Yet am I noder dede nor slowe;  
I trust to recouer my harte agayne,  
And Crystes curse goo wythe yow!'

## THE BAFFLED KNIGHT

Besides the version here printed there are broadside copies, and others that have been taken down from recitation. Percy inserted a version of C (a broadside copy) abridged to forty-five stanzas, in his *Reliques*, 1765, III, 238. A similar story occurs in many European ballads.

## A

a. Ravenscroft's *Deuteromelia*, or, *The Second Part of Musick's Melodie*, or *Melodious Musicke*, etc., E 4, London, 1609. 'The Over Courteous Knight,' Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. 159. b. *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, III, 37, 1719.

- 1 YONDER comes a courteous knight,  
Lustely raking ouer the lay;  
He was wel ware of a bonny lasse,  
As she came wandring ouer the way.  
Then she sang downe a downe, hey  
downe derry (*bis*)
- 2 'Ioue you speed, fayre lady,' he said,  
'Among the leaues that be so greene;  
If I were a king, and wore a crowne,  
Full soone, fair lady, shouldst thou be  
a queen.
- 3 'Also Ioue saue you, faire lady,  
Among the roses that be so red;  
If I haue not my will of you,  
Full soone, faire lady, shall I be dead.'
- 4 Then he lookt east, then hee lookt west,  
Hee lookt north, so did he south;  
He could not finde a priuy place,  
For all lay in the diuel's mouth.
- 5 'If you will carry me, gentle sir,  
A mayde vnto my father's hall,  
Then you shall haue your will of me,  
Vnder purple and vnder pale.'
- 6 He set her vp vpon a steed,  
And him selfe vpon another,  
And all the day he rode her by,  
As though they had beene sister and  
brother.
- 7 When she came to her father's hall,  
It was well walled round about;

She yode in at the wicket-gate,  
And shut the foure-eard foole without.

8 'You had me,' quoth she, 'abroad in the  
field,  
Among the corne, amidst the hay,  
Where you might had your will of mee,  
For, in good faith, sir, I neuer said  
nay.

9 'Ye had me also amid the field,  
Among the rushes that were so  
browne,  
Where you might had your will of me,  
But you had not the face to lay me  
downe.'

10 He pulled out his nut-browne sword,  
And wipt the rust off with his sleene,  
And said, loue's curse come to his heart  
That any woman would beleue !

11 When you haue your owne true-loue  
A mile or twaine out of the towne,  
Spare not for her gay clothing,  
But lay her body flat on the ground.

## 113

THE GREAT SILKIE OF SULE  
SKERRY

"Finns," as they are for the most part called, denizens of a region below the depths of the ocean, are able to ascend to the land above by donning a seal-skin, which then they are wont to lay off, and, having divested themselves of it, they "act just like men and women." If this integument be taken away from them, they cannot pass through the sea again and return to their proper abode, and they become subject to the power of man, like the swan-maidens and mer-wives of Scandinavian and German tradition: Grimm's *Mythologie*, i, 354 f. Female Finns, under these circumstances, have been fain to accept of human partners.

Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, i, 86, 1852. Communicated by the late Captain F. W. L. Thomas, R. N ; written down by him from the dictation of a venerable lady of Snarra Voe, Shetland.

1 AN eartly nourris sits and sings,  
And aye she sings, Ba, lily wean !

Little ken I my bairnis father,  
Far less the land that he staps in.

2 Then ane arose at her bed-fit,  
An a grunly guest I'm sure was he:  
'Here am I, thy bairnis father,  
Although that I be not comelie.

3 'I am a man, upo the lan,  
An I am a silkie in the sea;  
And when I'm far and far frae lan,  
My dwelling is in Sule Skerrie.'

4 'It was na weel,' quo the maiden fair,  
'It was na weel, indeed,' quo she,  
'That the Great Silkie of Sule Skerrie  
Suld hae come and aught a bairn to  
me.'

5 Now he has taen a purse of goud,  
And he has pat it upo her knee,  
Sayin, Gie to me my little young son,  
An tak thee up thy nourris-fee.

6 An it sall come to pass on a simmer's  
day,  
When the sin shines het on evera  
stane,  
That I will tak my little young son,  
An teach him for to swim the faem.

7 An thu sall marry a proud gunner,  
An a proud gunner I'm sure he'll be,  
An the very first schot that ere he  
shoots,  
He'll schoot baith my young son and  
me.

## 114

## JOHNIE COCK

The first notice in print of this precious specimen of the unspoiled traditional ballad is in Ritson's *Scotish Song*, 1794, i, xxxvi, note 25. Before this, 1780, a lady of Carlisle had sent a copy to Percy (A). Scott, 1802, was the first to publish the ballad, selecting "the stanzas of greatest merit" from several copies which were in his hands.

## A

Percy Papers, communicated to Percy by Miss Fisher, of Carlisle, 1780, No. 5 of MS.



- 1 JOHNNY he has risen up i the morn,  
Calls for water to wash his hands;  
But little knew he that his bloody hounds  
Were bound in iron bands. bands  
Were bound in iron bands
- 2 Johny's mother has gotten word o that,  
And care-bed she has taen:  
'O Johny, for my benison,  
I beg you 'l stay at hame;  
For the wine so red, and the well baked  
bread,  
My Johny shall want nane.
- 3 'There are seven forsters at Pickeram  
Side,  
At Pickeram where they dwell,  
And for a drop of thy heart's bluid  
They wad ride the fords of hell.'
- 4 Johny he 's gotten word of that,  
And he 's turnd wondrous keen;  
He 's put off the red scarlett,  
And he 's put on the Lincoln green.
- 5 With a sheaf of arrows by his side,  
And a bent bow in his hand,  
He 's mounted on a prancing steed,  
And he has ridden fast oer the strand.
- 6 He 's up i Braidhouplee, and down i  
Bradyslee,  
And under a buss o broom,  
And there he found a good dun deer,  
Feeding in a buss of ling.
- 7 Johny shot, and the dun deer lap,  
And she lap wondrous wide,  
Until they came to the wan water,  
And he stemd her of her pride.
- 8 He 'as taen out the little pen-knife,  
'T was full three quarters long,  
And he has taen out of that dun deer  
The liver bot and the tongue.
- 9 They eat of the flesh, and they drank of  
the blood,  
And the blood it was so sweet,  
Which caused Johny and his bloody  
hounds  
To fall in a deep sleep.
- 10 By then came an old palmer,  
And an ill death may he die !
- For he 's away to Pickram Side,  
As fast as he can drie
- 11 'What news, what news?' says the  
Seven Forsters,  
'What news have ye brought to me ?'  
'I have noe news,' the palmer said,  
'But what I saw with my eye.
- 12 'High up i Bradyslee, low down i Bra-  
disslee,  
And under a buss of scroggs,  
O there I spied a well-wight man,  
Sleeping among his dogs.
- 13 'His coat it was of light Lincoln,  
And his breeches of the same,  
His shoes of the American leather,  
And gold buckles tying them.'
- 14 Up bespake the Seven Forsters,  
Up bespake they ane and a':  
O that is Johny o Cockleys Well,  
And near him we will draw.
- 15 O the first y stroke that they gae him,  
They struck him off by the knee;  
Then up bespake his sister's son:  
'O the next 'll gar him die !'
- 16 'O some they count ye well-wight  
men,  
But I do count ye nane;  
For you might well ha wakend me,  
And askd gin I wad be taen.
- 17 'The wildest wolf in aw this wood  
Wad not ha done so by me;  
She 'd ha wet her foot ith wan water,  
And sprinkled it oer my brae,  
And if that wad not ha wakend me,  
She wad ha gone and let me be.
- 18 'O bows of yew, if ye be true,  
In London, where ye were bought,  
Fingers five, get up belive,  
Manhuid shall fail me nought.'
- 19 He has killd the Seven Forsters,  
He has killd them all but ane,  
And that wan scarce to Pickeram Side,  
To carry the bode-words hame.
- 20 'Is there never a boy in a' this wood  
That will tell what I can say;

That will go to Cockleys Well,  
Tell my mither to fetch me away ?'

- 21 There was a boy into that wood,  
That carried the tidings away,  
And many ae was the well-wight man  
At the fetching o Johnny away.

## B

'Johnny Cock,' Pieces of Ancient Poetry  
from Unpublished Manuscripts and Scarce  
Books, Bristol, [John Fry,] 1814, p. 53.

- 1 FIFTEEN foresters in the Braid alow,  
And they are wondrous fell;  
To get a drop of Johnny's heart-bluid,  
They would sink a' their souls to hell.

- 2 Johnny Cock has gotten word of this,  
And he is wondrous keen;  
He[s] custan off the red scarlet,  
And on the Linkum green.

- 3 And he is ridden oer muir and muss,  
And over mountains high,  
Till he came to yon wan water,  
And there Johnny Cock did lie.

- 4 They have ridden oer muir and muss,  
And over mountains high,  
Till they met wi an old palmer,  
Was walking along the way.

- 5 'What news, what news, old palmer ?  
What news have you to me ?'  
'Yonder is one of the proudest wed sons  
That ever my eyes did see.'

\* \* \* \* \*

- 6 He's taen out a horn from his side,  
And he blew both loud and shrill,  
Till a' the fifteen foresters  
Heard Johnny Cock blaw his horn.

- 7 They have sworn a bluidy oath,  
And they swore all in one,  
That there was not a man among them a'  
Would blaw such a blast as yon.

- 8 And they have ridden oer muir and  
muss,  
And over mountains high,  
Till they came to yon wan water,  
Where Johnny Cock did lie.

- 9 They have shotten little Johnny Cock,  
A little above the ee:

'For doing the like to me.

- 10 'There's not a wolf in a' the wood  
Woud ha done the like to me;  
She'd ha dipped her foot in coll water,  
And strinkled above my ee,  
And if I would [not] have waked for  
that,  
She'd ha gane and let me be.

- 11 'But fingers five, come here, [come here,]  
And faint heart fail me nought,  
And silver strings, value me sma things,  
Till I get all this vengeance rowght !'

- 12 He ha[s] shot a' the fifteen foresters,  
Left never a one but one,  
And he broke the ribs a that ane's  
side,  
And let him take tiding home.

- 13 '... a bird in a' the wood  
Could sing as I could say,  
It would go in to my mother's bower,  
And bid her kiss me, and take me  
away.'

## C

'Johnny Cock,' Pieces of Ancient Poetry  
from Unpublished Manuscripts and Scarce  
Books, Bristol, 1814, p. 51.

- 1 JOHNNY COCK, in a May morning,  
Sought water to wash his hands,  
And he is awa to louse his dogs,  
That's tied wi iron bans.  
That's tied wi iron bans

- 2 His coat it is of the light Lincum green,  
And his breiks are of the same;  
His shoes are of the American leather,  
Silver buckles tying them.

- 3 He hunted up, and so did he down,  
Till he came to yon bush of scrogs,  
And then to yon wan water,  
Where he slept among his dogs.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 4 Johnny Cock out-shot a' the foresters,  
And out-shot a the three;

Out shot a' the foresters,  
Wounded Johnny about the bree.

5 'Woe be to you, foresters,  
And an ill death may you die !  
For there would not a wolf in a' the wood  
Have done the liketo me.

6 'For 't would ha' put its foot in the coll  
water  
And ha strinkled it on my bree,  
And gin that would not have done,  
Would have gane and lett me be.

7 'I often took to my mother  
The dandoo and the roe,  
But now I'l take to my mother  
Much sorrow and much woe.

8 'I often took to my mother  
The dandoo and the hare,  
But now I'l take to my mother  
Much sorrow and much care.'

## D

'Johnie of Cockerslee,' Kinloch's annotated  
copy of his Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 38 *bis*:  
a West-Country version.

1 UP Johnie raise in a May morning,  
Calld for water to wash his hands,  
And he has calld for his gude gray  
hunds,  
That lay bund in iron bands. bands  
That lay bund in iron bands

2 'Ye'll busk, ye'll busk my noble dogs,  
Ye'll busk and mak them boun,  
For I'm going to the Braidseaur hill,  
To ding the dun deer down.'

3 Whan Johnie's mither gat word o that,  
On the very bed she lay,  
Says, Johnie, for my malison,  
I pray ye at hame to stay.

4 Your meat sall be of the very, very best,  
Your drink sall be the same,  
And ye will win your mither's benison,  
Gin ye wad stay at hame.

5 But Johnie has cast aff the black velvet,  
And put on the Lincoln twine,  
And he is on to gude greenwud,  
As fast as he could gang.

6 His mither's counsel he wad na tak,  
He's aff, and left the toun,  
He's aff unto the Braidseaur hill,  
To ding the dun deer down.

7 Johnie lookit east, and Johnie lookit  
west,  
And he lookit aneath the sun,  
And there he spied the dun deer sleep-  
ing,  
Aneath a buss o whun.

8 Johnie shot, and the dun deer lap,  
And he's scaithed him in the side,  
And atween the water and the wud  
He laid the dun deer's pride.

9 They ate sae meikle o the venison,  
And drank sae meikle o the blude,  
That Johnie and his twa gray hunds  
Fell asleep in yonder wud.

10 By there cam a silly auld man,  
And a silly auld man was he,  
And he's aff to the proud foresters,  
As fast as he could dree.

11 'What news, what news, my silly auld  
man ?  
What news ? come tell to me :'  
'I heard na news, I speird na news  
But what my een did see.

12 'As I cam in by Braidisbauks,  
And down amang the whuns,  
The bonniest youngster eer I saw  
Lay sleepin amang his hunds.

13 'His cheeks war like the roses red,  
His neck was like the snaw;  
His sark was o the holland fine,  
And his jerkin lac'd fu brow.'

14 Up bespak the first forester,  
'The first forester of a':  
O this is Johnie o Cockerslee;  
Come draw, lads, we maun draw.

15 Up bespak the niest forester,  
The niest forester of a':  
An this be Johnie o Cockerslee,  
To him we winna draw.

16 The first shot that they did shoot,  
They woundit him on the bree;

Up bespak the uncle's son,  
The niest will gar him die.'

17 The second shot that eer they shot,  
It scaithd him near the heart;  
'I only wauken,' Johnie cried,  
'Whan first I find the smart.

18 'Stand stout, stand stout, my noble dogs,  
Stand stout, and dinna flee;  
Stand fast, stand fast, my gude gray  
hunds,  
And we will gar them die.'

19 He has killed six o the proud foresters,  
And wounded the seventh sair:  
He laid his leg out owre his steed,  
Says, I will kill na mair.

20 'Oh wae befa thee, silly auld man,  
An ill death may thee dee!  
Upon thy head be a' this blude,  
For mine, I ween, is free.'

### K

Finlay's Scottish Ballads, I, xxxi.

'THERE's no a bird in a' this foreste  
Will do as meikle for me  
As dip its wing in the wan water  
An straik it on my ee-bree.'

### 115

## ROBYN AND GANDELEYN

Printed by Ritson, *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. 48, and by Thomas Wright, *Songs and Carols* (selected from the Sloane MS.), No. x, London, 1836, and again in his edition of the whole MS. for the Warton Club, 1856, p. 42. The manuscript is put at about 1450.

Wright remarks on the similarity of the name Gandelyn to Gamelyn in the tale ascribed to the Cook in some manuscripts of the *Canterbury Tales*, and on the resemblance of the tale of Gamelyn to Robin Hood story. But he could hardly have wished to give the impression that Robin in this ballad is Robin Hood. This he no more is than John in the ballad of Johnie Cock is Little John; though Gandelyn is as true to his master as Little John is.

Sloane MS., 2593, fol. 14 b, British Museum.

- 1 I HERDE a carpyng of a clerk,  
Al at þone wodes ende,  
Of gode Robyn and Gandeleyn;  
Was þer non oþer þyng.  
Robynn lyth in grene wode bowndyn
- 2 Stronge theuys wern þo chylderin non,  
But bowmen gode and hende;  
He wentyn to wode to getyn hem fleych,  
If God wold it hem sende.
- 3 Al day wentyn þo chylderin too,  
And fleych fowndyn he non,  
Til it were a-geyn euyng;  
þe chylderin wold gon hom.
- 4 Half an honderid of fat falyf der  
He comyn a-þon,  
And alle he wern fayr and fat i-now,  
But markyd was þer non:  
'Be dere God,' seyde gode Robyn,  
'Here of we xul haue on.'
- 5 Robyn bent his joly bowe,  
þer in he set a flo;  
þe fattest der of alle  
þe herte he clef a to.
- 6 He hadde not þe der i-flawe,  
Ne half out of þe hyde,  
There cam aschrewe arwe out of þe west,  
þat felde Robertes pryde.
- 7 Gandeleyn lokyd hym est and west,  
Be euery syde:  
'Hoo hat myn mayster slayin?  
Ho hat don þis dede?  
Xal I neuer out of grene wode go  
Til I se [his] sydis blede.'
- 8 Gandeleyn lokyd hym est and lokyd  
west,  
And sowt vnder þe sunne;  
He saw a lytil boy  
He clepyn Wrennok of Donne.
- 9 A good bowe in his hond,  
A brod arwe þer ine,  
And fowre and twenti goode arwys,  
Trusyd in a prumme:  
'Be war þe, war þe, Gandeleyn,  
Her-of þu xalt han sunme.
- 10 'Be war þe, war þe, Gandeleyn,  
Her of þu gyst plente:

- 'Euer on for an oper,' seyde Gandeleyn;  
'Mysaunter haue he xal fle.
- 11 'Qwer-at xal our marke be ?'  
Seyde Gandeleyn:  
'Eueryche at operis herte,'  
Seyde Wrennok ageyn.
- 12 'Ho xal zeue þe ferste schote ?'  
Seyde Gandeleyn:  
'And I xul zeue þe on be-forn,'  
Seyde Wrennok ageyn.
- 13 Wrennok schette a ful good schote,  
And he schet not to hye;  
þrow þe sanchopis of his bryk;  
It towchyd neyþer thy.
- 14 'Now hast þu þouyn me on be-forn,'  
Al þus to Wrennok seyde he,  
'And þrow þe myȝt of our lady  
A bettere I xal zeue þe.'
- 15 Gandeleyn bent his goode bowe,  
And set þer in a flo;  
He schet þrow his grene certyl,  
His herte he clef on too.
- 16 'Now xalt þu neuer zelpe, Wrennok,  
At ale ne at wyn,  
þat þu hast slawe goode Robyn,  
And his knaue Gandeleyn.
- 17 'Now xalt þu neuer zelpe, Wrennok,  
At wyn ne at ale,  
þat þu hast slawe goode Robyn,  
And Gandeleyn his knaue.'
- Robyn lyȝth in grene wode bowndyn

## 116

ADAM BELL, CLIM OF THE  
CLOUGH, AND WILLIAM OF  
CLOUDESLEY

'Adam Bell' is licensed to John Kynge in the Stationers' Registers, 19 July, 1557-9 July, 1558. Again, among copies which were Sampson Aweley's, to John Charlewood, 15 January, 1582; and, among copies which were John Charlwoode's, to James Robertes, 31 May, 1594. Seven reprints of the seventeenth century, later than d, are noted in Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's Handbook, p. 35.

The rescue of Robin Hood by Little John and Much in No. 119, sts. 61-82, has a general resemblance to the rescue of Cloudesly by Adam and Clim in this ballad, sts. 52 ff. The rescue of Will Stutly (No. 141) has also some slight similarity, sts. 26-33.

The shooting of an apple from a boy's head (sts. 151-162) is, as is well known, a trait in several German and Norse traditions, and these particular feats, as well as everything resembling them, have been a subject of eager discussion in connection with the apocryphal history of William Tell. The story is not remarkably widespread. The seven versions agree in two points: the shot is compulsory; the archer meditates revenge in case he harms the person on whose head the mark is placed. These features are wanting in the English ballad. William of Cloudesly offers of his own free motion to shoot an apple from his son's head, and this after the king had declared him the best archer he had ever seen, for splitting a hazel-rod at twenty score paces; so that the act was done purely for glory. To be sure, the king threatens him with death if he does not achieve what he has undertaken, as death is also threatened in four of the seven German-Scandinavian stories for refusal to try the shot or for missing; but the threats in sts. 154 f. of the English ballad are a revival of the vow in sts. 119 f. The shooting of the apple from the boy's head, isolated from any particular connection, is perhaps all of the German-Scandinavian story that was known to the English ballad-maker, and all minor resemblances may well be fortuitous.

If the shooting of an apple by somebody from somebody's head is to be regarded as the kernel of the story, its area may then be considerably extended. For various remoter parallels of this kind, see Child, III, 19 ff., where a full discussion will be found. Professor Child is opposed to the mythical explanation and takes particularly strong ground against making a sun-god out of William of Cloudesly. He sums up in the following sentence: "A story long current in Europe, a mythical story if you please, could certainly be taken up by an English ballad-maker without prejudice to the substantial and simply romantic character of his hero."

a. Two fragments, stanzas 113<sup>4</sup>-128<sup>2</sup>, 161<sup>2</sup>-170, of an edition by John Byddell, London, 1536: Library of the University of Cambridge.

b. A fragment, stanzas 53<sup>3</sup>-111<sup>3</sup>, by a printer not identified: formerly in the possession of J. Payne Collier.

c. 'Adambel, Clym of the cloughe, and Wyllvam of cloudesle,' William Copeland, London [1548-68]: British Museum, C. 21, c. 64.



d. 'Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and William of Cloudele,' James Roberts, London, 1605: Bodleian Library, C. 39, Art. Selden.

e. Another edition with the same title-page: Bodleian Library, Malone, 299.

f. 'Adam Bell, Clime of the Cloug[he], and William off Cloudelee,' Percy MS., p. 390: British Museum. Hales and Furnivall, III, 76.

c. 1 MERY it was in grene forest,  
Amonge the leues grene,  
Where that men walke both east and  
west,  
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene,

2 To ryse the dere out of theyr denne;  
Suche sightes as hath ofte bene sene,  
As by th[r]e yemen of the north coun-  
trei,  
By them it is as I meane.

3 The one of them hight Adam Bel,  
The other Clym of the Clough,  
The thyrd was William of Cloudele,  
An archer good ynough.

4 They were outlawed for venyson,  
These thre yemen euerechone;  
They swore them brethen vpon a day,  
To Englysshe-wood for to gone.

5 Now lith and lysten, gentylmen,  
And that of myrthes loueth to here:  
Two of them were single men,  
The third had a wedded fere.

6 Wylliam was the wedded man,  
Muche more then was hys care:  
He sayde to hys brethen vpon a day,  
To Carelel he would fare,

7 For to speke with fayre Alse hys wife,  
And with hys chyldren thre:  
'By my trouthe,' sayde Adam Bel,  
'Not by the counsell of me.

8 'For if ye go to Caerlel, brother,  
And from thys wylde wode wende,  
If the justice mai you take,  
Your lyfe were at an ende.'

9 'If that I come not to morowe, brother,  
By pryme to you agayne,  
Truste not els but that I am take,  
Or else that I am slayne.'

10 He toke hys leaue of hys brethen two,  
And to Carlel he is gone;  
There he knocked at hys owne wyndowe,  
Shortlye and anone.

11 'Wher be you, fayre Alyce, my wyfe,  
And my chyldren thre?  
Lyghtly let in thyne husbände,  
Wylliam of Cloudele.'

12 'Alas!' then sayde fayre Alyce,  
And syghed wonderous sore,  
'Thys place hath ben besette for you  
Thys halfe yere and more.'

13 'Now am I here,' sayde Cloudele,  
'I woulde that I in were;  
Now feche vs meate and drynke  
ynoughe,  
And let vs make good chere.'

14 She feched him meat and drynke plenty,  
Lyke a true wedded wyfe,  
And pleased hym with that she had,  
Whome she loued as her lyfe.

15 There lay an old wyfe in that place,  
A lytle besyde the fyre,  
Whych Wylliam had found, of chery-  
tye,  
More then seuen yere.

16 Up she rose, and walked full styll,  
Euell mote she spede therefoore!  
For she had not set no fote on ground  
In seuen yere before.

17 She went vnto the justice hall,  
As fast as she could hye:  
'Thys nyght is come vn to thys town  
Wylliam of Cloudele.'

18 Thereof the iustice was full fayne,  
And so was the shirife also:  
'Thou shalt not trauaile hether, dame,  
for nought;  
Thy meed thou shalt haue or thou go.'

19 They gaue to her a ryght good gonne,  
Of scarlat it was, as I heard say[n]e;  
She toke the gyft, and home she wente,  
And couched her doune agayne.

20 They rysed the towne of mery Carlel,  
In all the hast that they can,

- And came thronging to Wylyames  
house,  
As fast [as] they might gone.
- 21 Theyr they besette that good yeman,  
Round about on euery syde;  
Wylyam hearde great noyse of folkes,  
That heytherward they hyed.
- 22 Alyce opened a shot-wyndow,  
And loked all about;  
She was ware of the justice and the  
shrike bothe,  
Wyth a full great route.
- 23 'Alas! treason,' cryed Alyce,  
'Euer wo may thou be!  
Go into my chambre, my husband,' she  
sayd,  
'Swete Wylyam of Cloudesle.'
- 24 He toke hys sweard and hys bueler,  
Hys bow and hy[s] chyldren thre,  
And wente into hys strongest chamber,  
Where he thought surest to be.
- 25 Fayre Alice folowed him as a louter  
true,  
With a pollaxe in her hande:  
'He shalbe deade that here cometh in  
Thys dore, whyle I may stand.'
- 26 Cloudesle bent a wel good bowe,  
That was of trusty tre,  
He smot the justise on the brest,  
That hys arrowe brest in thre.
- 27 'God's curse on his hartt,' saide William,  
'Thys day thy cote dyd on;  
If it had ben no better then myne,  
It had gone nere thy bone.'
- 28 'Yelde the, Cloudesle,' sayd the justise,  
'And thy bowe and thy arrowes the  
fro:'  
'Gods curse on hys hart,' sayde fair  
Al[i]ce,  
'That my husband counelleth so.'
- 29 'Set fyre on the house,' saide the  
sherife,  
'Syth it wyll no better be,  
And brenne we therin William,' he  
saide,  
'Hys wyfe and chyldren thre.'
- 30 They fyred the house in many a place,  
The fyre flew vpon hye;  
'Alas!' than cryed fayr Alice,  
'I se we shall here dy.'
- 31 William openyd hys backe wyndow,  
That was in hys chambre on hye,  
And wyth shetes let hys wyfe downe,  
And hys chyldren thre.
- 32 'Haue here my treasure,' sayde Wil-  
liam,  
'My wyfe and my chyldren thre;  
For Christes loue do them no harme,  
But wreke you all on me.'
- 33 Wylyam shot so wonderous well,  
Tyll hys arrowes were all go,  
And the fyre so fast vpon hym fell,  
That hys bo[w]stryng brent in two.
- 34 The spercles brent and fell hym on,  
Good Wylyam of Cloudesle;  
But than was he a wofull man, and  
sayde,  
Thys is a cowardes death to me.
- 35 'Leuer I had,' sayde Wylyam,  
'With my sworde in the route to  
renne,  
Then here among myne ennemyes wode  
Thus cruelly to bren.'
- 36 He toke hys sweard and hys buckler,  
And among them all he ran;  
Where the people were most in prece,  
He smot downe many a man.
- 37 There myght no man stand hys stroke,  
So fersly on them he ran;  
Then they threw wyndowes and dores on  
him,  
And so toke that good yeman.
- 38 There they hym bounde both hand and  
fote,  
And in depe dongeon hym cast;  
'Now, Cloudesle,' sayde the hye justice,  
'Thou shalt be hanged in hast.'
- 39 'One vow shal I make,' sayde the  
sherife,  
'A payre of new galowes shall I for  
the make,

And al the gates of Caerlel shalbe  
shutte,  
There shall no man come in therat.

40 'Then shall not helpe Clim of the  
Cloughe,  
Nor yet Adam Bell,  
Though they came with a thousand  
mo,  
Nor all the deuels in hell.'

41 Early in the mornying the justice vprose,  
To the gates fast gan he gon,  
And commaunded to be shut full cloce  
Lightile euerychone.

42 Then went he to the market-place,  
As fast as he coude hye;  
A payre of new gallous there dyd he vp  
set,  
Besyde the pyllory.

43 A lytle boy stod them amonge,  
And asked what meaned that gallow-  
tre;  
They sayde, To hange a good yeaman,  
Called. Wylyyam of Cloudesle.

44 That lytle boye was the towne swyne-  
heard,  
And kept fayre Alyce swyne;  
Full oft he had sene Cloudesle in the  
wodde,  
And geuen hym there to dyne.

45 He went out of a creues in the wall,  
And lightly to the woode dyd gone;  
There met he with these wyght yonge  
men,  
Shortly and anone.

46 'Alas !' then sayde that lytle boye,  
'Ye tary here all to longe;  
Cloudesle is taken and dampned to  
death,  
All readye for to honge.'

47 'Alas !' then sayde good Adam Bell,  
'That euer we see thys daye !  
He myght her with vs haue dwelled,  
So ofte as we dyd him praye.

48 'He myght haue taryed in grene for-  
este,  
Under the shadowes sheene,

And haue kepte both hym and vs in  
reaste,  
Out of trouble and teene.'

49 Adam bent a ryght good bow,  
A great hart sone had he slayne;  
'Take that, chylde,' he sayde, 'to thy  
dynner,  
And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.'

50 'Now go we hence,' sayed these wight  
yong men,  
'Tary we no lenger here;  
We shall hym borowe, by Gods grace,  
Though we bye it full dere.'

51 To Caerlel went these good yemen,  
In a mery mornying of Maye:  
Her is a fyt of Cloudesli,  
And another is for to saye.

52 And when they came to mery Caerlell,  
In a fayre mornying-tyde,  
They founde the gates shut them vntyll,  
Round about on euery syde.

53 'Alas !' than sayd good Adam Bell,  
'That euer we were made men !

b. These gates be shyte so wonderly well,  
That we may not come here in.'

54 Than spake Clymme of the Cloughe:  
With a wyle we wyll vs in brynge;  
Let vs say we be messengers,  
Streight comen from oure kyng.

55 Adam sayd, I haue a lettre wryten wele,  
Now let vs wysely werke;  
We wyll say we haue the kynges seale,  
I holde the porter no clerke.

56 Than Adam Bell bete on the gate,  
With strokës greate and stronge;  
The porter herde suche a noyse therate,  
And to the gate faste he thronge.

57 'Who is there nowe,' sayd the porter,  
'That maketh all this knockyng ?'  
'We be two messengers,' sayd Clymme  
of the Clo[ughe],  
'Be comen streight frome oure  
kyng.'

58 'We haue a lettre,' sayd Adam Bell,  
'To the justyce we must it brynge;

- Let vs in, oure message to do,  
That we were agayne to our kynge.'
- 59 'Here cometh no man in,' sayd the  
porter,  
'By hym that dyed on a tre,  
Tyll a false thefe be hanged,  
Called Wylliam of Clowdysle.'
- 60 Than spake that good [yeman Clym of  
the Cloughe,  
And swore by Mary fre,  
If that we stande long wythout,  
Lyke a thefe hanged shalt thou be.]
- 61 [Lo here] we haue got the kynges seale;  
[What! l]ordane, arte thou wode?  
[The p]orter had wende it had been so,  
[And l]yghtly dyd of his hode.
- 62 '[Welco]me be my lordes seale,' sayd he,  
['For] that shall ye come in:'  
[He] opened the gate ryght shortly,  
[An] euyl openynge for hym!
- 63 '[N]owe we are in,' sayd Adam Bell,  
['T]herof we are full fayne;  
[But] Cryst knoweth that herowed hell,  
[H]ow we shall come oute agayne.'
- 64 '[Had] we the keys,' sayd Clym of the  
Clough,  
'Ryght well than sholde we spede;  
[Than] myght we come out well ynough,  
[Whan] we se tyme and nede.'
- 65 [They] called the porter to a counsell,  
[And] wronge hys necke in two,  
[And] kest hym in a depe dongeon,  
[And] toke the keys hym fro.
- 66 '[N]ow am I porter,' sayd Adam Bell;  
['Se], broder, the keys haue we here;  
[The] worste porter to mery Carlell.  
[That ye] had this hondreth yere.
- 67 '[Now] wyll we oure bowes bende,  
[Into the t]owne wyll we go,  
[For to delyuer our dere] broder,  
[Where he lyeth in care and wo.'
- 68 Then they bent theyr good yew bowes,  
And lokyd theyr stringes were round;]  
The market-place of mery Carlyll,  
They beset in that stounde.
- 69 And as they lokyd them besyde,  
A payre of newe galowes there they  
se,  
And the iustyce, with a quest of swerers,  
That had inged Clowdysle there  
hanged to be.
- 70 And Clowdysle hymselfe lay redy in a  
carte,  
Fast bounde bothe fote and hande,  
And a strong rope aboute his necke,  
All redy for to be hangde.
- 71 The iustyce called to hym a ladde;  
Clowdysles clothes sholde he haue,  
To take the mesure of that good yoman,  
And thereafter to make his graue.
- 72 'I haue sene as greate a merueyll,' sayd  
Clowd[esle],  
'As bytwene this and pryme,  
He that maketh thys graue for me,  
Hymselfe may lye therin.'
- 73 'Thou spekest proudly,' sayd the ius-  
tyce;  
'I shall hange the with my hande:'  
Full well that herde his bretheren two,  
There styll as they dyd stande.
- 74 Than Clowdysle cast hys eyen asyde,  
And sawe hys bretheren stande,  
At a corner of the market-place,  
With theyr good bowes bent in theyr  
hand,  
Redy the iustyce for to chase.
- 75 'I se good comforte,' sayd Clowdysle,  
'Yet hope I well to fare;  
If I myght haue my handes at wyll,  
[Ryght l]ytell wolde I care.'
- 76 [Than b]espake good Adam Bell,  
[To Clym]me of the Clough so fre;  
[Broder], se ye marke the iustyce well;  
[Lo yon]der ye may him se.
- 77 [And at] the sheryf shote I wyll,  
[Stron]gly with an arowe kene;  
[A better] shotte in mery Carlyll,  
[Thys se]uen yere was not sene.
- 78 [They lo]used theyr arowes bothe at  
ones,  
[Of no] man had they drede;

- [The one] hyt the iustyce, the other the sheryf,  
[That b]othe theyr sydes gan blede.
- 79 [All men] voyded, that them stode nye,  
[Whan] the iustyce fell to the grounde,  
[And the] sheryf fell nyghe hym by;  
[Eyther] had his dethes wounde.
- 80 [All the c]ytezeyns fast gan fle,  
[They du]rste no lenger abyde;  
[There ly]ghtly they loused Clowdysle,  
[Where he] with ropes lay tyde.
- 81 [Wyllyam] sterte to an offycer of the towne,  
[Hys axe] out his hande he wronge;  
[On eche] syde he smote them downe,  
[Hym tho]ught he had taryed to longe.
- 82 [Wyllyam] sayd to his bretheren two,  
[Thys daye] let vs togyder lyue and deye;  
[If euer you] haue nede as I haue now,  
[The same] shall ye fynde by me.
- 83 [They] shyt so well in that tyde,  
For theyr strynges were of sylke full sure,  
That they kepte the stretes on euery syde;  
That batayll dyd longe endure.
- 84 They fought togyder as bretheren true,  
Lyke hardy men and bolde;  
Many a man to the grounde they threwe,  
And made many an hertē colde.
- 85 But whan they arowes were all gone,  
Men presyd on them full fast;  
They drewe theyr swerdēs than anone,  
And theyr bowēs from them caste.
- 86 They wente lyghtly on theyr waye,  
With swerdes and buckelers rounde;  
By that it was the myddes of the daye,  
They had made many a wounde.
- 87 There was many an oute-horne in Carlyll blowen,  
And the belles backwarde dyd they ryng;
- Many a woman sayd alas,  
And many theyr handes dyd wrynge.
- 88 The mayre of Carlyll forth come was,  
And with hym a full grete route;  
These thre yomen dredde hym full sore,  
For theyr lyuēs stode in doubte.
- 89 The mayre came armed, a full grete pace,  
With a polaxe in his hande;  
Many a stronge man with hym was,  
There in that stoure to stande.
- 90 The mayre smote at Clowdysle with his byll,  
His buckeler he brast in two;  
Full many a yoman with grete yll,  
‘[Al]as, treason!’ they cryed for wo.  
‘[Ke]pe we the gates fast,’ they bad,  
‘[T]hat these traytours theroute not go.’
- 91 But all for nought was that they wrought,  
For so fast they downe were layde  
Tyll they all thre, that so manfully fought,  
Were goten without at a brayde.
- 92 ‘Haue here your keys,’ sayd Adam Bell,  
‘Myne offyce I here forsake;  
Yf ye do by my counceill,  
A newē porter ye make.’
- 93 He threwe the keys there at theyr hedes,  
And bad them evyll to thryue,  
And all that letteth ony good yoman  
To come and comforte his wyue.
- 94 Thus be these good yomen gone to the wode,  
As lyght as lefe on lynde;  
They laughe and be mery in theyr mode,  
Their enemyes were farre behynde.
- 95 Whan they came to Inglyswode,  
Under theyr trysty-tre,  
There they founde bowēs full gode,  
And arowēs greate plentē.
- 96 ‘So helpe me God,’ sayd Adam Bell,  
And Clymme of the Clowgh so fre,



- 'I wolde we were nowe in mery Carlell,  
[Be]fore that fayre meynè.'
- 97 They set them downe and made good  
chere,  
And eate an[d dr]anke full well:  
Here is a fyttē [of] these wyght yonge-  
men,  
And another I shall you tell.
- 98 As they sat in Inglyswode,  
Under theyr trysty-tre,  
Them thought they herde a woman  
[wepe],  
But her they myght not se.
- 99 Sore syghed there fayre Alyce, and  
sayd,  
Alas that euer I se this daye !  
For now is my dere husbonde slayne,  
Alas and welawaye !
- 00 Myght I haue spoken wyth hys dere  
breth[eren],  
With eyther of them twayne,  
[To shew to them what him befell,]  
My herte were out of payne.
- 01 Clowdysle walked a lytell besyde,  
And loked vnder the grene wodde  
lynde;  
He was ware of his wyfe and his chyl-  
dre[n thre],  
Full wo in herte and mynde.
- 02 'Welcome, wyfe,' than sayd Wyllyam,  
'Unto this trysty-tre;  
I had wende yesterdaye, by swete  
Sai[nt John],  
Thou sholde me neuer haue se.'
- 03 'Now wele is me,' she sayd, 'that [ye  
be here],  
My herte is out of wo:'  
'Dame,' he sayd, 'be mery and glad,  
And thanke my bretheren two.'
- 04 'Here of to speke,' sayd Ad[am]  
Bell,  
'I-wys it [is no bote];  
The me[at that we must supp withall,  
It runneth yet fast on fote.'
- 05 Then went they down into a launde,  
These noble archares all thre,
- Eche of the]m slewe a harte of grece,  
[The best t]hey coude there se.
- 106 '[Haue here the] best, Alyce my wyfe,'  
[Sayde Wyllya]m of Clowdysle,  
'[By cause ye so] boldely stode me by,  
[Whan I w]as slayne full nye.'
- 107 [Than they] wente to theyr souper,  
[Wyth suc]he mete as they had,  
[And than]ked God of theyr fortune;  
[They we]re bothe mery and glad.
- 108 [And whan] they had souped well,  
[Certayne] withouten leace,  
[Clowdysle] sayde, We wyll to oure  
kynge,  
[To get v]s a chartre of peace.
- 109 [Alyce shal] be at soiournynge,  
[In a nunry] here besyde;  
[My tow sonn]es shall with her go,  
[And ther the]y shall abyde.
- 110 [Myne eldest so]ne shall go with me,  
[For hym haue I] no care,  
[And he shall breng] you worde agayne  
[How that we do fare.
- 111 Thus be these wig]ht men to London  
gone,  
[As fast as they ma]ye hye,  
[Tyll they came to the kynges] palays,  
c. There they woulde nedès be.
- 112 And whan they came to the kyngès  
courte,  
Unto the pallace gate,  
Of no man wold they aske leue,  
But boldly went in therat.
- 113 They preced prestly into the hall,  
Of no man had they dreade;  
The porter came after and dyd them  
call,  
a. And with them began to [chyde.]
- 114 The vssher sayd, Yemen, what wolde  
ye haue ?  
I praye you tell me;  
Ye myght thus make offycers shent:  
Good syrs, of whens be ye ?
- 115 'Syr, we be outlawes of the forest,  
Certayne withouten leace,

- And hyther we be come to our kynge,  
To get vs a charter of peace.'
- 116 And whan they came before our kynge,  
As it was the lawe of the lande,  
They kneled downe without lettynge,  
And eche helde vp his hande.
- 117 They sayd, Lorde, we beseche you  
here,  
That ye wyll graunte vs grace,  
For we haue slayne your fatte falowe  
dere,  
In many a sondry place.
- 118 'What is your names?' than sayd our  
kynge,  
'Anone that you tell me :'  
They sayd, Adam Bell, Clym of the  
Clough,  
And Wylliam of Clowdesle.
- 119 'Be ye those theunes,' than sayd our  
kynge,  
'That men haue tolde of to me ?  
Here to God I make a vowe,  
Ye shall be hanged all thre.
- 120 'Ye shall be dead without mercy,  
As I am kynge of this lande :'  
c. He commanded his officers euerichone  
Fast on them to lay hand.
- 121 There they toke these good yemen,  
And arested them all thre :  
'So may I thryue,' sayd Adam Bell,  
'Thys game lyketh not me.
- a. 122 'But, good lorde, we beseche you  
nowe,  
That ye wyll graunte vs grace,  
In so moche as we be to you com-  
men;  
Or elles that we may fro you passe,
- 123 'With suche weapons as we haue  
here,  
Tyll we be out of your place;  
And yf we lyue this hondred yere,  
We wyll aske you no grace.'
- 124 'Ye speke proudly,' sayd the kynge,  
'Ye shall be hanged all thre :'  
'That were great pity,' sayd the quene,  
'If any grace myght be.
- 125 'My lorde, whan I came fyrst in to  
this lande,  
To be your wedded wyfe,  
The fyrst bone that I wolde aske,  
Ye wolde graunte me belyfe.
- 126 'And I asked you neuer none tyll nowe,  
Therefore, good lorde, graunte it me :  
'Nowe aske it, madame,' sayd the  
kynge,  
'And graunted shall it be.'
- 127 'Than, good lorde, I you beseche,  
The yemen graunte you me :'  
'Madame, ye myght haue asked a bone  
That sholde haue ben worthe them  
thre.
- 128 'Ye myght haue asked towres and  
towne[s],  
Parkes and forestes plentie :'  
c. 'None so pleasaunt to mi pay,' she  
said,  
'Nor none so lefe to me.'
- 129 'Madame, sith it is your desyre,  
Your askyng graunted shalbe;  
But I had leuer haue geuen you  
Good market-townes thre.'
- 130 The quene was a glad woman,  
And sayd, Lord, gramarcy;  
I dare vndertake for them  
That true men shall they be.
- 131 But, good lord, speke som mery word,  
That comfort they may se :  
'I graunt you grace,' then said our king,  
'Wasshe, felos, and to meate go ye.'
- 132 They had not setten but a whyle,  
Certayne without lesyng,  
There came messengers out of the  
north,  
With letters to our kyng.
- 133 And whan the came before the kynge,  
The kneled downe vpon theyr kne,  
And sayd, Lord, your offycers grete  
you wel,  
Of Caerlel in the north cuntre.
- 134 'How fare[th] my justice,' sayd the  
kyng,  
'And my sherife also ?'

- 'Syr, they be slayne, without leasyng,  
And many an officer mo.'
- 135 'Who hath them slayne?' sayd the kyng,  
'Anone thou tell me:'  
'Adam Bel, and Clime of the Clough,  
And Wyllyam of Cloudesle.'
- 136 'Alas for rewth!' then sayd our kynge,  
'My hart is wonderous sore;  
I had leuer [th]an a thousand pounce  
I had knowne of thys before.
- 137 'For I haue y-graunted them grace,  
And that forthynketh me;  
But had I knowne all thys before,  
They had ben hanged all thre.'
- 138 The kyng opened the letter anone,  
Hym selfe he red it tho,  
And founde how these thre outlawes  
had slaine  
Thre hundred men and mo.
- 139 Fyrst the justice and the sheryfe,  
And the mayre of Caerlel towne;  
Of all the constables and catchipolles  
Alyue were left not one.
- 140 The baylyes and the bedyls both,  
And the sergeauntes of the law,  
And forty fosters of the fe  
These outlawes had y-slaw;
- 141 And broken his parks, and slaine his dere;  
Ouer all they chose the best;  
So perelous outlawes as they were  
Walked not by easte nor west.
- 142 When the kynge this letter had red,  
In hys harte he syghed sore;  
'Take vp the table,' anone he bad,  
'For I may eate no more.'
- 143 The kyng called hys best archars,  
To the buttes with hym to go;  
'I wyll se these felowes shote,' he sayd,  
'That in the north haue wrought this wo.'
- 144 The kynges bowmen buske them blyue,  
And the quenes archers also,
- So dyd these thre wyght yemen,  
Wyth them they thought to go.
- 145 There twyse or thyrse they shote about,  
For to assay theyr hande;  
There was no shote these thre yemen  
shot  
That any prykke might them stand.
- 146 Then spake Wyllyam of Cloudesle;  
By God that for me dyed,  
I hold hym neuer no good archar  
That shuteth at buttes so wyde.
- 147 'Wherat?' then sayd our kyng,  
'I pray thee tell me:'  
'At suche a but, syr,' he sayd,  
'As men vse in my countree.'
- 148 Wyllyam wente into a fyeld,  
And his to brothren with him;  
There they set vp to hasell rodde,  
Twenty score paces betwene.
- 149 'I hold him an archar,' said Cloudesle,  
'That yonder wande cleueth in two:'  
'Here is none suche,' sayd the kyng,  
'Nor none that can so do.'
- 150 'I shall assaye, syr,' sayd Cloudesle,  
'Or that I farther go:'  
Cloudesle, with a bearyng arow,  
Claue the wand in to.
- 151 'Thou art the best archer,' then said the king,  
'Forsothe that euer I se:'  
And yet for your loun,' sayd Wyllyam,  
'I wyll do more maystry.
- 152 'I haue a soune is seuen yere olde;  
He is to me full deare;  
I wyll hym tye to a stake,  
All shall se that be here;
- 153 'And lay an apple vpon hys head,  
And go syxe score paces hym fro,  
And I my selfe, with a brode arow,  
Shall cleue the apple in two.'
- 154 'Now hast the,' then sayd the kyng;  
'By him that dyed on a tre,  
But yf thou do not as thou best  
sayde,  
Hanged shalt thou be.

- 155 'And thou touche his head or gowne,  
In syght that men may se,  
By all the sayntes that be in heaven,  
I shall hange you all thre.'
- 156 'That I haue promised,' said William,  
'I wyl it neuer forsake;'  
And there euen before the kynge,  
In the earth he droue a stake;
- 157 And bound therto his eldest sonne,  
And bad hym stande styll therat,  
And turned the childes face fro him,  
Because he shuld not sterte.
- 158 An apple vpon his head he set,  
And then his bowe he bent;  
Syxe score paces they were outmet,  
And thether Cloudesle went.
- 159 There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe;  
Hys bowe was great and longe;  
He set that arrowe in his bowe,  
That was both styffe and stronge.
- 160 He prayed the people that was there  
That they would styll stande;  
'For he that shooteth for such a wager,  
Behoueth a stedfast hand.'
- 161 Muche people prayed for Cloudesle,  
a. That hys lyfe saued myght be,  
And whan he made hym redy to shote,  
There was many a wepyng eye.
- 162 Thus Clowdesle clefte the apple in  
two,  
That many a man it se;  
'Ouer goddes forbode,' sayd the kynge,  
'That thou sholdest shote at me!'
- 163 'I gyue the .xviii. pens a daye,  
And my bowe shalte thou bere,  
And ouer all the north countree  
I make the chefe rydere.'
- 164 'And I gyue the .xii. pens a day,' sayd  
the que[ne],  
'By God and by my faye;  
Come fetche thy payment whan thou  
wylt,  
No man shall say the naye.'
- 165 'Wyllyam, I make the gentylman  
Of clothyng and of fee,

And thy two brethren yemen of my  
chambr[e],  
For they are so semely to se.

- 166 'Your sone, for he is tendre of age,  
Of my wyne-seller shall he be,  
And whan he commeth to mannës state,  
Better auanced shall he be.

- 167 'And, Wylliam, bryng me your wyfe,'  
sayd th[e quene];  
'Me longeth sore here to se;  
She shall be my chefe gentylwoman,  
And gouerne my nursery.'

- 168 The yemen thanked them full cour-  
teysly,  
And sayd, To Rome streyght wyll  
we wende,  
[Of all the synnes that we haue done  
To be assoyled of his hand.

- 169 So forth]e be gone these good yemen,  
[As fast a]s they myght hye,  
[And aft]er came and dwelled with the  
kynge,  
[And dye]d good men all thre.

- 170 [Thus e]ndeth the lyues of these good  
yemen,  
[God sen]de them eternall blysse,  
[And all] that with hande-bowe shoteth,  
[That of] heuen they may neuer  
mysse!

117

## A GEST OF ROBYN HODE

The best qualified judges are not agreed as to the typographical origin of a. The date of b may be anywhere from 1492 to 1534. Copland's edition was not earlier than 1548. The dates of the other texts are uncertain. a, b, f, g, are deficient at 7<sup>1</sup>, 339<sup>1</sup>, and misprinted at 49, 50, repeating, it may be, the faults of a prior impression. a appears, by internal evidence, to be an older text than b. Some obsolete words of the earlier copies have been modernized in f, g, and deficient lines have been supplied. A considerable number of Middle-English forms remain after those successive renovations of reciters and printers which are presumable in such cases. The Gest may have been compiled at a time when such forms had gone out of use, and these may be

relics of the ballads from which this little epic was made up; or the whole poem may have been put together as early as 1400, or before. There are no firm grounds on which to base an opinion.

No notice of Robin Hood has been recovered earlier than that which was long ago pointed out by Percy as occurring in *Piers Plowman*, and this, according to Professor Skeat, cannot be older than about 1377. Sloth, in that poem, says in his shrift that he knows "rymes of Robyn Hood and Randolf, erle of Chestre," though but imperfectly acquainted with his paternoster. Thomas Robinhood is one of six witnesses to a grant in 1380 or 1381 (*Historical MSS. Commission, Fifth Report, Appendix, p. 511*). References to Robin Hood are not infrequent in the following century.

Thus it is evident that Robin Hood ballads were popular for a century or more before the time when the *Gest* was printed. Their popularity was fully established at the beginning of this period, and unquestionably extended back to a much earlier day. Of these ballads, there have come down to us in a comparatively ancient form the following: those from which the *Gest* (printed, perhaps, before 1500) was composed, being at least four, Robin Hood, the Knight and the Monk, Robin Hood, Little John and the Sheriff, Robin Hood and the King, and Robin Hood's death (a fragment); Robin Hood and the Monk (No. 119), more properly Robin Hood rescued by Little John, MS. of about 1450, but not for that older than the ballads of the *Gest*; Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne (No. 118), Percy MS. ca. 1650; Robin Hood's Death (No. 120), Percy MS. and late garlands; Robin Hood and the Potter (No. 121), MS. of about 1500, later perhaps than any of the group. Besides these there are thirty-two ballads (Nos. 122-153). About half a dozen of these thirty-two have in them something of the old popular quality; as many more not the least trace of it. Fully a dozen are variations, sometimes wearisome, sometimes sickening, upon the theme 'Robin Hood met with his match.' A considerable part of the Robin Hood poetry looks like char-work done for the petty press, and should be judged as such. The earliest of these ballads, on the other hand, are among the best of all ballads, and perhaps none in English please so many and please so long.

Robin Hood is absolutely a creation of the ballad-muse. The earliest mention we have of him is as the subject of ballads. The only two early historians who speak of him as a ballad hero (Bower, writing 1441-47, and Major, born ca. 1450) pretend to have no information about him except what they derive from ballads, and show that they have none other by the

description they give of him; this description being in entire conformity with ballads in our possession, one of which is found in a MS. as old as the older of these two writers.

Robin Hood is a yeoman, outlawed for reasons not given, but easily surmised, "courteous and free," religious in sentiment, and above all reverent of the Virgin, for the love of whom he is respectful to all women. He lives by the king's deer (though he loves no man in the world so much as his king) and by levies on the superfluity of the higher orders, secular and spiritual, bishops and archbishops, abbots, bold barons, and knights, but harms no husbandman or yeoman, and is friendly to poor men generally, imparting to them of what he takes from the rich. Courtesy, good temper, liberality, and manliness are his chief marks; for courtesy and good temper he is a popular Gawain. Yeoman as he is, he has a kind of royal dignity, a princely grace, and a gentleman-like refinement of humor. This is the Robin Hood of the *Gest* especially; the late ballads debase this primary conception in various ways and degrees.

This is what Robin Hood is, and it is equally important to observe what he is not. He has no sort of political character, in the *Gest* or any other ballad. This takes the ground from under the feet of those who seek to assign him a place in history. Nor has even a shadow of a case been made out by those who would equate Robin Hood with Odin or account for him in accordance with the supposed principles of comparative mythology.

The chief comrades of Robin Hood are in 'Robin Hood and the Monk,' Little John, Scathlok (Scarlok, Scarlet), and Much; to these the *Gest* adds Gilbert of the White Hand and Reynold (292 f.). A friar is not a member of his company in the older ballads. Maid Marian is unknown to the genuine Robin Hood tradition.

The *Gest* is a popular epic, composed from several ballads by a poet of a thoroughly congenial spirit. No one of the ballads from which it was made up is extant in a separate shape, and some portions of the story may have been of the compiler's own invention. The decoying of the sheriff into the wood, stanzas 181-204, is of the same derivation as the last part of Robin Hood and the Potter (No. 121), Little John and Robin Hood exchanging parts; the conclusion, 451-456, is of the same source as Robin Hood's Death (No. 120). Though the tale, as to all important considerations, is eminently original, absolutely so as to the conception of Robin Hood, some traits and incidents, as might be expected, are taken from what we may call the general stock of mediæval fiction.



The story is a three-ply web of the adventures of Robin Hood with a knight, with the sheriff of Nottingham, and with the king (the concluding stanzas, 451-456, being a mere epilogue), and may be decomposed accordingly. I. How Robin Hood relieved a knight, who had fallen into poverty, by lending him money on the security of Our Lady, the first fit, 1-81; how the knight recovered his lands, which had been pledged to Saint Mary Abbey, and set forth to repay the loan, the second fit, 82-143; how Robin Hood, having taken twice the sum lent from a monk of this abbey, declared that Our Lady had discharged the debt, and would receive nothing more from the knight, the fourth fit, 205-280. II. How Little John insidiously took service with Robin Hood's standing enemy, the sheriff of Nottingham, and put the sheriff into Robin Hood's hands, the third fit, 144-204; how the sheriff, who had sworn an oath to help and not to harm Robin Hood and his men, treacherously set upon the outlaws at a shooting-match, and they were fain to take refuge in the knight's castle; how, missing of Robin Hood, the sheriff made prisoner of the knight; and how Robin Hood slew the sheriff and rescued the knight, the fifth and sixth fit, 281-353. III. How the king, coming in person to apprehend Robin Hood and the knight, disguised himself as an abbot, was stopped by Robin Hood, feasted on his own deer, and entertained with an exhibition of archery, in the course of which he was recognized by Robin Hood, who asked his grace and received a promise thereof, on condition that he and his men should enter into the king's service; and how the king, for a jest, disguised himself and his company in the green of the outlaws, and going back to Nottingham caused a general flight of the people, which he stopped by making himself known; how he pardoned the knight; and how Robin Hood, after fifteen months in the king's court, heart-sick and deserted by all his men but John and Scathlock, obtained a week's leave of the king to go on a pilgrimage to Saint Mary Magdalen of Barnsdale, and would never come back in two-and-twenty years, the seventh and eighth fit, 354-450.

a. 'A Gest of Robyn Hode,' without printer's name, date, or place; the eleventh and last piece in a volume in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Reprinted by David Laing, 1827, with nine pieces from the press of Walter Chepman and Andrew Myllar, Edinburgh, 1508, and one other, by a printer unknown, under the title of *The Knightly Tale of Golagruss and Gawane*, and other Ancient Poems.

b. 'A Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode,' etc.,

London, Wynken de Worde, n. d.: Library of the University of Cambridge.

c. Douce Fragment, No. 16: Bodleian Library.

d. Douce Fragment, No. 17: Bodleian Library.

e. Douce Fragment, No. 16: Bodleian Library.

f. 'A Mery Geste of Robyn Hode,' etc., London, Wyllyam Copland, n. d.: British Museum, C. 21, c.

g. 'A Merry Iest of Robin Hood,' etc., London, printed for Edward White, n. d.: Bodleian Library, Z. 3, Art. Seld., and Mr Henry Huth's library.

- a. 1 LYTHE and listin, gentilmen,  
That be of frebore blode;  
I shall you tel of a gode yeman,  
His name was Robyn Hode.
- 2 Robyn was a prude outlaw,  
[Whyles he walked on ground;  
So curteyse an outlawe] as he was one  
Was never non founde.
- 3 Robyn stode in Bernesdale,  
And lenyd hym to a tre;  
And bi hym stode Litell Johnn,  
A gode yeman was he.
- 4 And alsoo dyd gode Scarlok,  
And Much, the miller's son;  
There was none ynch of his bodi  
But it was worth a grome.
- 5 Than bespake Lytell Johnn  
All vntoo Robyn Hode:  
Maister, and ye wolde dyne betyme  
It wolde doo you moche gode.
- 6 Than bespake hym gode Robyn:  
To dyne haue I noo lust,  
Till that I haue som bolde baron,  
Or som vnkouth gest.
- 7 . . . . .  
That may pay for the best,  
Or som knyght or [som] squyer,  
That dwelleth here bi west.
- 8 A gode maner than had Robyn;  
In londe where that he were,  
Euery day or he wold dyne  
Thre messis wolde he here.

- 9 The one in the worship of the Fader,  
And another of the Holy Gost,  
The thirde of Our derē Lady,  
That he loued allther moste.
- 10 Robyn loued Oure derē Lady;  
For dout of dydly syune,  
Wolde he neuer do compani harme  
That any woman was in.
- 11 'Maistar,' than sayde Lytil Johnn,  
'And we our borde shal sprede,  
Tel vs wheder that we shal go,  
And what life that we shall lede.
- 12 'Where we shall take, where we shall  
leue,  
Where we shall abide behynde;  
Where we shall robbe, where we shal  
reue,  
Where we shal bete and bynde.'
- 13 'Therof no force,' than sayde Robyn;  
'We shall do well inowe;  
But loke ye do no husbonde harme,  
That tilleth with his ploughe.
- 14 'No more ye shall no gode yeman  
That walketh by grenē-wode shawe;  
Ne no knyght ne no squyer  
That wol be a gode felawe.
- 15 'These bisshoppes and these arche-  
bishoppes,  
Ye shall them bete and bynde;  
The hyē sherif of Notyngham,  
Hym holde ye in your mynde.'
- 16 'This worde shalbe holde,' sayde Lytell  
Johnn,  
'And this lesson we shall lere;  
It is fer dayes; God sende vs a gest,  
That we were at oure dynere!'
- 17 'Take thy gode bowe in thy honde,'  
sayde Rob[yn];  
'Late Much wende with the;  
And so shal Willyam Scarlo[k],  
And no man abyde with me.
- 18 'And walke vp to the Saylis,  
And so to Watlinge Stret[e],  
And wayte after some vnkuth gest,  
Vp chaunce ye may them mete.
- 19 'Be he erle, or ani baron,  
Abbot, or ani knyght,  
Bringhe hym to lodge to me;  
His dynere shall be dight.'
- 20 They wente vp to the Saylis,  
These yeman all thre;  
They loked est, they loke[d] weest;  
They myght no man see.
- 21 But as they loked in to Bernysdale,  
Bi a dernē strete,  
Than came a knyght ridinghe;  
Full sone they gan hym mete.
- 22 All dreri was his semblaunce,  
And lytell was his pryde;  
His one fote in the styrop stode,  
That othere wayyd beside.
- 23 His hode hanged in his iyn two;  
He rode in symple aray;  
A soriar man than he was one  
Rode neuer in somer day.
- 24 Litell Johnn was full curteyes,  
And sette hym on his kne:  
'Welcom be ye, gentyll knyght,  
Welcom ar ye to me.
- 25 'Welcom be thou to grenē wode,  
Hendē knyght and fre;  
My maister hath abiden you fastinge,  
Syr, al these ourēs thre.'
- 26 'Who is thy maister?' sayde the  
knyght;  
Johnn sayde, Robyn Hode;  
'He is [a] gode yoman,' sayde the  
knyght,  
'Of hym I haue herde moche gode.
- 27 'I graunte,' he sayde, 'with you to  
wende,  
My bretherne, all in fere;  
My purpos was to haue dyned to day  
At Blith or Dancastere.'
- 28 Furth than went this gentyl knight,  
With a carefull chere;  
The teris oute of his iyen ran,  
And fell downe by his lere.
- 29 They brought hym to the lodgē-dore;  
Whan Robyn hym gan see,

- Full curtesly dyd of his hode  
And sette hym on his knee.
- 30 'Welcome, sir knight,' than sayde  
Robyn,  
'Welcome art thou to me;  
I haue abyden you fastinge, sir,  
All these ouris thre.'
- 31 Than answered the gentyll knight,  
With wordes fayre and fre;  
God the saue, goode Robyn,  
And all thy fayre meynë.
- 32 They wasshed togeder and wyped bothe,  
And sette to theyr dynere;  
Brede and wyne they had right yuoughe,  
And noumbles of the dere.
- 33 Swannes and fessauntes they had full  
gode,  
And foules of the ryuere;  
There fayled none so litell a birde  
That euer was bred on bryre.
- 34 'Do gladly, sir knight,' sayde Robyn;  
'Gramarey, sir,' sayde he;  
'Suche a dinere had I nat  
Of all these wekys thre.
- 35 'If I come ageyne, Robyn,  
Here by thys contrë,  
As gode a dyner I shall the make  
As that thou haest made to me.'
- 36 'Gramarey, knyght,' sayde Robyn;  
'My dyner whan that I it haue,  
I was neuer so gredy, bi dere worthy  
God,  
My dyner for to craue.
- 37 'But pay or ye wende,' sayde Robyn;  
'Me thynketh it is gode ryght;  
It was neuer the maner, by dere worthy  
God,  
A yoman to pay for a knyght.'
- 38 'I haue nought in my coffers,' saide the  
knyght,  
'That I may profer for shame:'  
'Litell Johnn, go loke,' sayde Robyn,  
'Ne let nat for no blame.
- 39 'Tel me truth,' than saide Robyn,  
'So God haue parte of the:'
- 'I haue no more but ten shelynges,'  
sayde the knyght,  
'So God haue parte of me.'
- 40 'If thou hast no more,' sayde Robyn,  
'I woll nat one peny;  
And yf thou haue nede of any more,  
More shall I lend the.
- 41 'Go nowe furth, Littell Johnn,  
The truth tell thou me;  
If there be no more but ten shelinges,  
No peny that I se.'
- 42 Lyttell Johnn sprede downe hys mantell  
Full fayre vpon the grounde,  
And there he fonde in the knyghtes  
cofer  
But euen halfe [a] pounce.
- 43 Littell Johnn let it lye full styll,  
And went to hys maysteer [full] lowe;  
'What tidynges, Johnn?' sayde Robyn;  
'Sir, the knyght is true inowe.'
- 44 'Fyll of the best wine,' sayde Robyn,  
'The knyght shall begynne;  
Moche wonder thinketh me  
Thy clot[h]ynge is so thin[n]e.
- 45 'Tell me [one] worde,' sayde Robyn,  
'And counsel shal it be;  
I trowe thou warte made a knyght of  
force,  
Or ellys of yemanry.
- 46 'Or ellys thou hast bene a sori husbande,  
And lyued in stroke and stryfe;  
An okerer, or ellis a lechoure,' sayde  
Robyn,  
'Wyth wronge hast led thy lyfe.'
- 47 'I am none of those,' sayde the knyght,  
'By God that madë me;  
An hundred wynter here before  
My auncetres knyghtes haue be.
- 48 'But oft it hath befall, Robyn,  
A man hath be disgrate;  
But God that sitteth in heuen aboue  
May amende his state.
- 49 'Withyn this two yere, Robyne,' he  
sayde,  
'My neighbours well it knowe,

- Foure hundred ponde of gode money  
 Ful well than myght I spende.
- 50 'Nowe haue I no gode,' saide the knyght,  
 'God hath shaped such an ende,  
 But my chyldren and my wyfe,  
 Tyll God yt may amende.'
- 51 'In what maner,' than sayde Robyn,  
 'Hast thou lorne thy rychesse?'  
 'For my greatë foly,' he sayde,  
 'And for my kynd[ë]nesse.
- 52 'I hade a sone, forsoth, Robyn,  
 That shulde hau[e] ben myn ayre,  
 Whanne he was twenty wynter olde,  
 In felde wolde iust full fayre.
- 53 'He slewe a knyght of Lancaster,  
 And a squyer bolde;  
 For to saue hym in his ryght  
 My godes both sette and solde.
- 54 'My londes both sette to wedde, Robyn,  
 Vntyll a certayn day,  
 To a ryche abbot here besyde  
 Of Seynt Mari Abbey.'
- 55 'What is the som?' sayde Robyn;  
 'Trowth than tell thou me;'  
 'Sir,' he sayde, 'foure hundred ponde;  
 The abbot told it to me.'
- 56 'Nowe and thou lese thy lond,' sayde  
 Robyn,  
 'What woll fall of the?'  
 'Hastely I wol me buske,' sayd the  
 knyght,  
 'Ouer the saltë see,
- 57 'And se w[h]ere Criste was quyke and  
 dede,  
 On the mount of Caluerë;  
 Fare wel, frende, and haue gode day;  
 It may no better be.'
- 58 Teris fell out of hys iyen two;  
 He wolde haue gone hys way:  
 'Farewel, frende, and haue gode day;  
 I ne haue no more to pay.'
- 59 'Where be thy frendës?' sayde Robyn:  
 'Syr, neuer one wol me knowe;  
 While I was ryche ynowe at home  
 Great boste than wolde they blowe.
- 60 'And nowe they renne away fro me,  
 As bestis on a rowe;  
 They take no more hede of me  
 Thanne they had me neuer sawe.'
- 61 For ruthe thanne wept Litell Johnn,  
 Scarlok and Muche in fere;  
 'Fyl of the best wyne,' sayde Robyn,  
 'For here is a symple chere.
- 62 'Hast thou any frende,' sayde Robyn,  
 'Thy borowe that woldë be?'  
 'I haue none,' than sayde the knyght,  
 'But God that dyed on tree.'
- 63 'Do away thy iapis,' than sayde Robyn,  
 'Thereof wol I right none;  
 Wenest thou I wolde haue God to bor-  
 owe,  
 Peter, Poule, or Johnn?
- 64 'Nay, by hym that me made,  
 And shope both sonne and mone,  
 Fynde me a better borowe,' sayde Robyn,  
 'Or money getest thou none.'
- 65 'I haue none other,' sayde the knyght,  
 'The sothe for to say,  
 But yf yt be Our derë Lady;  
 She fayled me neuer or thys day.'
- 66 'By dere worthy God,' sayde Robyn,  
 'To seche all Englonde thorowe,  
 Yet fonde I neuer to my pay  
 A moche better borowe.
- 67 'Come nowe furth, Litell Johnn,  
 And go to my tresourë,  
 And bringe me foure hundered pound,  
 And loke well tolde it be.'
- 68 Furth than went Litell Johnn,  
 And Scarlok went before;  
 He tolde oute foure hundred ponde  
 By eight and twenty score.
- 69 'Is thys well tolde?' sayde [litell]  
 Much;  
 Johnn sayde, 'What gre[ue]th the?  
 It is almus to helpe a gentyll knyght,  
 That is fal in pouertë.
- 70 'Master,' than sayde Lityll John,  
 'His clothinge is full thynne;

- Ye must gyue the knight a lyueray,  
To lappe his body therin.
- 71 'For ye haue scarlet and grene, mayster,  
And man[y] a riche aray;  
Ther is no marchaunt in mery Eng-  
land  
So ryche, I dare well say.'
- 72 'Take hym thre yerdes of euery colour,  
And loke well mete that it be;'  
Lytell Johnn toke none other mesure  
But his bowë-tree.
- 73 And at enery handfull that he met  
He lepèd footës three;  
'What deuyllës drapar,' sayid litell  
Muche,  
'Thynkest thou for to be?'
- 74 Scarlok stode full stil and loughe,  
And sayd, By God Almyght,  
Johnn may gyue hym gode mesure,  
For it costeth hym but lyght.
- 75 'Mayster,' than said Litell Johnn  
To gentill Robyn Hode,  
'Ye must giue the knig[h]t a hors,  
To lede home this gode.'
- 76 'Take hym a grây coursar,' sayde Robyn,  
'And a saydle newe;  
He is Oure Ladye's messangere;  
God graunt that he be true.'
- 77 'And a gode palfray,' sayde lytell Much,  
'To mayntene hym in his right;'  
'And a peyre of botës,' sayde Scarlock,  
'For he is a gentyll knight.'
- 78 'What shalt thou gyue hym, Litell  
John?' said Robyn;  
'Sir, a peyre of gilt sporis clene,  
To pray for all this company;  
God bringe hym oute of tene.'
- 79 'Whan shal mi day be,' said the knight,  
'Sir, and your wyll be?'  
'This day twelue moneth,' saide Robyn,  
'Vnder this grenë-wode tre.
- 80 'It were greате shamë,' sayde Robyn,  
'A knight alone to ryde,  
Withoutë squire, yoman, or page,  
To walkë by his syde.
- 81 'I shall the lende Litell John, my  
man,  
For he shalbe thy knaue;  
In a yema[n]'s stede he may the stande,  
If thou greате nedë haue.'
- THE SECONDE FYTTE
- 82 Now is the knight gone on his way;  
This game hym thought full gode;  
Whanne he loked on Bernesdale  
He blessyd Robyn Hode.
- 83 And whanne he thought on Bernys-  
dale,  
On Scarlok, Much, and Johnn,  
He blyssyd them for the best com-  
pany  
b. That euer he in come.
- 84 Then spake that gentyll knyght,  
To Lytel Johan gan he saye,  
To-morrowe I must to Yorke toune,  
To Saynt Mary abbay.
- 85 And to the abbot of that place  
Foure hondred pounce I must pay;  
And but I be there vpon this nyght  
My londe is lost for ay.
- 86 The abbot sayd to his couent,  
There he stode on grounde,  
This day twelue moneth came there a  
knyght  
And borrowed foure hondred pounce.
- 87 [He borrowed foure hondred pounce,]  
Upon all his londë fre;  
But he come this ylkë day  
Dysheryte shall he be.
- 88 'It is full erely,' sayd the pryoure,  
'The day is not yet ferre gone;  
I had leuer to pay an hondred pounce,  
And lay downe anone.
- 89 'The knyght is ferre beyonde the see,  
In Englonde is his ryght,  
And suffreth hunger and colde,  
And many a sory nyght.
- 90 'It were grete pytë,' said the pryoure,  
'So to haue his londe;  
And ye be so lyght of your consyence,  
Ye do to hym moch wronge.'



- 91 'Thou arte euer in my berde,' sayd the  
abbot,  
'By God and Saynt Rycharde;'  
With that cam in a fat-heded monke,  
The heygh selerer.
- 92 'He is dede or hanged,' sayd the monke,  
'By God that bought me dere,  
And we shall haue to spende in this place  
Foure hondred pounce by yere.'
- 93 The abbot and the hy selerer  
Stertē forthe full bolde,  
The [hye] iustyce of Engleonde  
The abbot there dyde holde.
- 94 The hye iustyce and many mo  
Had take in to they[r] honde  
Holy all the knyghts det,  
To put that knyght to wronge.
- 95 They demed the knyght wonder sore,  
The abbot and his meynē:  
'But he come this ylkē day  
Dysheryte shall he be.'
- 96 'He wyll not come yet,' sayd the ius-  
tyce,  
'I dare well vndertake;'  
But in sorowe tymē for them all  
The knyght came to the gate.
- 97 Than bespake that gentyll knyght  
Untyll his meynē:  
Now put on your symple wedes  
That ye brought fro the see.
- 98 [They put on their symple wedes,]  
They came to the gates anone;  
The porter was redy hymselfe,  
And welcomed them euerychone.
- 99 'Welcome, syr knyght,' sayd the por-  
ter;  
'My lorde to mete is he,  
And so is many a gentyll man,  
For the loue of the.'
- 100 The porter swore a full grete othe,  
'By God that madē me,  
Here be the best coresed hors  
That euer yet sawe I me.
- 101 'Lede them in to the stable,' he sayd,  
'That eased myght they be;'
- 'They shall not come therin,' sayd the  
knyght,  
'By God that dyed on a tre.'
- 102 Lordēs were to mete isette  
In that abbotes hall;  
The knyght went forth and kneled  
downe,  
And salued them grete and small.
- 103 'Do gladly, syr abbot,' sayd the knyght,  
'I am come to holde my day:'  
The fyrst word the abbot spake,  
'Hast thou brought my pay?'
- 104 'Not one peny,' sayd the knyght,  
'By God that makēd me;'  
'Thou art a shrewed dettour,' sayd the  
abbot;  
'Syr iustyce, drynke to me.
- 105 'What doost thou here,' sayd the abbot,  
'But thou haddest brought thy pay?'  
'For God,' than sayd the knyght,  
'To pray of a lenger daye.'
- 106 'Thy daye is broke,' sayd the iustyce,  
'Londe getest thou none: '  
'Now, good syr iustyce, be my frende,  
And fende me of my fone!'
- 107 'I am holde with the abbot,' sayd the  
iustyce,  
'Both with cloth and fee: '  
'Now, good syr sheryf, be my frende! '  
'Nay, for God,' sayd he.
- 108 'Now, good syr abbot, be my frende,  
For thy curteysē,  
And holde my londēs in thy honde  
Tyll I haue made the gree!'
- 109 'And I wyll be thy true seruante,  
And trewely seruē the,  
Tyl ye haue foure hondred pounce  
Of money good and free.'
- 110 The abbot sware a full grete othe,  
'By God that dyed on a tree,  
Get the londe where thou may,  
For thou getest none of me.'
- 111 'By dere worthy God,' then sayd the  
knyght,  
'That all this worlde wrought,

But I haue my londe agayne,  
Full dere it shall be bought.

- 112 'God, that was of a mayden borne,  
Leue vs well to spede!  
For it is good to assay a frende  
Or that a man haue nede.'
- 113 The abbot lothely on hym gan loke,  
And vylaynesly hym gan call;  
'Out,' he sayd, 'thou falsë knyght,  
Spede the out of my hall!'
- 114 'Thou lyest,' then sayd the gentyll  
knyght,  
'Abbot, in thy hal;  
False knyght was I neuer,  
By God that made vs all.'
- 115 Vp then stode that gentyll knyght,  
To the abbot sayd he,  
To suffre a knyght to knele so long,  
Thou canst no curteysye.
- 116 'In ioustës and in tournement  
Full ferre than haue I be,  
And put my selfe as ferre in prees  
As ony that euer I se.'
- 117 'What wyll ye gyue more,' sayd the  
iustice,  
'And the knyght shall make a re-  
leyse?  
And elles dare I safly swere  
Ye holde neuer your londe in pees.'
- 118 'An hondred pounde,' sayd the abbot;  
The justice sayd, Gyue hym two;  
'Nay, be God,' sayd the knyght,  
a. 'Yit gete ye it not so.
- 119 'Though ye wolde gyue a thousand  
more,  
Yet were ye neuer the nere;  
Shall there neuer be myn heyre  
Abbot, iustice, ne frere.'
- 120 He stert hym to a borde anone,  
Tyll a table rounde,  
And there he shoke oute of a bagge  
Euen four hundred pound.
- 121 'Haue here thi golde, sir abbot,' saide  
the knyght,  
'Which that thou lentest me;

Had thou ben curtes at my comyng,  
Rewarded shuldest thou haue be.'

- 122 The abbot sat styll, and ete no more,  
For all his ryall fare;  
He cast his hede on his shulder,  
And fast began to stare.
- 123 'Take me my golde agayne,' saide th  
abbot,  
'Sir iustice, that I toke the:'  
'Not a peni,' said the iustice,  
'Bi Go[d, that dy]ed on tree.'
- 124 'Sir [abbot, and ye me]n of lawe,  
b. Now haue I holde my daye;  
Now shall I haue my londe agayne,  
For ought that you can saye.'
- 125 The knyght stert out of the dore,  
Awaye was all his care,  
And on he put his good clothynge,  
The other he lefte there.
- 126 He wente hym forth full mery syng  
ynge,  
As men haue tolde in tale;  
His lady met hym at the gate,  
At home in Vërysdaie.
- 127 'Welcome, my lorde,' sayd his lady;  
'Syr, lost is all your good?'  
'Be mery, dame,' sayd the knyght,  
a. 'And pray for Robyn Hode,
- 128 'That euer his soule be in blysse:  
He holpe me out of tene;  
Ne had be his kyndënesse,  
Beggars had we bene.
- 129 'The abbot and I accorded ben,  
He is serued of his pay;  
The god yoman lent it me,  
As I cam by the way.'
- 130 This knight than dwelled fayre a  
home,  
The sothe for to saye,  
Tyll he had gete four hundred pound  
Al redy for to pay.
- 131 He purneyed him an hundred bowes,  
The stryngës well ydyght,  
An hundred shefe of arowës gode,  
The hedys burneshed full bryght;

- 32 And enery arowe an ellë longe,  
With pecok wel idyght,  
Inocked all with whyte siluer;  
It was a semely syght.
- 33 He purueyed hym an [hondreth men],  
Well harness[ed in that stede],  
And hym selfe in that same sete,  
And clothed in whyte and rede.
- 34 He bare a launsgay in his honde,  
And a man ledde his male,  
And reden with a lyght songe  
Vnto Bernysdale.
- 35 But as he went at a brydge ther was a  
wrastelyng,  
And there taryed was he,  
And there was all the best yemen  
Of all the west countrie.
- 36 A full fayre game there was vp set,  
A whyte bulle vp i-pyght,  
A grete courser, with saddle and brydil,  
With golde burnysst full bryght.
- 37 A payre of gloues, a rede golde rynge,  
A pype of wyne, in fay;  
What man that bereth hym best i-wys  
The pryce shall bere away.
- 38 There was a yoman in that place,  
And best worthy was he,  
And for he was ferre and frembde  
bested,  
Slayne he shulde haue be.
- 39 The knyght had ruthe of this yoman,  
In placë where he stode;  
He sayde that yoman shulde haue no  
harme,  
For loue of Robyn Hode.
- 40 The knyght presed in to the place,  
An hundreth folowed hym [free],  
With bowës bent and arowës sharpe,  
For to shende that companye.
- 41 They shulderd all and made hym rome,  
To wete what he wolde say;  
He toke the yeman bi the hande,  
And gaue hym al the playe.
- 42 He gaue hym fyue marke for his wyne,  
There it lay on the molde,

And bad it shulde be set a broche,  
Drynkë who so wolde.

- 143 Thus longe taryed this gentyll knyght,  
Tyll that play was done;  
So longe abode Robyn fastinge,  
Thre hourës after the none.

#### THE THIRDE FYTTE

- 144 Lyth and lystyn, gentilmen,  
All that nowe be here;  
Of Litell Johnn, that was the knightës  
man,  
Goode myrth ye shall here.
- 145 It was vpon a mery day  
That yonge men wolde go shete;  
Lytell Johnn fet his bowe anone,  
And sayde he wolde them mete.
- 146 Thre tymes Litell Johnn shet aboute,  
And alwey he slet the wande;  
The proudë sherif of Notingham  
By the markës can stande.
- 147 The sherif swore a full greate othe:  
'By hym that dyede on a tre,  
This man is the best arschère  
That euer yet sawe I [me.]
- 148 'Say me nowe, wight yonge man,  
What is nowe thy name?  
In what countre were thou borne,  
And where is thy wonynge wane?'
- 149 'In Holdernes, sir, I was borne,  
I-wys al of my dame;  
Men cal me Reynolde Grenëlef  
Whan I am at home.'
- 150 'Sey me, Reyno[l]de Grenëlefe,  
Wolde thou dwell with me?  
And enery yere I woll the gyue  
Twenty marke to thy fee.'
- 151 'I haue a maister,' sayde Litell Johnn,  
'A curteys knight is he;  
May ye leuë gete of hym,  
The better may it be.'
- 152 The sherif gate Litell John  
Twelue monethës of the knight;  
Therfore he gaue him right anone  
A gode hors and a wight.

- 153 Nowe is Litell John the sherifës man,  
God lende vs well to spede!  
But alwey thought Lytell John  
To quyte hym wele his mede.
- 154 'Nowe so God me helpë,' sayde Litell  
John,  
'And by my true leutye,  
I shall be the worst seruauant to hym  
That euer yet had he.'
- 155 It fell vpon a Wednesday  
The sherif on huntynge was gone,  
And Litel Iohn lay in his bed,  
And was foriete at home.
- 156 Therefore he was fastinge  
Til it was past the none;  
'Gode sir stuarde, I pray to the,  
Gyue me my dynere,' saide Litell  
John.
- 157 'It is longe for Grenëlefe  
Fastinge thus for to be;  
Therfor I pray the, sir stuarde,  
Mi dyner gif me.'
- 158 'Shalt thou neuer ete ne drynke,' saide  
the stuarde,  
'Tyll my lorde be come to towne:'  
'I make myn auowe to God,' saide  
Litell John,  
'I had leuer to crake thy crowne.'
- 159 The boteler was full vncurteys,  
There he stode on flore;  
He start to the botery  
And shet fast the dore.
- 160 Lytell Johnn gaue the boteler suche a  
tap  
His backe went nere in two;  
Though he liued an hundred ier,  
The wors shuld he go.
- 161 He sporned the dore with his fote;  
It went open wel and fyne;  
And there he made large lyueray,  
Bothe of ale and of wyne.
- 162 'Sith ye wol nat dyne,' sayde Litell  
John,  
'I shall gyue you to drinke;  
And though ye lyue an hundred wynter,  
On Lytel Johnn ye shall thinke.'
- 163 Litell John ete, and Litel John drank,  
The whilë that he wolde;  
The sherife had in his kechyn a coke,  
A stoute man and a bolde.
- 164 'I make myn auowe to God,' saide  
the coke,  
'Thou arte a shrewde hynde  
In ani hous for to dwel,  
For to askë thus to dyne.'
- 165 And there he lent Litell John  
God[ë] strokis thre;  
'I make myn auowe to God,' sayde  
Lytell John,  
'These strokis lyked well me.
- 166 'Thou arte a bolde man and hardy,  
And so thinketh me;  
And or I pas fro this place  
Assayed better shalt thou be.'
- 167 Lytell Johnn drew a ful gode sworde,  
The coke toke another in hande;  
They thought no thyng for to fle,  
But stiffly for to stande.
- 168 There they faught sore togedere  
Two mylë way and well more;  
Myght neyther other harme done,  
The mountnaunce of an owre.
- 169 'I make myn auowe to God,' sayde  
Litell Johnn,  
'And by my true lewtë,  
Thou art one of the best sworde-men  
That ener yit sawe I [me.]
- 170 'Cowdest thou shote as well in a  
bowe,  
To grenë wode thou shuldest with  
me,  
And two times in the yere thy clo-  
thinge  
Chaunged shuldë be;
- 171 'And euery yere of Robyn Hode  
Twenty merke to thy fe:'  
'Put vp thy swerde,' saide the coke,  
'And felowës well we be.'
- 172 Thanne he fet to Lytell Johnn  
The nowmbles of a do,  
Gode brede, and full gode wyne;  
They ete and drank theretoo.

- 173 And when they had dronkyn well,  
Theyre trouthës togeder they plight  
That they wo[l]de be with Robyn  
That ylkë samë nyght.
- 174 They dyd them to the tresoure-hows,  
As fast as they myght gone;  
The lokkës, that were of full gode  
stele,  
They brake them euerichone.
- 175 They toke away the siluer vessell,  
And all that thei mig[h]t get;  
Pecis, masars, ne sponis,  
Wolde thei not forget.
- 176 Also [they] toke the godë pens,  
Thre hundred ponde and more,  
And did them st[r]eyte to Robyn Hode,  
Under the grenë wode hore.
- 177 'God the saue, my derë mayster,  
And Criste the saue and se !'  
And thanne sayde Robyn to Litell  
Johnn,  
Welcome myght thou be.
- 178 'Also be that fayre yeman  
Thou bryngest there with the;  
What tydyngës fro Noty[n]gham ?  
Lytil Johnn, tell thou me.'
- 179 'Well the gretith the proude sheryf,  
And sende[th] the here by me  
His coke and his siluer vessell,  
And thre hundred ponde and thre.'
- 180 'I make myne avowe to God,' sayde  
Robyn,  
'And to the Trenytë,  
It was neuer by his gode wyll  
This gode is come to me.'
- 181 Lytyll Johnn there hym bethought  
On a shrewde wyle;  
Fyue myle in the forest he ran,  
Hym happed all his wyll.
- 182 Than he met the proude sheref,  
Huntynge with houndes and horne;  
Lytell Johnn coude of curtesye,  
And knelyd hym beforne.
- 183 'God the saue, my derë mayster,  
And Criste the saue and se !'  
'Reynolde Grenëlefe,' sayde the shryef,  
'Where hast thou nowe be ?'
- 184 'I haue be in this forest;  
A fayre syght can I se;  
It was one of the fayrest syghtes  
That euer yet sawe I me.
- 185 'Yonder I sawe a ryght fayre harte,  
His coloure is of grene;  
Seuen score of dere vpon a herde  
Be with hym all bydene.
- 186 'Their tyndës are so sharpe, maister,  
Of sixty, and well mo,  
That I durst not shote for drede,  
Lest they wolde me slo.'
- 187 'I make myn auowe to God,' sayde the  
shyref,  
'That syght wolde I fayne se:'  
'Buske you thyderwarde, mi derë  
mayster,  
Anone, and wende with me.'
- 188 The sherif rode, and Litell Johnn  
Of fote he was full smerte,  
And whane they came before Robyn,  
'Lo, sir, here is the mayster-herte.'
- 189 Still stode the proude sherief,  
A sory man was he;  
'Wo the worthe, Raynolde Grenëlefe,  
Thou hast betrayed nowe me.'
- 190 'I make myn auowe to God,' sayde  
Litell Johnn,  
'Mayster, ye be to blame;  
I was mysserued of my dynere  
Whan I was with you at home.'
- 191 Sone he was to souper sette,  
And serued well with siluer white,  
And whan the sherif sawe his vessell,  
For sorowe he myght nat ete.
- 192 'Make glad chere,' sayde Robyn Hode,  
'Sherif, for charitë,  
And for the loue of Litill Johnn  
Thy lyfe I graunt to the.'
- 193 Whan they had souped well,  
The day was al gone;  
Robyn commaunde[d] Litell Johnn  
To drawe of his hosen and his shone;



- 194 His kirtell, and his cote of pie,  
That was fured well and fine,  
And to[ke] hym a grene mantel,  
To lap his body therin.
- 195 Robyn commaundyd his wight yonge  
men,  
Vnder the grenë-wode tree,  
They shulde lye in that same sute,  
That the sherif myght them see.
- 196 All nyght lay the proudë sherif  
In his breche and in his [s]chert;  
No wonder it was, in grenë wode,  
Though his sydës gan to smerte.
- 197 'Make glade chere, sayde Robyn Hode,  
'Sheref, for charitë;  
For this is our ordre i-wys,  
Vnder the grenë-wode tree.'
- 198 'This is harder order,' sayde the sherief,  
'Than any ankir or frere;  
For all the golde in mery Englonde  
I wolde nat longe dwell her.'
- 199 'All this twelue monthes,' sayde Robin,  
'Thou shalt dwell with me;  
I shall the techë, proudë sherif,  
An outlawë for to be.'
- 200 'Or I be here another nyght,' sayde  
the sherif,  
'Robyn, nowe pray I the,  
Smyte of mijn hede rather to-morowe,  
And I forgyue it the.'
- 201 'Lat me go,' than sayde the sherif,  
'For sayntë charitë,  
And I will be the best[ë] frende  
That euer yet had ye.'
- 202 'Thou shalt swere me an othe,' sayde  
Robyn,  
'On my bright bronde;  
Shalt thou neuer awayte me scathe,  
By water ne by lande.'
- 203 'And if thou fynde any of my men,  
By nyght or [by] day,  
Vpon thyn othë thou shalt swere  
To helpe them tha[t] thou may.'
- 204 Nowe bathe the sherif sworne his othe,  
And home he began to gone;

He was as full of grenë wode  
As euer was hepe of stone.

## THE FOURTH FYTTE

- 205 The sherif dwelled in Notingham;  
He was fayne he was agone;  
And Robyn and his mery men  
Went to wode anone.
- 206 'Go we to dyner,' sayde Littell John;  
Robyn Hode sayde, Nay;  
For I drede Our Lady be wroth with  
me,  
For she sent me nat my pay.
- 207 'Haue no doute, maister,' sayde Litel  
John;  
'Yet is nat the sonne at rest;  
For I dare say, and sauely swere,  
The knight is true and truste.'
- 208 'Take thy bowe in thy hande,' sayde  
Robyn,  
'Late Much wende with the,  
And so shal Wylliam Scarlok,  
b. And no man abyde with me.'
- 209 'And walke vp vnder the Sayles,  
And to Watlynge-strete,  
And wayte after some vnketh gest;  
Vp-chaunce ye may them mete.'
- 210 'Whether he be messengere,  
Or a man that myrthës can,  
Of my good he shall haue some,  
Yf he be a porë man.'
- 211 Forth then stert Lytel Johan,  
Half in tray and tene,  
And gyrde hym with a full good  
swerde,  
Under a mantel of grene.
- 212 They went vp to the Sayles,  
These yemen all thre;  
They loked est, they loked west,  
They myght no man se.
- 213 But as [t]he[y] loked in Bernys-  
dale,  
By the hyë waye,  
Than were they ware of two blacke  
monkes,  
Eche on a good palferay.

214 Then bespake Lytell Johan,  
 To Much he gan say,  
 I dare lay my lyfe to wedde,  
 That [these] monkes haue brought  
 our pay.

215 'Make glad chere,' sayd Lytell Johan,  
 'And frese your bowes of ewe,  
 And loke your hertës be seker and sad,  
 Your stryngës trusty and trewe.

216 'The monke hath two and fifty [men],  
 And seuen somers full stronge;  
 There rydeth no bysshop in this londe  
 So ryally, I vnderstound.

217 'Brethern,' sayd Lytell Johan,  
 'Here are no more but we thre;  
 But we bryngë them to dyner,  
 Our mayster dare we not se.

218 'Bende your bowes,' sayd Lytell Johan,  
 'Make all yon prese to stonde;  
 The formost monke, his lyfe and his  
 deth  
 Is closed in my honde.

219 'Abyde, chorle monke,' sayd Lytell  
 Johan,  
 'No ferther that thou gone;  
 Yf thou doost, by dere worthy God,  
 Thy deth is in my honde.

220 'And euyll thryfte on thy hede,' sayd  
 Lytell Johan,  
 'Ryght vnder thy hattës bonde;  
 For thou hast made our mayster wroth,  
 He is fastynge so longe.'

221 'Who is your mayster?' sayd the  
 monke;  
 Lytell Johan sayd, Robyn Hode;  
 'He is a stronge thefe,' sayd the  
 monke,  
 'Of hym herd I neuer good.'

222 'Thou lyst,' than sayd Lytell Johan,  
 'And that shall rewë the;  
 He is a yeman of the forest,  
 To dyne he hath bodë the.'

223 Much was redy with a bolte,  
 Redly and anone,  
 He set the monke to-fore the brest,  
 To the grounde that he can gone.

224 Of two and fyfty wyght yonge ye-  
 men  
 There abode not one,  
 Saf a lytell page and a grome,  
 To lede the somers with Lytel Johan.

225 They brought the monke to the lodgë-  
 dore,  
 Whether he were loth or lefe,  
 For to speke with Robyn Hode,  
 Maugre in theyr tethe.

226 Robyn dyde adowne his hode,  
 The monke whan that he se;  
 The monke was not so curtëyse,  
 His hode then let he be.

227 'He is a chorle, mayster, by dere  
 worthy God,'  
 Than sayd Lytell Johan:  
 'Thereof no force,' sayd Robyn,  
 'For curteysy can he none.

228 'How many men,' sayd Robyn,  
 'Had this monke, Johan?'  
 'Fyfty and twò whan that we met,  
 But many of them be gone.'

229 'Let blowe a horne,' sayd Robyn,  
 'That felaushyp may vs knowe;'  
 Seuen score of wyght yemen  
 Came pryckynge on a rowe.

230 And euerych of them a good man-  
 tell  
 Of scarlet and of raye;  
 All they came to good Robyn,  
 To wyte what he wolde say.

231 They made the monke to wasshe and  
 wype,  
 And syt at his denere,  
 Robyn Hode and Lytell Johan  
 They serued him both in-fere.

232 'Do gladly, monke,' sayd Robyn.  
 'Gramercy, syr,' sayd he.  
 'Where is your abbay, whan ye are at  
 home,  
 And who is your avowë?'

233 'Saynt Mary abbay,' sayd the monke,  
 'Though I be symple here.'  
 'In what offyce?' sayd Robyn:  
 'Syr, the hyë selerer.'

- 234 'Ye be the more welcome,' sayd Robyn,  
 'So euer mote I the;  
 Fyll of the best wyne,' sayd Robyn,  
 'This monke shall drynke to me.
- 235 'But I haue grete meruayle,' sayd Robyn,  
 'Of all this longë day;  
 I drede Our Lady be wroth with me,  
 She sent me not my pay.'
- 236 'Haue no doute, mayster,' sayd Lytell Johan,  
 'Ye haue no nede, I saye;  
 This monke it hath brought, I dare well swere,  
 For he is of her abbay.'
- 237 'And she was a borowe,' sayd Robyn,  
 'Betwene a knyght and me,  
 Of a lytell money that I hym lent,  
 Under the grenë-wode tree.
- 238 'And yf thou hast that syluer ibrought,  
 I pray the let me se;  
 And I shall helpë the eftsones,  
 Yf thou haue nede to me.'
- 239 The monke swore a full grete othe,  
 With a sory chere,  
 'Of the borowehode thou spekest to me,  
 Herde I neuer ere.'
- 240 'I make myn avowe to God,' sayd Robyn,  
 'Monke, thou art to blame;  
 For God is holde a ryghtwys man,  
 And so is his dame.
- 241 'Thou toldest with thyn ownë tonge,  
 Thou may not say nay,  
 How thou arte her seruaunt,  
 And seruest her every day.
- 242 'And thou art made her messengere,  
 My money for to pay;  
 Therefore I cun the morë thanke  
 Thou arte come at thy day.
- 243 'What is in your cofers?' sayd Robyn,  
 'Trewë than tell thou me.'  
 'Syr,' he sayd, 'twenty marke,  
 Al so mote I the.'
- 244 'Yf there be no more,' sayd Robyn,  
 'I wyll not one peny;  
 Yf thou hast myster of ony more,  
 Syr, more I shall lende to the.
- 245 'And yf I fyndë [more,' sayd] Robyn,  
 'I-wys thou shalte it for gone;  
 For of thy spendynge-syluer, monke,  
 Thereof wyll I ryght none.
- 246 'Go nowe forthe, Lytell Johan,  
 And the trouth tell thou me;  
 If there be no more but twenty marke,  
 No peny that I se.'
- 247 Lytell Johan spred his mantell downe,  
 As he had done before,  
 And he tolde out of the monkës male  
 Eyght [hondred] pounce and more.
- 248 Lytell Johan let it lye full styll,  
 And went to his mayster in hast;  
 'Syr,' he sayd, 'the monke is trewe ynowe,  
 Our Lady hath doubled your cast.'
- 249 'I make myn avowe to God,' sayd Robyn —  
 'Monke, what tolde I the? —  
 Our Lady is the trewest woman  
 That euer yet founde I me.
- 250 'By dere worthy God,' sayd Robyn,  
 'To seche all Englonð thorowe,  
 Yet founde I neuer to my pay  
 A moche better borowe.
- 251 'Fyll of the best wyne, and do hym drynke,' sayd Robyn,  
 'And grete well thy lady hende,  
 And yf she haue nede to Robyn Hode,  
 A frende she shall hym fynde.
- 252 'And yf she nedeth ony more syluer,  
 Come thou agayne to me,  
 And, by this token she hath me sent,  
 She shall haue such thre.'
- 253 The monke was goynge to London ward,  
 There to holde grete mote,  
 The knyght that rode so hye on hors,  
 To brynge hym vnder fote.

- 254 'Whether be ye away?' sayd Robyn:  
 'Syr, to maners in this londe,  
 Too reken with our reues,  
 That haue done moch wronge.'
- 255 'Come now forth, Lytell Johan,  
 And harken to my tale;  
 A better yemen I knowe none,  
 To seke a monkës male.'
- 256 'How moch is in yonder other corser?'  
 sayd Robyn,  
 'The soth must we see:'  
 'By Our Lady,' than sayd the monke,  
 'That were no curteysye,
- 257 'To bydde a man to dyner,  
 And syth hym bete and bynde.'  
 'It is our oldë maner,' sayd Robyn,  
 'To leue but lytell behynde.'
- 258 The monke toke the hors with spore,  
 Ne lenger wolde he abyde:  
 'Askë to drynkë,' than sayd Robyn,  
 'Or that ye forther ryde.'
- 259 'Nay, for God,' than sayd the monke,  
 'Me reweth I cam so nere;  
 For better chepe I myght haue dyned  
 In Blythe or in Dankestere.'
- 260 'Grete well your abbot,' sayd Robyn,  
 'And your pryour, I you pray,  
 And byd hym send me such a monke  
 To dyner euery day.'
- 261 Now lete we that monke be styll,  
 And speke we of that knyght:  
 Yet he came to holde his day,  
 Whyle that it was lyght.
- 262 He dyde him streyt to Bernysdale,  
 Under the grenë-wode tre,  
 And he founde there Robyn Hode,  
 And all his mery meynë.
- 263 The knyght lyght doune of his good  
 palfray;  
 Robyn whan he gan see,  
 So curteysly he dyde adoune his  
 hode,  
 And set hym on his knee.
- 264 'God the sanë, Robyn Hode,  
 And all this company:'
- 'Welcome be thou, gentyll knyght,  
 And ryght welcome to me.'
- 265 Than bespake hym Robyn Hode,  
 To that knyght so fre:  
 What nedë dryueth the to grenë  
 wode?  
 I praye the, syr knyght, tell me.
- 266 'And welcome be thou, ge[n]tyll  
 knyght,  
 Why hast thou be so longe?'  
 'For the abbot and the hyë iustyce  
 Wolde haue had my londe.'
- 267 'Hast thou thy londe [a]gayne?' sayd  
 Robyn;  
 'Treuth than tell thou me:'  
 'Ye, for God,' sayd the knyght,  
 And that thanke I God and the.
- 268 'But take not a grefe,' sayd the knyght,  
 'that I haue be so longe;  
 I came by a wrastelynge,  
 And there I holpe a porë yeman,  
 With wronge was put behynde.'
- 269 'Nay, for God,' sayd Robyn,  
 'Syr knyght, that thanke I the;  
 What man that helpeth a good yeman,  
 His frende than wyll I be.'
- 270 'Haue here foure hondred pounde,'  
 than sayd the knyght,  
 'The whiche ye lent to me;  
 And here is also twenty marke  
 For your curteysy.'
- 271 'Nay, for God,' than sayd Robyn,  
 'Thou broke it well for ay;  
 For Our Lady, by her [hyë] selerer,  
 Hath sent to me my pay.
- 272 'And yf I toke it i-twyse,  
 A shame it were to me;  
 But trewely, gentyll knyght,  
 Welcom arte thou to me.'
- 273 Whan Robyn had tolde his tale,  
 He leugh and had good chere:  
 By my trouthe,' then sayd the knyght,  
 'Your money is redy here.'
- 274 'Broke it well,' sayd Robyn,  
 'Thou gentyll knyght so fre;

And welcome be thou, ge[n]tyll knyght,  
Under my trystell-tre.

275 'But what shall these bowës do?' sayd  
Robyn,  
'And these arowës ifedred fre?'  
'By God,' than sayd the knyght,  
'A porë present to the.'

276 'Come now forth, Lytell Johan,  
And go to my treasurë,  
And brynge me there foure hondred  
pounde;  
The monke ouer-tolde it me.

277 'Haue here foure hondred pounde,  
Thou gentyll knyght and trewe,  
And bye hors and harnes good,  
And gylte thy spores all newe.

278 'And yf thou fayle ony spendyng,  
Com to Robyn Hode,  
And by my trowth thou shalt none fayle,  
The whyles I haue any good.

279 'And broke well thy foure hondred  
pound,  
Whiche I lent to the,  
And make thy selfe no more so bare,  
By the counsell of me.'

280 Thus than holpe hym good Robyn,  
The knyght all of his care:  
God, that syt in heuen hye,  
Graunte vs well to fare!

#### THE FIFTH FYTTE

281 Now hath the knyght his leue i-take,  
And wente hym on his way;  
Robyn Hode and his mery men  
Dwelled styll full many a day.

282 Lyth and lysten, gentil men,  
And herken what I shall say,  
How the proud[ë] sheryfe of Notyng-  
ham  
Dyde crye a full fayre play;

283 That all the best archers of the north  
Sholde come vpon a day,  
And [he] that shoteth allther best  
The game shall bere a way.

284 He that shoteth allther best,  
Furthest fayre and lowe,

At a payre of fynly buttes,  
Under the grenë-wode shawe,

285 A ryght good arowe he shall haue,  
The shaft of syluer whyte,  
The hede and the feders of ryche rede  
golde,  
In England is none lyke.

286 This than herde good Robyn,  
Under his trystell-tre:  
'Make you redy, ye wyght yonge men;  
That shotyng wyll I se.

287 'Buske you, my mery yonge men,  
Ye shall go with me;  
And I wyll wete the shryuës fayth,  
Trewe and yf he be.'

288 Whan they had theyr bowes i-bent,  
Theyr takles fedred fre,  
Seuen score of wyght yonge men  
Stode by Robyns kne.

289 Whan they cam to Notyngham,  
The buttes were fayre and longe;  
Many was the bolde archere  
That shoted with bowës stronge.

290 'There shall but syx shote with me;  
The other shal kepe my he[ue]de,  
And standë with good bowës bent,  
That I be not desceyued.'

291 The fourth outlawe his bowe gan bende,  
And that was Robyn Hode,  
And that behelde the proud[ë] sheryfe,  
All by the but [as] he stode.

292 Thryës Robyn shot about,  
And alway he slist the wand,  
And so dyde good Gylberte  
Wyth the whytë hande.

293 Lytell Johan and good Scatheloke  
Were archers good and fre;  
Lytell Much and good Reynolde,  
The worste wolde they not be.

294 Whan they had shot aboute,  
These archours fayre and good,  
Euermore was the best,  
For soth, Robyn Hode.

295 Hym was delyuered the good arowe,  
For best worthy was he;



- He toke the yeft so curteysly,  
To grenë wode wolde he.
- 296 They cryed out on Robyn Hode,  
And grete hornës gan they blowe:  
'Wo worth the, treason!' sayd Robyn,  
'Full euyl thou art to knowe.
- 297 'And wo be thou! thou proudë sheryf,  
Thus gladdynge thy gest;  
Other wyse thou behotë me  
In yonder wylde forest.
- 298 'But had I the in grenë wode,  
Under my trystell-tre,  
Thou sholdest leue me a better wedde  
Than thy trewe lewtë.'
- 299 Full many a bowë there was bent,  
And arowës let they glyde;  
Many a kyrtell there was rent,  
And hurt many a syde.
- 300 The outlawes shot was so stronge  
That no man myght them dryue,  
And the proud[ë] sheryfës men,  
They fled away full blyue.
- 301 Robyn sawe the busschement to-broke,  
In grenë wode he wolde haue be;  
Many an arowe there was shot  
Amonge that company.
- 302 Lytell Johan was hurte full sore,  
With an arowe in his kne,  
That he myght neythor go nor ryde;  
It was full grete pytë.
- 303 'Mayster,' then sayd Lytell Johan,  
'If euer thou loue[d]st me,  
And for that ylkë lordës loue  
That dyed vpon a tre,
- 304 'And for the medes of my seruyce,  
That I haue serued the,  
Lete neuer the proudë sheryf  
Alyue now fyndë me.
- 305 'But take out thy brownë swerde,  
And smyte all of my hede,  
And gyue me woundës depe and wyde;  
No lyfe on me be leftë.'
- 306 'I wolde not that,' sayd Robyn,  
'Johan, that thou were slawe,
- For all the golde in mery Englonde,  
Though it lay now on a rawe.'
- 307 'God forbede,' sayd Lytell Much,  
'That dyed on a tre,  
That thou sholdest, Lytell Johan,  
Parte our company.'
- 308 Up he toke hym on his backe,  
And bare hym well a myle;  
Many a tyme he layd hym downe,  
And shot another whyle.
- 309 Then was there a fayre castell,  
A lytell within the wode;  
Double-dyched it was about,  
And walled, by the rode.
- 310 And there dwelled that gentyll knyght,  
Syr Rychard at the Lee,  
That Robyn had lent his good,  
Under the grenë-wode tree.
- 311 In he toke good Robyn,  
And all his company:  
'Welcome be thou, Robyn Hode,  
Welcome arte thou to me;
- 312 And moche [I] thanke the of thy  
confort,  
And of thy curteysye,  
And of thy gretë kyndënesse,  
Under the grenë-wode tre.
- 313 'I loue no man in all this worlde  
So much as I do the;  
For all the proud[ë] sheryf of Notyng-  
ham,  
Ryght here shalt thou be.
- 314 'Sht the gates, and drawe the brydge,  
a. And let no man come in,  
And arme you well, and make you redy,  
And to the walles ye wyunne.
- 315 'For one thyng, Robyn, I the behote;  
I swere by Saynt Quynntyne,  
These forty dayes thou wonnest with  
me,  
To soupe, ete, and dyne.'
- 316 Bordes were layde, and clothes were  
spredde,  
Redely and anone;  
Robyn Hode and his mery men  
To metë can they gone.

## THE VI. FYTTE

- 317 Lythe and lysten, gentylmen,  
And herkyn to your songe;  
Howe the proudë shyref of Notyng-  
ham,  
And men of armys stronge,
- 318 Full fast cam to the hyë shyref,  
The contrë vp to route,  
And they besette the knyghtës castell,  
The wallës all aboute.
- 319 The proudë shyref loude gan crye,  
And sayde, Thou traytour knight,  
Thou kepest here the kynges enemys,  
Agaynst the lawe and right.
- 320 'Syr, I wyll auowe that I haue done,  
The dedys that here be dyght,  
Vpon all the landës that I haue,  
As I am a trewë knyght.
- 321 'Wende furth, sirs, on your way,  
And do no more to me  
Tyll ye wyt oure kyngës wille,  
What he wyll say to the.'
- 322 The shyref thus had his answer,  
Without any lesynge;  
[Fu]rth he yede to London towne,  
All for to tel our kinge.
- 323 Ther he telde him of that knight,  
And eke of Robyn Hode,  
And also of the bolde archars,  
That were soo noble and gode.
- 324 'He wyll auowe that he hath done,  
To mayntene the outlawes stronge;  
He wyll be lorde, and set you at  
nought,  
In all the northe londe.'
- 325 'I wil be at Notyngham,' saide our  
kynge,  
'Within this fourteenyght,  
And take I wyll Robyn Hode,  
And so I wyll that knight.
- 326 'Go nowe home, shyref,' sayde our  
kynge,  
'And do as I byd the;  
And ordeyn gode archers ynowe,  
Of all the wydë contrë.'
- 327 The shyref had his leue i-take,  
And went hym on his way,  
And Robyn Hode to grenë wode,  
Vpon a certen day.
- 328 And Lytel John was hole of the  
arowe  
That shot was in his kne,  
And dyd hym streyght to Robyn Hode,  
Vnder the grenë-wode tree.
- 329 Robyn Hode walked in the forest,  
Vnder the leuys grene;  
The proudë shyref of Notyngham  
Thereof he had grete tene.
- 330 The shyref there fayled of Robyn  
Hode,  
He myght not haue his pray;  
Than he awayted this gentyll knyght,  
Bothe by nyght and day.
- 331 Euer he wayted the gentyll knyght,  
Syr Richarde at the Lee,  
As he went on haukyng by the ryuer-  
syde,  
And lete [his] haukës flee.
- 332 Toke he there this gentyll knight,  
With men of armys stronge,  
And led hym to Notyngham warde,  
Bounde bothe fote and hande.
- 333 The sheref sware a full grete othe,  
Bi hym that dyed on rode,  
He had leuer than an hundred pound  
That he had Robyn Hode.
- 334 This harde the knyghtës wyfe,  
A fayr lady and a free;  
She set hir on a gode palfrey,  
To grenë wode anone rode she.
- 335 Whanne she cam in the forest,  
Vnder the grenë-wode tree,  
Fonde she there Robyn Hode,  
And al his fayre menë.
- 336 'God the sauë, godë Robyn,  
And all thy company;  
For Our derë Ladyes sake,  
A bonë graunte thou me.
- 337 'Late neuer my wedded lorde  
Shamefully slayne be;

- He is fast bowne to Notingham warde,  
For the loue of the.'
- 338 Anone than saide goode Robyn  
To that lady so fre,  
What man hath your lorde [i-]take ?  
. . . . .
- 339 . . . . .  
'For soth as I the say;  
He is nat yet thre mylës  
Passed on his way.'
- 340 Vp than sterte gode Robyn,  
As man that had ben wode:  
'Buske you, my mery men,  
For hym that dyed on rode.
- 341 'And he that this sorowe forsaketh,  
By hym that dyed on tre,  
Shall he neuer in grenë wode  
No lenger dwel with me.'
- 342 Sone there were gode bowës bent,  
Mo than seuën score;  
Hedge ne dyche spared they none  
That was them before.
- 343 'I make myn auowe to God,' sayde  
Robyn,  
'The sherif wolde I fayne see;  
And if I may hym take,  
I-quite shall it be.'
- 344 And whan they came to Notingham,  
They walked in the strete;  
And with the proudë sherif i-wys  
Sonë can they mete.
- 345 'Abyde, thou proudë sherif,' he sayde,  
'Abyde, and speke with me;  
Of some tidinges of oure kinge  
I wolde fayne here of the.
- 346 'This seuën yere, by dere worthy  
God,  
Ne yede I this fast on fote;  
I make myn auowe to God, thou proudë  
sherif,  
It is nat for thy gode.'
- 347 Robyn bent a full goode bowe,  
An arrowe he drowe at wyll;  
He hit so the proudë sherife  
Vpon the grounde he lay full still.
- 348 And or he myght vp aryse,  
On his fete to stonde,  
He smote of the sherifs hede  
With his bright[ë] bronde.
- 349 'Lye thou there, thou proudë sherife,  
Euyll mote thou cheue !  
There myght no man to the truste  
b. The whyles thou were a lyue.'
- 350 His men drewe out theyr bryght  
swerdes,  
That were so sharpe and kene,  
And layde on the sheryues men,  
And dryued them downe bydene.
- 351 Robyn stert to that knyght,  
And cut a two his bonde,  
And toke hym in his hand a bowe,  
And bad hym by hym stonde.
- 352 'Leue thy hors the behynde,  
And lerne for to renne;  
Thou shalt with me to grenë wode,  
Through myrë, mosse, and fenne.
- 353 'Thou shalt with me to grenë wode,  
Without ony leasyng,  
Tyll that I haue gete vs grace  
Of Edward, our comly kyng.'

## THE VII. FYTTE

- 354 The kyng came to Notyngame,  
With knyghtës in grete araye,  
For to take that gentyll knyght  
And Robyn Hode, and yf he may.
- 355 He asked men of that countrë  
After Robyn Hode,  
And after that gentyll knyght,  
That was so bolde and stout.
- 356 Whan they had tolde hym the case  
Our kyng vnderstode ther tale,  
And seased in his honde  
The knyghtës londës all.
- 357 All the passe of Lancasshyre  
He went both ferre and nere,  
Tyll he came to Plomton Parke;  
He faylyd many of his dere.
- 358 There our kyng was wont to se  
Herdës many one,

- He coud vnneth fynde one dere,  
That bare ony good horne.
- 359 The kynge was wonder wroth with-  
all,  
And swore by the Trynyttē,  
'I wolde I had Robyn Hode,  
With eyen I myght hym se.
- 360 'And he that wolde smyte of the  
knyghtēs hede,  
And brynge it to me,  
He shall haue the knyghtēs londes,  
Syr Rycharde at the Le.
- 361 'I gyue it hym with my charter,  
And sele it [with] my honde,  
To haue and holde for euer more,  
In all mery Englonde.'
- 362 Than bespake a fayre olde knyght,  
That was treue in his fay:  
'A, my leegē lorde the kynge,  
One worde I shall you say.
- 363 'There is no man in this countrē  
May haue the knyghtēs londes,  
Whyle Robyn Hode may ryde or  
gone,  
And bere a bowe in his hondes,
- 364 'That he ne shall lese his hede,  
That is the best ball in his hode:  
Giue it no man, my lorde the kynge,  
That ye wyll any good.'
- 365 Half a yere dwelled our comly kynge  
In Notyngham, and well more;  
Coude he not here of Robyn Hode,  
In what countrē that he were.
- 366 But alway went good Robyn  
By halke and eke by hyll,  
And alway slewe the kyngēs dere,  
And welt them at his wyll.
- 367 Than bespake a proude fostere,  
That stode by our kyngēs kne:  
'Yf ye wyll se good Robyn,  
Ye must do after me.
- 368 'Take fyue of the best knyghtēs  
That be in your lede,  
And walke downe by yon abbay,  
And gete you monkēs wede.
- 369 'And I wyll be your ledēs-man,  
And lede you the way,  
And or ye come to Notyngham,  
Myn hede then dare I lay,
- 370 'That ye shall mete with good Robyn,  
On lyue yf that he be;  
Or ye come to Notyngham,  
With eyen ye shall hym se.'
- 371 Full hast[ē]ly our kynge was dyght,  
So were his knyghtēs fyue,  
Euerych of them in monkēs wede,  
And hasted them thyder blyve.
- 372 Our kynge was grete aboue his cole,  
A brode hat on his crowne,  
Ryght as he were abbot-lyke,  
They rode up in-to the towne.
- 373 Styf botēs our kynge had on,  
Forsoth as I you say;  
He rode syngynge to grenē wode,  
The couent was clothed in graye.
- 374 His male-hors and his gretē somers  
Folowed our kynge behynde,  
Tyll they came to grenē wode,  
A myle vnder the lynde.
- 375 Thēre they met with good Robyn,  
Stondynge on the waye,  
And so dyde many a bolde archere,  
For soth as I you say.
- 376 Robyn toke the kyngēs hors,  
Hastely in that stede,  
And sayd, 'Syr abbot, by your leue,  
A whyle ye must abyde.
- 377 'We be yemen of this foreste,  
Vnder the grenē-wode tre;  
We lyue by our kyngēs dere,  
[Other shyft haue not wee.]
- 378 'And ye haue chyrches and rentēs  
both,  
And gold full grete plentē;  
Gyue vs some of your spendynge,  
For saynt[ē] charytē.'
- 379 Than bespake our cumly kynge,  
Anone than sayd he;  
'I brought no more to grenē wode  
But forty pounde with me.

- 380 'I haue layne at Notyngham  
This fourtynyght with our kynge,  
And spent I haue full moche good,  
On many a grete lordynge.
- 381 'And I haue but forty ponde,  
No more than haue I me;  
But yf I had an hundred ponde,  
I wolde vouch it safe on the.'
- 382 Robyn toke the forty ponde,  
And departed it in two partye;  
Halfendell he gaue his mery men,  
And bad them mery to be.
- 383 Full curteysly Robyn gan say:  
'Syr, haue this for your spendyng;  
We shall mete another day;'  
'Gramercy,' than sayd our kynge.
- 384 'But well the greteth Edward, our  
kynge,  
And sent to the his seale,  
And byddeth the com to Notyngham,  
Both to mete and mele.'
- 385 He toke out the brodë targe,  
And sone he lete hym se;  
Robyn coud his courteysy,  
And set hym on his kne.
- 386 'I lone no man in all the worlde  
So well as I do my kynge;  
Welcome is my lordës seale;  
And, monke, for thy tydyng,
- 387 'Syr abbot, for thy tydynges,  
To day thou shalt dyne with me,  
For the loue of my kynge,  
Under my trystell-tre.'
- 388 Forth he lad our comly kynge,  
Full fayre by the honde;  
Many a dere there was slayne,  
And full fast dyghtande.
- 389 Robyn toke a full grete horne,  
And londe he gan blowe;  
Seuen score of wyght yonge men  
Came redy on a rowe.
- 390 All they kneled on theyr kne,  
Full fayre before Robyn:  
The kynge sayd hym selfe vntyll,  
And swore by Saynt Austyn,
- 391 'Here is a wonder semely syght;  
Me thynketh, by Goddës pyne,  
His men are more at his byddyng  
Then my men be at myn.'
- 392 Full hast[ë]ly was theyr dyner idyght,  
And therto gan they gone;  
They serued our kynge with al theyr  
myght,  
Both Robyn and Lytell Johan.
- 393 Anone before our kynge was set  
The fattë venyson,  
The good whyte brede, the good rede  
wyne,  
And therto the fyne ale and browne.
- 394 'Make good chere,' said Robyn,  
'Abbot, for charytë;  
And for this ylkë tydyng,  
Blyssed mote thou be.
- 395 'Now shalte thou se what lyfe we lede,  
Or thou hens wende;  
Than thou may enfourme our kynge,  
Whan ye togyder lende.'
- 396 Up they stertë all in hast,  
Theyr bowës were smartly bent;  
Our kynge was neuer so sore agast,  
He wende to haue be shente.
- 397 Two yerdës there were vp set,  
Thereto gan they gauge;  
By fyfty pase, our kynge sayd,  
The merkës were to longe.
- 398 On euery syde a rose-garlonde,  
They shot vnder the lyne:  
'Who so fayleth of the rose-garlonde,'  
sayd Robyn,  
'His takyll he shall tyne,
- 399 'And yelde it to his mayster,  
Be it neuer so fyne;  
For no man wyll I spare,  
So drynke I ale or wyne:
- 400 'And bere a buffet on his hede,  
I-wys ryght all bare.'  
And all that fell in Robyns lote,  
He smote them wonder sare.
- 401 Twyse Robyn shot aboute,  
And euer he cleued the wande,



- And so dyde good Gylberte  
With the Whytë Hande.
- 402 Lytell Johan and good Scathelocke,  
For nothyng wolde they spare;  
When they fayled of the garlonde,  
Robyn smote them full sore.
- 403 At the last shot that Robyn shot,  
For all his frendës fare,  
Yet he fayled of the garlonde  
Thre fyngers and mare.
- 404 Than bespake good Gylberte,  
And thus he gan say;  
'Mayster,' he sayd, 'your takyll is lost,  
Stande forth and take your pay.'
- 405 'If it be so,' sayd Robyn,  
'That may no better be,  
Syr abbot, I delyuer the myn arowe,  
I pray the, syr, serue thou me.'
- 406 'It falleth not for myn ordre,' sayd  
our kynge,  
'Robyn, by thy leue,  
For to smyte no good yeman,  
For doute I sholde hym greue.'
- 407 'Smyte on boldely,' sayd Robyn,  
'I giue the largë leue.'  
Anone our kynge, with that worde,  
He folde vp his sleue,
- 408 And sych a buffet he gane Robyn,  
To grounde he yede full nere:  
'I make myn avowe to God,' sayd  
Robyn,  
'Thou arte a stalworthe frere.
- 409 'There is pith in thyn arme,' sayd  
Robyn,  
'I trowe thou canst well shete.'  
Thus our kynge and Robyn Hode  
Togeder gan they mete.
- 410 Robyn behelde our comly kynge  
Wystly in the face,  
So dyde Syr Rycharde at the Le,  
And kneled downe in that place.
- 411 And so dyde all the wylde outlawes,  
Whan they se them knele:  
'My lorde the kynge of Englonde,  
Now I knowe you well.'
- 412 'Mercy then, Robyn,' sayd our kynge,  
'Vnder your trystyll-tre,  
Of thy goodnesse and thy grace,  
For my men and me!'
- 413 'Yes, for God,' sayd Robyn,  
'And also God me saue,  
I askë mercy, my lordë the kynge,  
And for my men I craue.'
- 414 'Yes, for God,' than sayd our kynge,  
'And therto sent I me,  
With that thou leue the grenë wode,  
And all thy company;
- 415 'And come home, syr, to my courte,  
And there dwell with me.'  
'I make myn avowe to God,' sayd  
Robyn,  
'And ryght so shall it be.
- 416 'I wyll come to your courte,  
Your seruyse for to se,  
And brynge with me of my men  
Seuen score and thre.
- 417 'But me lykë well your seruyse,  
I [wyll] come agayne full soone,  
And shote at the donnë dere,  
As I am wonte to done.'
- THE VIII. FYTTE
- 418 'Haste thou ony grenë cloth,' sayd our  
kynge,  
'That thou wylte sell nowe to  
me?'
- 'Ye, for God,' sayd Robyn,  
'Thyrty yerdës and thre.'
- 419 'Robyn,' sayd our kynge,  
'Now pray I the,  
Sell me some of that cloth,  
To me and my meynë.'
- 420 'Yes, for God,' then sayd Robyn,  
'Or elles I were a fole;  
Another day ye wyll me clothe,  
I trowe, ayenst the Yole.'
- 421 The kynge kest of his colë then,  
A grene garment he dyde on,  
And euery knyght also, i-wys,  
Another had full sone.

- 422 When they were clothed in Lyncolne grene,  
They keste away theyr graye;  
'Now we shall to Notyngham,'  
All thus our kynge gan say.
- 423 They bente theyr bowes, and forth they went,  
Shotynge all in-fere,  
Towarde the towne of Notyngham,  
Outlawes as they were.
- 424 Our kynge and Robyn rode togyder,  
For soth as I you say,  
And they shote plucke-buffet,  
As they went by the way.
- 425 And many a buffet our kynge wan  
Of Robyn Hode that day,  
And nothyng spared good Robyn  
Our kynge in his pay.
- 426 'So God me helpē,' sayd our kynge,  
'Thy game is nought to lere;  
I sholde not get a shote of the,  
Though I shote all this yere.'
- 427 All the people of Notyngham  
They stode and behelde;  
They sawe nothyng but mantels of grene  
That couered all the felde.
- 428 Than euery man to other gan say,  
I drede our kynge be slone;  
Comē Robyn Hode to the towne, i-  
wys  
On lyue he lefte neuer one.'
- 429 Full hast[ē]ly they began to fle,  
Both yemen and knaues,  
And olde wyues that myght euyll  
goo,  
They hypped on theyr staues.
- 430 The kynge l[o]ughe full fast,  
And commaunded theym agayne;  
When they se our comly kynge,  
I-wys they were full fayne.
- 431 They ete and dranke, and made them  
glad,  
And sange with notēs hye;  
Than bespake our comly kynge  
To Syr Rycharde at the Lee.
- 432 He gaue hym there his londe agayne,  
A good man he bad hym be;  
Robyn thanked our comly kynge,  
And set hym on his kne.
- 433 Had Robyn dwelled in the kyngēs  
courte  
But twelue monethes and thre,  
That [he had] spent an hondred ponde,  
And all his mennes fe.
- 434 In euery place where Robyn came  
Euer more he layde downe,  
Both for knyghtēs and for squyres,  
To gete hym grete renowne.
- 435 By than the yere was all agone  
He had no man but twayne,  
Lytell Johan and good Scathelocke,  
With hym all for to gone.
- 436 Robyn sawe yonge men shote  
Full fayre vpon a day;  
'Alas!' than sayd good Robyn,  
'My welthe is went away.
- 437 'Somtyme I was an archere good,  
A styffe and eke a stronge;  
I was compted the best archere  
That was in mery Englonde.
- 438 'Alas!' then sayd good Robyn,  
'Alas and well a woo!  
Yf I dwele lenger with the kynge,  
Sorowe wyll me sloo.'
- 439 Forth than went Robyn Hode  
Tyll he came to our kynge:  
'My lorde the kynge of Englonde,  
Graunte me myn askynge.
- 440 'I made a chapell in Bernysdale,  
That semely is to se,  
It is of Mary Magdaleyne,  
And thereto wolde I be.
- 441 'I myght neuer in this seuen nyght  
No tyme to slepe ne wynke,  
Nother all these seuen dayes  
Nother ete ne drynke.
- 442 'Me longeth sore to Bernysdale,  
I may not be therfro;  
Barefote and wolwarde I haue hyght  
Thyder for to go.'

- 443 'Yf it be so,' than sayd our kynge,  
 'It may no better be,  
 Seuen nyght I gyue the leue,  
 No lengre, to dwell fro me.'
- 444 'Gramercy, lorde,' then sayd Robyn,  
 And set hym on his kne;  
 He toke his leuē full courteysly,  
 To grenē wode then went he
- 445 Whan he came to grenē wode,  
 In a mery mornynge,  
 There hē herde the notēs small  
 Of byrdēs mery syngynge.
- 446 'It is ferre gone,' sayd Robyn,  
 'That I was last here;  
 Me lystē a lytell for to shote  
 At the donnē dere.'
- 447 Robyn slewe a full grete harte;  
 His horne than gan he blow,  
 That all the outlawes of that forest  
 That horne coud they knowe,
- 448 And gadred them togyder,  
 In a lytell throwe.  
 Seuen score of wyght yonge men  
 Came redy on a rowe,
- 449 And fayre dyde of theyr hodes,  
 And set them on theyr kne:  
 'Welcome,' they sayd, 'our [derē]  
 mayster,  
 Under this grenē-wode tre.'
- 450 Robyn dwelled in grenē wode  
 Twenty yere and two;  
 For all drede of Edwardē our kynge,  
 Agayne wolde he not goo.
- 451 Yet he was begyled, i-wys,  
 Through a wycked woman,  
 The pryoresse of Kyrkēsly,  
 That nye was of hys kynne:
- 452 For the loue of a knyght,  
 Syr Roger of Donkesly,  
 That was her ownē speciall;  
 Full euyll motē they the !
- 453 They toke togyder theyr counsell  
 Robyn Hode for to sle,  
 And how they myght best do that dede,  
 His banis for to be.

- 454 Than bespake good Robyn,  
 In place where as he stode,  
 'To morow I muste to Kyrke[s]ly,  
 Craftely to be leten blode.'
- 455 Syr Roger of Donkestere,  
 By the pryoresse he lay,  
 And there they betrayed good Robyn  
 Hode,  
 Through theyr falsē playe.
- 456 Cryst haue mercy on his soule,  
 That dyed on the rode !  
 For he was a good outlawe,  
 And dyde pore men moch god.

118

### ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE

The beginning and perhaps the development of the story might have been more lucid but for verses lost at the very start. Robin Hood dreams of two yeomen that beat and bind him, and goes to seek them, "in green-wood where they be." Sir Guy being one, the other person pointed at must of course be the sheriff of Nottingham, in league with Sir Guy (a Yorkshireman, who has done many a curst turn) for the capture or slaying of Robin. The dream simply foreshadows danger from two quarters. But Robin Hood is nowhere informed, as we are, that the sheriff is out against him with seven score men, has attacked his camp, and taken John prisoner. He knows nothing of this so far on as stanza 45<sup>3</sup>, where, after killing Guy, he says he will go to Barnsdale to see how his men are faring. Why then does he make his arrangements in stanzas 42-45<sup>2</sup>, before he returns to Barnsdale, to pass himself off for Sir Guy? Plainly this device is adopted with the knowledge that John is a prisoner, and as a means of delivering him; which all that follows shows. Our embarrassment is the greater because we cannot point out any place in the story at which the necessary information could have been conveyed. It will not be enough, therefore, to suppose that verses have been dropped out; there must also have been a considerable derangement of the story. The abrupt transition from the introductory verses is found in 'Adam Bell' (No. 116), and the like occurs in other ballads. A fragment of a dramatic piece founded on the ballad of 'Guy of Gisborne' has been preserved in a manuscript of the date of 1475 or earlier.

'Guye of Gisborne,' Percy MS., p. 262;  
Hales and Furnivall, II, 227.

1 WHEN shawes beene sheene, and shradds  
full fayre,  
And leeuens both large and longe,  
Itt is merry, walking in the fayre ffor-  
rest,  
To heare the small birds songe.

2 The wood weele sang, and wold not cease,  
Amongst the leaues a lyne:  
And it is by two wight yeomen,  
By deare God, *that* I meane.

\* \* \* \* \*

3 'Me thought they did mee beate and  
binde,  
And tooke my bow mee free;  
If I bee Robin a-liue in this lande,  
I 'le be wrocken on both them towe.'

4 'Sweauens are swift, *master*,' quoth Iohn,  
'As the wind *that* blowes ore a hill;  
Ffor if itt be neuer soe lowde this  
night,  
To-morrow it may be still.'

5 'Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men  
all,  
Ffor Iohn shall goe with mee;  
For I 'le goe seeke yond wight yeomen  
In greenwood where the bee.'

6 Thé cast on their gowne of greene,  
A shooting gone are they,  
Vntill they came to the merry green-  
wood,  
Where they had gladdest bee;  
There were the ware of [a] wight yeo-  
man,  
His body leane to a tree.

7 A sword and a dagger he wore by his  
side,  
Had beene many a mans bane,  
And he was cladd in his capull-hyde,  
Topp, and tayle, and mayne.

8 'Stand you still, *master*,' quoth Litle  
Iohn,  
'Vnder this trusty tree,  
And I will goe to yond wight yeoman,  
To know his meaning trulye.'

9 'A, Iohn, by me thou settis noe store,  
And *that*'s a ffarley thinge;  
How oft send I my men beffore,  
And tarry my-selfe behinde?

10 'It is noe cunning a knaue to ken,  
And a man but heare him speake;  
And itt were not for bursting of my  
bowe,  
Iohn, I wold thy head breake.'

11 But often words they breeden bale,  
*That* parted Robin and Iohn;  
Iohn is gone to Barn[e]sdale,  
The gates he knowes eche one.

12 And when hee came to Barnesdale,  
Great beauinesse there hee hadd;  
He ffound two of his fellowes  
Were slaine both in a slade,

13 And Scarlett a ffoote flyinge was,  
Ouer stockes and stone,  
For the sheriffe with seuen score men  
Fast after him is gone.

14 'Yett one shoote I 'le shoote,' sayes Litle  
Iohn,  
'With Crist his might and mayne;  
I 'le make yond fellow *that* flies soe fast  
To be both glad and ffaine.'

15 Iohn bent vp a good veiwe bow,  
And ffitteled him to shoote;  
The bow was made of a tender boughle,  
And fell downe to his foote.

16 'Woe worth thee, wicked wood,' sayd  
Litle Iohn,  
'*That* ere thou grew on a tree!  
Ffor this day thou art my bale,  
My boote when thou shold bee!'

17 This shoote it was but looselye shott,  
The arrowe flew in vaine,  
And it mett one of the sheriffes men;  
Good *William* a Trent was slaine.

18 It had beene better for *William* a Trent  
To hange vpon a gallowe  
Then for to lye in the greenwoode,  
There slaine with an arrowe.

19 And it is sayd, when men be mett,  
Six can doe more then three:

- And they haue tane Litle Iohn,  
And bound him ffast to a tree.
- 20 'Thou shalt be drawn by dale and  
downe,' quoth the sheriffe,  
'And hanged hye on a hill:'  
'But thou may ffayle,' quoth Litle Iohn,  
'If itt be Christs owne will.'
- 21 Let vs leane talking of Litle Iohn,  
For hee is bound fast to a tree,  
And talke of Guy and Robin Hood,  
In the green woode where they bee.
- 22 How these two yeomen together they  
mett,  
Vnder the leaues of lyne,  
To see what marchandise they made  
Euen at that same time.
- 23 'Good morrow, good fellow,' quoth Sir  
Guy;  
'Good morrow, good ffellow,' quoth  
hee;  
'Methinkes by this bow thou beares in  
thy hand,  
A good archer thou seems to bee.'
- 24 'I am wilfull of my way,' quoth Sir  
Guye,  
'And of my morning tyde:'  
'I 'le lead thee through the wood,' quoth  
Robin,  
'Good ffellow, I 'le be thy guide.'
- 25 'I seeke an outlaw,' quoth Sir Guye,  
'Men call him Robin Hood;  
I had rather meet with him vpon a day  
Then forty pound of golde.'
- 26 'If you tow mett, itt wold be seene  
whether were better  
Afore yee did part awaye;  
Let vs some other pastime find,  
Good ffellow, I thee pray.
- 27 'Let vs some other masteryes make,  
And wee will walke in the woods euen;  
Wee may chance mee[t] with Robin  
Hooode  
Att some vnsett steven.'
- 28 They cutt them downe the summer  
shroggs  
Which grew both vnder a bryar,
- And sett them three score rood in twinn,  
To shoote the pricke full neare.
- 29 'Leade on, good ffellow,' sayd Sir Guye,  
'Lead on, I doe bidd thee:'  
'Nay, by my faith,' quoth Robin Hood,  
'The leader thou shalt bee.'
- 30 The first good shoot *that* Robin ledd  
Did not shoote an inch the pricke  
ffroe;  
Guy was an archer good enough,  
But he cold neere shoote soe.
- 31 The second shoote Sir Guy shott,  
He shott within the garlande;  
But Robin Hooode shott it better then  
hee,  
For he cloue the good pricke-wande.
- 32 'Gods blessing on thy heart!' sayes  
Guye,  
'Goode ffellow, thy shooting is goode;  
For an thy hart be as good as thy  
hands,  
Thou were better then Robin Hood.
- 33 'Tell me thy name, good ffellow,' quoth  
Guy,  
'Vnder the leaues of lyne:'  
'Nay, by my faith,' quoth good Robin,  
'Till thou haue told me thine.'
- 34 'I dwell by dale and downe,' quoth Guye,  
'And I haue done many a curst turne;  
And he *that* calles me by my right name  
Calles me Guye of good Gysborne.'
- 35 'My dwelling is in the wood,' sayes  
Robin;  
'By thee I set right nought;  
My name is Robin Hood of Barnesdale,  
A ffellow thou has long sought.'
- 36 He *that* had neither beene a kithe nor  
kin  
Might haue seene a full fayre sight,  
To see how together these yeomen went,  
With blades both browne and bright.
- 37 To haue seene how these yeomen to-  
gether foug[ht],  
Two howers of a summers day;  
Itt was neither Guy nor Robin Hood  
*That* ffettled them to flye away.



- 38 Robin was reacheles on a roote,  
And stumbled at *that* tyde,  
And Guy was quicke and nimble with-  
all,  
And hitt him ore the left side.
- 39 'Ah, deere Lady!' sayd Robin Hooede,  
'Thou art both mother and may!  
I thinke it was neuer mans destynye  
To dye before his day.'
- 40 Robin thought on Our Lady deere,  
And soone leapt vp againe,  
And thus he came with an awkarde  
stroke;  
Good Sir Guy hee has slayne.
- 41 He tooke Sir Guys head by the hayre,  
And sticked itt on his bowes end:  
'Thou hast beene traytor all thy liffe,  
Which thing must haue an ende.'
- 42 Robin pulled forth an Irish kniffe,  
And nicked Sir Guy in the fface,  
That hee was neuer on a woman borne  
Cold tell who Sir Guye was.
- 43 Saies, Lye there, lye there, good Sir  
Guye,  
And with me be not wrothe;  
If thou haue had the worse stroakes at  
my hand,  
Thou shalt haue the better cloathe.
- 44 Robin did off his gowne of greene,  
Sir Guye hee did it throwe;  
And hee put on *that* capull-hyde,  
That cladd him topp to toe.
- 45 'The bowe, the arrowes, and litle horne,  
And with me now I 'le beare;  
Ffor now I will goe to Barn[e]sdale,  
To see how my men doe ffare.'
- 46 Robin sett Guyes horne to his mouth,  
A lowd blast in it he did blow;  
That beheard the sheriffe of Notting-  
ham,  
As he leaned vnder a lowe.
- 47 'Hearken! hearken!' sayd the sheriffe,  
'I heard noe tydings but good;  
For yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne  
blowe,  
For he hath slaine Robin Hooede.
- 48 'For yonder I heare Sir Guyes horne  
blow,  
Itt blowes soe well in tyde,  
For yonder comes *that* wighty yeoman,  
Cladd in his capull-hyde.
- 49 'Come hither, thou good Sir Guy,  
Aske of mee what thou wilt haue:'  
'I 'le none of thy gold,' sayes Robin  
Hood,  
'Nor I 'le none of itt haue.
- 50 'But now I haue slaine the *master*,' he  
sayd,  
'Let me goe strike the knaue;  
This is all the reward I aske,  
Nor noe other will I haue.'
- 51 'Thou art a madman,' said the shiriffe,  
'Thou sholdest haue had a knights  
fee;  
Seeing thy asking [hath] beene soe badd,  
Well granted it shall be.'
- 52 But Litle Iohn heard his *master* speake,  
Well he knew *that* was his steuen;  
'Now shall I be loset,' quoth Litle Iohn,  
'With Christs might in heauen.'
- 53 But Robin hee hyed him towards Litle  
Iohn,  
Hee thought hee wold loose him  
belieu;  
The sheriffe and all his companye  
Fast after him did driue.
- 54 'Stand abacke! stand abacke!' sayd  
Robin;  
'Why draw ydu mee soe neere?  
Itt was neuer the vse in our countrye  
One's shrift another shold heere.'
- 55 But Robin pulled forth an Irysh kniffe,  
And losed Iohn hand and ffoote,  
And gaue him Sir Guyes bow in his hand,  
And bade it be his boote.
- 56 But Iohn tooke Guyes bow in his hand—  
His arrowes were rawstye by the  
roote—;  
The sherriffe saw Litle Iohn draw a bow  
And fettle him to shoote.
- 57 Towards his house in Nottingham  
He fled full fast away,

And soe did all his companye,  
Not one behind did stay.

- 58 But he cold neither soe fast goe,  
Nor away soe fast runn,  
But Litle Iohn, with an arrow broade,  
Did cleaue his heart in twinn.

## 119

## ROBIN HOOD AND THE MONK

The gap at st. 30, l. 2, occurs between two pages. Doubtless some one of Robin's many friends carries the news of his capture to the band. With this there must have come information that he was to await knowledge of the King's pleasure. There is a general resemblance between the rescue of Robin in sts. 61-81 and that of Cloudsly in 'Adam Bell' (No. 116), sts. 56-94. Robin Hood's devotion to the Virgin (st. 34) is a feature which reappears in Nos. 118, 121, 123, and above all in the Gest (No. 117).

a. MS. of about 1450, Cambridge University Library, Ff. 5, 48, fol. 128 b. b. One leaf of a MS. of the same age, containing stanzas 69<sup>3</sup>-72, 77<sup>2</sup>-80<sup>2</sup>, Bagford Ballads, vol. 1, art. 6, British Museum.

- 1 In somer, when þe shawes be sheyne,  
And leues be large and long,  
Hit is full mery in feyre foreste  
To here þe foullys song:

- 2 To se þe dere draw to þe dale,  
And leue þe hilles hee,  
And shadow hem in þe levës grene,  
Vnder the grene-wode tre.

- 3 Hit befel on Whitsontide,  
Erly in a May mornynge,  
The son vp feyre can shyne,  
And the briddis mery can syng.

- 4 'This is a mery mornynge,' seid Litull  
John,  
'Be hym þat dyed on tre;  
A more mery man þen I am one  
Lyves not in Cristiantē.

- 5 'Pluk vp þi hert, my dere mayster,'  
Litull John can sey,  
'And thynk hit is a full fayre tyme  
In a mornynge of May.'

- 6 'Ȝe, on thyng greves me,' seid Robyn,  
'And does my hert mych woo;  
þat I may not no solem day  
To mas nor matyns goo.'

- 7 'Hit is a fourtnet and more,' seid he,  
'Syn I my sauour see;  
To day wil I to Notyngham,' seid Robyn,  
'With þe myght of mylde Marye.'

- 8 Than spake Moche, þe mylner sun,  
Euer moré wel hym betyde!  
'Take twelue of þi wyght ȝemen,  
Well weppynd, be þi side.  
Such on wolde þi selfe slon,  
þat twelue dar not abyde.'

- 9 'Of all my mery men,' seid Robyn,  
'Be my feith I wil non haue,  
But Litull John shall beyre my bow,  
Til þat me list to drawe.'

- 10 'þou shall beyre þin own,' seid Litull  
Jon,  
'Maister, and I wyl beyre myne,  
And we well shete a peny,' seid Litull  
Jon,  
'Vnder þe grene-wode lyne.'

- 11 'I wil not shete a peny,' seyde Robyn  
Hode,  
'In feith, Litull John, with the,  
But euer for on as þou shetis,' seide  
Robyn,  
'In feith I holde þe thre.'

- 12 Thus shet þei forth, pese ȝemen too,  
Bothe at buske and brome,  
Til Litull John wan of his maister  
Fieue shillings to hose and shone.

- 13 A ferly strife fel þem betwene,  
As they went bi the way;  
Litull John seid he had won fieue shil-  
lings,  
And Robyn Hode seid shortly nay.

- 14 With þat Robyn Hode lyed Litul Jon,  
And smote hym with his hande;  
Litul Jon waxed wroth perwith,  
And pulled out his bright bronde.

- 15 'Were þou not my maister,' seid Litull  
John,  
'þou shuldis by hit ful sore;

Get þe a man wher þou w[ilt],  
For þou getis me no more.'

16 Þen Robyn goes to Notyngnam,  
Hym selfe mornyng allone,  
And Litull John to mery Scherwode,  
The pathes he knew ilkone.

17 Whan Robyn came to Notyngnam,  
Sertenly withouten layn,  
He prayed to God and myld Mary  
To bryng hym out saue agayn.

18 He gos in to Seynt Mary chirch,  
And kneled down before the rode;  
Alle þat euer were þe church within  
Beheld wel Robyn Hode.

19 Beside hym stod a gret-hedid munke,  
I pray to God woo he be !  
Fful sone he knew gode Robyn,  
As sone as he hym se.

20 Out at þe durre he ran,  
Fful sone and anon;  
Alle þe ȝatis of Notyngnam  
He made to be sparred euerychon.

21 'Rise vp,' he seid, 'þou prowde schereff,  
Buske þe and make þe bowne;  
I haue spyed þe kynggis felon,  
Ffor sothe he is in þis town.

22 'I haue spyed þe false felon,  
As he stondis at his masse;  
Hit is long of þe,' seide þe munke,  
'And euer he fro vs passe.

23 'Þis traytur name is Robyn Hode,  
Vnder þe grene-wode lynde;  
He robbyt me onys of a hundred pound,  
Hit shalle neuer out of my mynde.'

24 Vp þen rose þis prowde shereff,  
And radly made hym ȝare;  
Many was þe moder son  
To þe kyrk with hym can fare.

25 In at þe dures þei throly thrust,  
With staves ful gode wone;  
'Alas, alas !' seid Robyn Hode,  
'Now mysse I Litull John.'

26 But Robyn toke out a too-hond sworde,  
þat hangit down be his kne;

þer as þe schereff and his men stode  
thyekust,  
Theþurwarde wolde he.

27 Thryes thorowout þem he ran þen,  
For soþe as I yow sey,  
And woundyt mony a moder son,  
And twelue he slew þat day.

28 His sworde vpon þe schireff hed  
Sertanly he brake in too;  
'þe smyth þat þe made,' seid Robyn,  
'I pray to God wyrke hym woo !

29 'Ffor now am I weppynlesse,' seid  
Robyn,  
'Alasse ! agayn my wylle;  
But if I may fle þese traytors fro,  
I wot þei wil me kyll.'

30 Robyn in to the churchē ran,  
Throout hem euerilkon,

\* \* \* \* \*

31 Sum fel in swonyng as þei were dede,  
And lay stil as any stone;  
Non of theym were in her mynde  
But only Litull Jon.

32 'Let be your rule,' seid Litull Jon,  
'Ffor his luf þat dyed on tre,  
Ȝe þat shulde be dzyt men;  
Het is gret shame to se.

33 'Oure maister has bene hard bystode  
And ȝet scapyd away;  
Pluk vp your hertis, and leue þis mone,  
And harkyn what I shal say.

34 'He has seruyd Oure Lady many a  
day,  
And ȝet wil, securly;  
þerfor I trust in hir specialy  
No wyckud deth shal he dye.

35 'þerfor be glad,' seid Litul John,  
'And let þis mournyng be;  
And I shal be þe munkis gyde,  
With þe myght of mylde Mary.

36 . . . . .  
'We will go but we too;  
And I mete hym,' seid Litul John,  
. . . . .

- 37 'Loke þat 3e kepe wel owre tristil-tre,  
Vnder þe levys smale,  
And spare non of this venyson,  
þat gose in thys vale.'
- 38 Fforþe þen went these 3emen too,  
Litul John and Moche on fere,  
And lokid on Moch emys hows,  
þe hye way lay full nere.
- 39 Litul John stode at a wyndow in þe  
mornynge,  
And lokid forþ at a stage;  
He was war wher þe munke came  
rydyng,  
And *with* hym a litul page.
- 40 'Be my feith,' seid Litul John to Moch,  
'I can þe tel tithyngus gode;  
I se wher þe munke cumys rydyng,  
I know hym be his wyde hode.'
- 41 They went in to the way, pese 3emen  
bope,  
As curtes men and hende;  
þei spyrrred tithyngus at þe munke,  
As they hade bene his frende.
- 42 'Ffro whens come 3e?' seid Litull  
Jon,  
'Tel vs tithyngus, I yow pray,  
Off a false owtlay, [callid Robyn Hode,]  
Was takyn 3isterday.
- 43 'He robbyt me and my felowes bope  
Of twenti marke in serten;  
If þat false owtlay be takyn,  
Ffor sope we wolde be fayn.'
- 44 'So did he me,' seid þe munke,  
'Of a hundred pound and more;  
I layde furst hande hym apon,  
3e may thonke me þefore.'
- 45 'I pray God thanke you,' seid Litull  
John,  
'And we wil when we may;  
We wil go *with* you, *with* your leve,  
And bryng yow on your way.
- 46 'Ffor Robyn Hode hase many a wilde  
felow,  
I tell you in certen;  
If þei wist 3e rode þis way,  
In feith 3e shulde be slayn.'
- 47 As þei went talking be þe way,  
The munke and Litull John,  
John toke þe munkis horse be þe hede,  
Fful sone and anon.
- 48 John toke þe munkis horse be þe hed,  
Ffor sope as I yow say;  
So did Much þe litull page,  
Ffor he shulde not scape away.
- 49 Be þe golett of þe hode  
John pulled þe munke down;  
John was nothyng of hym agast,  
He lete hym falle on his crown.
- 50 Litull John was so[re] agrevyd,  
And drew owt his swerde in hye;  
This munke saw he shulde be ded,  
Lowd mercy can he crye.
- 51 'He was my maister,' seid Litull John,  
'þat þou hase browzt in bale;  
Shalle þou neuer cum at our kyng,  
Ffor to telle hym tale.'
- 52 John smote of þe munkis hed,  
No longer wolde he dwell;  
So did Moch þe litull page,  
Ffor ferd lest he wolde tell.
- 53 þer þei beryed hem bope,  
In nouper mosse nor lyng,  
And Litull John and Much infere  
Bare þe letturs to oure kyng.
- 54 . . . . .  
He knelid down vpon his kne:  
'God 3ow saue, my lege lorde,  
Ihesus yow saue and se!
- 55 'God yow saue, my lege kyng!'  
To speke John was full bolde;  
He gaf hym þe letturs in his hond,  
The kyng did hit vnfold.
- 56 þe kyng red þe letturs anon,  
And seid, So mot I the,  
þer was neuer 3oman in mery Inglond  
I longut so sore to se.
- 57 'Wher is þe munke þat pese shuld haue  
brouzt?'  
Oure kyng can say:  
'Be my trouth,' seid Litull John,  
'He dyed after þe way.'

- 58 þe kyng gaf Moch and Litul Jon  
Twenti pound in sertan,  
And made þeim ȝemen of þe crown,  
And bade þeim go agayn.
- 59 He gaf John þe seel in hand,  
The scheref for to bere,  
To bryng Robyn hym to,  
And no man do hym dere.
- 60 John toke his leve at oure kyng,  
þe sothe as I yow say;  
þe next way to Notyngham  
To take, he ȝede þe way.
- 61 Whan John came to Notyngham  
The ȝatis were sparred ychon;  
John callid vp þe porter,  
He answerid sone anon.
- 62 'What is þe cause,' seid Litul Jon,  
'þou sparris þe ȝates so fast?'  
'Because of Robyn Hode,' seid [þe]  
porter,  
'In depe prison is cast.
- 63 'John and Moch and Wyll Scatblok,  
Ffor sothe as I yow say,  
þei slew oure men vpon our wallis,  
And sawten vs every day.'
- 64 Litull John spyrrid after þe schereff,  
And sone he hym fonde;  
He oppyned þe kyngus priue seell,  
And gaf hym in his honde.
- 65 Whan þe scheref saw þe kyngus seell,  
He did of his hode anon:  
'Wher is þe munke þat bare þe letturs?'  
He seid to Litull John.
- 66 'He is so fayn of hym,' seid Litul John,  
'Ffor soþe as I yow say,  
He has made hym abot of Westmynster,  
A lorde of þat abbay.'
- 67 The scheref made John gode chere,  
And gaf hym wyne of the best;  
At nyȝt þei went to her bedde,  
And euery man to his rest.
- 68 When þe scheref was on siepe,  
Dronken of wyne and ale,  
Litul John and Moch for soþe  
Toke þe way vnto þe jale.
- 69 Litul John callid vp þe jayler,  
And bade hym rise anon;  
He seyð Robyn Hode had brokyn prison,  
And out of hit was gon.
- 70 The porter rose anon sertan,  
As sone as he herd John calle;  
Litul John was redy with a swerd,  
And bare hym to þe walle.
- 71 'Now wil I be porter,' seid Litul John,  
'And take þe keyes in honde:'  
He toke þe way to Robyn Hode,  
And sone he hym vnbonde.
- 72 He gaf hym a gode swerd in his hond,  
His hed [ther]with for to kepe,  
And ther as þe walle was lowyst  
Anon down can þei lepe.
- 73 Be þat þe cok began to crow,  
The day began to spryng;  
The scheref fond þe jaylier ded,  
The comyn bell made he ryng.
- 74 He made a crye thoroout al þe tow[n],  
Wheder he be ȝoman or knave,  
þat cowþe bryng hym Robyn Hode,  
His warison he shuld haue.
- 75 'Ffor I dar neuer,' said þe scheref,  
'Cum before oure kyng;  
Ffor if I do, I wot serten  
Ffor soþe he wil me heng.'
- 76 The scheref made to seke Notyng-  
ham,  
Bothe be strete and stye,  
And Robyn was in mery Scherwode,  
As lizt as lef on lynde.
- 77 Then bespake gode Litull John,  
To Robyn Hode can he say,  
I haue done þe a gode turne for ar-  
euyll,  
Quyte þe whan þou may.
- 78 'I haue done þe a gode turne,' seid  
Litull John,  
'Ffor sothe as I yow say;  
I haue brouȝt þe vnder grene-wode lyne;  
Ffare wel, and haue gode day.'
- 79 'Nay, be my trouth,' seid Robyn Hode,  
'So shall hit neuer be;



I make þe maister,' seid Robyn Hode,  
'Off alle my men and me.'

- 80 'Nay, be my trouth,' seid Litull John,  
'So shalle hit neuer be;  
But lat me be a felow,' seid Litull John,  
'No noder kepe I be.'

- 81 Thus John gate Robyn Hod out of  
prison,  
Sertan withoutyn layn;  
Whan his men saw hym hol and sounde,  
Ffor sothe they were full fayne.

- 82 They filled in wyne, and made hem glad,  
Vnder þe levys smale,  
And zete pastes of venyson,  
þat gode was with ale.

- 83 Than worde came to oure kyng  
How Robyn Hode was gon,  
And how þe scheref of Notyngham  
Durst neuer loke hym vpon.

- 84 Then bespake oure cumly kyng,  
In an angur hye:  
Litull John hase begyled þe schereff,  
In faith so hase he me.

- 85 Litul John has begyled vs bothe,  
And þat full wel I se;  
Or ellis þe schereff of Notyngham  
Hye hongut shulde he be.

- 86 'I made hem zemen of þe crowne,  
And gaf hem fee with my hond;  
I gaf hem grith,' seid oure kyng,  
'Thorowout all mery Inglond.

- 87 'I gaf theym grith,' þen seid oure kyng;  
'I say, so mot I the,  
Ffor sothe soch a zeman as he is on  
In all Inglond ar not thre.

- 88 'He is trew to his maister,' seid our  
kyng;  
'I sey, be swete Seynt John,  
He louys better Robyn Hode  
Then he dose vs ychon.

- 89 'Robyn Hode is euer bond to hym,  
Bothe in strete and stalle;  
Speke no more of this mater,' seid oure  
kyng,  
'But John has begyled vs alle.'

90 Thus endys the talkyng of the munke  
And Robyn Hode i-wysse;  
God, þat is euer a crowned kyng,  
Bryng vs all to his blisse!

120

## ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH

A very interesting passage of the story is lost in A, owing to the tearing away of nine stanzas of the manuscript at st. 8. Robin Hood and John are on their way to Kirklees. They keep up their shooting all the way, until they come to a black water, crossed by a plank. On the plank an old woman is kneeling, and banning Robin Hood. Robin asks why the old woman is banning him, but the answer is lost, and it is not probable that we shall ever know: out of her proper malignity, surely, or because she is a hired witch, for Robin is the friend of lowly folk. But if this old woman is banning, others (no doubt women) are weeping, for somehow they have learned that he is to be let blood that day at the priory, and foresee that ill will come of it. At the middle of st. 18 nine stanzas are again wanting, and again in a place where we are not helped by the other version. John must call from the outside of the building, judging by what follows. An altercation seems to pass between Robin and Red Roger. Robin slips out of a shot-window, and as he does so is thrust through the side by Red Roger. Red Roger must be below, and John is certainly below. He would have seen to Red Roger had they both been within. But John must be under a window on a different side of the building from that whence Robin issues, for otherwise, again, he would have seen to Red Roger. We are driven to suppose that the words in st. 19 pass between Robin above and Roger below. The account of Robin Hood's death in the Gest agrees in the main with what we find in A. B, though found only in late garlands, is in the fine old strain.

## A

'Robin Hoode his Death,' Percy MS., p. 21;  
Hales and Furnivall, I, 53.

- 1 'I WILL neuer eate nor drinke,' Robin  
Hood said,  
'Nor meate will doo me noe good,  
Till I haue beene att merry Church-  
lees,  
My vaines for to let blood.'

2 'That I reade not,' said Will Scarlett,  
'Master, by the assente of me,  
Without halfe a hundred of your best  
bowmen  
You take to goe with yee.

3 'For there a good yeoman doth abide  
Will be sure to quarrell with thee,  
And if thou haue need of vs, *master*,  
In faith we will not flee.'

4 'And thou be feard, thou William Scar-  
lett,  
Att home I read thee bee:'  
'And you be wrothe, my deare *master*,  
You shall neuer heare more of mee.'

\* \* \* \* \*

5 'For there shall noe man with me goe,  
Nor man with mee ryde,  
And Litle Iohn shall be my man,  
And beare my benbow by my side.'

6 'You'st beare your bowe, *master*, your  
selfe,  
And shoote for a peny with mee:'  
'To that I doe assent,' Robin Hood  
sayd,  
'And soe, Iohn, lett it bee.'

7 They two bolde children shotten to-  
gether,  
All day theire selfe in ranke,  
Vntill they came to blacke water,  
And over it laid a planke.

8 Vpon it there kneeled an old woman,  
Was banning Robin Hooode;  
'Why dost thou bann Robin Hooode?'  
said Robin,

\* \* \* \* \*

9 'To giue to Robin Hooode;  
Wee weepen for his deare body,  
That this day must be lett bloode.'

10 'The dame prior is my aunts daughter,  
And nie vnto my kinne;  
I know shee wold me noe harme this  
day,  
For all the world to winne.'

11 Forth then shotten these children two,  
And they did neuer lin,  
Vntill they came to merry Churchlees,  
To merry Churchlee[s] with-in.

12 And when they came to merry Church-  
lees,  
They knoced vpon a pin;  
Vpp then rose dame prioresse,  
And lett good Robin in.

13 Then Robin gaue to dame prioresse  
Twenty pound in gold,  
And bad her spend while that wold  
last,  
And shee shold haue more when shee  
wold.

14 And downe then came dame prioresse,  
Downe she came in that ilke,  
With a pair off blood-irons in her hands,  
Were wrapped all in silke.

15 'Sett a chaffing-dish to the fyer,' said  
dame prioresse,  
'And stripp thou vp thy sleeue:'  
I hold him but an vnwise man  
That will noe warning leeu.

16 Shee laid the blood-irons to Robin Hoods  
vaine,  
Alacke, the more pitye!  
And pearct the vaine, and let out the  
bloode,  
That full red was to see.

17 And first it bled, the thicke, thicke  
bloode,  
And afterwards the thinne,  
And well then wist good Robin Hooode  
Treason there was within.

18 'What cheere my *master*?' said Litle  
Iohn;  
'In faith, Iohn, litle goode;'

\* \* \* \* \*

19 'I haue upon a gowne of greene,  
Is cut short by my knee,  
And in my hand a bright browne brand  
That will well bite of thee.'

20 But forth then of a shot-windowe  
Good *Robin Hood* he could glide;  
Red Roger, with a grounden glaue,  
Thrust him through the milke-white  
side.

21 But *Robin* was light and nimble of foote,  
And thought to abate his pride,  
Ffor betwixt his head and his shoulders  
He made a wound full wide.

22 Says, Ly there, ly there, Red Roger,  
The doggs they must thee eate;  
'For I may haue my houzle,' he said,  
'For I may both goe and speake.

23 'Now giue me mood,' *Robin* said to  
Little Iohn,  
'Giue me mood with thy hand;  
I trust to God in heauen soe hye  
My houzle will me bestand.'

24 'Now giue me leaue, giue me leaue,  
*master*,' he said,  
'For Christs loue giue leaue to me,  
To set a fier within this hall,  
And to burne vp all Churchlee.'

25 'That I reade not,' said *Robin Hood*  
then,  
'Little Iohn, for it may not be;  
If I shold doe any widow hurt, at my  
latter end,  
God,' he said, 'wold blame me;

26 'But take me vpon thy backe, Litle  
Iohn,  
And beare me to yonder streete,  
And there make me a full fayre graue,  
Of grauell and of greete.

27 'And sett my bright sword at my head,  
Mine arrowes at my feete,  
And lay my vew-bow by my side,  
My met-yard wi . . . .

## B

'Robin Hood's Death and Burial.' a. The English Archer, Paisley, printed by John Neilson for George Caldwell, Bookseller, near the Cross, 1786, p. 81, No. 24. Bodleian Library, Douce, F. F. 71 (6). b. The English Archer, York, printed by N. Nickson, in Feasegate, n. d., p. 70. Bodleian Library, Douce, F. F. 71 (4).

1 WHEN *Robin Hood* and Little John  
Down a down a down a down  
Went oer yon bank of broom,  
Said *Robin Hood* bold to Little  
John,  
We have shot for many a pound.  
Hey, etc.

2 But I am not able to shoot one sho  
more,  
My broad arrows will not flee;  
But I have a cousin lives down below,  
Please God, she will bleed me.

3 Now *Robin* he is to fair Kirkly gone,  
As fast as he can win;  
But before he came there, as we d  
hear,  
He was taken very ill.

4 And when he came to fair Kirkly-hall,  
He knockd all at the ring,  
But none was so ready as his cousin  
herself  
For to let bold *Robin* in.

5 'Will you please to sit down, cousin  
*Robin*,' she said,  
'And drink some beer with me ?  
'No, I will neither eat nor drink,  
Till I am blooded by thee.'

6 'Well, I have a room, cousin *Robin*,  
she said,  
'Which you did never see,  
And if you please to walk therein,  
You blooded by me shall be.'

7 She took him by the lily-white hand,  
And led him to a private room,  
And there she blooded bold *Robin Hood*  
While one drop of blood would run  
down.

8 She blooded him in a vein of the arm,  
And locked him up in the room;  
Then did he bleed all the live-long  
day,  
Until the next day at noon.

9 He then bethought him of a casemen  
there,  
Thinking for to get down;  
But was so weak he could not leap,  
He could not get him down.

- 10 He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,  
Which hung low down to his knee;  
He set his horn unto his mouth,  
And blew out weak blasts three.
- 11 Then Little John, when hearing him,  
As he sat under a tree,  
'I fear my master is now near dead,  
He blows so wearily.'
- 12 Then Little John to fair Kirkly is gone,  
As fast as he can dree;  
But when he came to Kirkly-hall,  
He broke locks two or three:
- 13 Until he came bold Robin to see,  
Then he fell on his knee;  
'A boon, a boon,' cries Little John,  
'Master, I beg of thee.'
- 14 'What is that boon,' said Robin Hood,  
'Little John, [thou] begs of me?'  
'It is to burn fair Kirkly-hall,  
And all their nunnery.'
- 15 'Now nay, now nay,' quoth Robin Hood,  
'That boon I'll not grant thee;  
I never hurt woman in all my life,  
Nor men in woman's company.'
- 16 'I never hurt fair maid in all my time,  
Nor at mine end shall it be;  
But give me my bent bow in my hand,  
And a broad arrow I'll let flee  
And where this arrow is taken up,  
There shall my grave digged be.'
- 17 'Lay me a green sod under my head,  
And another at my feet;  
And lay my bent bow by my side,  
Which was my music sweet;  
And make my grave of gravel and green,  
Which is most right and meet.'
- 18 'Let me have length and breadth  
enough,  
With a green sod under my head;  
That they may say, when I am dead,  
Here lies bold Robin Hood.'
- 19 These words they readily granted him,  
Which did bold Robin please:  
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,  
Within the fair Kirkleys.

121

ROBIN HOOD AND THE  
POTTER

'Robin Hood and the Butcher' (No. 122) repeats many of the incidents of the present ballad. There are only too many variations of the adventure in which Robin Hood unexpectedly meets his match in a hand-to-hand fight, now with a pinder, then with a tanner, tinker, shepherd, beggar, etc. His adversaries, after proving their mettle, are sometimes invited and induced to join his company: not so here. In some broadside ballads of this description, with an extravagance common enough in imitations, Robin Hood is very badly mauled, and made all but contemptible. The Play of Robin Hood, an imperfect copy of which is printed at the end of Copland's and of White's edition of the Gest, is founded on the present ballad and on No. 123.

Library of the University of Cambridge, MS. Ee. 4. 35, fol. 14 b, of about 1500.

- 1 In schomer, when the leves spryng,  
The blöschoms on euery bowe,  
So merey doyt the berdys syng  
Yn wodys merey now.
- 2 Herkens, god yemen,  
Comley, corteys, and god,  
On of the best pat yeuer bare bowe,  
Hes name was Roben Hode.
- 3 Roben Hood was the yeman's name,  
That was boyt corteys and ffre;  
Ffor the loffe of owre ladey,  
All wemen werschepyd he.
- 4 Bot as the god yeman stod on a day,  
Among hes mery maney,  
He was ware of a prowde potter,  
Cam dryfyng owyr the ley.
- 5 'Yonder comet a prod potter,' seyde  
Roben,  
'That long hayt hantyd pis wey;  
He was neuer so corteys a man  
On peney of pawage to pay.'
- 6 'Y met hem bot at Went-breg,' seyde  
Lytyll John,  
'And therefore yeffell mot he the!  
Seche thre strokes he me gafe,  
Yet by my seydydys cleffe pey.'

- 7 'Y ley forty shillings,' seyde Lytyll John,  
 'To pay het thes same day,  
 Ther ys nat a man among hus all  
 A wed schall make hem ley.'
- 8 'Here ys forty shillings,' seyde Roben,  
 'More, and thow dar say,  
 pat y schall make pat prowde potter,  
 A wed to me schall he ley.'
- 9 There thes money they leyde,  
 They toke het a yeman to kepe;  
 Roben beffore the potter he breyde,  
 A[nd] bad hem stond stell.
- 10 Handys apon hes hors he leyde,  
 And bad the potter stonde foll stell;  
 The potter schorteley to hem seyde,  
 Ffelow, what ys they well?
- 11 'All thes thre yer, and more, potter,' he seyde,  
 'Thow hast hantyd thes wey,  
 Yet were tow neuer so cortys a man  
 On peny of pauge to pay.'
- 12 'What ys they name,' seyde þe potter,  
 'Ffor pauge thow aske of me?'  
 'Roben Hod ys mey name,  
 A wed schall thow leffe me.'
- 13 'Wed well y non leffe,' seyde þe pot-  
 ter,  
 'Nor pavag well y non pay;  
 Away they honde ffro mey hors!  
 Y well the tene eyls, be mey ffay.'
- 14 The potter to hes cart he went,  
 He was not to seke;  
 A god to-hande staffe þerowt he hent,  
 Beffore Roben he leppyd.
- 15 Roben howt with a swerd bent,  
 A bokeler en hes honde;  
 The potter to Roben he went,  
 And seyde, Ffelow, let mey hors go.
- 16 Togeder then went thes to yemen,  
 Het was a god seyt to se;  
 Thereof low Robyn hes men,  
 There they stod onder a tre.
- 17 Leytell John to hes ffelowhe[s] seyde,  
 'Yend potter well steffeley stonde:'
- The potter, with a acward stroke,  
 Smot the bokeler owt of hes honde.
- 18 A[nd] ar Roben meyt get het agen  
 Hes bokeler at hes ffette,  
 The potter yn the neke hem toke,  
 To the gronde sone he yede.
- 19 That saw Roben hes men,  
 As thay stod onder a bow;  
 'Let vs helpe owre master,' seyde Lyte  
 John,  
 'Yonder potter,' seyde he, 'els we  
 hem slo.'
- 20 Thes yemen went with a breyde,  
 To ther mast[er] they cam.  
 Leytell John to hes mast[er] seyde,  
 Ho haet the wager won?
- 21 'Schall y haffe yowre forty shillings  
 seyde Lytl John,  
 'Or ye, master, schall haffe myne?  
 'Yeff they were a hundred,' seyde Roben  
 'Y ffeythe, they ben all theyne.'
- 22 'Het ys fol leytell cortesey,' seyde þe  
 potter,  
 'As y haffe harde weyse men saye,  
 Yeffe a pore yeman com drywyng o  
 the wey,  
 To let hem of hes gorney.'
- 23 'Be mey trowet, thow seys soyt,' seyde  
 Roben,  
 'Thow seys god yeme[n]rey;  
 And thow dreyffe fforthe yeuery day,  
 Thow schalt neuer be let ffor me.
- 24 'Y well prey the, god potter,  
 A ffelischepe well thow haffe?  
 Geffe me they clothyng, and pow scha  
 hafe myne;  
 Y well go to Notynggam.'
- 25 'Y gra[n]t thereto,' seyde the potter,  
 'Thow schalt ffeynde me a ffelo  
 gode;  
 Bot thow can sell mey pottys well,  
 Com ayen as thow yode.'
- 26 'Nay, be mey trowt,' seyde Roben,  
 'And then y bescro mey hede,  
 Yeffe y bryng eny pottys ayen,  
 And eney weyffe well hem chepe.'



- 27 Than spake Leytell John,  
And all hes ffelowhes heynd,  
'Master, be well ware of the screffe of  
Notynggam,  
Ffor he ys leytell howr ffrende.'
- 28 'Heyt war howte !' seyde Roben,  
'Ffelowhes, let me a lone;  
Thorow the helpe of Howr Ladey,  
To Notynggam well y gon.'
- 29 Robyn went to Notynggam,  
Thes pottys ffor to sell;  
The potter abode with Robens men,  
There he ffered not eylle.
- 30 Tho Roben droffe on hes wey,  
So merey ower the londe:  
Her es more, and after ys to saye,  
The best ys beheynde.
- 31 When Roben cam to Notynggam,  
The soyt yef y scholde saye,  
He set op hes hors anon,  
And gaffe hem hotys and haye.
- 32 Yn the medys of the towne,  
There he schowed hes ware;  
'Pottys ! pottys !' he gan crey foll  
sone,  
'Haffe hansell ffor the mare !'
- 33 Ffoll effen agenest the screffeys gate  
Schowed he hes chaffare;  
Weyffes and wedowes about hem  
drow,  
And chepyd ffast of hes ware.
- 34 Yet, 'Pottys, gret chepe !' creyed Robyn,  
'Y loffe yeffell thes to stonde ;'  
And all that say hem sell  
Seyde he had be no potter long.
- 35 The pottys that were werthe pens ffeyffe,  
He solde tham ffor pens thre;  
Preveley seyde man and weyffe,  
'Ywnder potter schall neuer the.'
- 36 Thos Roben solde ffoll ffast,  
Tell he had pottys bot ffeyffe;  
Op he hem toke of hes care,  
And sende hem to the screffeys weyffe.
- 37 Thereof sche was ffoll ffayne,  
'Gereamarsey, ser,' than seyde sche;
- 'When ye com to thes contre ayen,  
Y schall bey of the[y] pottys, so mot  
y the.'
- 38 'Ye schall haffe of the best,' seyde  
Roben,  
And sware be the Treneytë;  
Ffoll corteysley [sc] he gan hem call,  
'Com deyne with the screfe and  
me.'
- 39 'God amarsey,' seyde Roben,  
'Yowre bedyng schall be doyn ;'  
A mayden yn the pottys gan bere,  
Roben and þe screffe weyffe ffollowed  
anon.
- 40 Whan Roben yn to the hall cam,  
The screffë sone he met;  
The potter cowed of corteysley,  
And sone the screffe he gret.
- 41 'Lo, ser, what thes potter hayt geffe yow  
and me;  
Ffeyffe pottys smalle and grete !'  
'He ys ffoll wellcom,' seyde the screffe;  
'Let os was, and go to mete.'
- 42 As they sat at her methe,  
With a nobell chere,  
To of the screffes men gan speke  
Off a gret wager;
- 43 Off a schotyng, was god and ffeyne,  
Was made the thother daye,  
Off forty shillings, the soyt to saye,  
Who scholde thes wager wen.
- 44 Styll than sat thes prowde potter,  
Thos than thowt he;  
As y am a trow cerstyn man,  
Thes schotyng well y se.
- 45 Whan they had ffared of the best,  
With bred and ale and weyne,  
To the bottys the made them prest,  
With bowes and boltys ffoll ffeyne.
- 46 The screffes men schot ffoll ffast,  
As archares þat weren godde;  
There cam non ner ney the marke  
Bey halffe a god archares bowe.
- 47 Stell then stod the prowde potter,  
Thos than seyde he;

And y had a bow, be the rode,  
On schot scholde yow se.

48 'Thow schall haffe a bow,' seyde the  
screffe,  
'The best pat thow well cheys of thre;  
Thou semyst a stalward and a stronge,  
Asay schall thow be.'

49 The screffe commandyd a yeman pat  
stod hem bey  
After bowhes to weynde;  
The best bow pat the yeman browthe  
Roben set on a stryng.

50 'Now schall y wet and thow be god,  
And polle het op to they nere;'  
'So god me helpe,' seyde the prowde  
potter,  
'pys ys bot rygzt weke gere.'

51 To a quequer Roben went,  
A god bolt owthe he toke;  
So ney on to the marke he went,  
He ffayled not a fothe.

52 All they schot abowthe agen,  
The screffes men and he;  
Off the marke he welde not ffayle,  
He cleffed the preke on thre.

53 The screffes men thowt gret schame  
The potter the mastry wan;  
The screffe lowe and made god game,  
And seyde, Potter, thow art a man.

54 . . . . .  
Thow art worthey to bere a bowe  
Yn what plas that pow goe.

55 'Yn mey cart y haffe a bowe,  
Ffor soyt,' he seyde, 'and that a godde;  
Yn mey cart ys the bow  
That gaffe me Robyn Hode.'

56 'Knowest thow Robyn Hode?' seyde the  
screffe,  
'Potter, y prey the tell thow me;'  
'A hundred torne y haffe schot with  
hem,  
Vnder hes tortyll-tre.'

57 'Y had leuer nar a hundred ponde,'  
seyde pe screffe,

'And sware be the Trenitë,  
'pat the ffals outelawe stod be me.'

58 'And ye well do afftyr mey red,' seyde  
pe potter,  
'And boldeley go with me,  
And to morow, or we het bred,  
Roben Hode well we se.'

59 'Y wel queyt the,' kod the screffe,  
'Y swere be God of meythe;'  
Schetyng thay left, and hom pey went,  
Her soper was reddi deythe.

60 Vpon the morow, when het was day,  
He boskyd hem fforthe to reyde;  
The potter hes cart fforthe gan ray,  
And wolde not leffe beheynde.

61 He toke leffe of the screffys wyffe,  
And thankyd her of all thyng:  
'Dam, ffor mey loffe and ye well py  
were,  
Y geffe yow here a golde ryng.'

62 'Gramarsey,' seyde the weyffe,  
'Ser, god eyldet bet the;'  
The screffes hart was neuer so leythe,  
The ffeyre fforeyst to se.

63 And when he cam yn to the fforeyst,  
Yonder the leffes grene,  
Berdys there sange on bowhes prest,  
Het was gret goy to se.

64 'Here het ys merey to be,' seyde  
Roben,  
'Ffor a man that had hawt to spende  
Be mey horne I schall awet  
Yeff Roben Hode be here.'

65 Roben set hes horne to hes mowthe,  
And blow a blast pat was ffoll god;  
pat herde hes men pat pere stode,  
Ffer downe yn the wodde.

66 'I her mey master blow,' seyde Leytell  
John,  
. . . . .  
They ran as thay were wode.

67 Whan thay to thar master cam,  
Leytell John wold not spare;

'Master, how haffe yow ffare yn Notyng-  
gam ?  
How haffe yow solde yowre ware ?'

68 'Ye, be mey trowthe, Leyty[ll] John,  
Loke thow take no care;  
Y haffe browt the screffe of Notynggam,  
Ffor all howre chaffare.'

69 'He ys ffol wellcom,' seyde Lytyll John,  
'Thes tydyng ys ffol godde;'  
The screffe had leuer nar a hundred  
ponde  
He had [neuer sene Roben Hode.]

70 '[Had I] west pat befforen,  
At Notynggam when we were,  
Thow scholde not com yn ffeyre fforest  
Of all thes thowsande eyre.'

71 'That wot y well,' seyde Roben,  
'Y thanke God that ye be here;  
Thereffore schall ye leffe yowre hors  
with hos,  
And all yowre hother gere.'

72 'That ffend I Godys fforbod,' kod the  
screffe,  
'So to lese mey godde;  
. . . . .'

73 'Hether ye cam on hors ffol hey,  
And hom schall ye go on ffote;  
And gret well they weyffe at home,  
The woman ys ffol godde.

74 'Y schall her sende a wheyt palfrey,  
Het ambellet be mey ffey,  
. . . . .'

75 'Y schall her sende a wheyt palfrey,  
Het hambellet as the weynde;  
Nere ffor the losse of yowre weyffe,  
Off more sorow scholde yow seyng.'

76 Thes parted Robyn Hode and the  
screffe;  
To Notynggam he toke the waye;  
Hes weyffe ffeyre welcomed hem hom,  
And to hem gan sche saye:

77 Seyr, how haffe yow ffared yn grene  
fforeyst ?  
Haffe ye browt Roben hom ?

'Dam, the deyell spede hem, bothe  
bodey and bon;  
Y haffe hade a ffol gret skorne.

78 'Of all the god that y haffe lade to  
grene wod,  
He hayt take het ffro me;  
All bot thes ffeyre palfrey,  
That he hayt sende to the.'

79 With pat sche toke op a lowde lawhyng,  
And swhare be hem pat deyed on tre,  
'Now haffe yow payed ffor all þe pottys  
That Roben gaffe to me.

80 'Now ye be com hom to Notynggam,  
Ye schall haffe god ynowe;'  
Now speke we of Roben Hode,  
And of the pottyr ondyr the grene  
bowhe.

81 'Potter, what was they pottys worthe  
To Notynggam pat y ledde with me ?'  
'They wer worthe to nobellys,' seyde he,  
'So mot y treyffe or the;  
So cowde y [haffe] had ffor tham,  
And y had there be.'

82 'Thow schalt hafe ten ponde,' seyde  
Roben,  
'Of money ffeyre and ffire;  
And yeuer whan thow comest to grene  
wod,  
Wellcom, potter, to me.'

83 Thes partyd Robyn, the screffe, and the  
potter,  
Ondernethe the grene-wod tre;  
God haffe mersey on Roben Hodys solle,  
And saffe all god yemanrey !

122

## ROBIN HOOD AND THE BUTCHER

This story is a variation of 'Robin Hood and the Potter' (No. 121). There are three considerable gaps in the manuscript of A; but B enables us to complete the story. The passage in which the Sheriff is inveigled into Robin's haunts has close affinity with the Gest, sts. 181 ff. The first three stanzas of A apparently belong to some other ballad. B a is

signed T. R., as is No. 133 in two editions. These appear to be the initials of the person who wrote the story over with middle rhyme in the third line of the stanza, a peculiarity which distinguishes a group of ballads sung to the tune of 'Robin Hood and the Stranger' (see Introduction to No. 125).

## A

'Robin Hood and the Butcher,' Percy MS., p. 7; Hales and Furnivall, I, 19.

1 BUT Robin he walkes in the g[reene]  
fforrest,

As merry as bird on boughe,  
But he that feitches good Robins head,  
Hee 'le find him game enoughe.

2 But Robine he walkes in the greene  
fforrest,

Vnder his trusty-tree;  
Sayes, Hearken, hearken, my merrymen  
all,  
What tydings is come to me.

3 The sheriffe he hath made a cry,  
Hee 'le have my head i-wis;

But ere a tweluemonth come to an end  
I may chance to light on his.

4 Robin he marcht in the greene forrest,  
Vnder the greenwood scray,

And there he was ware of a proud  
bucher,  
Came driuing flesh by the way.

5 The bucher he had a cut-taild dogg,  
And at Robins face he flew;

But Robin he was a good sword,  
The bucher's dogg he slew.

6 'Why slayes thou my dogg?' sayes the  
bucher,

'For he did none ill to thee;  
By all the *saints* that are in heaven  
Thou shalt haue buffetts three.'

7 He tooke his staffe then in his hand,  
And he turnd him round about:

'Thou hast a litle wild blood in thy head,  
Good fellow, thou 'st haue it letten  
out.'

8 'He that does that deed,' sayes Robin,  
'I 'le count him for a man;

But that while will I draw my sword,  
And fend it if I can.'

9 But Robin he stroke att the bloudy  
bucher,  
In place were he did stand,

\* \* \* \* \*

10 'I [am] a younge bucher,' sayes Robin,  
'You fine dames am I come amonge;  
But euer I beseech you, good Mrs Sher-  
iffe,  
You must see me take noe wronge.'

11 'Thou art verry welcome,' said Master  
Sherriff's wiffe,  
'Thy inne heere up [to] take;  
If any good ffellow come in thy com-  
panie,  
Hee 'st be welcome for thy sake.'

12 Robin called ffor ale, soe did he for  
wine,  
And for it he did pay:  
'I must to my markett goe,' sayes Robin,  
'For I hold time itt of the day.'

13 But Robin is to the markett gone,  
Soe quickly and beliuie,  
He sold more flesh for one peny  
Then othe[r] buchers did for fwe.

14 The drew about the younge bucher,  
Like sheepe into a fold;  
Yea neuer a bucher had sold a bitt  
Till Robin he had all sold.

15 When Robin Hood had his markett  
made,  
His flesh was sold and gone;  
Yea he had receiued but a litle mony,  
But thirty pence and one.

16 Seaven buchers, the garded Robin Hood,  
Ffull many time and oft;  
Sayes, We must drinke with you, brother  
bucher,  
It's custome of our crafte.

17 'If that be the custome of your crafte,  
As heere you tell to me,  
Att four of the clocke in the afternoone  
At the sheriffs hall I wilbe.'

\* \* \* \* \*

18 . 'If thou doe like it well;  
Yea heere is more by three hundred  
pound  
Then thou hast beasts to sell.'

19 Robyn sayd naught, the more he thought:  
'Mony neere comes out of time;  
If once I catch thee in the greene fforest,  
That mony it shall be mine.'

20 But on the next day seven butchers  
Came to guard the sheriffe that day;  
But Robin he was the whigh[t]est man,  
He led them all the way.

21 He led them into the greene fforest,  
Vnder the trusty tree;  
Yea, there were harts, and ther were  
hynds,  
And staggs with heads full high.

22 Yea, there were harts and there were  
hynds,  
And many a goodly ffawne;  
'Now praised be God,' says bold Robin,  
'All these they be my owne.

23 'These are my horned beasts,' says Robin,  
'Master Sherriffe, which must make  
the stake;'  
'But euer alacke, now,' said the sheriffe,  
'That tydings comes to late!'

24 Robin sett a shrill horne to his mouth,  
And a loud blast he did blow,  
And then halfe a hundred bold archers  
Came rakeing on a row.

25 But when the came befor bold Robin,  
Even there the stood all bare:  
'You are welcome, master, from Not-  
tingham:  
How haue you sold your ware?'

\* \* \* \* \*

26 . . . . .  
It proues bold Robin Hood.

27 'Yea, he hath robbed me of all my  
gold  
And siluer that euer I had;

But that I had a verry good wife at home,  
I shold haue lost my head.

28 'But I had a verry good wife at home,  
Which made him gentle cheere,  
And therfor, for my wifes sake,  
I shold haue better favor heere.

29 'But such favor as he shewed me  
I might haue of the devills dam,  
That will rob a man of all he hath,  
And send him naked home.'

30 'That is very well done,' then says his  
wife,  
'Itt is well done, I say;  
You might haue tarryed att Nottingham,  
Soe fayre as I did you pray.'

31 'I haue learned wisdom,' sayes the  
sherriffe,  
'And, wife, I haue learned of thee;  
But if Robin walke easte, or he walke  
west,  
He shall neuer be sought for me.'

### B

'Robin Hood and the Butcher.' a. Wood,  
401, leaf 19 b. b. Garland of 1663, No. 6.  
c. Garland of 1670, No. 5. d. Pepys, II, 102,  
No. 89.

1 COME, all you brave gallants, and listen  
a while,  
With hey down, down, an a down  
That are in the bowers within;  
For of Robin Hood, that archer good,  
A song I intend for to sing.

2 Upon a time it chancèd so  
Bold Robin in forrest did spy  
A jolly butcher, with a bonny fine mare,  
With his flesh to the market did hye.

3 'Good morrow, good fellow,' said jolly  
Robin,  
'What food hast? tell unto me;  
And thy trade to me tell, and where  
thou dost dwell,  
For I like well thy company.'

4 The butcher he answered jolly Robin:  
No matter where I dwell;  
For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham  
I am going, my flesh to sell.



- 5 'What is [the] price of thy flesh?' said jolly Robin,  
'Come, tell it soon unto me;  
And the price of thy mare, be she never so dear,  
For a butcher fain would I be.'
- 6 'The price of my flesh,' the butcher repli'd,  
'I soon will tell unto thee;  
With my bonny mare, and they are not dear,  
Four mark thou must give unto me.'
- 7 'Four mark I will give thee,' saith jolly Robin,  
'Four mark it shall be thy fee;  
Thy mony come count, and let me mount,  
For a butcher I fain would be.'
- 8 Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,  
His butcher's trade for to begin;  
With good intent, to the sheriff he went,  
And there he took up his inn.
- 9 When other butchers they opened their meat,  
Bold Robin he then begun;  
But how for to sell he knew not well,  
For a butcher he was but young.
- 10 When other butchers no meat could sell,  
Robin got both gold and fee;  
For he sold more meat for one peny  
Than others could do for three.
- 11 But when he sold his meat so fast,  
No butcher by him could thrive;  
For he sold more meat for one peny  
Than others could do for five.
- 12 Which made the butchers of Nottingham  
To study as they did stand,  
Saying, surely he was some prodigal,  
That had sold his father's land.
- 13 The butchers they stepped to jolly Robin,  
Acquainted with him for to be;  
'Come, brother,' one said, 'we be all of one trade,  
Come, will you go dine with me?'
- 14 'Accurst of his heart,' said jolly Robin,  
'That a butcher doth deny;  
I will go with you, my brethren true,  
And as fast as I can hie.'
- 15 But when to the sheriff's house they came,  
To dinner they hied apace,  
And Robin he the man must be  
Before them all to say grace.
- 16 'Pray God bless us all,' said jolly Robin  
'And our meat within this place;  
A cup of sack so good will nourish our blood,  
And so I do end my grace.
- 17 'Come fill us more wine,' said jolly Robin,  
'Let us merry be while we do stay;  
For wine and good cheer, be it never so dear,  
I vow I the reckning will pay.
- 18 'Come, brother[s], be merry,' said jolly Robin,  
'Let us drink, and never give ore;  
For the shot I will pay, ere I go my way,  
If it cost me five pounds and more.'
- 19 'This is a mad blade,' the butchers then said;  
Saies the sheriff, He is some prodigal,  
That some land has sold, for silver and gold,  
And now he doth mean to spend all.
- 20 'Hast thou any horn-beasts,' the sheriff repli'd,  
'Good fellow, to sell unto me?'  
'Yes, that I have, good Master Sheriff  
I have hundreds two or three.
- 21 'And a hundred aker of good free land,  
If you please it to see;  
And I'll make you as good assurance of it  
As ever my father made me.'
- 22 The sheriff he saddled a good palfrey,  
With three hundred pound in gold,  
And away he went with bold Robin Hood,  
His horned beasts to behold.

23 Away then the sheriff and Robin did ride,  
To the forrest of merry Sherwood;  
Then the sheriff did say, God bless us  
this day  
From a man they call Robin Hood!

24 But when that a little further they came,  
Bold Robin he chanced to spy  
A hundred head of good red deer,  
Come tripping the sheriff full nigh.

25 'How like you my hornd beasts, good Master Sheriff?  
They be fat and fair for to see;'  
'I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,  
For I like not thy company.'

26 Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,  
And blew but blasts three;  
Then quickly anon there came Little John,  
And all his company.

27 'What is your will?' then said Little John,  
'Good master come tell it to me;'  
'I have brought hither the sheriff of Nottingham,  
This day to dine with thee.'

28 'He is welcome to me,' then said Little John,  
'I hope he will honestly pay;  
I know he has gold, if it be but well told,  
Will serve us to drink a whole day.'

29 Then Robin took his mantle from his back,  
And laid it upon the ground,  
And out of the sheriffe[s] portmantle  
He told three hundred pound.

30 Then Robin he brought him thorow the wood,  
And set him on his dapple gray:  
'O have me commended to your wife at home;'  
So Robin went laughing away.

## ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTAL FRIAR

'Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar,' in both versions, is in a genuinely popular strain, and was made to sing, not to print. Verbal agreements show that A and B have an earlier ballad as their common source. Nearly, or quite, one half of A has been torn from the manuscript, but there is no reason to suppose the story differed much from that of B. The title of A in the manuscript is 'Robin Hood and Friar Tuck;' from which it follows that the copyist, or some predecessor, considered the stalwart friar of Fountains Abbey to be one with the jocular friar of the May-games and the morris-dance. But Friar Tuck, the wanton and the merry, like Maid Marian, owes his association with Robin Hood primarily to these popular sports, and not in the least to popular ballads. In the truly popular ballads Friar Tuck is never heard of, and in only two even of the broadside ballads (Nos. 145, 147) is he so much as named, and in both in conjunction with Maid Marian. The Play of Robin Hood (see p. 289, above), the first half of which is based on the present ballad, calls the friar Friar Tuck. So also the play founded on No. 118.

### A

'Robine Hood and Ffryer Tucke,' Percy MS., p. 10; Hales and Furnivall, i, 26.

1 BUT how many merry monthes be in the yeere?  
There are thirteen, I say;  
The midsummer moone is the merriest of all,  
Next to the merry month of May.

2 In May, when mayds beene fast weep-and,  
Young men their hands done wringe,

\* \* \* \* \*

3 'I'le . . . pe . . .  
Over may noe man for villanie;  
'I'le never eate nor drinke,' Robin Hood sa[id],  
'Till I that cutted friar see.'

4 He builded his men in a brake of fearne,  
A litle from that nunery;  
Sayes, If you heare my litle horne blow,  
Then looke you come to me.

- 5 When Robin came to Fontaines Abey,  
 Whereas that fryer lay,  
 He was ware of the fryer where he  
 stood,  
 And to him thus can he say.
- 6 A payre of blacke breeches the yeoman  
 had on,  
 His coppe all shone of steele,  
 A fayre sword and a broad buckeler  
 Beseemed him very weell.
- 7 'I am a wet weary man,' said Robin  
 Hood,  
 'Good fellow, as thou may see;  
 Wilt beare [me] over this wild water,  
 Ffor sweete Saint Charity?'
- 8 The fryer bethought him of a good deed;  
 He had done none of long before;  
 He hent up Robin Hood on his backe,  
 And over he did him beare.
- 9 But when he came over *that* wild water,  
 A longe sword there he drew:  
 'Beare me backe againe, bold outlawe,  
 Or of this thou shalt have enoughe.'
- 10 Then Robin Hood hent the fryar on his  
 back,  
 And neither sayd good nor ill;  
 Till he came ore that wild water,  
 The yeoman he walked still.
- 11 Then Robin Hood wett his fayre greene  
 hoze,  
 A span aboue his knee;  
 S[ay]s, Beare me ore againe, thou cut-  
 ted f[ryer]
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 12 . . . . . good bowmen  
 [C]ame raking all on a rowe.
- 13 'I beshrew thy head,' said the cutted  
 friar,  
 'Thou thinkes I shall be shente;  
 I thought thou had but a man or two,  
 And thou hast [a] whole conuent.
- 14 'I lett thee haue a blast on thy horne,  
 Now giue me leaue to whistle an-  
 other;

- I cold not bidd thee noe better play  
 And thou wert my owne borne bro-  
 ther.'
- 15 'Now fute on, fute on, thou cutted fryar  
 I pray God thou neere be still;  
 It is not the futing in a fryers fist  
 That can doe me any ill.'
- 16 The fryar sett his neave to his mouth,  
 A loud blast he did blow;  
 Then halfe a hundred good bandoggs  
 Came raking all on a rowe.
- 17 . . . . .  
 'Euery dogg to a man,' said the cutte  
 fryar,  
 'And I my selfe to Robin Hood.'
- 18 'Over God's forbott,' said Robin Hood  
 'That euer *that* soe shold bee;  
 I had rather be mached with three o  
 the tikes  
 Ere I wold be matched on thee.
- 19 'But stay thy tikes, thou fryar,' he said  
 'And freindshipp I 'le haue with thee  
 But stay thy tikes, thou fryar,' he said  
 'And saue good yeomanry.'
- 20 The fryar he sett his neave to his mouth  
 A lowd blast he did blow;  
 The doggs the coucht downe euery on  
 They couched downe on a rowe.
- 21 'What is thy will, thou yeoman?' h  
 said,  
 'Haue done and tell it me;  
 'If that thou will goe to merry green  
 wood,
- \* \* \* \* \*

## B

'The Famous Battel between Robin Hood  
 and the Curtal Fryer.' a. Garland of 1668  
 No. 11. b. Pepys, i, 78, No. 37. c. Garland  
 of 1670, No. 10. d. Wood, 401, leaf 15 b. e.  
 Pepys, ii, 99, No. 86. f. Douce, ii, 184.

- 1 IN summer time, when leaves grow  
 green,  
 And flowers are fresh and gay,  
 Robin Hood and his merry men  
 Were disposed to play.

- 2 Then some would leap, and some would  
run,  
And some would use artillery:  
'Which of you can a good bow draw,  
A good archer to be ?
- 3 'Which of you can kill a buck ?  
Or who can kill a do ?  
Or who can kill a hart of greece,  
Five hundred foot him fro ?'
- 4 Will Scadlock he killd a buck,  
And Midge he killd a do,  
And Little John killd a hart of greece,  
Five hundred foot him fro.
- 5 'God's blessing on thy heart,' said Robin  
Hood,  
'That hath [shot] such a shot for me;  
I would ride my horse an hundred miles,  
To finde one could match with thee.'
- 6 That caud Will Scadlock to laugh,  
He laughed full heartily:  
'There lives a curtal frier in Fountains  
Abby  
Will beat both him and thee.
- 7 'That curtal frier in Fountains Abby  
Well can a strong bow draw;  
He will beat you and your yeomen,  
Set them all on a row.'
- 8 Robin Hood took a solemn oath,  
It was by Mary free,  
That he would neither eat nor drink  
Till the frier he did see.
- 9 Robin Hood put on his harness good,  
And on his head a cap of steel,  
Broad sword and buckler by his side,  
And they became him weel.
- 10 He took his bow into his hand,  
It was made of a trusty tree,  
With a sheaf of arrows at his belt,  
To the Fountains Dale went he.
- 11 And comming unto Fountain[s] Dale,  
No further would he ride;  
There he was aware of a curtal frier,  
Walking by the water-side.
- 12 The fryer had on a harniss good,  
And on his head a cap of steel,  
Broad sword and buckler by his side,  
And they became him weel.
- 13 Robin Hood lighted off his horse,  
And tied him to a thorn:  
'Carry me over the water, thou curtal  
frier,  
Or else thy life's forlorn.'
- 14 The frier took Robin Hood on his back,  
Deep water he did bestride,  
And spake neither good word nor bad,  
Till he came at the other side.
- 15 Lightly leapt Robin Hood off the friers  
back;  
The frier said to him again,  
Carry me over this water, fine fellow,  
Or it shall breed thy pain.
- 16 Robin Hood took the frier on 's back,  
Deep water he did bestride,  
And spake neither good word nor bad,  
Till he came at the other side.
- 17 Lightly leapt the fryer off Robin Hoods  
back;  
Robin Hood said to him again,  
Carry me over this water, thou curtal  
frier,  
Or it shall breed thy pain.
- 18 The frier took Robin Hood on's back  
again,  
And stept up to the knee;  
Till he came at the middle stream,  
Neither good nor bad spake he.
- 19 And coming to the middle stream,  
There he threw Robin in :  
'And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine fellow,  
Whether thou wilt sink or swim.'
- 20 Robin Hood swam to a bush of broom,  
The frier to a wicker wand;  
Bold Robin Hood is gone to shore,  
And took his bow in hand.
- 21 One of his best arrows under his belt  
To the frier he let flye;  
The curtal frier, with his steel buckler,  
He put that arrow by.
- 22 'Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow,  
Shoot on as thou hast begun;

- If thou shoot here a summers day,  
Thy mark I will not shun.'
- 23 Robin Hood shot passing well,  
Till his arrows all were gone;  
They took their swords and steel buck-  
lers,  
And fought with might and maine;
- 24 From ten oth' clock that day,  
Till four ith' afternoon;  
Then Robin Hood came to his knees,  
Of the frier to beg a boon.
- 25 'A boon, a boon, thou curtal frier,  
I beg it on my knee;  
Give me leave to set my horn to my  
mouth,  
And to blow blasts three.'
- 26 'That will I do,' said the curtal frier,  
'Of thy blasts I have no doubt;  
I hope thou 'lt blow so passing well  
Till both thy eyes fall out.'
- 27 Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,  
He blew but blasts three;  
Half a hundred yeomen, with bows  
bent,  
Came raking over the lee.
- 28 'Whose men are these,' said the frier,  
'That come so hastily?'  
'These men are mine,' said Robin Hood;  
'Frier, what is that to thee?'
- 29 'A boon, a boon,' said the curtal frier,  
'The like I gave to thee;  
Give me leave to set my fist to my  
mouth,  
And to whute whites three.'
- 30 'That will I do,' said Robin Hood,  
'Or else I were to blame;  
Three whites in a friers fist  
Would make me glad and fain.'
- 31 The frier he set his fist to his mouth,  
And whuted whites three;  
Half a hundred good ban-dogs  
Came running the frier unto.
- 32 'Here's for every man of thine a  
dog,  
And I my self for thee:'
- 'Nay, by my faith,' quoth Robin Hood  
'Frier, that may not be.'
- 33 Two dogs at once to Robin Hood di-  
go,  
The one behind, the other before;  
Robin Hoods mantle of Lincoln green  
Off from his back they tore.
- 34 And whether his men shot east o  
west,  
Or they shot north or south,  
The curtal dogs, so taught they were,  
They kept their arrows in their  
mouth.
- 35 'Take up thy dogs,' said Little John,  
'Frier, at my bidding be;'  
'Whose man art thou,' said the curtal  
frier,  
'Comes here to prate with me?'
- 36 'I am Little John, Robin Hoods man,  
Frier, I will not lie;  
If thou take not up thy dogs soon,  
I'll take up them and thee.'
- 37 Little John had a bow in his hand,  
He shot with might and main;  
Soon half a score of the friers dogs  
Lay dead upon the plain.
- 38 'Hold thy hand, good fellow,' said the  
curtal frier,  
'Thy master and I will agree;  
And we will have new orders taken,  
With all the haste that may be.'
- 39 'If thou wilt forsake fair Fountain  
Dale,  
And Fountains Abby free,  
Every Sunday throughout the year,  
A noble shall be thy fee.
- 40 'And every holy day throughout the  
year,  
Changed shall thy garment be,  
If thou wilt go to fair Nottingham,  
And there remain with me.'
- 41 This curtal frier had kept Fountain  
Dale  
Seven long years or more;  
There was neither knight, lord, nor earl  
Could make him yield before.



## THE JOLLY PINDER OF WAKEFIELD

This ballad is thoroughly lyrical, and therein like the old age, and was pretty well sung to pieces before it ever was printed. 'A ballett of Wakefylde and a grene' is entered in the Stationers' Register to Master John Wallye and Mistress Toye, 19 July, 1557-9 July, 1558. A snatch of 'The Jolly Pinder' is sung in each of the Robin Hood plays, Anthony Munday's Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington, and Munday and Chettle's Death of Robert Earl of Huntington, both printed in 1601. Silence sings the line 'And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John' in the Second Part of Henry IV (act v, scene 3), and there are other allusions to the ballad. The adventure of the ballad is naturally introduced into the play of George a Greene the Pinner of Wakefield, printed in 1599 (reprinted in Dodsley's Old Plays, and by Dyce among the works of Robert Greene). The scene in the play is found in the prose history of George a Green, London, 1706, of which a copy is known of the date 1632. The ballad is so imperfect that one might be in doubt whether the Pinder fights with Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John all together or successively. But we see from the History and from Greene's play that the Pinder must take them one after the other, and Robin the last of the three.

## A

a. 'The Iolly Pinder of Wakefield,' Wood, 402, leaf 43. b. Garland of 1663, No. 4. c. Garland of 1670, No. 3. d. Pepys, II, 100, No. 87 a. e. Wood, 401, leaf 61 b.

- 1 In Wakefield there lives a jolly pinder,  
In Wakefield, all on a green; (*bis*)
- 2 'There is neither knight nor squire,'  
said the pinder,  
'Nor baron that is so bold, (*bis*)  
Dare make a trespassse to the town of  
Wakefield,  
But his pledge goes to the pinfold.' (*bis*)
- 3 All this beheard three witty young  
men,  
'T was Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John;  
With that they spyed the jolly pinder,  
As he sate under a thorn.

4 'Now turn again, turn again,' said the  
pinder,  
'For a wrong way have you gone;  
For you have forsaken the king his high-  
way,  
And made a path over the corn.'

5 'O that were great shame,' said jolly  
Robin,  
'We being three, and thou but one:'  
The pinder leapt back then thirty good  
foot,  
'T was thirty good foot and one.

6 He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,  
And his foot unto a stone,  
And there he fought a long summer's  
day,  
A summer's day so long,  
Till that their swords, on their broad  
bucklers,  
Were broken fast unto their hands.

\* \* \* \* \*

7 'Hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' said  
Robin Hood,  
'And my merry men euery one;  
For this is one of the best pinders  
That ever I try'd with sword.

8 'And wilt thou forsake thy pinder his  
craft,  
And live in [the] green wood with  
me?'

. . . . .

9 'At Michaelmas next my covnant comes  
out,  
When every man gathers his fee;  
I'le take my blew blade all in my hand,  
And plod to the green wood with thee.'

10 'Hast thou either meat or drink,' said  
Robin Hood,  
'For my merry men and me?'

. . . . .

11 'I have both bread and beef,' said the  
pinder,  
'And good ale of the best;'  
And that is meat good enough,' said  
Robin Hood,  
'For such unbidden guest.

- 12 'O wilt thou forsake the pinder his craft,  
And go to the green wood with me?  
Thou shalt have a livery twice in the  
year,  
The one green, the other brown [shall  
be].'
- 13 'If Michaelmas day were once come and  
gone  
And my master had paid me my  
fee,  
Then would I set as little by him  
As my master doth set by me.'

## B

Percy MS., p. 15; Hales and Furnivall, I, 32.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 1 'But hold y . . . hold y . . . ' says Robin,  
'My merry men, I bid yee,  
For this [is] one of the best pindars  
That euer I saw with mine eye.
- 2 'But hast thou any meat, thou iolly  
pindar,  
For my merry men and me?'  
. . . . .
- 3 'But I haue bread and cheese,' sayes the  
pindar,  
'And ale all on the best.'  
'That's cheere good enough,' said  
Robin,  
'For any such vnbidden guest.
- 4 'But wilt be my man?' said good  
Robin,  
'And come and dwell with me?  
And wise in a yeere thy clothing [shall]  
be changed  
If my man thou wilt bee,  
The toneshall be of light Lincolne greene,  
The tother of Picklory.'
- 5 'Att Michallmas comes a well good time,  
When men haue gotten in their ffee;  
I'le sett as litle by my master  
As he now settis by me,  
I'le take my benbowe in my hande,  
And come into the grenwoode to  
thee.'

125

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE  
JOHN

There is a black-letter copy, printed by and for W. Onley, in Lord Crawford's collection. No. 1320; the date put at 1680-85. A white letter copy is in Roxburghe, III, 728 (see Ebsworth's Roxburghe Ballads, VIII, 504). 'Robin Hood and Little John' belongs to a set of ballads which have middle rhyme in the third line of the stanza, and are directed to be sung to one and the same tune. These are: 'Robin Hood and the Bishop' (No. 143); 'Robin Hood and the Beggar' (No. 133); 'Robin Hood and the Tanner' (No. 126), to the tune of 'Robin Hood and the Stranger'; 'Robin Hood and the Butcher' (No. 122); 'Robin Hood's Chase' (No. 146); 'Little John and the Four Beggars' (No. 142 B), to the tune of 'Robin Hood and the Beggar'; 'Robin Hood and Little John'; 'Robin Hood and the Ranger' (No. 131), to the tune of 'Arthur a Bland' (that is, 'Robin Hood and the Tanner'). There is no ballad with the title 'Robin Hood and the Stranger'. Ritson gave this title to a ballad which uniformly bears the title of 'Robin Hood Newly Revived' (No. 128), but 'Robin Hood and Little John,' or rather some older version of it (for the one we have is in rank seventeenth century style), is more likely to be meant. 'A pastorall plesant commedie of Robin Hood and Little John, etc.,' is entered to Edward White in the Stationers' Registers, May 14, 1594, and 'Robin Hood and Little John' to Master Oulton, April 22, 1640.

'Robin Hood and Little John.' a. A Collection of Old Ballads, 1723, I, 75. b. Aldermary Garland, by R. Marshall, n. d., No. 22.

- 1 WHEN Robin Hood was about twenty  
years old,  
With a hey down down and a down  
He happend to meet Little John,  
A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the  
trade,  
For he was a lusty young man.
- 2 Tho he was call'd Little, his limbs they  
were large,  
And his stature was seven foot  
high;  
Where-ever he came, they quak'd at his  
name,  
For soon he would make them to  
fly.

- 3 How they came acquainted, I'll tell  
you in brief,  
If you will but listen a while;  
For this very jest, amongst all the rest,  
I think it may cause you to smile.
- 4 Bold Robin Hood said to his jolly bow-  
men,  
Pray tarry you here in this grove;  
And see that you all observe well my  
call,  
While thorough the forest I rove.
- 5 We have had no sport for these fourteen  
long days,  
Therefore now abroad will I go;  
Now should I be beat, and cannot re-  
treat,  
My horn I will presently blow.
- 6 Then did he shake hands with his merry  
men all,  
And bid them at present good b'w'ye;  
Then, as near a brook his journey he  
took,  
A stranger he chanced to espy.
- 7 They happend to meet on a long narrow  
bridge,  
And neither of them would give way;  
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily  
stood,  
I'll show you right Nottingham play.
- 8 With that from his quiver an arrow he  
drew,  
A broad arrow with a goose-wing:  
The stranger reply'd, I'll liquor thy  
hide,  
If thou offerst to touch the string.
- 9 Quoth bold Robin Hood, Thou dost  
prate like an ass,  
For were I to bend but my bow,  
I could send a dart quite thro thy proud  
heart,  
Before thou couldst strike me one  
blow.
- 10 'Thou talkst like a coward,' the stran-  
ger reply'd;  
'Well armd with a long bow you  
stand,  
To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest,  
Have nought but a staff in my hand.'
- 11 'The name of a coward,' quoth Robin,  
'I scorn,  
Wherefore my long bow I'll lay by;  
And now, for thy sake, a staff will I take,  
The truth of thy manhood to try.'
- 12 Then Robin Hood stept to a thicket of  
trees,  
And chose him a staff of ground-oak;  
Now this being done, away he did run  
To the stranger, and merrily spoke:
- 13 'Lo ! see my staff, it is lusty and tough,  
Now here on the bridge we will play;  
Whoever falls in, the other shall win  
The battel, and so we'll away.'
- 14 'With all my whole heart,' the stranger  
reply'd;  
'I scorn in the least to give out;'  
This said, they fell to 't without more  
dispute,  
And their staffs they did flourish  
about.
- 15 And first Robin he gave the stranger a  
bang,  
So hard that it made his bones ring:  
The stranger he said, This must be re-  
paid,  
I'll give you as good as you bring.
- 16 So long as I'm able to handle my staff,  
To die in your debt, friend, I scorn:  
Then to it each goes, and followd their  
blows,  
As if they had been threshing of corn.
- 17 The stranger gave Robin a crack on the  
crown,  
Which caused the blood to appear;  
Then Robin, enrag'd, more fiercely en-  
gag'd,  
And followd his blows more severe.
- 18 So thick and so fast did he lay it on him,  
With a passionate fury and ire,  
At every stroke, he made him to smoke,  
As if he had been all on fire.
- 19 O then into fury the stranger he grew,  
And gave him a damnable look,  
And with it a blow that laid him full  
low,  
And tumbld him into the brook.

- 20 'I prithee, good fellow, O where art thou now?'  
The stranger, in laughter, he cry'd;  
Quoth bold Robin Hood, Good faith, in the flood,  
And floating along with the tide.
- 21 I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave soul;  
With thee I 'll no longer contend;  
For needs must I say, thou hast got the day,  
Our battel shall be at an end.
- 22 Then unto the bank he did presently wade,  
And pulld himself out by a thorn;  
Which done, at the last, he blowd a loud blast  
Straitway on his fine bugle-horn.
- 23 The eccho of which through the vallies did fly,  
At which his stout bowmen appeard,  
All cloathed in green, most gay to be seen;  
So up to their master they steerd.
- 24 'O what's the matter?' quoth William Stutely;  
'Good master, you are wet to the skin.'  
'No matter,' quoth he; 'the lad which you see,  
In fighting, hath tumbld me in.'
- 25 'He shall not go scot-free,' the others reply'd;  
So strait they were seizing him there,  
To duck him likewise; but Robin Hood cries,  
He is a stout fellow, forbear.
- 26 There's no one shall wrong thee, friend, be not afraid;  
These bowmen upon me do wait;  
There's threescore and nine; if thou wilt be mine,  
Thou shalt have my livery strait.
- 27 And other accoutrements fit for a man;  
Speak up, jolly blade, never fear;  
I'll teach you also the use of the bow,  
To shoot at the fat fallow-deer.'
- 28 'O here is my hand,' the stranger reply'd,  
'I 'll serve you with all my whole heart;  
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle;  
Nere doubt me, for I 'll play my part.'
- 29 'His name shall be alterd,' quoth William Stutely,  
'And I will his godfather be;  
Prepare then a feast, and none of the least,  
For we will be merry,' quoth he.
- 30 They presently fetchd in a brace of fat does,  
With humming strong liquor likewise;  
They lovd what was good; so, in the greenwood,  
This pretty sweet babe they baptize.
- 31 He was, I must tell you, but seven foot high,  
And, may be, an ell in the waste;  
A pretty sweet lad; much feasting they had;  
Bold Robin the christning grac'd,
- 32 With all his bowmen, which stood in a ring,  
And were of the Notti[n]gham breed;  
Brave Stutely comes then, with seven yeomen,  
And did in this manner proceed.
- 33 'This infant was called John Little,' quoth he,  
'Which name shall be changed anon;  
The words we 'll transpose, so where-ever he goes,  
His name shall be calld Little John.'
- 34 They all with a shout made the elements ring,  
So soon as the office was ore;  
To feasting they went, with true merriment,  
And tippld strong liquor gillore.
- 35 Then Robin he took the pretty sweet babe,  
And cloathd him from top to the toe

In garments of green, most gay to be  
seen,  
And gave him a curious long bow.

36 'Thou shalt be an archer as well as the  
best,  
And range in the greenwood with  
us;  
Where we'll not want gold nor silver,  
behold,  
While bishops have ought in their  
purse.

37 'We live here like squires, or lords of  
renown,  
Without ere a foot of free land;  
We feast on good cheer, with wine, ale,  
and beer,  
And evry thing at our command.'

38 Then musick and dancing did finish the  
day;  
At length, when the sun waxed low,  
Then all the whole train the grove did  
refrain,  
And unto their caves they did go.

39 And so ever after, as long as he livd,  
Altho he was proper and tall,  
Yet nevertheless, the truth to express,  
Still Little John they did him call.

## 126

ROBIN HOOD AND THE  
TANNER

The sturdy Arthur a Bland is well hit off,  
and, bating the sixteenth and thirty-fifth stan-  
zas, the ballad has a good popular ring.

'Robin Hood and the Tanner.' a. Wood,  
401, leaf 9 b. b. Garland of 1663, No. 10.  
c. Garland of 1670, No. 9. d. Pepys, II, 111,  
No. 98.

1 IN Nottingham there lives a jolly tan-  
ner,  
With a hey down down a down  
down  
His name is Arthur a Bland;  
There is nere a squire in Nottingham-  
shire  
Dare bid bold Arthur stand.

2 With a long pike-staff upon his shoulder,  
So well he can clear his way;  
By two and by three he makes them to  
flee,  
For he hath no list to stay.

3 And as he went forth, in a summer's  
morning,  
Into the forrest of merry Sherwood,  
To view the red deer, that range here  
and there,  
There met he with bold Robin Hood.

4 As soon as bold Robin Hood did him  
espy,  
He thought some sport he would  
make;  
Therefore out of hand he bid him to  
stand,  
And thus to him he spake:

5 Why, what art thou, thou bold fellow,  
That ranges so boldly here?  
In sooth, to be brief, thou lookst like a  
thief,  
That comes to steal our king's deer.

6 For I am a keeper in this forrest;  
The king puts me in trust  
To look to his deer, that range here and  
there,  
Therefore stay thee I must.

7 'If thou beest a keeper in this forrest,  
And hast such a great command,  
Yet thou must have more partakers in  
store,  
Before thou make me to stand.'

8 'Nay, I have no more partakers in store,  
Or any that I do need;  
But I have a staff of another oke graff,  
I know it will do the deed.'

9 'For thy sword and thy bow I care not  
a straw,  
Nor all thine arrows to boot;  
If I get a knop upon thy bare scop,  
Thou canst as well shite as shoote.'

10 'Speak cleanly, good fellow,' said jolly  
Robin,  
'And give better terms to me;  
Else I'll thee correct for thy neglect,  
And make thee more mannerly.'



- 11 'Marry gep with a wenion!' quoth  
Arthur a Bland,  
'Art thou such a goodly man?  
I care not a fig for thy looking so big;  
Mend thou thyself where thou can.'
- 12 Then Robin Hood he unbuckled his belt,  
He laid down his bow so long;  
He took up a staff of another oke graff,  
That was both stiff and strong.
- 13 'I'le yield to thy weapon,' said jolly  
Robin,  
'Since thou wilt not yield to mine;  
For I have a staff of another oke graff,  
Not half a foot longer then thine.
- 14 'But let me measure,' said jolly Robin,  
'Before we begin our fray;  
For I'le not have mine to be longer then  
thine,  
For that will be called foul play.'
- 15 'I pass not for length,' bold Arthur  
reply'd,  
'My staff is of oke so free;  
Eight foot and a half, it will knock down  
a calf,  
And I hope it will knock down thee.'
- 16 Then Robin Hood could no longer for-  
bear;  
He gave him such a knock,  
Quickly and soon the blood came down,  
Before it was ten a clock.
- 17 Then Arthur he soon recovered himself,  
And gave him such a knock on the  
crown,  
That on every hair of bold Robin Hoods  
head,  
The blood came trickling down.
- 18 Then Robin Hood raged like a wild bore,  
As soon as he saw his own blood;  
Then Bland was in hast, he laid on so  
fast,  
As though he had been staking of  
wood.
- 19 And about, and about, and about they  
went,  
Like two wild bores in a chase;  
Striving to aim each other to maim,  
Leg, arm, or any other place.
- 20 And knock for knock they lustily dealt,  
Which held for two hours and more;  
That all the wood rang at every bang,  
They ply'd their work so sore.
- 21 'Hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' said  
Robin Hood,  
'And let our quarrel fall;  
For here we may thresh our bones into  
mesh,  
And get no coyn at all.
- 22 'And in the forrest of merry Sherwood  
Hereafter thou shalt be free:'  
'God-a-mercy for naught, my freedom  
I bought,  
I may thank my good staff, and not  
thee.'
- 23 'What tradesman art thou?' said jolly  
Robin,  
'Good fellow, I prethee me show:  
And also me tell in what place thou dost  
dwell,  
For both these fain would I know.'
- 24 'I am a tanner,' bold Arthur reply'd,  
'In Nottingham long have I wrought;  
And if thou'lt come there, I vow and  
do swear  
I will tan thy hide for naught.'
- 25 'God a mercy, good fellow,' said jolly  
Robin,  
'Since thou art so kind to me;  
And if thou wilt tan my hide for naught,  
I will do as much for thee.
- 26 'But if thou'lt forsake thy tanners  
trade,  
And live in green wood with me,  
My name's Robin Hood, I swear by the  
rood  
I will give thee both gold and fee.'
- 27 'If thou be Robin Hood,' bold Arthur  
reply'd,  
'As I think well thou art,  
Then here's my hand, my name's Ar-  
thur a Bland,  
We two will never depart.
- 28 'But tell me, O tell me, where is Little  
John?  
Of him fain would I hear;

For we are alide by the mothers side,  
And he is my kinsman near.'

29 Then Robin Hood blew on the beauble  
horn,  
He blew full lowd and shrill,  
But quickly anon appeard Little John,  
Come tripping down a green hill.

30 'O what is the matter?' then said Little  
John,  
'Master, I pray you tell;  
Why do you stand with your staff in  
your hand?  
I fear all is not well.'

31 'O man, I do stand, and he makes me  
to stand;  
The tanner that stands thee beside;  
He is a bonny blade, and master of his  
trade,  
For soundly he hath tand my hide.'

32 'He is to be commended,' then said  
Little John,  
'If such a feat he can do;  
If he be so stout, we will have a bout,  
And he shall tan my hide too.'

33 'Hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' said  
Robin Hood,  
'For as I do understand,  
He's a yeoman good, and of thine own  
blood,  
For his name is Arthur a Bland.'

34 Then Little John threw his staff away,  
As far as he could it fling,  
And ran out of hand to Arthur a Bland,  
And about his neck did cling.

35 With loving respect, there was no neg-  
lect,  
They were neither nice nor coy,  
Each other did face, with a lovely  
grace,  
And both did weep for joy.

36 Then Robin Hood took them both by  
the hand,  
And danc'd round about the oke  
tree;  
'For three merry men, and three merry  
men,  
And three merry men we be.

37 'And ever hereafter, as long as I live,  
We three will be all one;  
The wood shall ring, and the old wife  
sing,  
Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John.'

127

## ROBIN HOOD AND THE TINKER

In the Roxburghe collection, III, 22; not in  
the Garland of 1663 or that of 1670. A mere  
imitation of the poorest sort.

a. Wood, 401, leaf 17 b. b. Pepys, II, 107,  
No. 94. c. Douce, III, 118 b.

1 IN summer time, when leaves grow  
green,  
Down a down a down  
And birds sing on every tree,  
Hee down a down a down

Robin Hood went to Nottingham,  
Down a down a down  
As fast as hee could dree.  
Hee down a down a down

2 And as hee came to Nottingham  
A Tinker he did meet,  
And seeing him a lusty blade,  
He did him kindly greet.

3 'Where dost thou live?' quoth Robin  
Hood,  
'I pray thee now mee tell;  
Sad news I hear there is abroad,  
I fear all is not well.'

4 'What is that news?' the Tinker said;  
'Tell mee without delay;  
I am a tinker by my trade,  
And do live at Banbura.'

5 'As for the news,' quoth Robin Hood,  
'It is but as I hear;  
Two tinkers they were set ith' stocks,  
For drinking ale and bear.'

6 'If that be all,' the Tinker said,  
'As I may say to you,  
Your news it is not worth a fart,  
Since that they all bee true.

- 7 'For drinking of good ale and bear,  
You wil not lose your part:'  
'No, by my faith,' quoth Robin Hood,  
'I love it with all my heart.
- 8 'What news abroad?' quoth Robin Hood;  
'Tell mee what thou dost hear;  
Being thou goest from town to town,  
Some news thou need not fear.'
- 9 'All the news,' the Tinker said,  
'I hear, it is for good;  
It is to seek a bold outlaw,  
Which they call Robin Hood.
- 10 'I have a warrant from the king,  
To take him where I can;  
If you can tell me where hee is,  
I will make you a man.
- 11 'The king will give a hundred pound  
That hee could but him see;  
And if wee can but now him get,  
It will serve you and mee.'
- 12 'Let me see that warrant,' said Robin Hood;  
'I 'le see if it bee right;  
And I will do the best I can  
For to take him this night.'
- 13 'That will I not,' the Tinker said;  
'None with it I will trust;  
And where hee is if you 'l not tell,  
Take him by force I must.'
- 14 But Robin Hood perceiving well  
How then the game would go,  
'If you will go to Nottingham,  
Wee shall find him I know.'
- 15 The Tinker had a crab-tree staff,  
Which was both good and strong;  
Robin hee had a good strong blade,  
So they went both along.
- 16 And when they came to Nottingham,  
There they both tooke one inn;  
And they calld for ale and wine,  
To drink it was no sin.
- 17 But ale and wine they drank so fast  
That the Tinker hee forgot  
What thing he was about to do;  
It fell so to his lot
- 18 That while the Tinker fell asleep,  
Hee made then haste away,  
And left the Tinker in the lurch,  
For the great shot to pay.
- 19 But when the Tinker wakened,  
And saw that he was gone,  
He calld then even for his host,  
And thus hee made his moan.
- 20 'I had a warrant from the king,  
Which might have done me good,  
That is to take a bold outlaw,  
Some call him Robin Hood.
- 21 'But now my warrant and mony 's gone,  
Nothing I have to pay;  
And he that promis'd to be my friend,  
He is gone and fled away.'
- 22 'That friend you tell on,' said the host,  
'They call him Robin Hood;  
And when that first hee met with  
you,  
He ment you little good.'
- 23 'Had I known it had been hee,  
When that I had him here,  
Th' one of us should have tri'd our  
strength  
Which should have paid full dear.
- 24 'In the mean time I must away;  
No longer here I 'le bide;  
But I will go and seek him out,  
What ever do me betide.
- 25 'But one thing I would gladly know,  
What here I have to pay;  
'Ten shillings just,' then said the host;  
'I 'le pay without delay.
- 26 'Or elce take here my working-bag,  
And my good hammer too;  
And if that I light but on the knave,  
I will then soon pay you.'
- 27 'The onely way,' then said the host,  
'And not to stand in fear,  
Is to seek him among the parks,  
Killing of the kings deer.'

- 28 The Tinker hee then went with speed,  
And made then no delay,  
Till he had found then Robin Hood,  
That they might have a fray.
- 29 At last hee spy'd him in a park,  
Hunting then of the deer;  
'What knave is that,' quoth Robin  
Hood,  
'That doth come mee so near?'
- 30 'No knave, no knave,' the Tinker said,  
'And that you soon shall know;  
Whether of us hath done most wrong,  
My crab-tree staff shall show.'
- 31 Then Robin drew his gallant blade,  
Made then of trusty steel;  
But the Tinker laid on him so fast  
That he made Robin reel.
- 32 Then Robins anger did arise;  
He fought full manfully,  
Vntil hee had made the Tinker  
Almost then fit to fly.
- 33 With that they had a bout again,  
They ply'd their weapons fast;  
The Tinker threshed his bones so sore  
He made him yeeld at last.
- 34 'A boon, a boon,' Robin hee cries,  
'If thou wilt grant it mee;'  
'Before I do it,' the Tinker said,  
'I'll hang thee on this tree.'
- 35 But the Tinker looking him about,  
Robin his horn did blow;  
Then came unto him Little John,  
And William Scadlock too.
- 36 'What is the matter,' quoth Little John,  
'You sit in th' highway side?'  
'Here is a Tinker that stands by,  
That hath paid well my hide.'
- 37 'That Tinker,' then said Little John,  
'Fain that blade I would see,  
And I would try what I could do,  
If hee 'l do as much for mee.'
- 38 But Robin hee then wishd them both  
They should the quarrel cease,  
'That henceforth wee may bee as one,  
And ever live in peace.'

39 'And for the jovial Tinker's part,  
A hundred pound I'll give,  
In th' year to maintain him on,  
As long as he doth live.

40 'In manhood hee is a mettlesome man,  
And a mettlesome man by trade;  
I never thought that any man  
Should have made me so afraid.

41 'And if hee will bee one of us,  
Wee will take all one fare,  
And whatsoever wee do get,  
He shall have his full share.'

42 So the Tinker was content  
With them to go along,  
And with them a part to take,  
And so I end my song.

128

## ROBIN HOOD NEWLY REVIVED

The story seems to have been built up on a portion of the ruins of the fine tale of Gamelyn. (See Skeat's Chaucer, iv, 645 ff.).

'Robin Hood Newly Reviv'd.' a. Wood, 401, leaf 27 b. b. Roxburghe, iii, 18, in the Ballad Society's reprint, ii, 426. c. Garland of 1663, No. 3. d. Garland of 1670, No. 2. e. Pepys, ii, 101, No. 88.

1 COME listen a while, you gentlemen  
all,  
With a hey down down a down down  
That are in this bower within,  
For a story of gallant bold Robin  
Hood  
I purpose now to begin.

2 'What time of the day?' quoth Robin  
Hood then;  
Quoth Little John, 'Tis in the prime;  
'Why then we will to the green wood  
gang,  
For we have no vittles to dine.'

3 As Robin Hood walkt the forrest along—  
It was in the mid of the day —  
There was he met of a deft young  
man  
As ever walkt on the way.

- 4 His doublet it was of silk, he said,  
His stockings like scarlet shone,  
And he walkt on along the way,  
To Robin Hood then unknown.
- 5 A herd of deer was in the bend,  
All feeding before his face:  
'Now the best of ye I'll have to my  
dinner,  
And that in a little space.'
- 6 Now the stranger he made no mickle  
adoe,  
But he bends and a right good bow,  
And the best buck in the herd he slew,  
Forty good yards him full froe.
- 7 'Well shot, well shot,' quoth Robin  
Hood then,  
'That shot it was shot in time;  
And if thou wilt accept of the place,  
Thou shalt be a bold yeoman of mine.'
- 8 'Go play the chiven,' the stranger said,  
'Make haste and quickly go;  
Or with my fist, be sure of this,  
I'll give thee buffets store.'
- 9 'Thou hadst not best buffet me,' quoth  
Robin Hood,  
'For though I seem forlorn,  
Yet I can have those that will take my  
part,  
If I but blow my horn.'
- 10 'Thou wast not best wind thy horn,' the  
stranger said,  
'Beest thou never so much in hast,  
For I can draw out a good broad sword,  
And quickly cut the blast.'
- 11 Then Robin Hood bent a very good bow,  
To shoot, and that he would fain;  
The stranger he bent a very good bow,  
To shoot at bold Robin again.
- 12 'O hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' quoth  
Robin Hood,  
'To shoot it would be in vain;  
For if we should shoot the one at the  
other,  
The one of us may be slain.
- 13 'But let's take our swords and our  
broad bucklers,  
And gang under yonder tree:'
- 'As I hope to be sav'd,' the stranger said,  
'One foot I will not flee.'
- 14 Then Robin Hood lent the stranger a  
blow  
Most scar'd him out of his wit;  
'Thou never delt blow,' the stranger had  
said,  
'That shall be better quit.'
- 15 The stranger he drew out a good broad  
sword,  
And hit Robin on the crown,  
That from every haire of bold Robins  
head  
The blood ran trickling down.
- 16 'God a mercy, good fellow!' quoth  
Robin Hood then,  
'And for this that thou hast done;  
Tell me, good fellow, what thou art,  
Tell me where thou doest woon.'
- 17 The stranger then answered bold Robin  
Hood,  
I'll tell thee where I did dwell;  
In Maxfield was I bred and born,  
My name is Young Gamwell.
- 18 For killing of my own fathers steward,  
I am forc'd to this English wood,  
And for to seek an vncle of mine;  
Some call him Robin Hood.
- 19 'But thou art a cousin of Robin Hoods  
then?  
The sooner we should have done:'  
'As I hope to be sav'd,' the stranger  
then said,  
'I am his own sisters son.'
- 20 But, Lord! what kissing and courting  
was there,  
When these two cousins did greet!  
And they went all that summers day,  
And Little John did meet.
- 21 But when they met with Little John,  
He there unto [him] did say,  
O master, where have you been,  
You have tarried so long away?
- 22 'I met with a stranger,' quoth Robin  
Hood then,  
'Full sore he hath beaten me:'



'Then I 'le have a bout with him,' quoth  
Little John,  
'And try if he can beat me.'

23 'Oh [no], oh no,' quoth Robin Hood  
then,  
'Little John, it may [not] be so;  
For he's my own dear sisters son,  
And cousins I have no mo.

24 'But he shall be a bold yeoman of mine,  
My chief man next to thee;  
And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,  
And Scarlet he shall be:

25 'And wee'l be three of the bravest out-  
laws  
That is in the North Country.'  
If you will have any more of bold Robin  
Hood,  
In his second part it will be.

## 129

ROBIN HOOD AND THE PRINCE  
OF ARAGON

This is only a pseudo-chivalrous romance,  
tagged to 'Robin Hood Newly Revived' as a  
Second Part, with eight introductory stanzas.  
Both parts are as vapid as possible.

'Robin Hood, Will. Scadlock and Little  
John.' a. Roxburghe, i, 358, in the Ballad  
Society's reprint, ii, 431. b. Pepys, ii, 120,  
No. 106.

1 Now Robin Hood, Will Scadlock and  
Little John  
Are walking over the plain,  
With a good fat buck which Will Scad-  
lock  
With his strong bow had slain.

2 'Jog on, jog on,' cries Robin Hood,  
'The day it runs full fast;  
For though my nephew me a breakfast  
gave,  
I have not yet broke my fast.

3 'Then to yonder lodge let us take our  
way,  
I think it wondrous good,  
Where my nephew by my bold yeomen  
Shall be welcomd unto the green wood.'

4 With that he took the bugle-horn,  
Full well he could it blow;  
Streight from the woods came marching  
down  
One hundred tall fellows and mo.

5 'Stand, stand to your arms!' cries Will  
Scadlock,  
'Lo! the enemies are within ken:'  
With that Robin Hood he laughd aloud,  
Crys, They are my bold yeomen.

6 Who, when they arriv'd and Robin es-  
py'd,  
Cry'd, Master, what is your will?  
We thought you had in danger been,  
Your horn did sound so shrill.

7 'Now nay, now nay,' quoth Robin Hood,  
'The danger is past and gone;  
I would have you to welcome my  
nephew here,  
That hath paid me two for one.'

8 In feasting and sporting they passed the  
day,  
Till Phœbus sunk into the deep;  
Then each one to his quarters hy'd,  
His guard there for to keep.

9 Long had they not walked within the  
green wood,  
But Robin he was espy'd.  
Of a beautiful damsel all alone,  
That on a black palfrey did ride.

10 Her riding-suit was of sable hew  
black,  
Syprress over her face,  
Through which her rose-like cheeks did  
blush,  
All with a comely grace.

11 'Come, tell me the cause, thou pritty  
one,'  
Quoth Robin, 'and tell me aright,  
From whence thou comest, and whither  
thou goest,  
All in this mournful plight?'

12 'From London I came,' the damsel re-  
ply'd,  
'From London upon the Thames,  
Which circled is, O grief to tell!  
Besieg'd with forraign arms.

- 13 'By the proud Prince of Aragon,  
Who swears by his martial hand  
To have the princess for his spouse,  
Or else to waste this land:
- 14 'Except that champions can be found  
That dare fight three to three,  
Against the prince and giants twain,  
Most horrid for to see:
- 15 'Whose grisly looks, and eyes like  
brands,  
Strike terror where they come,  
With serpents hissing on their helms,  
Instead of feathered plume.
- 16 'The princess shall be the victors prize,  
The king hath vowd and said,  
And he that shall the conquest win  
Shall have her to his bride.
- 17 'Now we are four damsels sent abroad,  
To the east, west, north, and south,  
To try whose fortune is so good  
To find these champions forth.
- 18 'But all in vaine we have sought  
about;  
Yet none so bold there are  
That dare adventure life and blood,  
To free a lady fair.'
- 19 'When is the day?' quoth Robin Hood,  
'Tell me this and no more:'  
'On Midsummer next,' the damsel said,  
'Which is June the twenty-four.'
- 20 With that the teares trickled down her  
cheeks,  
And silent was her tongue;  
With sighs and sobs she took her  
leave,  
Away her palfrey sprung.
- 21 This news struck Robin to the heart,  
He fell down on the grass;  
His actions and his troubled mind  
Shewd he perplexed was.
- 22 'Where lies your grief?' quoth Will  
Scadlock,  
'O master, tell to me;  
If the damsels eyes have piered your  
heart,  
I'll fetch her back to thee.'
- 23 'Now nay, now nay,' quoth Robin Hood,  
'She doth not cause my smart;  
But it is the poor distressed princess  
That wounds me to the heart.
- 24 'I will go fight the giants all  
To set the lady free:'  
'The devil take my soul,' quoth Little  
John,  
'If I part with thy company.'
- 25 'Must I stay behind?' quoth Will  
Scadlock;  
'No, no, that must not be;  
I'll make the third man in the fight,  
So we shall be three to three.'
- 26 These words cheerd Robin at the heart,  
Joy shone within his face;  
Within his arms he huggd them both,  
And kindly did imbrace.
- 27 Quoth he, We'll put on mothly gray,  
With long staves in our hands,  
A scrip and bottle by our sides,  
As come from the Holy Land.
- 28 So may we pass along the high-way;  
None will ask from whence we came,  
But take us pilgrims for to be,  
Or else some holy men.
- 29 Now they are on their journey gone,  
As fast as they may speed,  
Yet for all haste, ere they arriv'd,  
The princess forth was led:
- 30 To be deliverd to the prince,  
Who in the list did stand,  
Prepar'd to fight, or else receive  
His lady by the hand.
- 31 With that he walkt about the lists,  
With giants by his side:  
'Bring forth,' said he, 'your champions,  
Or bring me forth my bride.
- 32 'This is the four and twentieth day,  
The day prefixt upon;  
Bring forth my bride, or London burns,  
I swear by Acaron.'
- 33 Then cries the king, and queen like-  
wise,  
Both weeping as they speak,

- Lo ! we have brought our daughter dear,  
Whom we are forced to forsake.
- 34 With that stept out bold Robin Hood,  
Crys, My liege, it must not be so;  
Such beauty as the fair princess  
Is not for a tyrants mow.
- 35 The prince he then began to storm;  
Crys, Fool, fanatick, baboon !  
How darest thou stop my valours prize ?  
I'll kill thee with a frown.
- 36 'Thou tyrant Turk, thou infidel,'  
Thus Robin began to reply,  
'Thy frowns I scorn; lo ! here 's my  
gage,  
And thus I thee defie.
- 37 'And for these two Goliahs there,  
That stand on either side,  
Here are two little Davids by,  
That soon can tame their pride.'
- 38 Then did the king for armour send,  
For lances, swords, and shields:  
And thus all three in armour bright  
Came marching to the field.
- 39 The trumpets began to sound a charge,  
Each singled out his man;  
Their arms in pieces soon were hewd,  
Blood sprang from every vain.
- 40 The prince he reacht Robin a blow —  
He struck with might and main —  
Which forced him to reel about the  
field,  
As though he had been slain.
- 41 'God-a-mercy,' quoth Robin, 'for that  
blow !  
The quarrel shall soon be try'd;  
This stroke shall shew a full divorce  
Betwixt thee and thy bride.'
- 42 So from his shoulders he 's cut his head,  
Which on the ground did fall,  
And grumbling sore at Robin Hood,  
To be so dealt withal.
- 43 The giants then began to rage,  
To see their prince lie dead:  
'Thou 's be the next,' quoth Little John,  
'Unless thou well guard thy head.'
- 44 With that his faulchion he whirld  
about —  
It was both keen and sharp —  
He clove the giant to the belt,  
And cut in twain his heart.
- 45 Will Scadlock well had playd his part,  
The giant he had brought to his  
knee;  
Quoth he, The devil cannot break his  
fast,  
Unless he have you all three.
- 46 So with his faulchion he run him through,  
A deep and gashly wound;  
Who damd and foamd, cursd and blas-  
phemd,  
And then fell to the ground.
- 47 Now all the lists with cheers were filld,  
The skies they did resound,  
Which brought the princess to herself,  
Who was faln in a swoond.
- 48 The king and queen and princess fair  
Came walking to the place,  
And gave the champions many thanks,  
And did them further grace.
- 49 'Tell me,' quoth the king, 'whence you  
are,  
That thus disguised came,  
Whose valour speaks that noble blood  
Doth run through every vain.'
- 50 'A boon, a boon,' quoth Robin Hood,  
'On my knees I beg and crave:'  
'By my crown,' quoth the king, 'I grant;  
Ask what, and thou shalt have.'
- 51 'Then pardon I beg for my merry  
men,  
Which are within the green wood,  
For Little John, and Will Scadlock,  
And for me, bold Robin Hood.'
- 52 'Art thou Robin Hood ?' then quoth  
the king;  
'For the valour you have shewn,  
Your pardons I doe freely grant,  
And welcome every one.
- 53 'The princess I promised the victors  
prize;  
She cannot have you all three:'

'She shall chuse,' quoth Robin; saith  
Little John,  
Then little share falls to me.

54 Then did the princess view all three,  
With a comely lovely grace,  
Who took Will Scadlock by the hand,  
Quoth, Here I make my choice.

55 With that a noble lord stept forth,  
Of Maxfield earl was he,  
Who lookt Will Scadlock in the face,  
Then wept most bitterly.

56 Quoth he, I had a son like thee,  
Whom I lovd wondrous well;  
But he is gone, or rather dead;  
His name is Young Gamwell.

57 Then 'did Will Scadlock fall on his  
knees,  
Cries, Father ! father ! here,  
Here kneels your son, your Young Gam-  
well  
You said you lovd so dear.

58 But, lord ! what imbracing and kissing  
was there,  
When all these friends were met !  
They are gone to the wedding, and so  
to bedding,  
And so I bid you good night.

130

### ROBIN HOOD AND THE SCOTCHMAN

A is simply the conclusion given to 'Robin Hood Newly Revived' (No. 128) in the broadsides, and has neither connection with that ballad nor coherence in itself, being on the face of it the beginning and the end of an independent ballad, with the break after the third stanza. 3 may possibly refer to the Scots giving up Charles I to the parliamentary commissioners, in 1647. In B, four stanzas appear to have been added to the first three of A in order to make out a story, — the too familiar one of Robin being beaten in a fight with a fellow whom he chances to meet, and consequently enlisting the man as a recruit.

A

a. Wood, 401, leaf 27 b. b. Roxburghe, III, 18, in the Ballad Society's reprint, II, 426.

c. Garland of 1663, No. 3. d. Garland of 1670, No. 2. e. Pepys, II, 101, No. 88.

1 THEN bold Robin Hood to the north he  
would go,  
With a hey down down a down down  
With valour and mickle might,  
With sword by his side, which oft had  
been tri'd,  
To fight and recover his right.

2 The first that he met was a bony bold Scot,  
His servant he said he would be;  
'No,' quoth Robin Hood, 'it cannot be  
good,  
For thou wilt prove false unto me.

3 'Thou hast not bin true to sire nor cuz :'  
'Nay, marry,' the Scot he said,  
'As true as your heart, I'll never part,  
Gude master, be not afraid.'

\* \* \* \*

4 Then Robin Hood turnd his face to the  
east;  
'Fight on my merry men stout,  
Our cause is good,' quoth brave Robin  
Hood,  
'And we shall not be beaten out.'

5 The battel grows hot on every side,  
The Scotchman made great moan;  
Quoth Jockey, Gude faith, they fight on  
each side;  
Would I were with my wife Ione !

6 The enemy compast brave Robin about,  
'Tis long ere the battel ends;  
Ther's neither will yeeld nor give up the  
field,  
For both are supplied with friends.

\* \* \* \*

7 This song it was made in Robin Hoods  
dayes;  
Let's pray unto Iove above  
To give us true peace, that mischief may  
cease,  
And war may give place unto love.

B

Gutch's Robin Hood, II, 392, from an Irish garland, printed at Monaghan, 1796.

1 Now bold Robin Hood to the north  
would go,  
With valour and mickle might,  
With sword by his side, which oft had  
been try'd,  
To fight and recover his right.

2 The first that he met was a jolly stout  
Scot,  
His servant he said he would be;  
'No,' quoth Robin Hood, 'it cannot be  
'good,  
For thou wilt prove false unto me.

3 'Thou hast not been true to sire or cuz;'  
'Nay, marry,' the Scot he said,  
'As true as your heart, I never will part;  
Good master, be not afraid.'

4 'But eer I employ you,' said bold Robin  
Hood,  
'With you I must have a bout;'  
The Scotchman reply'd, Let the battle  
be try'd,  
For I know I will beat you out.

5 Thus saying, the contest did quickly  
begin,  
Which lasted two hours and more;  
The blows Sawney gave bold Robin so  
brave  
The battle soon made him give oer.

6 'Have mercy, thou Scotchman,' bold  
Robin Hood cry'd,  
'Full dearly this boon have I bought;  
We will both agree, and my man you  
shall be,  
For a stouter I never have fought.'

7 Then Sawney consented with Robin to  
go,  
To be of his bowmen so gay;  
Thus ended the fight, and with mickle  
delight  
To Sherwood they hasted away.

131

## ROBIN HOOD AND THE RANGER

'Robin Hood and the Ranger.' a. Robin  
Hood's Garland, London, C. Dicey, in Bow

Church-Yard, n. d., but before 1741, p. 78.  
b. R. H.'s Garland, London, W. & C. Dicey,  
n. d. c. R. H.'s Garland, London, L. How,  
in Peticoat Lane, n. d. d. The English Archer,  
etc., York, N. Nickson, in Feasegate, n. d.  
e. The English Archer, etc., Paisley, John  
Neilson, 1786. f. R. H.'s Garland, York, T.  
Wilson & R. Spence, n. d. (All in the Bodleian  
Library.)

1 WHEN Phœbus had melted the sickles  
of ice,  
With a hey down, &c.  
And likewise the mountains of snow,  
Bold Robin Hood he would ramble to  
see,  
To frolick abroad with his bow.

2 He left all his merry men waiting be-  
hind,  
Whilst through the green vallies he  
passd;  
There did he behold a forester bold,  
Who cry'd out, Friend, whither so  
fast?

3 'I'm going,' quoth Robin, 'to kill a fat  
buck,  
For me and my merry men all;  
Besides, eer I go, I'll have a fat doe,  
Or else it shall cost me a fall.'

4 'You'd best have a care,' said the for-  
ester then,  
'For these are his majesty's deer;  
Before you shall shoot, the thing I'll  
dispute,  
For I am head-forester here.'

5 'These thirteen long summers,' quoth  
Robin, 'I'm sure,  
My arrows I here have let fly,  
Where freely I range; methinks it is  
strange,  
You should have more power than I.

6 'This forest,' quoth Robin, 'I think is  
my own,  
And so are the nimble deer too;  
Therefore I declare, and solemnly swear,  
I wont be affronted by you.'

7 The forester he had a long quarter-staff,  
Likewise a broad sword by his side;  
Without more ado, he presently drew,  
Declaring the truth should be try'd.



- 8 Bold Robin Hood had a sword of the best,  
Thus, eer he would take any wrong,  
His courage was flush, he'd venture a  
brush,  
And thus they fell to it ding dong.
- 9 The very first blow that the forester gave,  
He made his broad weapon cry twang;  
'T was over the head, he fell down for  
dead,  
O that was a damnable bang!
- 10 But Robin he soon did recover himself,  
And bravely fell to it again;  
The very next stroke their weapons  
were broke,  
Yet never a man there was slain.
- 11 At quarter-staff then they resolved to  
play,  
Because they would have t'other bout;  
And brave Robin Hood right valiantly  
stood,  
Unwilling he was to give out.
- 12 Bold Robin he gave him very hard blows,  
The other returnd them as fast;  
At every stroke their jackets did smoke,  
Three hours the combat did last.
- 13 At length in a rage the bold forester  
grew,  
And cudgeld bold Robin so sore  
, That he could not stand, so shaking his  
hand,  
He said, Let us freely give oer.
- 14 Thou art a brave fellow, I needs must  
confess  
I never knew any so good;  
Thou'rt fitting to be a yeoman for me,  
And range in the merry green wood.
- 15 I'll give thee this ring as a token of love,  
For bravely thou'st acted thy part;  
That man that can fight, in him I de-  
light,  
And love him with all my whole heart.
- 16 Then Robin Hood setting his horn to  
his mouth,  
A blast he merrily blows;  
His yeomen did hear, and strait did ap-  
pear,  
A hundred, with trusty long bows.
- 17 Now Little John came at the head of  
them all,  
Cloathd in a rich mantle of green;  
And likewise the rest were gloriously  
drest,  
A delicate sight to be seen.
- 18 'Lo, these are my yeomen,' said Robin  
Hood,  
'And thou shalt be one of the train;  
A mantle and bow, a quiver also,  
I give them whom I entertain.'
- 19 The forester willingly enterd the list,  
They were such a beautiful sight;  
Then with a long bow they shot a fat  
doe,  
And made a rich supper that night.
- 20 What singing and dancing was in the  
green wood,  
For joy of another new mate!  
With mirth and delight they spent the  
long night,  
And liv'd at a plentiful rate.
- 21 The forester neer was so merry before  
As then he was with these brave souls,  
Who never would fail, in wine, beer or  
ale,  
To take off their cherishing bowls.
- 22 Then Robin Hood gave him a mantle  
of green,  
Broad arrows, and a curious long bow;  
This done, the next day, so gallant and  
gay,  
He marched them all on a row.
- 23 Quoth he, My brave yeomen, be true to  
your trust,  
And then we may range the woods  
wide:  
They all did declare, and solemnly swear,  
They'd conquer, or die by his side.

132

### THE BOLD PEDLAR AND ROBIN HOOD

"An aged female in Bermondsey, Surrey,  
from whose oral recitation the editor took  
down the present version, informed him, that

she had often heard her grandmother sing it, and that it was never in print; but he has of late met with several common stall copies." — DIXON. This ballad is a traditional variation of No. 128. A copy which varies but slightly from that here printed is found in Captain Delany's Garland [1775?], British Museum, 1346, m. 7 (9). It is given in Child, v, 240.

J. H. Dixon, *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, p. 71, Percy Society, vol. xvii, 1846.

- 1 THERE chanced to be a pedlar bold,  
A pedlar bold he chanced to be;  
He rolled his pack all on his back,  
And he came tripping oer the lee.  
Down a down a down a down,  
Down a down a down
- 2 By chance he met two troublesome  
blades,  
Two troublesome blades they chanced  
to be;  
The one of them was bold Robin Hood,  
And the other was Little John so  
free.
- 3 'O pedlar, pedlar, what is in thy pack?  
Come speedilie and tell to me:  
'I've several suits of the gay green silks,  
And silken bow-strings two or three.'
- 4 'If you have several suits of the gay  
green silk,  
And silken bow-strings two or three,  
Then it's by my body,' cries Little  
John,  
'One half your pack shall belong to  
me.'
- 5 'O nay, o nay,' says the pedlar bold,  
'O nay, o nay, that never can be;  
For there's never a man from fair Not-  
tingham  
Can take one half my pack from  
me.'
- 6 Then the pedlar he pulled off his pack,  
And put it a little below his knee,  
Saying, If you do move me one perch  
from this,  
My pack and all shall gang with  
thee.
- 7 Then Little John he drew his sword,  
The pedlar by his pack did stand;

They fought until they both did sweat,  
Till he cried, Pedlar, pray hold your  
hand!

- 8 Then Robin Hood he was standing by,  
And he did laugh most heartilie;  
Saying, I could find a man, of a smaller  
scale,  
Could thrash the pedlar and also thee.
- 9 'Go you try, master,' says Little John,  
'Go you try, master, most speedilie,  
Or by my body,' says Little John,  
'I am sure this night you will not  
know me.'
- 10 Then Robin Hood he drew his sword,  
And the pedlar by his pack did stand;  
They fought till the blood in streams  
did flow,  
Till he cried, Pedlar, pray hold your  
hand!
- 11 Pedlar, pedlar, what is thy name?  
Come speedilie and tell to me:  
'My name! my name I neer will tell,  
Till both your names you have told to  
me.'
- 12 'The one of us is bold Robin Hood,  
And the other Little John so free:'  
'Now,' says the pedlar, 'it lays to my  
good will,  
Whether my name I chuse to tell to  
thee.'
- 13 'I am Gamble Gold of the gay green  
woods,  
And travelled far beyond the sea;  
For killing a man in my father's land  
From my country I was forced to  
flee.'
- 14 'If you are Gamble Gold of the gay  
green woods,  
And travelled far beyond the sea,  
You are my mother's own sister's son;  
What nearer cousins then can we be?'
- 15 They sheathed their swords with friendly  
words,  
So merrilie they did agree;  
They went to a tavern, and there they  
dined,  
And bottles cracked most merrilie.

## 133

ROBIN HOOD AND THE  
BEGGAR, I

There is a copy in the Roxburghe Collection, III, 20 (Ballad Society's ed., VIII, 517). The copy in the Wood and in the Roxburghe collections is signed T. R. like No. 122 B (see p. 204, above), and, like the latter ballad, this is a *rifacimento*, with middle rhyme in the third line. It is perhaps made up from two distinct stories; the Second Part, beginning at st. 20, from No. 140, and what precedes from a ballad resembling No. 134. But no seventeenth-century version of No. 134 is known, and it is more likely that we owe the fight between Robin Hood and the Beggar to the folly and bad taste of T. R.

'Robin Hood and the Beggar.' a. Wood, 401, leaf 23 b. b. Garland of 1663, No. 8. c. Garland of 1670, No. 7. d. Pepys, II, 116, No. 100.

1 COME light and listen, you gentlemen  
all,  
Hey down, down, and a down  
That mirth do love for to hear,  
And a story true I'll tell unto you,  
If that you will but draw near.

2 In elder times, when merriment was,  
And archery was holden good,  
There was an outlaw, as many did know,  
Which men called Robin Hood.

3 Vpon a time it chanced so  
Bold Robin was merry disposed,  
His time to spend he did intend,  
Either with friends or foes.

4 Then he got vp on a gallant brave  
steed,  
The which was worth angels ten;  
With a mantle of green, most brave to  
be seen,  
He left all his merry men.

5 And riding towards fair Nottingham,  
Some pastime for to spy,  
There was he aware of a jolly beggar  
As ere he beheld with his eye.

6 An old patcht coat the beggar had on,  
Which he daily did vse for to wear;

And many a bag about him did wag,  
Which made Robin Hood to him re-  
pair.

7 'God speed, God speed,' said Robin  
Hood,

'What countryman? tell to me:'  
'I am Yorkshire, sir; but, ere you go  
far,  
Some charity give vnto me.'

8 'Why, what wouldst thou have?' said  
Robin Hood,

'I pray thee tell vnto me:'  
'No lands nor livings,' the beggar he  
said,  
'But a penny for charitie.'

9 'I have no money,' said Robin Hood  
then,

'But, a ranger within the wood,  
I am an outlaw, as many do know,  
My name it is Robin Hood.

10 'But yet I must tell thee, bonny beggar,  
That a bout with [thee] I must try;  
Thy coat of gray, lay down I say,  
And my mantle of green shall lye by.'

11 'Content, content,' the beggar he cry'd,  
'Thy part it will be the worse;  
For I hope this bout to give thee the  
roul,  
And then have at thy purse.'

12 The beggar he had a mickle long staffe,  
And Robin had a nut-brown sword;  
So the beggar drew nigh, and at Robin  
let fly,  
But gave him never a word.

13 'Fight on, fight on,' said Robin Hood then,  
'This game well pleaseth me;  
For every blow that Robin did give,  
The beggar gave buffets three.

14 And fighting there full hard and sore,  
Not far from Nottingham town,  
They never fled, till from Robin[s]  
head  
The blood came trickling down.

15 'O hold thy hand,' said Robin Hood  
then,  
'And thou and I will agree;'

- 'If that be true,' the beggar he said,  
'Thy mantle come give vnto me.'
- 16 'Nay a change, a change,' cri'd Robin Hood;  
'Thy bags and coat give me,  
And this mantle of mine I 'le to thee resign,  
My horse and my braverie.'
- 17 When Robin Hood had got the beggars clothes,  
He looked round about;  
'Methinks,' said he, 'I seem to be  
A beggar brave and stout.'
- 18 'For now I have a bag for my bread,  
So have I another for corn;  
I have one for salt, and another for malt,  
And one for my little horn.'
- 19 'And now I will a begging goe,  
Some charitie for to find:'  
And if any more of Robin you 'l know,  
In this second part it 's behind.
- 20 Now Robin he is to Nottingham bound,  
With his bags hanging down to his knee,  
His staff, and his coat, scarce worth a groat,  
Yet merrilie passed he.
- 21 As Robin he passed the streets along,  
He heard a pittifull cry;  
Three brethren deer, as he did hear,  
Condemned were to dye.
- 22 Then Robin he highed to the sheriffs  
[house],  
Some reliefe for to seek;  
He skipt, and leapt, and capored full high,  
As he went along the street.
- 23 But when to the sheriffs doore he came,  
There a gentleman fine and brave,  
'Thou beggar,' said he, 'come tell vnto me  
What is it that thou wouldest have?'
- 24 'No meat, nor drink,' said Robin Hood then,  
'That I come here to crave

But to beg the lives of yeomen three,  
And that I fain would have.'

- 25 'That cannot be, thou bold beggar,  
Their fact it is so cleer;  
I tell to thee, hangd they must be,  
For stealing of our kings deer.'
- 26 But when to the gallows they did come,  
There was many a weeping eye:  
'O hold your peace,' said Robin then,  
'For certainly they shall not dye.'
- 27 Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,  
And he blew but blasts three,  
Till a hundred bold archers brave  
Came kneeling down to his knee.
- 28 'What is your will, master?' they said,  
'We are here at your command:'  
'Shoot east, shoot west,' said Robin Hood then,  
'And look that you spare no man.'
- 29 Then they shot east, and they shot west;  
Their arrows were so keen  
The sheriffe he, and his companie,  
No longer must be seen.
- 30 Then he stept to these brethren three,  
And away he had them tane;  
But the sheriff was crost, and many a man lost,  
That dead lay on the plain.
- 31 And away they went into the merry green wood,  
And sung with a merry glee,  
And Robin took these brethren good  
To be of his yeomandrie.

134

## ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR, II

This tale is rightly called by Ritson a North Country composition of some antiquity, "perhaps Scottish." Fragments of Robin Hood ballads, Motherwell informs us, were traditionally extant in his day which had not (and have not) found their way into printed collections, and we know from very early testimony that such ballads were current in Scotland. This is

by far the best of the Robin Hood ballads of the secondary, so to speak cyclic, period. It has plenty of homely humor, but the heroic sentiment is gone. It does not belong to the iron, the cast-iron, age of 'Robin Hood's Birth, Breeding,' etc. (No. 149); but neither does it belong to the golden age of 'Robin Hood and the Monk,' or the Gest.

a. 'The History of Robin Hood and the Beggar,' Aberdeen, Printed by and for A. Keith: Bodleian Library, Douce, HH 88, pasted between pp. 68, 69 of Robin Hood's Garland, London, C. Dicey. A. Keith of Aberdeen printed from 1810 to 1835. b. 'A pretty dialogue betwixt Robin Hood and a Beggar,' Newcastle, in Ritson's Robin Hood, 1795, 1, 97.

1 LYTH and listen, gentlemen,  
That's come of high born blood;  
I'll tell you of a brave booting  
That befel Robin Hood.

2 Robin Hood upon a day,  
He went forth him alone,  
And as he came from Barnesdale  
Into a fair evening,

3 He met a beggar on the way,  
That sturdily could gang;  
He had a pike-staff in his hand,  
That was baith stark and strang.

4 A clouted cloak about him was,  
That held him from the cold;  
The thinnest bit of it, I guess,  
Was more than twenty fold.

5 His meal-pock hang about his neck,  
Into a leathern fang,  
Well fastened with a broad buckle,  
That was both stark and strang.

6 He had three hats upon his head,  
Together sticked fast;  
He cared neither for wind nor weet,  
In lands wherever he past.

7 Good Robin coost him in his way,  
To see what he might be;  
If any beggar had money,  
He thought some part had he.

8 'Tarry, tarry,' good Robin says,  
'Tarry, and speak with me;  
He heard him as he heard [him] not,  
And fast his way can hie.

9 'It be's not so,' says good Robin,  
'Nay, thou must tarry still;  
'By my troth,' says the bold beggar,  
'Of that I have no will.

10 'It is far to my lodging-house,  
And it is growing late;  
If they have supt ere I come in,  
I will look wondrous blate.'

11 'Now, by my troth,' says good Robin,  
'I see well by thy fare,  
If thou chear well to thy supper,  
Of mine thou takes no care;

12 'Who wants my dinner all the day,  
And wots not where to lie,  
And should I to the tavern go,  
I want money to buy.

13 'Sir, thou must lend me some money,  
Till we two meet again.'  
The beggar answerd cankerdly,  
I have no money to lend.

14 Thou art as young a man as I,  
And seems to be as sweet;  
If thou fast till thou get from me,  
Thou shalt eat none this year.

15 'Now, by my troth,' says good Robin,  
'Since we are sembled so,  
If thou have but a small farthing,  
I'll have it ere thou go.

16 'Therefore, lay down thy clouted cloak,  
And do no longer stand,  
And loose the strings of all thy  
pocks;  
I'll ripe them with my hand.

17 'And now to thee I make a vow,  
If thou make any din,  
I shall see if a broad arrow  
Can pierce a beggar's skin.'

18 The beggar smil'd, and answer made:  
Far better let me be;  
Think not that I will be afraid  
For thy nip crooked tree.

19 Or that I fear thee any whit  
For thy curn nips of sticks;  
I know no use for them so meet  
As to be pudding-pricks.



20 Here I defy thee to do me ill,  
For all thy boistrous fare;  
Thou 's get nothing from me but ill,  
Would thou seek it evermair.

21 Good Robin bent his noble bow —  
He was an angry man —  
And in it set a broad arrow;  
Yet er 't was drawn a span,

22 The beggar, with his noble tree,  
Reacht him so round a rout  
That his bow and his broad arrow  
In flinders flew about.

23 Good Robin bound him to his brand,  
But that provd likewise vain;  
The beggar lighted on his hand  
With his pike-staff again.

24 I wot he might not draw a sword  
For forty days and more;  
Good Robin could not speak a word,  
His heart was never so sore.

25 He could not fight, he could not flee,  
He wist not what to do;  
The beggar, with his noble tree,  
Laid lusty flaps him to.

26 He paid good Robin back and side,  
And beft him up and down,  
And with his pike-staff still on laid  
Till he fell in a swoon.

27 'Fy! stand up, man,' the beggar  
said,  
'T is shame to go to rest;  
Stay still till thou get thy mony [told],  
I think it were the best.

28 'And syne go to the tavern-house,  
And buy both wine and ale;  
Hereat thy friends will crack full crouse,  
Thou has been at a dale.'

29 Good Robin answerd never a word,  
But lay still as a stane;  
His cheeks were white as any clay,  
And closed were his eyne.

30 The beggar thought him dead but fail,  
And boldly bownd away;  
I would you had been at the dale,  
And gotten part of the play.

31 Now three of Robin's men, by chance,  
Came walking on the way,  
And found their master in a trance,  
On ground where he did lie.

32 Up have they taken good Robin,  
Making a piteous bier,  
Yet saw they no man there at whom  
They might the matter speare.

33 They looked him all round about,  
But wounds on him saw none,  
Yet at his mouth came bocking out  
The blood of a good vein.

34 Cold water they have taken syne,  
And cast into his face;  
Then he began to lift his eyne,  
And spake within short space.

35 'Tell us, dear master,' says his men,  
'How with you stands the case?'  
Good Robin sighd ere he began  
To tell of his disgrace.

36 'I have been watchman in this wood  
Near hand this forty year,  
Yet I was never so hard bestead  
As you have found me here.

37 'A beggar with a clouted cloak,  
In whom I feard no ill,  
Hath with a pike-staff clawd my  
back;  
I fear 't shall never be well.

38 'See, where he goes out oer yon hill,  
With hat upon his head;  
If ever you lovd your master well,  
Go now revenge this deed.

39 'And bring him back again to me,  
If it lie in your might,  
That I may see, before I die,  
Him punisht in my sight.

40 'And if you may not bring him back,  
Let him not go loose on;  
For to us all it were great shame  
If he escapt again.'

41 'One of us shall with you remain,  
Because you 're ill at ease;  
The other two shall bring him back,  
To use him as you please.'

42 'Now, by my troth,' says good Robin,  
 'I trow there's enough said;  
 If he get scouth to weild his tree,  
 I fear you'll both be paid.'

43 'Be ye not feard, our good master,  
 That we two can be dung  
 With any blutter base beggar,  
 That hath nought but a rung.

44 'His staff shall stand him in no stead;  
 That you shall shortly see;  
 But back again he shall be led,  
 And fast bound shall he be,  
 To see if you will have him slain,  
 Or hanged on a tree.'

45 'But cast you slily in his way,  
 Before he be aware,  
 And on his pike-staff first lay hands;  
 You'll speed the better far.'

46 Now leave we Robin with his man,  
 Again to play the child,  
 And learn himself to stand and gang  
 By haulds, for all his eild.

47 Now pass we to the bold beggar,  
 That raked oer the hill,  
 Who never mended his pace no more  
 Nor he had done no ill.

48 The young men knew the country  
 well,  
 So soon where he would be,  
 And they have taken another way,  
 Was nearer by miles three.

49 They rudely ran with all their might,  
 Spar'd neither dub nor mire,  
 They stirred neither at laigh nor hight,  
 No travel made them tire,

50 Till they before the beggar wan,  
 And coost them in his way;  
 A little wood lay in a glen,  
 And there they both did stay.

51 They stood up closely by a tree,  
 In ilk side of the gate,  
 Until the beggar came them to,  
 That thought not of such fate.

52 And as he was betwixt them past,  
 They leapt upon him baith;

The one his pike-staff gripped fast,  
 They feared for its scaith.

53 The other he held in his sight  
 A drawn dirk to his breast,  
 And said, False carl, quit thy staff,  
 Or I shall be thy priest.

54 His pike-staff they have taken him frae,  
 And stuck it in the green;  
 He was full leath to let [it] gae,  
 If better might have been.

55 The beggar was the feardest man  
 Of one that ever might be;  
 To win away no way he can,  
 Nor help him with his tree.

56 He wist not wherefore he was tane,  
 Nor how many was there;  
 He thought his life-days had been gone,  
 And grew into despair.

57 'Grant me my life,' the beggar said,  
 'For him that died on tree,  
 And take away that ugly knife,  
 Or then for fear I'll die.

58 'I grievd you never in all my life,  
 By late nor yet by ayre;  
 Ye have great sin, if ye should slay  
 A silly poor beggar.'

59 'Thou lies, false lown,' they said again,  
 'By all that may be sworn;  
 Thou hast near slain the gentlest man  
 That ever yet was born.

60 'And back again thou shalt be led,  
 And fast bound shalt thou be,  
 To see if he will have thee slain,  
 Or hanged on a tree.'

61 The beggar then thought all was wrong;  
 They were set for his wrack;  
 He saw nothing appearing then  
 But ill upon worse back.

62 Were he out of their hands, he thought,  
 And had again his tree,  
 He should not be had back for nought,  
 With such as he did see.

63 Then he bethought him on a wile,  
 If it could take effect,

- How he the young men might beguile,  
And give them a begeek.
- 64 Thus for to do them shame or ill  
His beastly breast was bent;  
He found the wind grew something  
shrill,  
To further his intent.
- 65 He said, Brave gentlemen, be good,  
And let the poor man be;  
When ye have taken a beggar's blood,  
It helps you not a flee.
- 66 It was but in my own defence,  
If he hath gotten skaith;  
But I will make a recompence,  
Much better for your baith.
- 67 If ye will set me safe and free,  
And do me no danger,  
An hundred pounds I will you give,  
And much more good silver,
- 68 That I have gathered these many years,  
Under this clouted cloak,  
And hid up wonder privately,  
In bottom of my pock.
- 69 The young men to a council yeed,  
And let the beggar gae;  
They wist how well he had no speed  
From them to run away.
- 70 They thought they would the money  
take,  
Come after what so may,  
And then they would not bring him  
back,  
But in that part him slay.
- 71 By that good Robin would not know  
That they had gotten coin;  
It would content him for to show  
That there they had him slain.
- 72 They said, False carl, soon have done  
And tell forth that money;  
For the ill turn thou hast done  
'T is but a simple fee.
- 73 And yet we will not have thee back,  
Come after what so may,  
If thou will us that which thou spake,  
And make us present pay.
- 74 O then he loosd his clouted cloak,  
And spread it on the ground,  
And thereon laid he many a pock,  
Betwixt them and the wind.
- 75 He took a great bag from his hase;  
It was near full of meal;  
Two pecks in it at least there was,  
And more, I wot full well.
- 76 Upon his cloak he laid it down,  
The mouth he opend wide,  
To turn the same he made him bown,  
The young men ready spy'd.
- 77 In every hand he took a nook  
Of that great leathern meal,  
And with a fling the meal he shook  
Into their faces hail.
- 78 Wherewith he blinded them so close  
A stime they could not see;  
And then in heart he did rejoice,  
And clapt his lusty tree.
- 79 He thought, if he had done them wrong  
In mealing of their cloaths,  
For to strike off the meal again  
With his pike-staff he goes.
- 80 Or any one of them could red their  
eyne,  
Or yet a glimmering could see,  
Ilk one of them a dozen had,  
Well laid on with the tree.
- 81 The young men were right swift of foot,  
And boldly ran away;  
The beggar could them no more hit,  
For all the haste he may.
- 82 'What ails this haste?' the beggar said,<sup>2</sup>  
'May ye not tarry still,  
Until your money be receivd?  
I'll pay you with good will.'
- 83 'The shaking of my pocks, I fear,  
Hath blown into your eyne;  
But I have a good pike-staff here  
Will ripe them out full clean.'
- 84 The young men answerd neer a word,  
They were dumb as a stane;  
In the thick wood the beggar fled,  
Eer they riped their eyne.

- 85 And syne the night became so late,  
To seek him was but vain:  
But judge ye, if they looked blate  
When they came home again.
- 86 Good Robin speard how they had sped;  
They answerd him, Full ill;  
'That cannot be,' good Robin says;  
'Ye have been at the mill.
- 87 'The mill it is a meatrix place,  
They may lick what they please;  
Most like ye have been at that art,  
Who would look to your cloaths.'
- 88 They hangd their heads, and droped  
down,  
A word they could not speak:  
Robin said, Because I fell a-swoon,  
I think you'll do the like.
- 89 Tell on the matter, less and more,  
And tell me what and how  
Ye have done with the bold beggar  
I sent you for right now.
- 90 And then they told him to an end,  
As I have said before,  
How that the beggar did them blind,  
What misters process more.
- 91 And how he lin'd their shoulders broad  
With his great trenchen tree,  
And how in the thick wood he fled,  
Eer they a stime could see,
- 92 And how they scarcely could win home,  
Their bones were beft so sore:  
Good Robin cry'd, Fy! out, for shame!  
We're sham'd for evermore.
- 93 Altho good Robin would full fain  
Of his wrong revenged be,  
He smil'd to see his merry young men  
Had gotten a taste of the tree.

135

### ROBIN HOOD AND THE SHEPHERD

It is but the natural course of exaggeration that the shepherd, having beaten Robin Hood, should beat Little John. This is descending low enough, but we do not see the bottom of this kind of balladry here.

a. Garland of 1663, No. 13. b. Garland of 1670, No. 12. c. Wood, 401, leaf 13 b. d. Pepys, II, 115, No. 102.

- 1 ALL gentlemen and yeomen good,  
Down a down a down a down  
I wish you to draw near;  
For a story of gallant brave Robin  
Hood  
Vnto you I wil declare.  
Down, etc.
- 2 As Robin Hood walkt the forrest along,  
Some pastime for to spie,  
There was he aware of a jolly shepherd,  
That on the ground did lie.
- 3 'Arise, arise,' cryed jolly Robin,  
'And now come let me see  
What is in thy bag and bottle, I say;  
Come tell it unto me.'
- 4 'What's that to thee, thou proud fel-  
low?  
Tell me as I do stand  
What thou hast to do with my bag and  
bottle?  
Let me see thy command.'
- 5 'My sword, which hangeth by my side,  
Is my command I know;  
Come, and let me taste of thy bottle,  
Or it may breed thee wo.'
- 6 'Tut, the devil a drop, thou proud fellow,  
Of my bottle thou shalt see,  
Untill thy valour here be tried,  
Whether thou wilt fight or flee.'
- 7 'What shall we fight for?' cries bold  
Robin Hood;  
'Come tell it soon to me;  
Here is twenty pounds in good red  
gold;  
Win it, and take it thee.'
- 8 The Shepherd stood all in a maze,  
And knew not what to say:  
'I have no money, thou proud fellow,  
But bag and bottle I'll lay.'
- 9 'I am content, thou shepherd-swain,  
Fling them down on the ground;  
But it will breed thee mickle pain,  
To win my twenty pound.'

- 10 'Come draw thy sword, thou proud fellow,  
Thou stands too long to prate;  
This hook of mine shall let thee know  
A coward I do hate.'
- 11 So they fell to it, full hardy and sore;  
It was on a summers day;  
From ten till four in the afternoon  
The Shepherd held him play.
- 12 Robins buckler proved his chief defence,  
And saved him many a bang,  
For every blow the Shepherd gave  
Made Robins sword cry twang.
- 13 Many a sturdy blow the Shepherd gave,  
And that bold Robin found,  
Till the blood ran trickling from his  
head;  
Then he fell to the ground.
- 14 'Arise, arise, thou proud fellow,  
And thou shalt have fair play,  
If thou wilt yield, before thou go,  
That I have won the day.'
- 15 'A boon, a boon,' cried bold Robin;  
'If that a man thou be,  
Then let me take my beauble-horn,  
And blow but blasts three.'
- 16 'To blow three times three,' the Shepherd  
said,  
'I will not thee deny;  
For if thou shouldst blow till to-morrow  
morn,  
I scorn one foot to fly.'
- 17 Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,  
And he blew with mickle main,  
Until he espied Little John  
Come tripping over the plain.
- 18 'O who is yonder, thou proud fellow,  
That comes down yonder hill?'  
'Yonder is Little John, bold Robin  
Hoods man,  
Shall fight with thee thy fill.'
- 19 'What is the matter?' saies Little John,  
'Master, come tell to me:'  
'My case is great,' saies Robin Hood,  
'For the Shepherd hath conquered  
me.'
- 20 'I am glad of that,' cries Little John,  
'Shepherd, turn thou to me;  
For a bout with thee I mean to have,  
Either come fight or flee.'
- 21 'With all my heart, thou proud fellow,  
For it never shall be said  
That a shepherds hook of thy sturdy look  
Will one jot be dismaid.'
- 22 So they fell to it, full hardy and sore,  
Striving for victory;  
'I will know,' saies John, 'ere we give ore,  
Whether thou wilt fight or flye.'
- 23 The Shepherd gave John a sturdy blow,  
With his hook under the chin;  
'Beshrew thy heart,' said Little John,  
'Thou basely dost begin.'
- 24 'Nay, that's nothing,' said the Shepherd;  
'Either yield to me the day,  
Or I will bang thee back and sides,  
Before thou goest thy way.'
- 25 'What? dost thou think, thou proud  
fellow,  
That thou canst conquer me?  
Nay, thou shalt know, before thou go,  
I'll fight before I'll flee.'
- 26 With that to thrash Little John like mad  
The Shepherd he begun;  
'Hold, hold,' cried bold Robin Hood,  
'And I'll yield the wager won.'
- 27 'With all my heart,' said Little John,  
'To that I will agree;  
For he is the flower of shepherd-swains,  
The like I never did see.'
- 28 Thus have you heard of Robin Hood,  
Also of Little John,  
How a shepherd-swain did conquer them;  
The like did never none.

## ROBIN HOOD'S DELIGHT

(ROBIN HOOD, JOHN, SCARLOCK, AND  
THREE KEEPERS)

'The Bold Pedlar and Robin Hood,' No. 182,  
a late traditional copy, shows traces of st. 20 of  
this ballad in st. 12, where the Pedlar says it lies



with him whether he will tell his name, and again at the end, where Robin Hood, John, and the Pedlar drink friendship at the tavern. Robin Hood's antagonists are again foresters and keepers in Nos. 131 and 139. There are numerous agreements between this piece and No. 135.

'Robin Hood's Delight.' a. Wood, 401, leaf 41 b. b. Garland of 1663, No. 17. c. Garland of 1670, No. 16. d. Pepys, II, 112, No. 99.

1 THERE is some will talk of lords and knights,

Doun a doun a doun a doun  
And some of yeoman good,  
But I will tell you of Will Scarlock,  
Little John and Robin Hood.  
Doun a doun a doun a doun

2 They were outlaws, as 't is well known,  
And men of a noble blood;  
And a many a time was their valour shown  
In the forrest of merry Sheerwood.

3 Vpon a time it chanced so,  
As Robin Hood would have it be,  
They all three would a walking go,  
Some pastime for to see.

4 And as they walked the forest along,  
Upon a midsummer day,  
There was they aware of three keepers,  
Clade all in green aray.

5 With brave long fauchions by their sides,  
And forest-bills in hand,  
They calld aloud to those bold outlaws,  
And charged them to stand.

6 'Why, who are you,' cry'd bold Robin,  
'That speaks so boldly here?'  
'We three belong to King Henry,  
And are keepers of his deer.'

7 'The devil thou art!' says Robin Hood,  
'I am sure that it is not so;  
We be the keepers of this forest,  
And that you soon shall know.'

8 'Come, your coats of green lay on the ground,  
And so will we all three,  
And take your swords and bucklers round,  
And try the victory.'

'9 'We be content,' the keepers said,  
'We be three, and you no less;  
Then why should we be of you afraid,  
And we never did transgress?'

10 'Why, if you be three keepers in this forest,  
Then we be three rangers good,  
And we will make you to know, before you do go,  
You meet with bold Robin Hood.'

11 'We be content, thou bold outlaw,  
Our valour here to try,  
And we will make you know, before we do go,  
We will fight before we will fly.

12 'Then, come draw your swords, you bold outlaws,  
And no longer stand to prate,  
But let us try it out with blows,  
For cowards we do hate.

13 'Here is one of us for Will Scarlock,  
And another for Little John,  
And I my self for Robin Hood,  
Because he is stout and strong.'

14 So they fell to it full hard and sore;  
It was on a midsummers day;  
From eight a clock till two and past,  
They all shewed gallant play.

15 There Robin, and Will, and Little John,  
They fought most manfully,  
Till all their winde was spent and gone,  
Then Robin aloud did cry:

16 'O hold, O hold,' cries bold Robin,  
'I see you be stout men;  
Let me blow one blast on my bugle-horn,  
Then I 'le fight with you again.'

17 'That bargain's to make, bold Robin Hood,  
Therefore we it deny;  
Though a blast upon thy bugle-horn  
Cannot make us fight nor fly.

18 'Therefore fall on, or else be gone,  
And yield to us the day:  
It shall never be said that we were afraid  
Of thee, nor thy yeomen gay.'

- 19 'If that be so,' cries bold Robin,  
 'Let me but know your names,  
 And in the forest of merry Sheerwood  
 I shall extol your fames.'
- 20 'And with our names,' one of them  
 said,  
 'What hast thou here to do ?  
 Except that you will fight it out,  
 Our names thou shalt not know.'
- 21 'We will fight no more,' sayes bold  
 Robin,  
 'You be men of valour stout;  
 Come and go with me to Nottingham,  
 And there we will fight it out.'
- 22 'With a but of sack we will bang it out,  
 To see who wins the day;  
 And for the cost, make you no doubt  
 I have gold and money to pay.'
- 23 'And ever after, so long as we live,  
 We all will brethren be;  
 For I love those men with heart and  
 hand  
 That will fight, and never flee.'
- 24 So away they went to Nottingham,  
 With sack to make amends;  
 For three dayes space they wine did  
 chase,  
 And drank themselves good friends.

## 137

ROBIN HOOD AND THE  
PEDLARS

The manuscript in which this ballad occurs contains a variety of matters, and, as the best authority has declared, may in part have been written as early as 1650, but all the ballads are in a nineteenth-century hand, and some of them are maintained to be forgeries. There is no sufficient reason for regarding this particular piece as spurious; it may be a copy of a broadside, or a copy of a copy. The story resembles that of 'Robin Hood's Delight' (No. 136), pedlars taking the place of keepers; but Robin is reduced to an ignominy paralleled only in the second ballad of 'Robin Hood and the Beggar' (No. 134).

'Robinhood and the Peddlers,' the fourth ballad in a MS. formerly in the possession of

J. Payne Collier, and now in the British Museum; previously printed in Gutch's Robin Hood, II, 351.

- 1 WILL you heare a tale of Robin Hood,  
 Will Scarlett, and Little John ?  
 Now listen awhile, it will make you  
 smile,  
 As before it hath many done.
- 2 They were archers three, of hie degree,  
 As good as ever drewe bowe;  
 Their arrowes were long and their armes  
 were strong,  
 As most had cause to knowe.
- 3 But one sommers day, as they toke their  
 way  
 Through the forrest of greene Sher-  
 wood,  
 To kill the kings deare, you shall pres-  
 ently heare  
 What befell these archers good.
- 4 They were ware on the roade of three  
 peddlers with loade,  
 Ffor each had his packe,  
 Ffull of all wares for countrie faires,  
 Trusst up upon his backe.
- 5 A good oke staffe, a yard and a halfe,  
 Each one had in his hande;  
 And they were all bound to Nottingham  
 towne,  
 As you shall understand.
- 6 'Yonder I see bolde peddlers three,'  
 Said Robin to Scarlett and John;  
 'We 'le search their packes upon their  
 backes  
 Before that they be gone.
- 7 'Holla, good fellows!' quod Robin  
 Hood,  
 'Whither is it ye doe goe ?  
 Now stay and rest, for that is the best,  
 'T is well ye should doe soe.'
- 8 'Noe rest we neede, on our roade we  
 speede,  
 Till to Nottingham we get:'  
 'Thou tellst a lewde lye,' said Robin,  
 'for I  
 Can see that ye swinke and swet.'

- 9 The peddlers three crosst over the lee,  
They did not list to fight:  
'I charge you tarrie,' quod Robin, 'for  
marry,  
This is my owne land by right.
- 10 'This is my mannor and this is my  
parke,  
I would have ye for to knowe;  
Ye are bolde outlawes, I see by cause  
Ye are so prest to goe.'
- 11 The peddlers three turned round to see  
Who it might be they herd;  
Then agen went on as they list to be  
gone,  
And never answered word.
- 12 Then toke Robin Hood an arrow so  
good,  
Which he did never lacke,  
And drew his bowe, and the swift arrowe  
Went through the last peddlers packe.
- 13 Ffor him it was well on the packe it fell,  
Or his life had found an ende;  
And it pierst the skin of his backe  
within,  
Though the packe did stand his frend.
- 14 Then downe they flung their packes  
eche one,  
And stayde till Robin came:  
Quod Robin, I saide ye had better  
stayde;  
Good sooth, ye were to blame.
- 15 'And who art thou? by S. Crispin, I  
vowe  
I'le quickly cracke thy head!'  
Cried Robin, Come on, all three, or one;  
It is not so soone done as said.
- 16 My name, by the roode, is Robin Hood,  
And this is Scarlett and John;  
It is three to three, ye may plainelie  
see,  
Soe now, brave fellowes, laye on.
- 17 The first peddlars blowe brake Robins  
bowe  
That he had in his hand;  
And Scarlett and John, they eche had  
one  
That they unneath could stand.
- 18 'Now holde your handes,' cride Robin  
Hood,  
'Ffor ye have got oken staves;  
But tarie till wee can get but three,  
And a fig for all your braves.'
- 19 Of the peddlers the first, his name Kit  
o Thirske,  
Said, We are all content;  
Soe eche tooke a stake for his weapon,  
to make  
The peddlers to repent.
- 20 Soe to it they fell, and their blowes did  
ring well  
Uppon the others backes;  
And gave the peddlers cause to wish  
They had not cast their packes.
- 21 Yet the peddlers three of their blowes  
were so free  
That Robin began for to rue;  
And Scarlett and John had such loades  
laide on  
It made the sunne looke blue.
- 22 At last Kits oke caught Robin a stroke  
That made his head to sound;  
He staggerd, and reelde, till he fell on  
the field,  
And the trees with him went round.
- 23 'Now holde your handes,' cride Little  
John,  
And soe said Scarlett eke;  
'Our maister is slaine, I tell you plaine,  
He never more will speake.'
- 24 'Now, heaven forefend he come to that  
ende,'  
Said Kit, 'I love him well;  
But lett him learne to be wise in turne,  
And not with pore peddlers mell.
- 25 'In my packe, God wot, I a balsame  
have got  
That soone his hurts will heale;'   
And into Robin Hoods gaping mouth  
He presentlie powrde some deale.
- 26 'Now fare ye well, tis best not to  
tell  
How ye three peddlers met;  
Or if ye doe, prithee tell alsoe  
How they made ye swinke and swett.'

27 Poore Robin in sound they left on the  
ground,  
And hied them to Nottingham,  
While Scarlett and John Robin tended  
on,  
Till at length his senses came.

28 Noe soone[r], in haste, did Robin  
Hood taste  
The balsame he had tane,  
Than he gan to spewe, and up he threwe  
The balsame all againe.

29 And Scarlett and John, who were look-  
ing on  
Their maister as he did lie,  
Had their faces besmeard, both eies and  
beard,  
Therewith most piteously.

30 Thus ended that fray; soe beware  
alwaye  
How ye doe challenge foes;  
Looke well aboute they are not to stoute,  
Or you may have worst of the blowes.

138

## ROBIN HOOD AND ALLEN A DALE

This ballad, it will be observed, is first found in broadside copies of the latter half of the seventeenth century. The story is told of Scarlock in the life of Robin Hood in Sloane MS. 80, 7, fol. 157, of the end of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century; Thoms, *Early Prose Romances*, II, p. 39.

a. 'Robin Hood and Allin of Dale,' Douce, II, leaf 185. b. 'Robin Hood and Allin of Dale,' Pepys, II, 110, No. 97. c. 'Robin Hood and Allen a Dale,' Douce, III, 119 b.

1 COME listen to me, you gallants so free,  
All you that loves mirth for to hear,  
And I will you tell of a bold outlaw,  
That lived in Nottinghamshire. (*bis*.)

2 As Robin Hood in the forrest stood,  
All under the green-wood tree,  
There was he ware of a brave young  
man,  
As fine as fine might be.

3 The youngster was clothed in scarlet red,  
In scarlet fine and gay,  
And he did frisk it over the plain,  
And chanted a roundelay.

4 As Robin Hood next morning stood,  
Amongst the leaves so gay,  
There did he espy the same young man  
Come drooping along the way.

5 The scarlet he wore the day before,  
It was clean cast away;  
And every step he fetcht a sigh,  
'Alack and a well a day!'

6 Then stepped forth brave Little John,  
And Nick the millers son,  
Which made the young man bend his  
bow,  
When as he see them come.

7 'Stand off, stand off,' the young man  
said,  
'What is your will with me?'  
'You must come before our master  
straight,  
Vnder yon green-wood tree.'

8 And when he came bold Robin before,  
Robin askt him courteously,  
O hast thou any money to spare  
For my merry men and me?

9 'I have no money,' the young man said,  
'But five shillings and a ring;  
And that I have kept this seven long  
years,  
To have it at my wedding.'

10 'Yesterday I should have married a  
maid,  
But she is now from me tane,  
And chosen to be an old knights delight,  
Whereby my poor heart is slain.'

11 'What is thy name?' then said Robin  
Hood,  
'Come tell me, without any fail:'  
'By the faith of my body,' then said the  
young man,  
'My name it is Allin a Dale.'

12 'What wilt thou give me,' said Robin  
Hood,  
'In ready gold or fee,

To help thee to thy true-love again,  
And deliver her unto thee ?'

13 'I have no money,' then quoth the young man,  
'No ready gold nor fee,  
But I will swear upon a book  
Thy true servant for to be.'

14 'How many miles is it to thy true-love ?  
Come tell me without any guile :'  
'By the faith of my body,' then said the young man,  
'It is but five little mile.'

15 Then Robin he hasted over the plain,  
He did neither stint nor lin,  
Vntil he came unto the church  
Where Allin should keep his wedding.

16 'What dost thou do here ?' the bishop he said,  
'I prethee now tell to me :'  
'I am a bold harper,' quoth Robin Hood,  
'And the best in the north country.'

17 'O welcome, O welcome,' the bishop he said,  
'That musick best pleaseth me ;'  
'You shall have no musick,' quoth Robin Hood,  
'Till the bride and the bridegroom I see.'

18 With that came in a wealthy knight,  
Which was both grave and old,  
And after him a finikin lass,  
Did shine like glistering gold.

19 'This is no fit match,' quoth bold Robin Hood,  
'That you do seem to make here ;  
For since we are come unto the church,  
The bride she shall chuse her own dear.'

20 Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,  
And blew blasts two or three ;  
When four and twenty bowmen bold  
Came leaping over the lee.

21 And when they came into the church-yard,  
Marching all on a row,

The first man was Allin a Dale,  
To give bold Robin his bow.

22 'This is thy true-love,' Robin he said,  
'Young Allin, as I hear say ;  
And you shall be married at this same time,  
Before we depart away.'

23 'That shall not be,' the bishop he said,  
'For thy word shall not stand ;  
They shall be three times askt in the church,  
As the law is of our land.'

24 Robin Hood pulld off the bishops coat,  
And put it upon Little John ;  
'By the faith of my body,' then Robin said,  
'This cloath doth make thee a man.'

25 When Little John went into the quire,  
The people began for to laugh ;  
He askt them seven times in the church,  
Least three times should not be enough.

26 'Who gives me this maid ?' then said Little John ;  
Quoth Robin, That do I,  
And he that doth take her from Allin a Dale  
Full dearly he shall her buy.

27 And thus having ended this merry wedding,  
The bride lookt as fresh as a queen,  
And so they returnd to the merry green wood,  
Amongst the leaves so green.

139

## ROBIN HOOD'S PROGRESS TO NOTTINGHAM

This is a comparatively late ballad, but has not come down to us in its oldest form. The story is told in the life of Robin Hood in Sloane MS. 715, 7, fol. 157, written, as it seems, towards the end of the sixteenth century. See Thoms, *Early Prose Romances*, II, Robin Hood, pp. 37 ff.



a. Wood, 402, leaf 14 b. b. Wood, 401, leaf 37 b. c. Garland of 1663, No. 2. d. Garland of 1670, No. 1. e. Pepys, II, 104, No. 92.

1 ROBIN HOOD hee was and a tall young man,  
Derry derry down  
And fifteen winters old,  
And Robin Hood he was a proper young man,  
Of courage stout and bold.  
Hey down derry derry down

2 Robin Hood he would and to fair Nottingham,  
With the general for to dine;  
There was he ware of fifteen forresters,  
And a drinking bear, ale, and wine.

3 'What news? What news?' said bold Robin Hood;  
'What news, fain wouldest thou know?'  
Our king hath provided a shooting-match:  
'And I'm ready with my bow.'

4 'We hold it in scorn,' then said the forresters,  
'That ever a boy so young  
Should bear a bow before our king,  
That's not able to draw one string.'

5 'I'll hold you twenty marks,' said bold Robin Hood,  
'By the leave of Our Lady,  
That I'll hit a mark a hundred rod,  
And I'll cause a hart to dye.'

6 'We'll hold you twenty mark,' then said the forresters,  
'By the leave of Our Lady,  
Thou hitst not the marke a hundred rod,  
Nor caushest a hart to dye.'

7 Robin Hood he bent up a noble bow,  
And a broad arrow he let flye,  
He hit the mark a hundred rod,  
And he caused a hart to dy.

8 Some said hee brake ribs one or two,  
And some said hee brake three;

The arrow within the hart would not abide,  
But it glanced in two or three.

9 The hart did skip, and the hart did leap,  
And the hart lay on the ground;  
'The wager is mine,' said bold Robin Hood,  
'If 't were for a thousand pound.'

10 'The wager's none of thine,' then said the forresters,  
'Although thou beest in haste;  
Take up thy bow, and get thee hence,  
Lest wee thy sides do baste.'

11 Robin Hood hee took up his noble bow,  
And his broad arrows all amain,  
And Robin Hood he laught, and begun to smile,  
As hee went over the plain.

12 Then Robin Hood hee bent his noble bow,  
And his broad arrows he let flye,  
Till fourteen of these fifteen forresters  
Vpon the ground did lye.

13 He that did this quarrel first begin  
Went tripping over the plain;  
But Robin Hood he bent his noble bow,  
And hee fetcht him back again.

14 'You said I was no archer,' said Robin Hood,  
'But say so now again;'  
With that he sent another arrow  
That split his head in twain.

15 'You have found mee an archer,' saith Robin Hood,  
'Which will make your wives for to wring,  
And wish that you had never spoke the word,  
That I could not draw one string.'

16 The people that lived in fair Nottingham  
Came runing out amain,  
Supposing to have taken bold Robin Hood,  
With the forresters that were slain.

- 17 Some lost legs, and some lost arms,  
And some did lose their blood,  
But Robin Hood hee took up his noble  
bow,  
And is gone to the merry green wood.
- 18 They carryed these forresters into fair  
Nottingham,  
As many there did know;  
They digd them graves in their church-  
yard,  
And they buried them all a row.

140

### ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THREE SQUIRES

'Robin Hood and the Beggar,' I (No. 133), from stanza 16, is another version of this ballad. There are passages in A and B which are almost repetitions of 'Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar' (No. 123). The rescue in the ballad is introduced into Anthony Munday's play of *The Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntington* (act ii, scene 2). For the disguise, cf. 'Hind Horn' (No. 17).

#### A

Percy MS., p. 5; Hales and Furnivall, I, 13; Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 49.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 1 'In faith thou shal[t] haue mine,  
And twenty pound in thy purse,  
To spend att ale and wine.'
- 2 'Though your clothes are of light Lin-  
colne green,  
And mine gray russett and torne,  
Yet it doth not you beseeune  
To doe an old man scorne.'
- 3 'I scorne thee not, old man,' says Robin,  
'By the faith of my body;  
Doe of thy clothes, thou shalt haue mine,  
For it may noe better bee.'
- 4 But Robin did on this old mans hose,  
The were torne in the wrist;  
'When I looke on my leggs,' said Robin,  
'Then for to laugh I list.'

- 5 But Robin did on the old mans shoos,  
And the were clutt full cleane;  
'Now, by my faith,' sayes Litle Iohn,  
'These are good for thornes keene.'

- 6 But Robin did on the old mans cloake,  
And it was torne in the necke;  
'Now, by my faith,' said William Scar-  
lett,  
'Heere shold be set a specke.'

- 7 But Robin did on this old mans hood,  
Itt gogled on his crowne;  
'When I come into Nottingham,' said  
Robin,  
'My hood it will lightly downe.'

- 8 'But yonder is an outwood,' said Robin  
'An outwood all and a shade,  
And thither I reede you, my merry  
men all,  
The ready way to take.'

- 9 'And when you heare my litle horn  
blow,  
Come raking all on a rowte

\* \* \* \* \*

- 10 But Robin he lope, and Robin he  
threw,  
He lope over stocke and stone;  
But those that saw Robin Hood run  
Said he was a liuer old man.

- 11 [Then Robin set his] horne to his mowth  
A loud blast cold h[e] blow;  
Ffull three hundred bold yeomen  
Came raking all on a row.

- 12 But Robin cast downe his baggs o  
bread,  
Soe did he his staffe with a face,  
And in a doublet of red veluett  
This yeoman stood in his place.

- 13 'But bend your bowes, and stroke your  
strings,  
Set the gallow-tree aboute,  
And Christs curse on his heart,' said  
Robin,  
'That spares the sheriffe and the ser-  
giant!'

14 When the sheriffe see gentle Robin wold  
shoote,  
He held vp both his hands;  
Sayes, Aske, good Robin, and thou shalt  
haue,  
Whether it be house or land.

15 'I will neither haue house nor land,'  
said Robin,  
'Nor gold, nor none of thy ffee,  
But I will haue those three squires  
To the greene fforest with me.

16 'Now marry, Gods forbott,' said the  
sheriffe,  
'That euer *that* shold bee;  
For why, they be the kings ffelous,  
They are all condemned to dye.'

17 'But grant me my askinge,' said Robin,  
'Or by the faith of my body  
Thou shalt be the first man  
Shall flower this gallow-tree.'

18 'But I wi[ll haue t]hose three squires

## B

a. 'Robin Hood rescuing the Widow's Three  
Sons from the Sheriff, when going to be exe-  
cuted,' The English Archer, Robin Hood's Gar-  
land, York, N. Nickson, n. d., p. 65. b. The  
English Archer, etc., Paisley, John Neilson,  
1786. c. Adventures of . . . Robin Hood,  
Falkirk, T. Johnston, 1808. All in the Bod-  
leian Library, Douce, F. F. 71.

1 THERE are twelve months in all the  
year,  
As I hear many men say,  
But the merriest month in all the year  
Is the merry month of May.

2 Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,  
With a link a down and a day,  
And there he met a silly old woman,  
Was weeping on the way.

3 'What news? what news, thou silly  
old woman?  
What news hast thou for me?'  
Said she, There's three squires in Not-  
tingham town  
To-day is condemned to die.

4 'O have they parishes burnt?' he said,  
'Or have they ministers slain?  
Or have they robbed any virgin,  
Or with other men's wives have lain?'

5 'They have no parishes burnt, good  
sir,  
Nor yet have ministers slain,  
Nor have they robbed any virgin,  
Nor with other men's wives have lain.'

6 'O what have they done?' said bold  
Robin Hood,  
'I pray thee tell to me:'  
'It's for slaying of the king's fallow  
deer,  
Bearing their long bows with thee.'

7 'Dost thou not mind, old woman,' he  
said,  
'Since thou made me sup and dine?  
By the truth of my body,' quoth bold  
Robin Hood,  
You could not tell it in better time.'

8 Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham  
gone,  
With a link a down and a day,  
And there he met with a silly old palmer,  
Was walking along the highway.

9 'What news? what news, thou silly old  
man?  
What news, I do thee pray?'  
Said he, Three squires in Nottingham  
town  
Are condemnd to die this day.

10 'Come change thy apparel with me, old  
man,  
Come change thy apparel for mine;  
Here is forty shillings in good silver,  
Go drink it in beer or wine.'

11 'O thine apparel is good,' he said,  
'And mine is ragged and torn;  
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,  
Laugh neer an old man to scorn.'

12 'Come change thy apparel with me, old  
churl,  
Come change thy apparel with mine;  
Here are twenty pieces of good broad  
gold,  
Go feast thy brethren with wine.'

- 13 Then he put on the old man's hat,  
It stood full high on the crown:  
'The first bold bargain that I come at,  
It shall make thee come down.'
- 14 Then he put on the old man's cloak,  
Was patchd black, blew, and red;  
He thought no shame all the day long  
To wear the bags of bread.
- 15 Then he put on the old man's breeks,  
Was patchd from ballup to side;  
'By the truth of my body,' bold Robin  
can say,  
'This man lov'd little pride.'
- 16 Then he put on the old man's hose,  
Were patchd from knee to wrist;  
'By the truth of my body,' said bold  
Robin Hood,  
'I'd laugh if I had any list.'
- 17 Then he put on the old man's shoes,  
Were patchd both beneath and aboon;  
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,  
It's good habit that makes a man.
- 18 Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,  
With a link a down and a down,  
And there he met with the proud sheriff,  
Was walking along the town.
- 19 'O save, O save, O sheriff,' he said,  
'O save, and you may see!  
And what will you give to a silly old man  
To-day will your hangman be?'
- 20 'Some suits, some suits,' the sheriff he  
said,  
'Some suits I'll give to thee;  
Some suits, some suits, and pence thir-  
teen  
To-day's a hangman's fee.'
- 21 Then Robin he turns him round about,  
And jumps from stock to stone;  
'By the truth of my body,' the sheriff he  
said,  
'That's well jump't, thou nimble old  
man.'
- 22 'I was neer a hangman in all my life,  
Nor yet intends to trade;  
But curst be he,' said bold Robin,  
'That first a hangman was made.'

- 23 'I've a bag for meal, and a bag for  
malt,  
And a bag for barley and corn;  
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,  
And a bag for my little small horn.
- 24 'I have a horn in my pocket,  
I got it from Robin Hood,  
And still when I set it to my mouth,  
For thee it blows little good.'
- 25 'O wind thy horn, thou proud fellow,  
Of thee I have no doubt;  
I wish that thou give such a blast  
'Till both thy eyes fall out.'
- 26 The first loud blast that he did blow,  
He blew both loud and shrill;  
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's men  
Came riding over the hill.
- 27 The next loud blast that he did give,  
He blew both loud and amain,  
And quickly sixty of Robin Hood's men  
Came shining over the plain.
- 28 'O who are yon,' the sheriff he said,  
'Come tripping over the lee?'  
'The're my attendants,' brave Robin did  
say,  
'They'll pay a visit to thee.'
- 29 They took the gallows from the slack,  
They set it in the glen,  
They hangd the proud sheriff on that,  
Releasd their own three men.

141

### ROBIN HOOD RESCUING WILL STUTLY

This ballad probably occurs in all the large collections of broadsides. It was made for print and has little of the traditional in the matter and nothing in the style. It may be considered as an imitation of the Rescue of the Three Squires (No. 140), whence the ambush in st. 9 and the palmer 'fair' in 10.

'Robin Hood his rescuing Will Stutly,' etc.  
a. Wood, 401, leaf 35 b. b. Garland of 1663,  
No. 7. c. Garland of 1670, No. 6. d. Pepys,  
ii, 106, No. 93.

- 1 WHEN Robin Hood in the green-wood  
lived,  
Derry derry down  
Vnder the green-wood tree,  
Tidings there came to him with speed,  
Tidings for certainty,  
Hey down derry derry down
- 2 That Will Stutly surprized was,  
And eke in prison lay;  
Three varlets that the sheriff had hired  
Did likely him betray.
- 3 I, and to-morrow hanged must be,  
To-morrow as soon as it is day;  
But before they could this victory get,  
Two of them did Stutly slay.
- 4 When Robin Hood he heard this news,  
Lord! he was grieved sore,  
I, and unto his merry men [said],  
Who altogether swore,
- 5 That Will Stutly should rescued be,  
And be brought safe again;  
Or else should many a gallant wight  
For his sake there be slain.
- 6 He cloathed himself in scarlet then,  
His men were all in green;  
A finer show, throughout the world,  
In no place could be seen.
- 7 Good lord! it was a gallant sight  
To see them all on a row;  
With every man a good broad sword,  
And eke a good yew bow.
- 8 Forth of the green wood are they gone,  
Yea, all courageously,  
Resolving to bring Stutly home,  
Or every man to die.
- 9 And when they came the castle neer  
Whereas Will Stutly lay,  
'I hold it good,' saith Robin Hood,  
'Wee here in ambush stay,
- 10 'And send one forth some news to hear,  
To yonder palmer fair,  
That stands under the castle-wall;  
Some news he may declare.'
- 11 With that steps forth a brave young man,  
Which was of courage bold;

- Thus hee did say to the old man:  
I pray thee, palmer old,
- 12 Tell me, if that thou rightly ken,  
When must Will Stutly die,  
Who is one of bold Robins men,  
And here doth prisoner lie?
- 13 'Alack, alas,' the palmer said,  
'And for ever wo is me!  
Will Stutly hanged must be this day,  
On yonder gallows-tree.
- 14 'O had his noble master known,  
Hee would some succour send;  
A few of his bold yeomandree  
Full soon would fetch him hence.'
- 15 'I, that is true,' the young man said;  
'I, that is true,' said hee;  
'Or, if they were neer to this place,  
They soon would set him free.
- 16 'But fare thou well, thou good old man,  
Farewell, and thanks to thee;  
If Stutly hanged be this day,  
Revengd his death will be.'
- 17 He was no sooner from the palmer  
gone,  
But the gates was opened wide,  
And out of the castle Will Stutly came,  
Guarded on every side.
- 18 When hee was forth from the castle  
come,  
And saw no help was nigh,  
Thus he did say unto the sheriff,  
Thus he said gallantly:
- 19 Now seeing that I needs must die,  
Grant me one boon, says he;  
For my noble master nere had man  
That yet was hangd on the tree.
- 20 Give me a sword all in my hand,  
And let mee be unbound,  
And with thee and thy men I'le fight,  
Vntill I lie dead on the ground.
- 21 But his desire he would not grant,  
His wishes were in vain;  
For the sheriff had sworn he hanged  
should be,  
And not by the sword be slain.





- 3 But he has gotten on this old mans  
gowne,  
It reacht not to his wrist;  
'Christ's curse on's hart,' said Litle  
Iohn,  
'That thinkes my gowne amisse.'
- 4 But he has gotten on this old mans  
shoes,  
Are clouted nine fold about;  
'Beshrew his hart,' says Litle Iohn,  
'That bryer or thorne does doubt.'
- 5 'Wilt teach me some phrase of thy beg-  
ging?' says Iohn;  
'I pray thee, tell it mee,  
How I may be as beggar-like  
As any in my companie.'
- 6 'Thou must goe two foote on a staffe,  
The third vpon a tree;  
Full loud that thou must cry and  
fare,  
When nothing ayleth thee.'
- 7 But Iohn he walket the hills soe high,  
Soe did [he] the hills soe browne;  
The ready way that he cold take  
Was towards Nottingham towne.
- 8 But as he was on the hills soe high,  
He mett with palmers three;  
Says, God you saue, my brethren  
all,  
Now God you saue and see!
- 9 This seuen yeere I haue you sought;  
Before I cold neuer you see!  
Said they, Wee had leuer such a cankred  
carle  
Were neuer in our companie.
- 10 But one of them tooke Litle Iohn on  
his head,  
The blood ran over his eye;  
Litle Iohn turned him twice about  
.  
.  
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\*      \*      \*      \*      \*
- 11 'If I . . . . .  
As I haue beene but one day,  
I shold haue purchased three of the  
best churches  
That stands by any highway.'

## B

'Little John and the Four Beggars.' a. Wood, 401, leaf 33 b. b. Garland of 1663, No. 16. c. Garland of 1670, No. 15. d. Pepys, II, 119, No. 105.

- 1 ALL you that delight to spend some time  
With a hey down down a down down  
A merry song for to sing,  
Vnto me draw neer, and you shall hear  
How Little John went a begging.
- 2 As Robin Hood walked the forrest along,  
And all his yeomandree,  
Sayes Robin, Some of you must a beg-  
ging go,  
And, Little John, it must be thee.
- 3 Sayes John, If I must a begging go,  
I will have a palmers weed,  
With a staff and a coat, and bags of all  
sort,  
The better then I shall speed.
- 4 Come, give me now a bag for my bread,  
And another for my cheese,  
And one for a peny, when as I get any,  
That nothing I may leese.
- 5 Now little John he is a begging gone,  
Seeking for some relief;  
But of all the beggers he met on the  
way,  
Little John he was the chief.
- 6 But as he was walking himself alone,  
Four beggers he chanced to spy,  
Some deaf, and some blind, and some  
came behind;  
Says John, Here's brave company!
- 7 'Good-morrow,' said John, 'my breth-  
ren dear,  
Good fortune I had you to see;  
Which way do you go? pray let me  
know,  
For I want some company.
- 8 'O what is here to do?' then said Little  
John,  
'Why rings all these bells?' said he;  
'What dog is a hanging? come, let us  
be ganging,  
That we the truth may see.'

- 9 'Here is no dog a hanging,' then one of them said,  
'Good fellow, we tell unto thee;  
But here is one dead wil give us cheese and bred,  
And it may be one single penny.'
- 10 'We have brethren in London,' another he said,  
'So have we in Coventry,  
In Barwick and Dover, and all the world over,  
But nere a crookt carril like thee.
- 11 'Therefore stand thee back, thou crooked carel,  
And take that knock on the crown;' 'Nay,' said Little John, 'I'll not yet be gone,  
For a bout will I have with you round.
- 12 'Now have at you all,' then said Little John,  
'If you be so full of your blows;  
Fight on, all four, and nere give ore,  
Whether you be friends or foes.'
- 13 John nipped the dumb, and made him to rore,  
And the blind that could not see,  
And he that a cripple had been seven years,  
He made him run faster then he.
- 14 And flinging them all against the wall,  
With many a sturdie bang,  
It made John sing, to hear the gold ring,  
Which against the walls cryed twang.
- 15 Then he got out of the beggers cloak  
Three hundred pound in gold;  
'Good fortune had I,' then said Little John,  
'Such a good sight to behold.'
- 16 But what found he in a beggers bag,  
But three hundred pound and three?  
'If I drink water while this doth last,  
Then an ill death may I dye !
- 17 'And my begging-trade I will now give ore,  
My fortune hath bin so good;  
Therefore I'll not stay, but I will away  
To the forrest of merry Sherwood.'
- 18 And when to the forrest of Sherwood he came,  
He quickly there did see  
His master good, bold Robin Hood,  
And all his company.
- 19 'What news? What news?' then said Robin Hood,  
'Come, Little John, tell unto me;  
How hast thou sped with thy beggers trade?  
For that I fain would see.'
- 20 'No news but good,' then said Little John,  
'With begging ful wel I have sped;  
Six hundred and three I have here for thee,  
In silver and gold so red.'
- 21 Then Robin took Little John by the hand,  
And danced about the oak-tree:  
'If we drink water while this doth last,  
Then an ill death may we die !'
- 22 So to conclude my merry new song,  
All you that delight it to sing,  
'Tis of Robin Hood, that archer good,  
And how Little John went a begging.

143

ROBIN HOOD AND THE  
BISHOP

This ballad and the following are variations upon the theme of Robin Hood and the Monk, in the Gest. The disguise as a woman occurs in other outlaw stories; as in Eustace the Monk, Michel, p. 43. Also in Blind Harry's Wallace, ed. Moir, book i, 239, and book iv, 764, pp. 9, 72: in the first case Wallace has a rock and sits spinning (see also No. 157). We hear again of the forced mass (st. 23) in No. 145, A 31, B 40; and of money borrowed against the bishop's will, in A 32 of the same. It is the Bishop of Hereford who suffers (see No. 144).

'Robin Hood and the Bishop.' a. Wood, 401, leaf 11 b. b. Garland of 1663, No. 5. c. Garland of 1670, No. 4. d. Pepys, ii, 109, No. 96. e. Roxburghe, i, 362, in the Ballad Society's reprint, ii, 448.

- 1 COME, gentlemen all, and listen a while,  
Hey down down an a down  
And a story I'le to you unfold;  
I'le tell you how Robin Hood served  
the Bishop,  
When he robbed him of his gold.
- 2 As it fell out on a sun-shining day,  
When Phebus was in his prime,  
Then Robin Hood, that archer good,  
In mirth would spend some time.
- 3 And as he walkd the forrest along,  
Some pastime for to spy,  
There was he aware of a proud bishop,  
And all his company.
- 4 'O what shall I do?' said Robin Hood  
then,  
'If the Bishop he doth take me,  
No mercy he'l show unto me, I know,  
But hanged I shall be.'
- 5 Then Robin was stout, and turnd him  
about,  
And a little house there he did spy;  
And to an old wife, for to save his life,  
He loud began for to cry.
- 6 'Why, who art thou?' said the old  
woman,  
'Come tell it to me for good:'  
'I am an out-law, as many do know,  
My name it is Robin Hood.
- 7 'And yonder's the Bishop and all his  
men,  
And if that I taken be,  
Then day and night he'l work me  
spight,  
And hanged I shall be.'
- 8 'If thou be Robin Hood,' said the old  
wife,  
'As thou dost seem to be,  
I'le for thee provide, and thee I will  
hide  
From the Bishop and his company.
- 9 'For I well remember, one Saturday  
night  
Thou bought me both shoos and hose;  
Therefore I'le provide thy person to  
hide,  
And keep thee from thy foes.'
- 10 'Then give me soon thy coat of gray,  
And take thou my mantle of green;  
Thy spindle and twine unto me resign,  
And take thou my arrows so keen.'
- 11 And when that Robin Hood was so araid,  
He went straight to his company;  
With his spindle and twine, he oft lookt  
behind  
For the Bishop and his company.
- 12 'O who is yonder,' quoth Little John,  
'That now comes over the lee?  
An arrow I will at her let flie,  
So like an old witch looks she.'
- 13 'O hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' said  
Robin then,  
'And shoot not thy arrows so keen;  
I am Robin Hood, thy master good,  
And quickly it shall be seen.'
- 14 The Bishop he came to the old womans  
house,  
And he called with furious mood,  
'Come let me soon see, and bring unto  
me,  
That traitor Robin Hood.'
- 15 The old woman he set on a milk-white  
steed,  
Himselfe on a dapple-gray,  
And for joy he had got Robin Hood,  
He went laughing all the way.
- 16 But as they were riding the forrest  
along,  
The Bishop he chanc'd for to see  
A hundred brave bow-men bold  
Stand under the green-wood tree.
- 17 'O who is yonder,' the Bishop then said,  
'That's ranging within yonder wood?'  
'Marry,' says the old woman, 'I think  
it to be  
A man calld Robin Hood.'
- 18 'Why, who art thou,' the Bishop he said,  
'Which I have here with me?'  
'Why, I am an old woman, thou cuck-  
oldly bishop;  
Lift up my leg and see.'
- 19 'Then woe is me,' the Bishop he said,  
'That ever I saw this day!'

He turnd him about, but Robin so stout  
 Cald him, and bid him stay.

20 Then Robin took hold of the Bishops  
 horse,  
 And ty'd him fast to a tree;  
 Then Little John smil'd his master upon,  
 For joy of that company.

21 Robin Hood took his mantle from 's  
 back,  
 And spread it upon the ground,  
 And out of the Bishops portmantale he  
 Soon told five hundred pound.

22 'So now let him go,' said Robin Hood;  
 Said Little John, That may not be;  
 For I vow and protest he shall sing us a  
 mass  
 Before that he goe from me.

23 Then Robin Hood took the Bishop by  
 the hand,  
 And bound him fast to a tree,  
 And made him sing a mass, God wot,  
 To him and his yeomandree.

24 And then they brought him through the  
 wood,  
 And set him on his dapple-gray,  
 And gave the tail within his hand,  
 And bade him for Robin Hood pray.

## 144

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP  
 OF HEREFORD

The conclusion of this ballad is to the same effect as that of the preceding, and was probably suggested by the Gest. No copy has been found in print or writing earlier than the eighteenth century; a fact of no special importance. Whenever written, if written it was, it is far superior to most of the seventeenth-century broadsides.

## A

a. Robin Hood's Garland, London, J. Marshall & Co., Aldermay Churchyard, No. 23. b. 'Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford,' Douce Ballads, III, 123 b, London, C. Sheppard, 1791. c. Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 395, from a broadside printed for Daniel Wright, next the Sun Tavern in

Holborn. d. Robin Hood's Garland, without place, 1749, No. 23, p. 98.

1 SOME they will talk of bold Robin  
 Hood,  
 And some of barons bold,  
 But I'll tell you how he servd the  
 Bishop of Hereford,  
 When he robbd him of his gold.

2 As it befel in merry Barnsdale,  
 And under the green-wood tree,  
 The Bishop of Hereford was to come by,  
 With all his company.

3 'Come, kill a venson,' said bold Robin  
 Hood,  
 'Come, kill me a good fat deer;  
 The Bishop of Hereford is to dine with  
 me to-day,  
 And he shall pay well for his cheer.

4 'We'll kill a fat venson,' said bold  
 Robin Hood,  
 'And dress it by the highway-side;  
 And we will watch the Bishop narrowly,  
 Lest some other way he should ride.'

5 Robin Hood dressd himself in shep-  
 herd's attire,  
 With six of his men also;  
 And, when the Bishop of Hereford  
 came by,  
 They about the fire did go.

6 'O what is the matter?' then said the  
 Bishop,  
 'Or for whom do you make this a-do?  
 Or why do you kill the king's venson,  
 When your company is so few?'

7 'We are shepherds,' said bold Robin  
 Hood,  
 'And we keep sheep all the year,  
 And we are disposed to be merry this  
 day,  
 And to kill of the king's fat deer.'

8 'You are brave fellows!' said the  
 Bishop,  
 'And the king of your doings shall  
 know;  
 Therefore make haste and come along  
 with me,  
 For before the king you shall go.'



- 9 'O pardon, O pardon,' said bold Robin Hood,  
'O pardon, I thee pray!  
For it becomes not your lordship's coat  
To take so many lives away.'
- 10 'No pardon, no pardon,' says the Bishop,  
'No pardon I thee owe;  
Therefore make haste, and come along  
with me,  
For before the king you shall go.'
- 11 Then Robin set his back against a tree,  
And his foot against a thorn,  
And from underneath his shepherd's coat  
He pulld out a bugle-horn.
- 12 He put the little end to his mouth,  
And a loud blast did he blow,  
Till threescore and ten of bold Robin's men  
Came running all on a row;
- 13 All making obeysance to bold Robin Hood;  
'T was a comely sight for to see:  
'What is the matter, master,' said Little John,  
'That you blow so hastily?'
- 14 'O here is the Bishop of Hereford,  
And no pardon we shall have.'  
'Cut off his head, master,' said Little John,  
'And throw him into his grave.'
- 15 'O pardon, O pardon,' said the Bishop,  
'O pardon, I thee pray!  
For if I had known it had been you,  
I'd have gone some other way.'
- 16 'No pardon, no pardon,' said Robin Hood,  
'No pardon I thee owe;  
Therefore make haste and come along  
with me,  
For to merry Barnsdale you shall go.'
- 17 Then Robin he took the Bishop by the hand,  
And led him to merry Barnsdale;  
He made him to stay and sup with him  
that night,  
And to drink wine, beer, and ale.

- 18 'Call in the reckoning,' said the Bishop,  
'For methinks it grows wondrous high:'  
'Lend me your purse, Bishop,' said Little John,  
'And I'll tell you bye and bye.'
- 19 Then Little John took the bishop's cloak,  
And spread it upon the ground,  
And out of the bishop's portmantua  
He told three hundred pound.
- 20 'Here's money enough, master,' said Little John,  
'And a comely sight 't is to see;  
It makes me in charity with the Bishop,  
Tho he heartily loveth not me.'
- 21 Robin Hood took the Bishop by the hand,  
And he caused the music to play,  
And he made the Bishop to dance in his boots,  
And glad he could so get away.

145

## ROBIN HOOD AND QUEEN KATHERINE

About half of A is lost, and the particulars of the outlaws' exploits are wanting in that version. Robin Hood has made Queen Katherine his friend by presenting her with a sum of gold which he has taken from the king's harbingers. The king has offered a heavy wager that his archers cannot be excelled, and the queen may have her choice of all other bowmen in England. She summons Robin Hood and his men, who are to come to London under feigned names. No. 146 is a sequel to this ballad. For the adventure of the Bishop of Hereford cf. No. 144.

A

'Robin Hoode and Quene Kath[erine],'  
Percy MS., p. 15; Hales and Furnivall, i, 37.

- 1 Now list you, lithe you, gentlemen,  
A while for a litle space,  
And I shall tell you how Queene Katherine  
Gott Robin Hood his grace.

- 2 Gold taken from the kings harben-  
gers  
Seldome times hath beene seene,  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
\* \* \* \* \*
- 3 'Queene Katherine, I say to thee;  
'That's a princely wager,' quoth Queene  
Katherine,  
'Betweene your grace and me.
- 4 'Where must I haue mine archers?'  
says Queene Katherine;  
'You haue the flower of archery:'  
'Now take your choice, dame,' he sayes,  
'Thorow out all England free.
- 5 'Yea from North Wales to Westchester,  
And also to Couentry;  
And when you haue chosen the best you  
can,  
The wager must goe with mee.'
- 6 'If that prooue,' says Queene Kathe-  
rine,  
'Soone that wilbe tride and knowne;  
Many a man counts of another mans  
pursse,  
And after looseth his owne.'
- 7 The queene is to her palace gone,  
To her page thus shee can say:  
Come hither to me, Dicke Patrinton,  
Trusty and trew this day.
- 8 Thou must bring me the names of my  
archers all,  
All strangers must they bee,  
Yea from North Wales to West Ches-  
ter,  
And alsoe to Couentrie.
- 9 Commend me to Robin Hood, says  
Queene Katherine,  
And alsoe to Litle John,  
And specially to Will Scarlett,  
Ffryar Tucke and Maid Marryan.
- 10 Robin Hood we must call Loxly,  
And Little John the Millers sonne;  
Thus wee then must change their names,  
They must be strangers euery one.
- 11 Commend mee to Robin Hood, sayes  
Queene Katherine,  
And marke, page, what I say;  
In London they must be with me  
[Vpon S<sup>t</sup> Georges day.]  
\* \* \* \* \*
- 12 'These words hath sent by me;  
Att London you must be with her  
Vpon S<sup>t</sup> Georg[e]s day.
- 13 'Vpon S<sup>t</sup> Georg[e]s day att noone  
Att London needs must you bee;  
Shee wold not misse your companie  
For all the gold in Cristinty.
- 14 'Shee hath tane a shooting for your  
sake,  
The greatest in Christentie,  
And her part you must needs take  
Against her prince, Henery.
- 15 'Shee sends you heere her gay gold ring  
A trew token for to bee;  
And, as you are [a] banisht man,  
Shee trusts to sett you free.'
- 16 'And I loose that wager,' says bold  
Robin Hooode,  
'I'le bring mony to pay for me;  
And wether that I win or loose,  
On my queenes part I will be.'
- 17 In sommer time when leaues grow  
greene,  
And flowers are fresh and gay,  
Then Robin Hood he deckt his men  
Eche one in braue array.
- 18 He deckt his men in Lincolne greene,  
Himselfe in scarlett red;  
Fayre of theire brest then was it seene  
When his siluer armes were spread.
- 19 With hattis white and fethers blacke,  
And bowes and arrowes keene,  
And thus he ietted towards louly London,  
To present Queene Katherine.
- 20 But when they cam to louly London,  
They kneeled vpon their knee;  
Sayes, God you saue, Queene Katherine,  
And all your dignitie!

\* \* \* \* \*

- 21 . . . . . of my guard,  
Thus can King Henry say,  
'And those that wilbe of Queene Katherine's side,  
They are welcome to me this day.'
- 22 'Then come hither to me, Sir Richard Lee,  
Thou art a knight full good;  
Well it is knowen ffrom thy pedygree  
Thou came from Gawiins blood.
- 23 'Come hither, Bishopp of Hereford,'  
quoth Queene Katherine —  
A good preacher I watt was hee —  
'And stand thou heere vpon a odd side,  
On my side for to bee.'
- 24 'I like not that,' says the bishopp then,  
'By faikine of my body,  
For if I might haue my owne will,  
On the kings I wold bee.'
- 25 'What will thou be[t] against vs,' says Loxly then,  
'And stake it on the ground?'  
'That will I doe, fine fellow,' he says,  
'And it drawes to five hundreth pound.'
- 26 'There is a bett,' says Loxly then;  
'Wee 'le stake it merrily;'  
But Loxly knew full well in his mind  
And whose that gold shold bee.
- 27 Then the queenes archers they shot about  
Till it was three and three;  
Then the lady's gaue a merry shout,  
Says, Woodcocke, beware thine eye!
- 28 'Well, gam and gam,' then quoth our king,  
'The third three payes for all;'  
Then Robine rounded with our queene,  
Says, The kings part shall be small.
- 29 Loxly puld forth a broad arrowe,  
He shott it vnder hand,

. . . . . s vnto . . . . .  
. . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

- 30 . . . . .  
'For once he vndidd mee;  
If I had thought it had beene bold Robin Hood,  
I wold not haue betted one peny.
- 31 'Is this Robin Hood?' says the bishopp againe;  
'Once I knew him to soone;  
He made me say a masse against my will,  
Att two a clocke in the afternoone.
- 32 'He bound me fast vnto a tree,  
Soe did he my merry men;  
He borrowed ten pound against my will,  
But he neuer paid me againe.'
- 33 'What and if I did?' says bold Robin Hood,  
'Of that masse I was full faine;  
In recompence, befor king and queene  
Take halfe of thy gold againe.'
- 34 'I thanke thee for nothing,' says the bishopp,  
'Thy large gift to well is knowne,  
That will borrow a mans mony against his will,  
And pay him againe with his owne.'
- 35 'What if he did soe?' says King Henery,  
'For that I loue him neuer the worse;  
Take vp thy gold againe, bold Robin Hood,  
And put [it] in thy pursse.
- 36 'If thou woldest leaue thy bold outlawes,  
And come and dwell with me,  
Then I wold say thou art welcome, bold Robin Hood,  
The flower of archery.'
- 37 'I will not leaue my bold outlawes  
For all the gold in Christentie;  
In merry Sherwood I 'le take my end,  
Vnder my trusty tree.
- 38 'And gett your shooters, my leeig[e],  
where you will,  
For in faith you shall haue none of me;  
And when Queene Katherine puts up her f[finger]  
Att her Graces commandement I 'le bee.'

\* \* \* \* \*

## B

'Renowned Robin Hood,' etc. a. Wood, 402, leaf 10. b. Roxburghe, I, 356, in the Ballad Society's reprint, II, 419. c. Garland of 1663, No. 9. d. Garland of 1670, No. 8. e. Wood, 401, leaf 31 b. f. Pepys, II, 108, No. 90.

- 1 GOLD tane from the kings harbengers,  
Down a down a down  
As seldome hath been seen,  
Down a down a down  
And carried by bold Robin Hood  
For a present to the queen.  
Down a down a down
- 2 'If that I live a year to an end,'  
Thus gan Queen Katherin say,  
'Bold Robin Hood, I will be thy friend,  
And all thy yeomen gay.'
- 3 The queen is to her chamber gone,  
As fast as she can wen;  
She cals unto her her lovely page,  
His name was Richard Patrington.
- 4 'Come hither to mee, thou lovely page,  
Come thou hither to mee;  
For thou must post to Notingham,  
As fast as thou canst dree.
- 5 'And as thou goest to Notingham,  
Search all those English wood;  
Enquire of one good yeoman or another  
That can tell thee of Robin Hood.'
- 6 Sometimes he went, sometimes hee ran,  
As fast as he could win;  
And when hee came to Notingham,  
There he took up his inne.
- 7 And when he came to Notingham,  
And had took up his inne,  
He calls for a pottle of Renish wine,  
And drank a health to his queen.
- 8 There sat a yeoman by his side;  
'Tell mee, sweet page,' said hee,  
'What is thy business or the cause,  
So far in the North Country?'
- 9 'This is my business and the cause,  
Sir, I 'le tell it you for good,  
To inquire of one good yeoman or another  
To tell mee of Robin Hood.'

- 10 'I 'le get my horse betime in the morn,  
By it be break of day,  
And I will shew thee bold Robin Hood,  
And all his yeomen gay.'
- 11 When that he came at Robin Hoods  
place,  
Hee fell down on his knee:  
'Queen Katherine she doth greet you  
well,  
She greets you well by mee.
- 12 'She bids you post to fair London court,  
Not fearing any thing;  
For there shall be a little sport,  
And she hath sent you her ring.'
- 13 Robin took his mantle from his back —  
It was of the Lincoln green —  
And sent it by this lovely page,  
For a present unto the queen.
- 14 In summertime, when leaves grow green,  
It is a seemly sight to see  
How Robin Hood himself had drest,  
And all his yeomandry.
- 15 He cloathed his men in Lincoln green,  
And himself in scarlet red,  
Black hats, white feathers, all alike;  
Now bold Robin Hood is rid.
- 16 And when he came at Londons court,  
Hee fell downe on his knee:  
'Thou art welcome, Locksly,' said the  
queen,  
'And all thy good yeomendree.'
- 17 The king is into Finsbury field,  
Marching in battel ray,  
And after follows bold Robin Hood,  
And all his yeomen gay.
- 18 'Come hither, Tepus,' said the king,  
'Bow-bearer after mee,  
Come measure mee out with this line  
How long our mark shall be.'
- 19 'What is the wager?' said the queen,  
'That must I now know here:'  
'Three hundred tun of Renish wine,  
Three hundred tun of beer.
- 20 'Three hundred of the fattest harts  
That run on Dallom lee;

- That 's a princely wager,' said the king,  
'That needs must I tell thee.'
- 21 With that bespake one Clifton then,  
Full quickly and full soon;  
'Measure no mark for us, most sovereign  
leige,  
Wee 'l shoot at sun and moon.'
- 22 'Ful fifteen score your mark shall be,  
Ful fifteen score shall stand;'  
'I 'le lay my bow,' said Clifton then,  
'I 'le cleave the willow wand.'
- 23 With that the kings archers led about,  
While it was three and none;  
With that the ladies began to shout,  
Madam, your game is gone!
- 24 'A boon, a boon,' Queen Katherine  
cries,  
'I crave on my bare knee;  
Is there any knight of your privy counsel  
Of Queen Katherines part will be?
- 25 'Come hither to mee, Sir Richard Lee,  
Thou art a knight full good;  
For I do know by thy pedigree  
Thou springst from Goweres blood.
- 26 'Come hither to me, thou Bishop of  
Herefordshire'—  
For a noble priest was he—  
'By my silver miter,' said the bishop  
then,  
'I 'le not bet one peny.
- 27 'The king hath archers of his own,  
Full ready and full light,  
And these be strangers every one,  
No man knows what they height.'
- 28 'What wilt thou bet,' said Robin Hood,  
'Thou seest our game the worse?'  
'By my silver miter,' said the bishop  
then,  
'All the mony within my purse.'
- 29 'What is in thy purse?' said Robin  
Hood,  
'Throw it down on the ground;'  
'Fifteen score nobles,' said the bishop  
then,  
'It 's neer an hundred pound.'
- 30 Robin Hood took his bagge from his side,  
And threw it down on the green;  
William Scadlocke went smiling away,  
'I know who this mony must win.'
- 31 With that the queens archers led about,  
While it was three and three;  
With that the ladies gave a shout,  
'Woodcock, beware thyn ee!'
- 32 'It is three and three, now,' said the  
king,  
'The next three pays for all;'  
Robin Hood went and whispered to the  
queen,  
'The kings part shall be but small.'
- 33 Robin Hood he led about,  
He shot it under hand,  
And Clifton, with a bearing arrow,  
He clave the willow wand.
- 34 And little Midge, the Miller's son,  
Hee shot not much the worse;  
He shot within a finger of the prick;  
'Now, bishop, beware thy purse!'
- 35 'A boon, a boon,' Queen Katherine cries,  
'I crave on my bare knee,—  
That thou will angry be with none  
That is of my party.'
- 36 'They shall have forty days to come,  
And forty days to go,  
And three times forty to sport and play;  
Then welcome friend or fo.'
- 37 'Then thou art welcome, Robin Hood,'  
said the queen,  
'And so is Little John,  
So is Midge, the Miller's son;  
Thrice welcome every one.'
- 38 'Is this Robin Hood?' the king now  
said;  
'For it was told to mee  
That he was slain in the pallace-gate,  
So far in the North Country.'
- 39 'Is this Robin Hood,' said the bishop  
then,  
'As I see well to be?  
Had I knowne that had been that bold  
outlaw,  
I would not have bet one peny.



40 'Hee took me late one Saturday at night,  
And bound mee fast to a tree,  
And made mee sing a mass, God wot,  
To him and his yeomendree."

41 'What and if I did?' says Robin Hood,  
'Of that mass I was full fain;  
For recompense to thee,' he says,  
'Here's half thy gold again.'

42 'Now nay, now nay,' saies Little John,  
'Master, that shall not be;  
We must give gifts to the kings officers;  
That gold will serve thee and mee.'

## 146

## ROBIN HOOD'S CHASE

'Robin Hood's Chase' is a sequel to 'Robin Hood and Queen Katherine' (No. 145), and begins with a summary of that story. It is a well-conceived ballad, and only needs to be older. Edition c is signed by T. R. (see p. 294, above).

'Robin Hood's Chase.' a. Garland of 1663, No. 15. b. Garland of 1670, No. 14. c. Wood, 401, leaf 29 b. d. Pepys, II, 104, No. 91.

1 COME you gallants all, to you I do call,  
With a hey down down a down  
down  
That now is within this place,  
For a song I will sing of Henry the  
king,  
How he did Robin Hood chase.

2 Queen Katherine she a match then did  
make,  
As plainly doth appear,  
For three hundred tun of good red wine,  
And three hundred tun of beer.

3 But yet her archers she had to seek,  
With their bows and arrows so good;  
But her mind it was bent, with a good  
intent,  
To send for bold Robin Hood.

4 But when bold Robin Hood he came  
there,  
Queen Katherine she did say,  
Thou art welcome, Locksley, said the  
queen,  
And all thy yeomen gay.

5 For a match at shooting I have made,  
And thou my part must be:  
'If I miss the mark, be it light or  
dark,  
Then hanged I will be.'

6 But when the game came to be playd,  
Bold Robin he then drew nigh;  
With his mantle of green, most brave  
to be seen,  
He let his arrows fly.

7 And when the game it ended was,  
Bold Robin wan it with a grace,  
But after, the king was angry with him,  
And vowed he would him chase.

8 What though his pardon granted was  
While he with them did stay,  
But yet the king was vexed at him  
When as he was gone his way.

9 Soon after the king from the court did  
hie,  
In a furious angry mood,  
And often enquire, both far and near,  
After bold Robin Hood.

10 But when the king to Nottingham came,  
Beld Robin was then in the wood;  
'O come now,' said he, 'and let me see  
Who can find me bold Robin Hood.'

11 But when that Robin Hood he did hear  
The king had him in chase,  
Then said Little John, 'T is time to be  
gone,  
And go to some other place.

12 Then away they went from merry Sher-  
wood,  
And into Yorkshire he did hie,  
And the king did follow, with a hoop  
and a hallow,  
But could not come him nigh.

13 Yet jolly Robin he passed along,  
He [went] straight to Newcastle  
town,  
And there stayed he hours two or three,  
And then he for Berwick was gone.

14 When the king he did see how Robin  
did flee,  
He was vexed wondrous sore;

With a hoop and a hallow he vowed to follow,  
And take him, or never give ore.

15 'Come now, let's away,' then cries  
Little John,  
'Let any man follow that dare;  
To Carlile wee'l hie with our company,  
And so then to Lancaster.'

16 From Lancaster then to Chester they went,  
And so did king Henery;  
But Robin away, for he durst not stay,  
For fear of some treachery.

17 Saies Robin, Come, let us to London go,  
To see our noble queens face;  
It may be she wants our company,  
Which makes the king so us chase.

18 When Robin he came Queen Katherine before,  
He fell upon his knee:  
'If it please your Grace, I am come to this place,  
To speak with king Henery.'

19 Queen Katherine she answered bold Robin again,  
The king is gone to merry Sherwood;  
And when he went he to me did say  
He would go seek Robin Hood.

20 'Then fare you well, my gracious queen,  
For to Sherwood I will hie apace;  
For fain would I see what he would with me,  
If I could but meet with his Grace.'

21 But when King Henery he came home,  
Full weary, and vexed in mind,  
When he did hear Robin had been there,  
He blamed Dame Fortune unkind.

22 'You are welcome home,' Queen Katherine cried,  
'Henry, my sovereign liege;  
Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,  
Your person hath been to seek.'

23 But when King Henry he did hear  
That Robin had been there him to seek,

This answer he gave, He's a cunning knave,  
For I have sought him this whole three weeks.

24 'A boon! a boon!' Queen Katherine cried,  
'I beg it here on your Grace,  
To pardon his life, and seek no more strife:'  
And so endeth Robin Hoods chase.

147

## ROBIN HOOD'S GOLDEN PRIZE

Edition a seems to be signed L. P., probably the initials of the versifier. The kernel of the story is an old tale, found, for example, in Pauli's Schimpf und Ernst, 1533 (Oesterley, Anhang, No. 14).

'Robin Hoods Golden Prize.' a. Wood, 401, leaf 39 b. b. Garland of 1663, No. 14. c. Garland of 1670, No. 13. d. Pepys, II, 144, No. 101.

1 I HAVE heard talk of bold Robin Hood,  
Derry derry down  
And of brave Little John,  
Of Fryer Tuck, and Will Scarlet,  
Loxley, and Maid Marion.  
Hey down derry derry down

2 But such a tale as this before  
I think there was never none;  
For Robin Hood disguised himself,  
And to the wood is gone.

3 Like to a fryer, bold Robin Hood  
Was accoutered in his array;  
With hood, gown, beads and crucifix,  
He past upon the way.

4 He had not gone [past] miles two or three,  
But it was his chance to spy  
Two lusty priests, clad all in black,  
Come riding gallantly.

5 'Benedicete,' then said Robin Hood,  
'Some pitty on me take;  
Cross you my hand with a silver groat,  
For Our dear Ladies sake.

- 6 'For I have been wandring all this day,  
And nothing could I get;  
Not so much as one poor cup of drink,  
Nor bit of bread to eat.'
- 7 'Now, by my holydame,' the priests  
repli'd,  
'We never a peny have;  
For we this morning have been robd,  
And could no mony save.'
- 8 'I am much afraid,' said bold Robin  
Hood,  
'That you both do tell a lye;  
And now before that you go hence,  
I am resolv'd to try.'
- 9 When as the priests heard him say so,  
Then they rode away amain;  
But Robin Hood betook him to his  
heels,  
And soon overtook them again.
- 10 Then Robin Hood laid hold of them  
both,  
And pulld them down from their  
horse:  
'O spare us, fryer!' the priests cry'd  
out,  
'On us have some remorse!'
- 11 'You said you had no mony,' quoth he,  
'Wherefore, without delay,  
We three will fall down on our knees,  
And for mony we will pray.'
- 12 The priests they could not him gainsay,  
But down they kneeled with speed;  
'Send us, O send us,' then quoth they,  
'Some mony to serve our need.'
- 13 The priests did pray with mournful  
chear,  
Sometimes their hands did wring,  
Sometimes they wept and cried aloud,  
Whilst Robin did merrily sing.
- 14 When they had been praying an hours  
space,  
The priests did still lament;  
Then quoth bold Robin, Now let's see  
What mony heaven hath us sent.
- 15 We will be sharers now all alike  
Of the mony that we have;
- And there is never a one of us  
That his fellows shall deceive.
- 16 The priests their hands in their pockets  
put,  
But mony would find none:  
'We'l search our selves,' said Robin  
Hood,  
'Each other, one by one.'
- 17 Then Robin Hood took pains to search  
them both,  
And he found good store of gold;  
Five hundred peeces presently  
Vpon the grass was told.
- 18 'Here is a brave show,' said Robin Hood,  
'Such store of gold to see,  
And you shall each one have a part,  
Cause you prayed so heartily.'
- 19 He gave them fifty pound a-peece,  
And the rest for himself did keep;  
The priests durst not speak one word,  
But they sighed wondrous deep.
- 20 With that the priests rose up from their  
knees,  
Thinking to have parted so;  
'Nay, stay,' said Robin Hood, 'one  
thing more  
I have to say ere you go.
- 21 'You shall be sworn,' said bold Robin  
Hood,  
'Vpon this holy grass,  
That you will never tell lies again,  
Which way soever you pass.
- 22 'The second oath that you here must  
take,  
All the days of your lives  
You never shall tempt maids to sin,  
Nor lye with other mens wives.
- 23 'The last oath you shall take, it is this,  
Be charitable to the poor;  
Say you have met with a holy fryer,  
And I desire no more.'
- 24 He set them upon their horses again,  
And away then they did ride;  
And hee return'd to the merry green-  
wood,  
With great joy, mirth and pride.

148

# THE NOBLE FISHERMAN, OR ROBIN HOOD'S PREFERMENT

Robin Hood is here made to try his fortunes on the sea, like Eustace the Monk and Wallace. 'The Noble Fisherman, or, Robin Hoods great Prize' is receipted for to Francis Coules in the Stationers' Registers, June 13, 1631.

'The Noble Fisher-man, or, Robin Hoods Preferment.' a. Wood, 402, p. 18. b. Wood, 401, leaf 25 b. c. Garland of 1663, No. 12. d. Garland of 1670, No. 11. e. Rawlinson, 566. f. Pepys, II, 108, No. 95. g. Pepys, II, 123, No. 108.

1 IN summer time, when leaves grow  
green,  
When they doe grow both green and  
long,  
Of a bould outlaw, calld Robin Hood,  
It is of him I sing this song.

2 When the lilly leafe and the elephant  
Doth bud and spring with a merry  
good cheere,  
This outlaw was weary of the wood-side,  
And chasing of the fallow deere.

3 'The fishermen brave more mony have  
Then any merchant, two or three;  
Therefore I will to Scarborough goe,  
That I a fisherman brave may be.'

4 This outlaw calld his merry men all,  
As they sate under the green-wood  
tree:  
'If any of you have gold to spend,  
I pray you heartily spend it with me.

5 'Now,' quoth Robin, 'I 'le to Scarbor-  
ough goe,  
It seemes to be a very faire day;'  
Who tooke up his inne at a widdow-  
womans house,  
Hard by upon the water gray.

6 Who asked of him, Where wert thou  
borne?  
Or tell to me, where dost thou fare?  
'I am a poore fisherman,' saith he  
then,  
'This day intrapped all in care.'

7 'What is thy name, thou fine fellow?  
I pray thee heartily tell to me;'  
'In mine own country where I was  
borne,  
Men called me Simon over the Lee.'

8 'Simon, Simon,' said the good wife,  
'I wish thou maist well brook thy  
name;'  
The outlaw was ware of her courtesie,  
And rejoiced he had got such a dame.

9 'Simon, wilt thou be my man?  
And good round wages I 'le give  
thee;  
I have as good a ship of mine owne  
As any sayle upon the sea.

10 'Anchors and planks thou shalt want  
none,  
Masts and ropes that are so long;'  
'And if that you thus furnish me,'  
Said Simon, 'nothing shall goe  
wrong.'

11 They pluckt up anchor, and away did  
sayle,  
More of a day then two or three;  
When others cast in their baited hooks,  
The bare lines into the sea cast he.

12 'It will be long,' said the master  
then,  
'Ere this great lubber do thrive on  
the sea;  
I 'le assure you he shall have no part of  
our fish,  
For in truth he is of no part worthy.'

13 'O woe is me,' said Simon then,  
'This day that ever I came here!  
I wish I were in Plomton Parke,  
In chasing of the fallow deere.

14 'For every clowne laughs me to scorne,  
And they by me set nought at all;  
If I had them in Plomton Park,  
I would set as little by them all.'

15 They pluckt up anchor, and away did  
sayle,  
More of a day then two or three;  
But Simon spied a ship of warre,  
That sayld towards them most valour-  
ously.

- 16 'O woe is me,' said the master then,  
'This day that ever I was borne!  
For all our fish we have got to-day  
Is every bit lost and forlorne.
- 17 'For your French robbers on the sea,  
They will not spare of us one man,  
But carry us to the coast of France,  
And ligge us in the prison strong.'
- 18 But Simon said, Doe not feare them,  
Neither, master, take you no care;  
Give me my bent bow in my hand,  
And never a Frenchman will I spare.
- 19 'Hold thy peace, thou long lubber,  
For thou art nought but braggs and  
boast;  
If I should cast the over-board,  
There were nothing but a lubber lost.'
- 20 Simon grew angry at these words,  
And so angry then was he  
That he tooke his bent bow in his hand,  
And to the ship-hatch goe doth he.
- 21 'Master, tye me to the mast,' saith he,  
'That at my mark I may stand fair,  
And give me my bended bow in my  
hand,  
And never a Frenchman will I spare.'
- 22 He drew his arrow to the very head,  
And drew it with all might and maine,  
And straightway, in the twinkling of an  
eye,  
Doth the Frenchmans heart the arow  
gain.
- 23 The Frenchman fell downe on the ship-  
hatch,  
And under the hatches down below;  
Another Frenchman that him espy'd  
The dead corps into the sea doth  
throw.
- 24 'O master, loose me from the mast,' he  
said,  
'And for them all take you no care,  
And give me my bent bow in my hand,  
And never a Frenchman will I spare.'
- 25 Then streight [they] did board the  
Frenchmans ship,  
They lying all dead in their sight;

They found within the ship of warre  
Twelve thousand pound of money  
bright.

- 26 'The one halfe of the ship,' said Simon  
then,  
'I'll give to my dame and children  
small;  
The other halfe of the ship I'll bestow  
On you that are my fellowes all.'
- 27 But now bespake the master then,  
For so, Simon, it shall not be;  
For you have won her with your own  
hand,  
And the owner of it you shall bee.
- 28 'It shall be so, as I have said;  
And, with this gold, for the opprest  
An habitation I will build,  
Where they shall live in peace and  
rest.'

## 149

ROBIN HOOD'S BIRTH, BREED-  
ING, VALOR, AND MARRIAGE

The jocular author of this ballad, who would certainly have been diverted by any one's supposing him to write under the restraints of tradition, brings Adam Bell, Clim, and Cloudesly into company with Robin Hood's father. He makes Robin Hood's mother niece to Guy of Warwick, and sister to Gamwel of Gamwel Hall. In No. 128 Young Gamwell is Robin Hood's sister's son. The author knows nothing of the Earl of Huntington and Matilda Fitzwater, but represents Robin Hood as the son of a forester. In everything except keeping Robin a yeoman, he writes "as the world were now but to begin, antiquity forgot, custom not known;" but poets in his day, to quote the editor of the ballad collection of 1723, "were looked upon like other Englishmen, born to live and write with freedom."

a. 'A new ballad of bold Robin Hood, shewing his Birth, Breeding, Valour and Marriage, at Titbury Bull-running: calculated for the meridian of Staffordshire, but may serve for Derbyshire or Kent.' Roxburghe, i, 360, in the Ballad Society's reprint, II, 440. b. Pepys, II, 116, No. 103. c. Pepys, II, 118, No. 104.

- 1 KIND gentlemen, will you be patient  
awhile?  
Ay, and then you shall hear anon



- A very good ballad of bold Robin Hood,  
And of his man, brave Little John.
- 2 In Locksly town, in Nottinghamshire,  
In merry sweet Locksly town,  
There bold Robin Hood he was born  
and was bred,  
Bold Robin of famous renown.
- 3 The father of Robin a forrester was,  
And he shot in a lusty long bow,  
Two north country miles and an inch at  
a shot,  
As the Pinder of Wakefield does  
know.
- 4 For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim  
or the Clugh,  
And William a Clowdesle  
To shoot with our forrester for forty  
mark,  
And the forrester beat them all three.
- 5 His mother was neece to the Coventry  
knight,  
Which Warwickshire men call Sir  
Guy;  
For he slew the blue bore that hangs up  
at the gate,  
Or mine host of The Bull tells a lye.
- 6 Her brother was Gamwel, of Great  
Gamwel Hall,  
And a noble house-keeper was he,  
Ay, as ever broke bread in sweet Not-  
tinghamshire,  
And a squire of famous degree.
- 7 The mother of Robin said to her hus-  
band,  
My honey, my love, and my dear,  
Let Robin and I ride this morning to  
Gamwel,  
To taste of my brothers good cheer.
- 8 And he said, I grant thee thy boon,  
gentle Joan,  
Take one of my horses, I pray;  
The sun is a rising, and therefore make  
haste,  
For to-morrow is Christmas-day.
- 9 Then Robin Hoods fathers grey geld-  
ing was brought,  
And saddled and bridled was he;
- God wot, a blew bonnet, his new suit of  
cloaths,  
And a cloak that did reach to his  
knee.
- 10 She got on her holiday kirtle and gown,  
They were of a light Lincoln green;  
The cloath was homespun, but for colour  
and make  
It might a beseemed our queen.
- 11 And then Robin got on his basket-hilt  
sword,  
And his dagger on his tother side,  
And said, My dear mother, let's haste  
to be gone,  
We have forty long miles to ride.
- 12 When Robin had mounted his gelding  
so grey,  
His father, without any trouble,  
Set her up behind him, and bad her not  
fear,  
For his gelding had oft carried double.
- 13 And when she was settled, they rode to  
their neighbours,  
And drank and shook hands with  
them all;  
And then Robin gallopt, and never gave  
ore,  
Till they lighted at Gamwel Hall.
- 14 And now you may think the right wor-  
shipful squire  
Was joyful his sister to see;  
For he kist her and kist her, and swore  
a great oath,  
Thou art welcome, kind sister, to me.
- 15 To-morrow, when mass had been said  
in the chappel,  
Six tables were coverd in the hall,  
And in comes the squire, and makes a  
short speech,  
It was, Neighbours, you're welcome  
all.
- 16 But not a man here shall taste my  
March beer,  
Till a Christmas carrol he sing:  
Then all clapt their hands, and they  
shouted and sung,  
Till the hall and the parlour did  
ring.

17 Now mustard and braun, roast beef and  
plumb pies,  
Were set upon every table:  
And noble George Gamwel said, Eat  
and be merry,  
And drink too, as long as you're  
able.

18 When dinner was ended, his chaplain  
said grace,  
And, 'Be merry, my friends,' said  
the squire;  
'It rains, and it blows, but call for more  
ale,  
And lay some more wood on the  
fire.

19 'And now call ye Little John hither to  
me,  
For Little John is a fine lad  
At gambols and juggling, and twenty  
such tricks  
As shall make you merry and glad.'

20 When Little John came, to gambols  
they went,  
Both gentleman, yeoman and clown;  
And what do you think? Why, as  
true as I live,  
Bold Robin Hood put them all down.

21 And now you may think the right wor-  
shipful squire  
Was joyful this sight for to see;  
For he said, Cousin Robin, thou 'st go  
no more home,  
But tarry and dwell here with me.

22 Thou shalt have my land when I dye,  
and till then  
Thou shalt be the staff of my age;  
'Then grant me my boon, dear uncle,'  
said Robin,  
'That Little John may be my page.'

23 And he said, Kind 'cousin, I grant thee  
thy boon;  
With all my heart, so let it be;  
'Then come hither, Little John,' said  
Robin Hood,  
'Come hither, my page, unto me.

24 'Go fetch me my bow, my longest long  
bow,  
And broad arrows, one, two, or three;

For when it is fair weather we'll into  
Sherwood,  
Some merry pastime to see.'

25 When Robin Hood came into merry  
Sherwood,  
He winded his bugle so clear,  
And twice five and twenty good yeomen  
and bold  
Before Robin Hood did appear.

26 'Where are your companions all?' said  
Robin Hood,  
'For still I want forty and three;'  
Then said a bold yeoman, Lo, yonder  
they stand,  
All under a green-wood tree.

27 As that word was spoke, Clorinda came  
by;  
The queen of the shepherds was she;  
And her gown was of velvet as green  
as the grass,  
And her buskin did reach to her knee.

28 Her gait it was graceful, her body was  
straight,  
And her countenance free from pride;  
A bow in her hand, and quiver and arrows  
Hung dangling by her sweet side.

29 Her eye-brows were black, ay, and so  
was her hair,  
And her skin was as smooth as glass;  
Her visage spoke wisdom, and modesty  
too;  
Sets with Robin Hood such a lass!

30 Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, whither  
away?  
O whither, fair lady, away?  
And she made him answer, To kill a fat  
buck;  
For to-morrow is Titbury day.

31 Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, wander  
with me  
A little to yonder green bower;  
There sit down to rest you, and you  
shall be sure  
Of a brace or a lease in an hour.

32 And as we were going towards the green  
bower,  
Two hundred good bucks we espy'd;

- She chose out the fattest that was in  
the herd,  
And she shot him through side and  
side.
- 33 'By the faith of my body,' said bold  
Robin Hood,  
'I never saw woman like thee;  
And comst thou from east, ay, or comst  
thou from west,  
Thou needst not beg venison of me.
- 34 'However, along to my bower you shall  
go,  
And taste of a forresters meat:'  
And when we come thither, we found as  
good cheer  
As any man needs for to eat.
- 35 For there was hot venison, and warden  
pies cold,  
Cream clouted, with honey-combs  
plenty;  
And the sarvitors they were, beside  
Little John,  
Good yeomen at least four and twenty.
- 36 Clorinda said, Tell me your name, gen-  
tle sir;  
And he said, 'T is bold Robin Hood:  
Squire Gamwel's my uncle, but all my  
delight  
Is to dwell in the merry Sherwood.
- 37 For 't is a fine life, and 't is void of all  
strife.  
'So 't is, sir,' Clorinda reply'd;  
'But oh,' said bold Robin, 'how sweet  
would it be,  
If Clorinda would be my bride!'
- 38 She blusht at the motion; yet, after a  
pause  
Said, Yes, sir, and with all my heart;  
'Then let's send for a priest,' said  
Robin Hood,  
'And be married before we do part.'
- 39 But she said, It may not be so, gentle  
sir,  
For I must be at Titbury feast;  
And if Robin Hood will go thither with  
me,  
I'll make him the most welcome  
guest.
- 40 Said Robin Hood, Reach me that buck,  
Little John,  
For I'll go along with my dear;  
Go bid my yeomen kill six brace of  
bucks,  
And meet me to-morrow just here.
- 41 Before we had ridden five Staffordshire  
miles,  
Eight yeomen, that were too bold,  
Bid Robin Hood stand, and deliver his  
buck;  
A truer tale never was told.
- 42 'I will not, faith!' said bold Robin:  
'come, John,  
Stand to me, and we'll beat em all:'  
Then both drew their swords, an so cut  
em and slasht em  
That five of them did fall.
- 43 The three that remaind calld to Robin  
for quarter,  
And pitiful John beggd their lives;  
When John's boon was granted, he gave  
them good counsel,  
And so sent them home to their wives.
- 44 This battle was fought near to Titbury  
town,  
When the bagpipes bated the bull;  
I am king of the fidlers, and sware 't is  
a truth,  
And I call him that doubts it a gull.
- 45 For I saw them fighting, and fiddl the  
while,  
And Clorinda sung, Hey derry down!  
The bumpkins are beaten, put up thy  
sword, Bob,  
And now let's dance into the town.
- 46 Before we came to it, we heard a strange  
shouting,  
And all that were in it lookd madly;  
For some were a bull-back, some dan-  
cing a morris,  
And some singing Arthur-a-Bradly.
- 47 And there we see Thomas, our justices  
clerk,  
And Mary, to whom he was kind;  
For Tom rode before her, and calld  
Mary, Madam,  
And kist her full sweetly behind.

48 And so may your worships. But we  
went to dinner,  
With Thomas and Mary and Nan;  
They all drank a health to Clorinda,  
and told her  
Bold Robin Hood was a fine man.

49 When dinner was ended, Sir Roger, the  
parson  
Of Dubbridge, was sent for in haste;  
He brought his mass-book, and he bade  
them take hands,  
And he joynd them in marriage full  
fast.

50 And then, as bold Robin Hood and his  
sweet bride  
Went hand in hand to the green  
bower,  
The birds sung with pleasure in merry  
Sherwood,  
And 't was a most joyful hour.

51 And when Robin came in the sight of  
the bower,  
'Where are my yeomen?' said he;  
And Little John answered, Lo, yonder  
they stand,  
All under the green-wood tree.

52 Then a garland they brought her, by  
two and by two,  
And plac'd them upon the bride's  
head;  
The music struck up, and we all fell to  
dance,  
Till the bride and the groom were  
a-bed.

53 And what they did there must be coun-  
sel to me,  
Because they lay long the next day,  
And I had haste home, but I got a good  
piece  
Of the bride-cake, and so came away.

54 Now out, alas! I had forgotten to tell ye  
That marryd they were with a ring;  
And so will Nan Knight, or be buried  
a maiden,  
And now let us pray for the king:

55 That he may get children, and they  
may get more,  
To govern and do us some good;

And then I'll make ballads in Robin  
Hood's bower,  
And sing em in merry Sherwood.

150

## ROBIN HOOD AND MAID MARIAN

Though Maid Marian and Robin Hood had perhaps been paired in popular sports, no one thought of putting more of her than her name into a ballad, until one S. S. (so the broad-side is signed) composed this foolish ditty. The bare name of Maid Marian occurs in No. 145 A, st. 9, and in No. 147, st. 1. Even in Barclay's fourth eclogue, written not long after 1500, where, according to Ritson, the earliest notice of Maid Marian occurs, and where, he says, "she is evidently connected with Robin Hood." the two are really kept distinct; for the lusty Codrus in that eclogue wishes to hear "some mery fit of Maid Marion, or els of Robin Hood." In Munday's play of *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, Matilda, otherwise Marian, daughter to Lord Lacy, accompanies Earl Robert to Sherwood, upon his being outlawed for debt on the very day of their troth-plaint. There she lives a spotless maiden, awaiting the time when the outlawry shall be repealed and Robin may legally take her to wife. Neither the author of the play nor that of the ballad was, so far as is known, repeating any popular tradition. The ordinary partner of Maid Marian is Friar Tuck, not Robin Hood.

'A Famous Battle between Robin Hood and Maid Marian, declaring their Love, Life, and Liberty,' Wood, 401, leaf 21 b.

1 A BONNY fine maid of a noble degree,  
With a hey down down a down  
down  
Maid Marian calld by name,  
Did live in the North, of excellent  
worth,  
For she was a gallant dame.

2 For favour and face, and beauty most  
rare,  
Queen Hellen shee did excell;  
For Marian then was praised of all  
men  
That did in the country dwell.

- 3 'Twas neither Rosamond nor Jane  
Shore,  
Whose beauty was clear and bright,  
That could surpass this country lass,  
Beloved of lord and knight.
- 4 The Earl of Huntington, nobly born,  
That came of noble blood,  
To Marian went, with a good intent,  
By the name of Robin Hood.
- 5 With kisses sweet their red lips meet,  
For shee and the earl did agree;  
In every place, they kindly imbrace,  
With love and sweet unity.
- 6 But fortune bearing these lovers a  
spight,  
That soon they were forced to part,  
To the merry green wood then went  
Robin Hood,  
With a sad and sorrowfull heart.
- 7 And Marian, poor soul, was troubled  
in mind,  
For the absence of her friend;  
With finger in eye, shee often did cry,  
And his person did much comend.
- 8 Perplexed and vexed, and troubled in  
mind,  
Shee drest her self like a page,  
And ranged the wood to find Robin  
Hood,  
The bravest of men in that age.
- 9 With quiver and bow, sword, buckler,  
and all,  
Thus armed was Marian most bold,  
Still wandering about to find Robin out,  
Whose person was better then gold.
- 10 But Robin Hood, hee himself had dis-  
guis'd,  
And Marian was strangely attir'd,  
That they provd foes, and so fell to  
blowes,  
Whose vallour bold Robin admir'd.
- 11 They drew out their swords, and to cut-  
ting they went,  
At least an hour or more,  
That the blood ran apace from bold  
Robins face,  
And Marian was wounded sore.
- 12 'O hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' said  
Robin Hood,  
'And thou shalt be one of my string,  
To range in the wood with bold Robin  
Hood,  
To hear the sweet nightingall sing.'
- 13 When Marian did hear the voice of her  
love,  
Her self shee did quickly discover,  
And with kisses sweet she did him  
greet,  
Like to a most loyall lover.
- 14 When bold Robin Hood his Marian did  
see,  
Good lord, what clipping was there !  
With kind imbraces, and jobbing of  
faces,  
Providing of gallant cheer.
- 15 For Little John took his bow in his  
hand,  
And wandering in the wood,  
To kill the deer, and make good chear,  
For Marian and Robin Hood.
- 16 A stately banquet the[y] had full soon,  
All in a shaded bower,  
Where venison sweet they had to eat,  
And were merry that present hour.
- 17 Great flaggons of wine were set on the  
board,  
And merrily they drunk round  
Their boules of sack, to strengthen the  
back,  
Whilst their knees did touch the  
ground.
- 18 First Robin Hood began a health  
To Marian his onely dear,  
And his yeomen all, both comly and tall,  
Did quickly bring up the rear.
- 19 For in a brave veine they tost off the[ir]  
bouls,  
Whilst thus they did remain,  
And every cup, as they drunk up,  
They filled with speed again.
- 20 At last they ended their merriment,  
And went to walk in the wood,  
Where Little John and Maid Marian  
Attended on bold Robin Hood.



21 In sollid content together they livd,  
 With all their yeomen gay;  
 They livd by their hands, without any  
 lands,  
 And so they did many a day.

22 But now to conclude, an end I will  
 make  
 In time, as I think it good,  
 For the people that dwell in the North  
 can tell  
 Of Marian and bold Robin Hood.

## 151

# THE KING'S DISGUISE, AND FRIENDSHIP WITH ROBIN HOOD

The story, as far as st. 38, is a loose paraphrase, with omissions, of the seventh and eighth fits of the Gest, and seems, like Nos. 152, 153, "to have been written by some miserable retainer to the press, merely to eke out the book; being in fact, a most contemptible performance" (Ritson). The two concluding lines are intended to serve as a link with 'Robin Hood and the Valiant Knight' (No. 153), which, however, does not succeed in the garlands, 'Robin Hood and the Golden Arrow' (No. 152) being interposed.

'The King's Disguise, and Friendship with Robin Hood,' a. Robin Hood's Garland, London, W. & C. Dicey, in St Mary Aldermay Church Yard, Bow Lane, Cheapside, n. d. (but not older than 1753), p. 76, No. 25. b. Robin Hood's Garland, London. Printed by L. How, in Petticoat Lane, n. d. c. 'The King's Disguise and True Friendship with Robin Hood,' London, Printed by L. How, in Petticoat Lane, Douce Ballads, III, 113 b (not black letter). d. Robin Hood's Garland, London, R. Marshall, in Aldermay Church-Yard, Bow-Lane, n. d., p. 80, No. 25.

1 KING RICHARD hearing of the pranks  
 Of Robin Hood and his men,  
 He much admir'd, and more desir'd,  
 To see both him and them.

2 Then with a dozen of his lords  
 To Nottingham he rode;  
 When he came there, he made good  
 cheer,  
 And took up his abode.

3 He having staid there some time,  
 But had no hopes to speed,  
 He and his lords, with [free] accord,  
 All put on monk's weeds.

4 From Fountain-abbey they did ride,  
 Down to Barnsdale;  
 Where Robin Hood prepar'd stood  
 All company to assail.

5 The king was higher then the rest,  
 And Robin thought he had  
 An abbot been whom he did spleen;  
 To rob him he was glad.

6 He took the king's horse by the head,  
 'Abbot,' says he, 'abide;  
 I am bound to rue such knaves as you,  
 That live in pomp and pride.'

7 'But we are messengers from the king,'  
 The king himself did say;  
 'Near to this place his royal Grace  
 To speak with thee does stay.'

8 'God save the king,' said Robin Hood,  
 'And all that wish him well;  
 He that does deny his sovereignty,  
 I wish he was in hell.'

9 'O thyself thou curses,' says the king,  
 'For thou a traitor art:'  
 'Nay, but that you are his messenger,  
 I swear you lie in heart.

10 'For I never yet hurt any man  
 That honest is and true;  
 But those that give their minds to live  
 Upon other men's due.

11 'I never hurt the husbandman,  
 That use to till the ground;  
 Nor spill their blood that range the  
 wood  
 To follow hawk or hound.

12 'My chiefest spite to clergy is,  
 Who in these days bear a great  
 sway;  
 With fryars and monks, with their fine  
 sprunks,  
 I make my chiefest prey.

13 'But I am very glad,' says Robin Hood,  
 'That I have met you here;

- Come, before we end, you shall, my friend,  
Taste of our green-wood cheer.'
- 14 The king did then marvel much,  
And so did all his men;  
They thought with fear, what kind of cheer  
Robin would provide for them.
- 15 Robin took the king's horse by the head,  
And led him to the tent;  
'Thou would not be so usd,' quoth he,  
'But that my king thee sent.
- 16 'Nay, more than that,' said Robin Hood,  
'For good king Richard's sake,  
If you had as much gold as ever I told,  
I would not one penny take.'
- 17 Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,  
And a loud blast he did blow,  
Till a hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men  
Came marching all of a row.
- 18 And when they came bold Robin before,  
Each man did bend his knee;  
'O,' thought the king, 't is a gallant thing,  
And a seemly sight to see.'
- 19 Within himself the king did say,  
These men of Robin Hood's  
More humble be than mine to me;  
So the court may learn of the woods.
- 20 So then they all to dinner went,  
Upon a carpet green;  
Black, yellow, red, finely mingled,  
Most curious to be seen.
- 21 Venison and fowls were plenty there,  
With fish out of the river:  
King Richard swore, on sea or shore,  
He neer was feasted better.
- 22 Then Robin takes a can of ale:  
'Come, let us now begin;  
Come, every man shall have his can;  
Here's a health unto the king.'
- 23 The king himself drank to the king,  
So round about it went;
- Two barrels of ale, both stout and stale,  
To pledge that health were spent.
- 24 And after that, a bowl of wine  
In his hand took Robin Hood;  
'Until I die, I'll drink wine,' said he,  
'While I live in the green-wood.
- 25 'Bend all your bows,' said Robin Hood,  
'And with the grey goose wing  
Such sport now shew as you would do  
In the presence of the king.'
- 26 They shewd such brave archery,  
By cleaving sticks and wands,  
That the king did say, Such men as they  
Live not in many lands.
- 27 'Well, Robin Hood,' then says the king,  
'If I could thy pardon get,  
To serve the king in every thing  
Wouldst thou thy mind firm set ?
- 28 'Yes, with all my heart,' bold Robin said,  
So they flung off their hoods;  
To serve the king in every thing,  
They swore they would spend their bloods.
- 29 'For a clergyman was first my bane,  
Which makes me hate them all;  
But if you'll be so kind to me,  
Love them again I shall.'
- 30 The king no longer could forbear,  
For he was movd with ruth;  
['Robin,' said he, 'I now tell thee  
The very naked truth.]
- 31 'I am the king, thy sovereign king,  
That appears before you all;'  
When Robin see that it was he,  
Strait then he down did fall.
- 32 'Stand up again,' then said the king,  
'I'll thee thy pardon give;  
Stand up, my friend; who can contend,  
When I give leave to live ?'
- 33 So they are all gone to Nottingham,  
All shouting as they came;  
But when the people them did see,  
They thought the king was slain,

- 34 And for that cause the outlaws were  
come,  
To rule all as they list;  
And for to shun, which way to run  
The people did not wist.
- 35 The plowman left the plow in the  
fields,  
The smith ran from his shop;  
Old folks also, that scarce could go,  
Over their sticks did hop.
- 36 The king soon let them understand  
He had been in the green wood,  
And from that day, for evermore,  
He'd forgiven Robin Hood.
- 37 When the people they did hear,  
And the truth was known,  
They all did sing, 'God save the king!  
Hang care, the town's our own!'
- 38 'What's that Robin Hood?' then said  
the sheriff;  
'That varlet I do hate;  
Both me and mine he causd to dine,  
And servd us all with one plate.'
- 39 'Ho, ho,' said Robin, 'I know what you  
mean;  
Come, take your gold again;  
Be friends with me, and I with thee,  
And so with every man.
- 40 'Now, master sheriff, you are paid,  
And since you are beginner,  
As well as you give me my due;  
For you neer paid for that dinner.
- 41 'But if that it should please the king  
So much your house to grace  
To sup with you, for to speak true,  
[I] know you neer was base.'
- 42 The sheriff could not [that] gain say,  
For a trick was put upon him;  
A supper was drest, the king was  
guest,  
But he thought 't would have undone  
him.
- 43 They are all gone to London court,  
Robin Hood, with all his train;  
He once was there a noble peer,  
And now he's there again.

- 44 Many such pranks brave Robin playd  
While he lived in the green wood:  
Now, my friends, attend, and hear an  
end  
Of honest Robin Hood.

152

## ROBIN HOOD AND THE GOLDEN ARROW

The first twenty-three stanzas are based upon the Gest, sts. 282-95. The remainder is mostly taken up with John's astute device for sending information to the sheriff. The two concluding lines are for connection with 'Robin Hood and the Valiant Knight,' which follows in some garlands, as here. (See Introduction to No. 151.)

a. Robin Hood's Garland, London, W. and C. Dicey, St Mary Aldermay Church-Yard, Bow-Lane, n. d., p. 80, No. 26. b. Robin Hood's Garland, London, R. Marshall, in Aldermay Church-yard, Bow-Lane, n. d., p. 84, No. 26. c. Robin Hood's Garland, Preston, Printed and sold by W. Sergeant, n. d.

- 1 WHEN as the sheriff of Nottingham  
Was come, with mickle grief,  
He talkd no good of Robin Hood,  
That strong and sturdy thief.  
Fal lal dal de
- 2 So unto London-road he past,  
His losses to unfold  
To King Richard, who did regard  
The tale that he had told.
- 3 'Why,' quoth the king, 'what shall I  
do?  
Art thou not sheriff for me?  
The law is in force, go take thy course  
Of them that injure thee.
- 4 'Go get thee gone, and by thyself  
Devise some tricking game  
For to enthrall yon rebels all;  
Go take thy course with them.'
- 5 So away the sheriff he returnd,  
And by the way he thought  
Of the words of the king, and how the  
thing  
To pass might well be brought.

- 6 For within his mind he imagined  
That when such matches were,  
Those outlaws stout, without [all]  
doubt,  
Would be the bowmen there.
- 7 So an arrow with a golden head  
And shaft of silver white,  
Who won the day should bear away  
For his own proper right.
- 8 Tidings came to brave Robin Hood,  
Under the green-wood tree:  
'Come prepare you then, my merry  
men,  
We'll go yon sport to see.'
- 9 With that stept forth a brave young  
man,  
David of Doncaster:  
'Master,' said he, 'be rul'd by me,  
From the green-wood we'll not stir.
- 0 'To tell the truth, I'm well informed  
Yon match is a wile;  
The sheriff, I wiss, devises this  
Us archers to beguile.'
- 'O thou smells of a coward,' said Robin  
Hood,  
'Thy words does not please me;  
Come on 't what will, I'll try my skill  
At yon brave archery.'
- 2 O then bespoke brave Little John:  
Come, let us thither gang;  
Come listen to me, how it shall be  
That we need not be kend.
- 3 Our mantles, all of Lincoln green,  
Behind us we will leave;  
We'll dress us all so several  
They shall not us perceive.
- 4 One shall wear white, another red,  
One yellow, another blue;  
Thus in disguise, to the exercise  
We'll gang, whateer ensue.
- 5 Forth from the green-wood they are  
gone,  
With hearts all firm and stout,  
Resolving [then] with the sheriff's men  
To have a hearty bout.
- 16 So themselves they mixed with the rest,  
To prevent all suspicion;  
For if they should together hold  
They thought [it] no discretion.
- 17 So the sheriff looking round about,  
Amongst eight hundred men,  
But could not see the sight that he  
Had long expected then.
- 18 Some said, If Robin Hood was here,  
And all his men to boot,  
Sure none of them could pass these men,  
So bravely they do shoot.
- 19 'Ay,' quoth the sheriff, and scratchd  
his head,  
'I thought he would have been here;  
I thought he would, but, tho he's bold,  
He durst not now appear.'
- 20 O that word grieved Robin Hood to the  
heart;  
He vex'd in his blood;  
Eer long, thought he, thou shalt well  
see  
That here was Robin Hood.
- 21 Some cried, Blue jacket! another cried,  
Brown!  
And the third cried, Brave Yellow!  
But the fourth man said, Yon man in  
red  
In this place has no fellow.
- 22 For that was Robin Hood himself,  
For he was cloathd in red;  
At every shot the prize he got,  
For he was both sure and dead.
- 23 So the arrow with the golden head  
And shaft of silver white  
Brave Robin Hood won, and bore with  
him  
For his own proper right.
- 24 These outlaws there, that very day,  
To shun all kind of doubt,  
By three or four, no less no more,  
As they went in came out.
- 25 Until they all assembled were  
Under the green-wood shade,  
Where they report, in pleasant sport,  
What brave pastime they made.

- 26 Says Robin Hood, All my care is,  
How that yon sheriff may  
Know certainly that it was I  
That bore his arrow away.
- 27 Says Little John, My counsel good  
Did take effect before,  
So therefore now, if you'll allow,  
I will advise once more.
- 28 'Speak on, speak on,' said Robin Hood,  
'Thy wit's both quick and sound;  
[I know no man amongst us can  
For wit like thee be found.']
- 29 'This I advise,' said Little John;  
'That a letter shall be pend,  
And when it is done, to Nottingham  
You to the sheriff shall send.'
- 30 'That is well advised,' said Robin Hood,  
'But how must it be sent?'  
'Pugh! when you please, it's done with  
case,  
Master, be you content.
- 31 'I'll stick it on my arrow's head,  
And shoot it into the town;  
The mark shall show where it must go,  
When ever it lights down.'
- 32 The project it was full performd;  
The sheriff that letter had;  
Which when he read, he scratchd his  
head,  
And rav'd like one that's mad.
- 33 So we'll leave him chafing in his grease,  
Which will do him no good;  
Now, my friends, attend, and hear the  
end  
Of honest Robin Hood.

153

## ROBIN HOOD AND THE VAL- IANT KNIGHT

Written, perhaps, because it was thought that authority should in the end be vindicated against outlaws, which may explain why this piece surpasses in platitude everything that goes before. (See Introduction to Nos. 151, 152.)

'Robin Hood and the Valiant Knight.' a. Robin Hood's Garland, London, C. Dicey, Bow Church Yard, n. d., but before 1741, p. 88, Bodleian Library, Douce H H, 88. b. Robin Hood's Garland, 1749, without place or printer, p. 101, No. 24. c. Robin Hood's Garland, London, R. Marshall, in Aldermay Church-Yard, Bow-Lane, n. d., p. 87, No. 27.

- 1 WHEN Robin Hood, and his merry men  
all,  
Derry, etc.  
Had reigned many years,  
The king was then told they had been  
too bold  
To his bishops and noble peers.  
Hey, etc.
- 2 Therefore they called a council of state.  
To know what was best to be done  
For to quell their pride, or else, they  
reply'd,  
The land would be over-run.
- 3 Having consulted a whole summers day,  
At length it was agreed  
That one should be sent to try the event,  
And fetch him away with speed.
- 4 Therefore a trusty and worthy knight  
The king was pleas'd to call,  
Sir William by name; when to him he  
came,  
He told him his pleasure all.
- 5 'Go you from hence to bold Robin  
Hood,  
And bid him, without more a-do,  
Surrender himself, or else the proud el  
Shall suffer with all his crew.
- 6 'Take here a hundred bowmen brave,  
All chosen men of might,  
Of excellent art for to take thy part,  
In glittering armour bright.'
- 7 Then said the knight, My sovereign  
liege,  
By me they shall be led;  
I'll venture my blood against bold  
Robin Hood,  
And bring him alive or dead.
- 8 One hundred men were chosen straight  
As proper as eer men saw;



- On Midsummer-day they marched away,  
To conquer that brave outlaw.
- 9 With long yew bows and shining spears,  
They marchd in mickle pride,  
And never delayd, or halted, or stayd,  
Till they came to the greenwood-side.
- 10 Said he to his archers, Tarry here;  
Your bows make ready all,  
That, if need should be, you may follow  
me;  
And see you observe my call.
- 11 'I'll go in person first,' he cry'd,  
'With the letters of my good king,  
Both signd and seald, and if he will  
yield,  
We need not draw one string.'
- 12 He wanderd about till at length he came  
To the tent of Robin Hood;  
The letter he shews; bold Robin arose,  
And there on his guard he stood.
- 13 'They'd have me surrender,' quoth bold  
Robin Hood,  
'And lie at their mercy then;  
But tell them from me, that never shall  
be,  
While I have full seven-score men.'
- 14 Sir William the knight, both hardy and  
bold,  
Did offer to seize him there,  
Which William Locksly by fortune did  
see,  
And bid him that trick forbear.
- 15 Then Robin Hood set his horn to his  
mouth,  
And blew a blast or twain,  
And so did the knight, at which there  
in sight  
The archers came all amain.
- 16 Sir William with care he drew up his  
men,  
And plac'd them in battle array;  
Bold Robin, we find, he was not behind;  
Now this was a bloody fray.
- 17 The archers on both sides bent their  
bows,  
And the clouds of arrows flew;

- The very first flight, that honoured  
knight  
Did there bid the world adieu.
- 18 Yet nevertheless their fight did last  
From 'morning till almost noon;  
Both parties were stout, and loath to  
give out;  
This was on the last [day] of June.
- 19 At length they went off; one part they  
went  
To London with right good will;  
And Robin Hood he to the green-wood  
tree,  
And there he was taken ill.
- 20 He sent for a monk, who let him blood,  
And took his life away;  
Now this being done, his archers they  
run,  
It was not a time to stay.
- 21 Some got on board and crossd the seas,  
To Flanders, France, and Spain,  
And others to Rome, for fear of their  
doom,  
But soon returnd again.
- 22 Thus he that never feard bow nor  
spear  
Was murdered by letting of blood;  
And so, loving friends, the story doth  
end  
Of valiant bold Robin Hood.
- 23 There's nothing remains but his epitaph  
now,  
Which, reader, here you have;  
To this very day, and read it you may,  
As it was upon his grave.

Robin Hood's Epitaph,  
Set on his tomb  
By the Prioress of Birkslay Monastery,  
in Yorkshire.

Robin, Earl of Huntington,  
Lies under this little stone.  
No archer was like him so good;  
His wildness nam'd him Robin Hood.  
Full thirteen years, and something more,  
These northern parts he vexed sore.  
Such outlaws as he and his men  
May England never know again!

## 154

## A TRUE TALE OF ROBIN HOOD

Martin Parker's True Tale of Robin Hood was entered to Francis Grove in the Stationers' Registers on the 29th of February, 1632. A copy in the British Museum, which is here reprinted, is thought to be of this first edition. The title of this copy is: 'A True Tale of Robbin [Hood], or, A briefe touch of the life and death of [f] that Renowned Outlaw, Robert Earle of Huntin[gt]on vulgarly called Robbin Hood, who lived and died in [A. D.] 1198, being the 9. yeare of the reigne of King Ric[h]ard the first, commonly called Richard Cner de Lyon. Carefully collected out of the truest Writers of our English C[hroni]cles. And published for the satisfaction of those who desire to s[ee] Truth purged from falsehood. By Martin Parker. Printed at London for T. Cotes, and are to be sold by F. Grove dwellin[g] upon Snow-hill, neare the Saracen[s] head.'

Martin Parker professes in st. 117 to follow chronicles, not "fained tales." Perhaps he regards broadside-ballads with historical names in them as chronicles: at any rate, though he reports some things which are found in Grafton, and in Major as cited by Grafton, much the larger part of his True Tale is now to be found only in ballads. When he does not agree with ballads which have come down to us, he may have used earlier copies, or he may have invented. The story of the abbot in sts. 23-26 is at least from the same source as 'Robin Hood and the Bishop' (No. 143); the plundering of King Richard's receivers in st. 33 is evidently the same event as that referred to in the second stanza of 'Robin Hood and Queen Katherine' (No. 145); Robin Hood is said to have built eight almshouses in 71, and one in the last stanza of 'The Noble Fisherman' (No. 148). The Gest could hardly have been unknown to Parker. Sts. 3-9, concerning Robin's rank, prodigality, and outlawry, may have been based upon Munday's play; but nothing is said of Maid Marian. Sts. 44-50 and 56-65 may report the substance of some lost broadside. Perhaps Parker calls his compilation a True Tale because a tale of Robin Hood was a proverb for an incredible story: "Tales of Robin Hood are good for fools."

- 1 BOTH gentlemen, or yoemen bould,  
Or whatsoever you are,  
To have a stately story tould,  
Attention now prepare.

- 2 It is a tale of Robin Hood,  
Which I to you will tell,  
Which being rightly understood,  
I know will please you well.
- 3 This Robbin, so much talked on,  
Was once a man of fame,  
Instiled Earle of Huntington,  
Lord Robert Hood by name.
- 4 In courtship and magnificence,  
His carriage won him praye,  
And greater favour with his prince  
Than any in his dayes.
- 5 In bounteous liberality  
He too much did excell,  
And loved men of quality  
More than exceeding well.
- 6 His great revennues all he sould  
For wine and costly cheere;  
He kept three hundred bowmen bold,  
He shooting lovd so deare.
- 7 No archer living in his time  
With him might well compare;  
He practisd all his youthfull prime  
That exercise most rare.
- 8 At last, by his profuse expence,  
He had consumd his wealth,  
And being outlawed by his prince,  
In woods he livd by stealth.
- 9 The abbot of Saint Maries rich,  
To whom he mouy ought,  
His hatred to this earle was such  
That he his downefall wrought.
- 10 So being outlawed, as 't is told,  
He with a crew went forth  
Of lusty cutters, stout and bold,  
And robbed in the North.
- 11 Among the rest, one Little John,  
A yeoman bold and free,  
Who could, if it stood him upon,  
With ease encounter three.
- 12 One hundred men in all he got,  
With whom, the story sayes,  
Three hundred common men durst  
not  
Hold combate any wayes.

- 3 They Yorkshire woods frequented much,  
And Lancashire also,  
Wherein their practises were such  
That they wrought mickle woe.
- 4 None rich durst travell to and fro,  
Though nere so strongly armd,  
But by these theeves, so strong in show,  
They still were robd and harmd.
- 5 His chiefest spight to the clergie was,  
That lived in monstrous pride;  
No one of them he would let passe  
Along the high-way side,
- 6 But first they must to dinner goe,  
And afterwards to shrift:  
Full many a one he served so,  
Thus while he livd by theft.
- 7 No monkes nor fryers he would let goe,  
Without paying their fees:  
If they thought much to be usd so,  
Their stones he made them leese.
- 8 For such as they the country filld  
With bastards in those dayes;  
Which to prevent, these sparkes did  
geld  
All that came by their wayes.
- 9 But Robbin Hood so gentle was,  
And bore so brave a minde,  
If any in distresse did passe,  
To them he was so kinde
- 10 That he would give and lend to them,  
To helpe them at their neede:  
This made all poore men pray for him,  
And wish he well might speede.
- 11 The widdow and the fatherlesse  
He would send meanes unto,  
And those whom famine did oppresse  
Found him a friendly foe.
- 12 Nor would he doe a woman wrong,  
But see her safe conveid;  
He would protect with power strong  
All those who crav'd his ayde.
- 13 The abbot of Saint Maries then,  
Who him undid before,  
Was riding with two hundred men,  
And gold and silver store.
- 24 But Robbin Hood upon him set  
With his couragious sparkes,  
And all the coyne perforce did get,  
Which was twelve thousand markes.
- 25 He bound the abbot to a tree,  
And would not let him passe  
Before that to his men and he  
His lordship had sayd masse.
- 26 Which being done, upon his horse  
He set him fast astride,  
And with his face towards his ar—  
He forced him to ride.
- 27 His men were faine to be his guide,  
For he rode backward home;  
The abbot, being thus villifide,  
Did sorely chafe and fume.
- 28 Thus Robbin Hood did vindicate  
His former wrongs receivd;  
For 't was this covetous prelate  
That him of land bereavd.
- 29 The abbot he rode to the king  
With all the haste he could,  
And to his Grace he every thing  
Exactly did unfold.
- 30 And sayd if that no course were tane,  
By force or stratagem,  
To take this rebell and his traine,  
No man should passe for them.
- 31 The king protested by and by  
Unto the abbot then  
That Robbin Hood with speed should  
dye,  
With all his merry men.
- 32 But ere the king did any send,  
He did another feate,  
Which did his Grace much more offend;  
The fact indeed was great.
- 33 For in a short time after that,  
The kings receivers went  
Towards London with the coyne they got,  
For 's Highnesse northerne rent.
- 34 Bold Robbin Hood and Little John,  
With the rest of their traine,  
Not dreading law, set them upon,  
And did their gold obtaine.

- 35 The king much moved at the same,  
And the abbots talke also,  
In this his anger did proclaime,  
And sent word to and fro,
- 36 That whosoere, alive or dead,  
Could bring him Robbin Hood,  
Should have one thousand markes, well  
payd  
In gold and silver good.
- 37 This promise of the king did make  
Full many yeomen bold  
Attempt stout Robbin Hood to take,  
With all the force they could.
- 38 But still when any came to him,  
Within the gay greene wood,  
He entertainement gave to them,  
With venison fat and good.
- 39 And shewd to them such martiall sport,  
With his long bow and arrow,  
That they of him did give report,  
How that it was great sorrow,
- 40 That such a worthy man as he  
Should thus be put to shift,  
Being late a lord of high degree,  
Of living quite bereft.
- 41 The king, to take him, more and more  
Sent men of mickle might,  
But he and his still beate them sore,  
And conquered them in fight.
- 42 Or else, with love and courtesie,  
To him he won their hearts:  
Thus still he lived by robbery,  
Throughout the northerne parts.
- 43 And all the country stood in dread  
Of Robbin Hood and 's men;  
For stouter lads nere livd by bread,  
In those dayes nor since then.
- 44 The abbot which before I nam'd  
Sought all the meanes he could  
To have by force this rebell tane,  
And his adherents bold.
- 45 Therefore he armd five hundred men,  
With furniture compleate,  
But the outlawes slew halfe of them,  
And made the rest retreat.
- 46 The long bow and the arrow keene  
They were so usd unto  
That still they kept the forest greene,  
In spight o th' proudest foe.
- 47 Twelve of the abbots men he tooke,  
Who came him to have tane,  
When all the rest the field forsooke;  
These he did entertaene
- 48 With banquetting and merriment,  
And, having usd them well,  
He to their lord them safely sent,  
And willd them him to tell
- 49 That if he would be pleasd at last  
To beg of our good king  
That he might pardon what was past,  
And him to favour bring,
- 50 He would surrender backe agen  
The money which before  
Was taken by him and his men,  
From him and many more.
- 51 Poore men might safely passe by him,  
And some that way would chuse,  
For well they knew that to helpe them  
He evermore did use.
- 52 But where he knew a miser rich,  
That did the poore oppresse,  
To feele his coyne his hand did itch;  
Hee 'de have it, more or lesse.
- 53 And sometimes, when the high-way  
fayld,  
Then he his courage rouses;  
He and his men have oft assayld  
Such rich men in their houses.
- 54 So that, through dread of Robbin then  
And his adventurous crew,  
The mizers kept great store of men,  
Which else maintaynd but few.
- 55 King Richard, of that name the first,  
Sirnamed Cuer de Lyon,  
Went to defeate the Pagans curst,  
Who kept the coasts of Syon.
- 56 The Bishop of Ely, chancelor,  
Was left as vice-roy here,  
Who like a potent emperor  
Did proudly dominere.

- 57 Our chronicles of him report  
That commonly he rode  
With a thousand horse from court to  
court,  
Where he would make abode.
- 58 He, riding downe towards the north,  
With his aforesayd traine,  
Robbin and his did issue forth,  
Them all to entertaine.
- 59 And, with the gallant gray-goose wing,  
They shewed to them such play,  
That made their horses kicke and fling,  
And downe their riders lay.
- 60 Full glad and faine the bishop was,  
For all his thousand men,  
To seeke what meanes he could to passe  
From out of Robbins ken.
- 61 Two hundred of his men were kil'd,  
And fourescore horses good;  
Thirty, who did as captives yeeld,  
Were carryed to the greene wood.
- 62 Which afterwards were ransomed,  
For twenty markes a man;  
The rest set spurres to horse, and fled  
To th' town of Warrington.
- 63 The bishop, sore enraged then,  
Did, in King Richards name,  
Muste a power of northerne men,  
These outlawes bold to tame.
- 64 But Robbin, with his courtesie,  
So wonne the meaner sort,  
That they were loath on him to try  
What rigor did import.
- 65 So that bold Robbin and his traine  
Did live unhurt of them,  
Vntill King Richard came againe  
From faire Jerusalem.
- 66 And then the talke of Robbin Hood  
His royall eares did fill;  
His Grace admir'd that ith' greene wood  
He thus continued still.
- 67 So that the country farre and neare  
Did give him great applause;  
For none of them neede stand in feare,  
But such as broke the lawes.
- 68 He wished well unto the king,  
And prayed still for his health,  
And never practised any thing  
Against the common wealth.
- 69 Onely, because he was undone  
By th' crewell clergie then,  
All meanes that he could thinke upon  
To vexe such kinde of men
- 70 He enterprized, with hatefull spleene;  
For which he was to blame,  
For fault of some, to wreeke his teene  
On all that by him came.
- 71 With wealth which he by robbery got  
Eight almes-houses he built,  
Thinking thereby to purge the blot  
Of blood which he had spilt.
- 72 Such was their blinde devotion then,  
Depending on their workes;  
Which, if 'twere true, we Christian  
men  
Inferiour were to Turkes.
- 73 But, to speake true of Robbin Hood,  
And wrong him not a iot,  
He never would shed any mans blood  
That him invaded not.
- 74 Nor would he iniure husbandmen,  
That toyld at cart and plough;  
For well he knew, were 't not for them,  
To live no man knew how.
- 75 The king in person, with some lords,  
To Notingham did ride,  
To try what strength and skill affords  
To crush these outlawes pride.
- 76 And, as he once before had done,  
He did againe proclaime,  
That whosoere would take upon  
To bring to Notingham,
- 77 Or any place within the land,  
Rebellious Robbin Hood,  
Should be preferd in place to stand  
With those of noble blood.
- 78 When Robbin Hood heard of the same,  
Within a little space,  
Into the towne of Notingham  
A letter to his Grace



79 He shot upon an arrow-head,  
 One evening cunningly;  
 Which was brought to the king, and  
 read  
 Before his Maiestie.

80 The tennour of this letter was  
 That Robbin would submit,  
 And be true leigeman to his Grace,  
 In any thing that's fit,

81 So that his Highnesse would forgive  
 Him and his merry men all;  
 If not, he must i th' greene wood live,  
 And take what chance did fall.

82 The king would faine have pardoned  
 him,  
 But that some lords did say,  
 This president will much condemne  
 Your Grace another day.

83 While that the king and lords did  
 stay  
 Debating on this thing,  
 Some of these outlawes fled away  
 Unto the Scottish king.

84 For they supposd, if he were tane,  
 Or to the king did yeeld,  
 By th' commons all the rest on's traine  
 Full quickely would be quell'd.

85 Of more than full a hundred men  
 But forty tarry'd still,  
 Who were resolv'd to sticke to him,  
 Let fortune worke her will.

86 If none had fled, all for his sake  
 Had got their pardon free;  
 The king to favour meant to take  
 His merry men and he.

87 But ere the pardon to him came,  
 'This famous archer dy'd:  
 His death, and manner of the same,  
 I'll presently describe.

88 For, being vext to thinke upon  
 His followers revolt,  
 In melancholly passion  
 He did recount their fault.

89 'Perfideous traytors!' sayd he then,  
 'In all your dangers past

Have I you guarded as my men  
 To leave me thus at last?'

90 This sad perplexity did cause  
 A fever, as some say,  
 Which him unto confusion drawes,  
 Though by a stranger way.

91 This deadly danger to prevent,  
 He hide him with all speede  
 Vnto a nunnery, with intent  
 For his healths sake to bleede.

92 A faithlesse fryer did pretend  
 In love to let him blood;  
 But he by falshood wrought the end  
 Of famous Robbin Hood.

93 The fryer, as some say, did this  
 To vindicate the wrong  
 Which to the clergie he and his  
 Had done by power strong.

94 Thus dyed he by trechery,  
 That could not dye by force;  
 Had he liv'd longer, certainly,  
 King Richard, in remorse,

95 Had unto favour him receav'd;  
 He brave men elevated;  
 'Tis pittie he was of life bereav'd  
 By one which he so hated.

96 A treacherous leech this fryer was,  
 To let him bleed to death;  
 And Robbin was, me thinkes, an asse,  
 To trust him with his breath.

97 His corpes the priores of the place,  
 The next day that he dy'd,  
 Caused to be buried, in mean case,  
 Close by the high-way side.

98 And over him she caused a stone  
 To be fix'd on the ground;  
 An epitaph was set thereon,  
 Wherein his name was found.

99 The date o th' yeare, and day also,  
 Shee made to be set there,  
 That all who by the way did goe  
 Might see it plaine appeare

100 That such a man as Robbin Hood  
 Was buried in that place;

- And how he lived in the greene wood,  
And robd there for a space.
- 101 It seemes that though the clergie he  
Had put to mickle woe,  
He should not quite forgotten be,  
Although he was their foe.
- 102 This woman, though she did him  
hate,  
Yet loved his memory;  
And thought it wondrous pittie that  
His fame should with him dye.
- 103 This epitaph, as records tell,  
Within this hundred yeares  
By many was discerned well,  
But time all things outweares.
- 104 His followers, when he was dead,  
Were some received to grace;  
The rest to forraigne countries fled,  
And left their native place.
- 105 Although his funerall was but meane,  
This woman had in minde  
Least his fame should be buried cleane  
From those that came behind.
- 106 For certainly, before nor since,  
No man ere understood,  
Vnder the reigne of any prince,  
Of one like Robbin Hood.
- 107 Full thirteene yeares, and something  
more,  
These outlawes lived thus,  
Feared of the rich, loved of the poore,  
A thing most marvelous.
- 108 A thing impossible to us  
This story seemes to be;  
None dares be now so venturous;  
But times are chang'd, we see.
- 109 We that live in these latter dayes  
Of civill government,  
If neede be, have a hundred wayes  
Such outlawes to prevent.
- 110 In those dayes men more barbarous  
were,  
And lived lesse in awe;  
Now, God be thanked ! people feare  
More to offend the law.
- 111 No roaring guns were then in use,  
They dreamt of no such thing;  
Our English men in fight did chuse  
The gallant gray-goose wing.
- 112 In which activity these men,  
Through practise, were so good,  
That in those dayes non equald them,  
Specially Robbin Hood.
- 113 So that, it seemes, keeping in caves,  
In woods and forrests thicke,  
Thei'd beate a multitude with staves,  
Their arrowes did so pricke.
- 114 And none durst neare unto them come,  
Unlesse in courtesie;  
All such he bravely would send home,  
With mirth and iollity.
- 115 Which courtesie won him such love,  
As I before have told;  
'T was the cheefe cause that he did  
prove  
More prosperous than he could.
- 116 Let us be thankefull for these times  
Of plenty, truth and peace,  
And leave out great and horrid crimes,  
Least they cause this to cease.
- 117 I know there's many fained tales  
Of Robbin Hood and's crew;  
But chronicles, which seldome fayles,  
Reports this to be true.
- 118 Let none then thinke this a lye,  
For, if 't were put to th' worst,  
They may the truth of all discery  
I th' raigne of Richard the first.
- 119 If any reader please to try,  
As I direction show,  
The truth of this brave history,  
Hee'l finde it true I know.
- 120 And I shall thinke my labour well  
Bestowed, to purpose good,  
When't shall be sayd that I did tell  
True tales of Robbin Hood.

The Epitaph which the Prioeresse of the Monastery of Kirkes Lay in Yorke-shire set over Robbin Hood, which, as is before mentioned, was to bee reade within these hundreth

yeares, though in old broken English, much to the same sence and meaning.

Decembris quarto die, 1198: anno regni Richardii Primi 9.

Robert Earle of Huntington

Lies under this little stone.

No archer was like him so good:

His wildnesse named him Robbin Hood.

Full thirteene yeares, and something more,

These northerne parts he vexed sore.

Such out-lawes as he and his men

May England never know agen.

Some other superstitious words were in it, which I thought fit to leave out.

## 155

### SIR HUGH, OR, THE JEW'S DAUGHTER

The twenty-one versions of this ballad (so far as they are not mere fragments) agree in the outline of the story and in many of the details. In N, a singular copy obtained in New York, the boy's name is corrupted to Harry Hughes, and the Jew's daughter becomes the Duke's daughter.

The story of Hugh of Lincoln is told in the *Annals of Waverley*, under the year 1255, by a contemporary writer, to this effect. A boy in Lincoln, named Hugh, was crucified by the Jews in contempt of Christ with various preliminary tortures. To conceal the act from Christians, the body, when taken from the cross, was thrown into a running stream; but the water would not endure the wrong done its maker, and immediately ejected it upon dry land. The body was then buried in the earth, but was found above ground the next day. The guilty parties were now very much frightened and quite at their wits' end; as a last resort they threw the corpse into a well. Thereupon the whole place was filled with so brilliant a light and so sweet an odor that it was clear to everybody that there must be something holy and prodigious in the well. The body was seen floating on the water, and, upon its being drawn up, the hands and feet were found to be pierced, the head had, as it were, a crown of bloody points, and there were various other wounds: from all which it was plain that this was the work of the Jews. A blind woman, touching the bier on which the blessed martyr's corpse was carrying to the

church, received her sight, and many other miracles followed. Eighteen Jews, convicted of the crime, and confessing it with their own mouth, were hanged. Matthew Paris, also writing contemporaneously, supplies additional circumstances, one of which, the mother's finding of the child, is prominent in the ballad. The *Annals of Burton* give a long report of this case, which is perhaps contemporary, though the manuscript is mostly of the next century.

An Anglo-French ballad, which also appears to be contemporary with the event, agrees in many particulars with the account given in the *Annals of Burton* and adds new details.

The English ballads, the oldest of which were recovered about the middle of the eighteenth century, must, in the course of five hundred years of tradition, have departed considerably from the early form. The occurrence of Our Lady's draw-well, in A, is due to a mixing, to this extent, of the story of Hugh with that of the young devotee of the Virgin who is celebrated in Chaucer's *Prioresses Tale*.

Murders like that of Hugh of Lincoln have been imputed to the Jews for at least seven hundred and fifty years, and the charge, which there is reason to suppose may still from time to time be renewed, has brought upon the accused every calamity that the hand of man can inflict, pillage, confiscation, banishment, torture, and death, and this in huge proportions. The process of these murders has often been described as a parody of the crucifixion of Jesus. The motive most commonly alleged, in addition to the contempt for Christianity, has been the obtaining of blood for use in the Paschal rites, — a most unhappily devised slander, in stark contradiction with Jewish precept and practice. That no Christian child was ever killed by a Jew, that there never even was so much truth as that (setting aside the object) in a single case of these particular criminations, is what no Christian or Jew would undertake to assert; but of these charges in the mass it may safely be said, as it has been said, that they are as credible as the miracles which, in a great number of cases, are asserted to have been worked by the reliques of the young saints, and as well substantiated as the absurd sacrilege of stabbing, baking, or boiling the Host, or the enormity of poisoning springs, with which the Jews have equally been taxed. And these pretended child-murders, with their horrible consequences, are only a part of a persecution which, with all moderation, may be rubricated as the most disgraceful chapter in the history of the human race.

Several cases of such murders in England are reported from the twelfth and thirteenth

centuries. The oldest is that of William of Norwich, 1144, given in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* under 1137 (ed. Plummer, i, 265). See *The Life and Miracles of Saint William*, edited by Jessopp and James, 1897.

## A

'Hugh of Lincoln,' Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, i, 151, as taken down by the editor from Mrs Brown's recitation.

- 1 FOUR and twenty bonny boys  
Were playing at the ba,  
And by it came him sweet Sir Hugh,  
And he playd oer them a'.
- 2 He kicked the ba with his right foot,  
And catchd it wi his knee,  
And through-and-thro the Jew's window  
He gard the bonny ba flee.
- 3 He's doen him to the Jew's castell,  
And walkd it round about;  
And there he saw the Jew's daughter,  
At the window looking out.
- 4 'Throw down the ba, ye Jew's daughter,  
Throw down the ba to me !'  
'Never a bit,' says the Jew's daughter,  
'Till up to me come ye.'
- 5 'How will I come up ? How can I come  
up ?  
How can I come to thee ?  
For as ye did to my auld father.  
The same ye'll do to me.'
- 6 She's gane till her father's garden,  
And pu'd an apple red and green;  
'Twas a' to wyle him sweet Sir Hugh,  
And to entice him in.
- 7 She's led him in through ae dark  
door,  
And sae has she thro nine;  
She's laid him on a dressing-table,  
And stickit him like a swine.
- 8 And first came out the thick, thick  
blood,  
And syne came out the thin,  
And syne came out the bonny heart's  
blood;  
There was nae mair within.

- 9 She's rowd him in a cake o lead,  
Bade him lie still and sleep;  
She's thrown him in Our Lady's draw-  
well,  
Was fifty fathom deep.
- 10 When bells were rung, and mass was  
sung,  
And a' the bairns came hame,  
When every lady gat hame her son,  
The Lady Maisry gat nane.
- 11 She's taen her mantle her about,  
Her coffer by the hand,  
And she's gane out to seek her son,  
And wanderd oer the land.
- 12 She's doen her to the Jew's castell,  
Where a' were fast asleep:  
'Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,  
I pray you to me speak.'
- 13 She's doen her to the Jew's garden,  
Thought he had been gathering fruit:  
'Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,  
I pray you to me speak.'
- 14 She heard Our Lady's deep draw-well,  
Was fifty fathom deep:  
'Whareer ye be, my sweet Sir Hugh,  
I pray you to me speak.'
- 15 'Gae hame, gae hame, my mither  
dear,  
Prepare my winding sheet,  
And at the back o merry Lincoln  
The morn I will you meet.'
- 16 Now Lady Maisry is gane hame,  
Made him a winding sheet,  
And at the back o merry Lincoln  
The dead corpse did her meet.
- 17 And a' the bells o merry Lincoln  
Without men's hands were rung,  
And a' the books o merry Lincoln  
Were read without man's tongue,  
And neer was such a burial  
Sin Adam's days begun.

## B

'The Jew's Daughter,' Percy's *Reliques*, i, 32, 1765; from a manuscript copy sent from Scotland.

- 1 THE rain rins doun through Mirry-land  
toun,  
Sae dois it doun the Pa;  
Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toun,  
Whan they play at the ba.
- 2 Than out and cam the Jewis dochter,  
Said, Will ye cum in and dine?  
'I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in,  
Without my play-feres nine.'
- 3 Scho powd an apple reid and white,  
To intice the yong thing in:  
Scho powd an apple white and reid,  
And that the sweet bairne did win.
- 4 And scho has taine out a little pen-  
knife,  
And low down by her gair;  
Scho has twin'd the yong thing and  
his life,  
A word he nevir spak mair.
- 5 And out and cam the thick, thick  
bluid,  
And out and cam the thin,  
And out and cam the bonny herts bluid;  
Thair was nae life left in.
- 6 Scho laid him on a dressing-borde,  
And drest him like a swine,  
And laughing said, Gae nou and play  
With your sweet play-feres nine.
- 7 Scho rowd him in a cake of lead,  
Bade him lie stil and sleip;  
Scho cast him in a deip draw-well,  
Was fifty fadom deip.
- 8 Whan bells wer rung, and mass was  
sung,  
And every lady went hame,  
Than ilka lady had her yong sonne,  
Bot Lady Helen had nane.
- 9 Scho rowd hir mantil hir about,  
And sair, sair gan she weip,  
And she ran into the Jewis castel,  
Whan they wer all asleip.
- 10 'My bonny Sir Hew, my pretty Sir  
Hew,  
I pray thee to me speik:'  
'O lady, rinn to the deip draw-well,  
Gin ye your sonne wad seik.'

- 11 Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,  
And knelt upon her kne:  
'My bonny Sir Hew, an ye be here,  
I pray thee speik to me.'
- 12 'The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,  
The well is wondrous deip;  
A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,  
A word I dounae speik.
- 13 'Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,  
Fetch me my windling sheet,  
And at the back o Mirry-land toun,  
It's thair we twa sall meet.'

## C

'The Jewis Daughter,' Percy papers; communicated to Percy by Paton, in 1768 or 1769, and derived from a friend of Paton's.

- 1 FOUR and twenty bonny boys  
War playing at the ba;  
Then up and started sweet Sir Hew,  
The flower amang them a'.
- 2 He hit the ba a kick wi's fit,  
And kept it wi his knee,  
That up into the Jew's window  
He-gart the bonny ba flee.
- 3 'Cast doun the ba to me, fair maid,  
Cast doun the ba to me;  
'O neer a bit o the ba ye get  
Till ye cum up to me.
- 4 'Cum up, sweet Hew, cum up, dear  
Hew,  
Cum up and get the ba;  
'I canna cum, I darna cum,  
Without my play-feres twa.'
- 5 'Cum up, sweet Hew, cum up, dear  
Hew,  
Cum up and play wi me;  
'I canna cum, I darna cum,  
Without my play-feres three.'
- 6 She's gane into the Jew's garden,  
Where the grass grew lang and green;  
She powd an apple red and white,  
To wyle the yong thing in.
- 7 She wyl'd him into ae chamber,  
She wyl'd him into twa,



She wyl'd him to her ain chamber,  
The fairest o them a'.

8 She laid him on a dressing-board,  
Where she did sometimes dine;  
She put a penknife in his heart,  
And dressed him like a swine.

9 Then out and cam the thick, thick  
blude,  
Then out and cam the thin;  
Then out and cam the bonny heart's  
blude,  
Where a' the life lay in.

10 She rowd him in a cake of lead,  
Bad him lie still and sleep;  
She cast him in the Jew's draw-well,  
Was fifty fadom deep.

11 She's tane her mantle about her head,  
Her pike-staff in her hand,  
And prayed Heaven to be her guide  
Unto some uncouth land.

12 His mither she cam to the Jew's castle,  
And there ran thrise about:  
'O sweet Sir Hew, gif ye be here,  
I pray ye to me speak.'

13 She cam into the Jew's garden,  
And there ran thrise about:  
'O sweet Sir Hew, gif ye be here,  
I pray ye to me speak.'

14 She cam unto the Jew's draw-well,  
And there ran thrise about:  
'O sweet Sir Hew, gif ye be here,  
I pray ye to me speak.'

15 'How can I speak, how dare I speak,  
How can I speak to thee?  
The Jew's penknife sticks in my heart,  
I canna speak to thee.

16 'Gang hame, gang hame, O mither dear,  
And shape my winding sheet,  
And at the birks of Mirryland town  
There you and I shall meet.'

17 Whan bells war rung, and mass was  
sung,  
And a' men bound for bed,  
Every mither had her son,  
But sweet Sir Hew was dead.

## N

'Little Harry Hughes and the Duke's Daughter,' Newell's Games and Songs of American Children, 1883, p. 75, as sung by a little girl in New York: derived, through her mother, from a grandmother born in Ireland.

1 IT was on a May, on a midsummer's  
day,  
When it rained, it did rain small;  
And little Harry Hughes and his play-  
fellows all  
Went out to play the ball.

2 He knocked it up, and he knocked it  
down,  
He knocked it oer and oer;  
The very first kick little Harry gave the  
ball,  
He broke the duke's windows all.

3 She came down, the youngest duke's  
daughter,  
She was dressed in green:  
'Come back, come back, my pretty little  
boy,  
And play the ball again.'

4 'I wont come back, and I daren't come  
back,  
Without my playfellows all;  
And if my mother she should come in,  
She'd make it the bloody ball.'

5 She took an apple out of her pocket,  
And rolled it along the plain;  
Little Harry Hughes picked up the  
apple,  
And sorely rued the day.

6 She takes him by the lily-white hand,  
And leads him from hall to hall,  
Until she came to a little dark room,  
That no one could hear him call.

7 She sat herself on a golden chair,  
Him on another close by,  
And there's where she pulled out her  
little penknife,  
That was both sharp and fine.

8 Little Harry Hughes had to pray for his  
soul,  
For his days were at an end;

She stuck her penknife in little Harry's heart,  
And first the blood came very thick,  
and then came very thin.

9 She rolled him in a quire of tin,  
That was in so many a fold;  
She rolled him from that to a little draw-well,  
That was fifty fathoms deep.

10 'Lie there, lie there, little Harry,' she cried,  
'And God forbid you to swim,  
If you be a disgrace to me,  
Or to any of my friends.'

11 The day passed by, and the night came on,  
And every scholar was home,  
And every mother had her own child,  
But poor Harry's mother had none.

12 She walked up and down the street,  
With a little sally rod in her hand,  
And God directed her to the little draw-well,  
That was fifty fathoms deep.

13 'If you be there, little Harry,' she said,  
'And God forbid you to be,  
Speak one word to your own dear mother,  
That is looking all over for thee.'

14 'This I am, dear mother,' he cried,  
'And lying in great pain,  
With a little penknife lying close to my heart,  
And the duke's daughter she has me slain.

15 'Give my blessing to my schoolfellows, all,  
And tell them to be at the church,  
And make my grave both large and deep,  
And my coffin of hazel and green birch.

16 'Put my Bible at my head,  
My busker (?) at my feet,  
My little prayer-book at my right side,  
And sound will be my sleep.'

## QUEEN ELEANOR'S CONFESSION

This ballad seems first to have got into print in the latter part of the seventeenth century, but was no doubt circulating orally some time before that, for it is in the truly popular tone. The fact that two friars hear the confession would militate against a much earlier date. Eleanor of Aquitaine was married to Henry II of England in 1152, a few weeks after her divorce from Louis VII of France, she being then about thirty and Henry nineteen years of age. "It is needless to observe," says Percy, "that the following ballad is altogether fabulous; whatever gallantries Eleanor encouraged in the time of her first husband, none are imputed to her in that of her second." In Peele's play of Edward I (1593) the story is absurdly transferred to Edward Longshanks and that model of women and wives, Eleanor of Castile. There are several sets of tales in which a husband takes a shrift-father's place and hears his wife's confession. Such are the fabliau "Du Chevalier qui fist sa femme confesse" (Montaignon, No. 16); Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles, 1432, No. 78; Boccaccio, vii, 5.

### A

a. 'Queen Eleanor's Confession,' a broadside, London, Printed for C. Bates, at the Sun & Bible in Gilt-spur-street, near Pye-corner, Bagford Ballads, II, No. 26, 1685? British Museum. b. A broadside, Printed for C. Bates, in Pye-corner, Bagford Ballads, I, No. 33, 1685? c. Another copy of b, reprinted in Utterson's Little Book of Ballads, p. 22. d. A Collection of Old Ballads, 1723, I, 18.

1 QUEEN ELENOR was a sick woman,  
And afraid that she should dye;  
Then she sent for two fryars of France,  
For to speak with them speedily.

2 The King calld down his nobles all,  
By one, by two, and by three,  
And sent away for Earl Martial,  
For to speak with him speedily.

3 When that he came before the King,  
He fell on his bended knee;  
'A boon, a boon! our gracious king,  
That you sent so hastily.'

- 4 'I'll pawn my living and my lands,  
My septer and my crown,  
That whatever Queen Elenor says,  
I will not write it down.
- 5 'Do you put on one fryar's coat,  
And I'll put on another,  
And we will to Queen Elenor go,  
One fryar like another.'
- 6 Thus both attired then they go;  
When they came to Whitehall,  
The bells they did ring, and the quiristers sing,  
And the torches did light them all.
- 7 When that they came before the Queen,  
They fell on their bended knee:  
'A boon, a boon! our gracious queen,  
That you sent so hastily.'
- 8 'Are you two fryars of France?' she said,  
'Which I suppose you be;  
But if you are two English fryars,  
Then hanged shall you be.'
- 9 'We are two fryars of France,' they said,  
'As you suppose we be;  
We have not been at any mass  
Since we came from the sea.'
- 10 'The first vile thing that ere I did  
I will to you unfold;  
Earl Martial had my maidenhead,  
Underneath this cloath of gold.'
- 11 'That is a vile sin,' then said the king,  
'God may forgive it thee!'  
'Amen! Amen!' quoth Earl Martial,  
With a heavy heart then spoke he.
- 12 'The next vile thing that ere I did  
To you I'll not deny;  
I made a box of poyson strong,  
To poyson King Henry.'
- 13 'That is a vile sin,' then said the King,  
'God may forgive it thee!'  
'Amen! Amen!' quoth Earl Martial,  
'And I wish it so may be.'
- 14 'The next vile thing that ere I did  
To you I will discover;

I poysoned Fair Rosamond,  
All in fair Woodstock bower.'

- 15 'That is a vile sin,' then said the King,  
'God may forgive it thee!'  
'Amen! Amen!' quoth Earl Martial,  
'And I wish it so may be.'
- 16 'Do you see yonders little boy,  
A tossing of that ball?  
That is Earl Martial['s] eldest son,  
And I love him the best of all.
- 17 'Do you see yonders little boy,  
A catching of the ball?  
That is King Henry's son,' she said,  
'And I love him the worst of all.
- 18 'His head is like unto a bull,  
His nose is like a boar;'  
'No matter for that,' King Henry said,  
'I love him the better therefore.'
- 19 The King pulld of his fryar's coat,  
And appeared all in red;  
She shriekd and she cry'd, she wrong  
her hands,  
And said she was betrayd.
- 20 The King lookd over his left shoulder,  
And a grim look looked he,  
And said, Earl Martial, but for my  
oath,  
Then hanged shouldst ihou be.

## B

"The Old Lady's Collection," MS., No. 6.

- 1 OUR quin's seek, an very seek,  
She's seek an leak to dee,  
An she has sent for the friears of  
France,  
To speak we her spedely.
- 2 'Ye'll pit on a frier's robe,  
An I'll put one anether,  
An we'll goo to madam the Quin,  
Leak frayers bath together.'
- 3 'God forbid,' sayes Earl Marchell,  
'That ever the leak sud be,  
That I sud begule madam the Quin;  
I wad be hangèd hei.'

- 4 . . . . .  
The King suar by the croun an the septer  
roun  
Earl Marchell sudne dei.
- 5 The king pat one a frier's rob,  
Earl Marchell on anether,  
The 'r on to the Quin,  
Like frayers bath together.
- 6 'Gin ye be the frayers of France,' she  
says,  
'As I trust wiell ye be,  
Bat an ye be ony eather men  
Ye sall be hangèd he.'
- 7 The king he turned him roun,  
An by his troth suare he,  
'We ha na sung masse  
San we came fra the sea.'
- 8 'The first sin ever I did,  
An a very grat sin it was tee,  
I gaa my medenhead to Earl Marchell,  
Belou a green-wood tree.'
- 9 'That was a sin, an a very grate sin,  
Bat pardoned it man be;'  
'We menement,' said Earl Marchell,  
Bat a heavë, heavë heart had he.
- 10 'The nist sin ever I did,  
An a grat sin it was tee,  
I pusned Lady Rosomon,  
Ar the King's darling was she.'
- 11 'That was a sin, an a grat sin,  
Bat pardoned it may be;'  
'We menement,' said King Henry,  
Bat a heavë, heavë heart had he.
- 12 'The nist sin I ever did,  
An a grat sin it was tee,  
I keept pusin in my bosom seven  
year  
To pusin him King Henre.'
- 13 'That was a sin, an a grat sin,  
Bat pardoned it may be;'  
'We menement,' sa[i]d King Henrie,  
Bat a heavë, heavë heart had he.
- 14 'O see ye na yon bony boys,  
As they play att the baa ?

An see ye na Earl Merchal's son ?  
I lee him best of all.

- 15 'But see ye na King Henry's son ?  
He is headed leak a bull an baked leak  
a bore,  
I leak him warst of a':'  
'An, by my soth,' says him King Henry,  
'I leak him best of the twa.'
- 16 The king he turned him roun,  
Pat on the coat of goud,  
The Quin turned her roun,  
The king to behald.
- 17 . . . . .  
Gin I had na sworn by the croun an the  
septer roun,  
Earl Marchell sud ben gared dee.'

157

## GUDE WALLACE

Blind Harry's Wallace (of about 1460, earlier than 1488) is clearly the source of this ballad. A-F are derived from vv. 1080-1119 of the Fifth Book. Here Wallace, on his way to the hostelry with a comrade, met a woman who counselled them to pass by, if Scots, for Southrons were there, drinking and talking of Wallace; twenty are there, making great din but no man of fence. "Wallace went in and bad *Benedicite*." The Captain said, "Thou art a Scot, the devil thy nation quell." Wallace drew and ran the captain through; "fifteen he straik and fifteen has he slayn;" his comrade killed the other five. G prefixes to the story of the other versions another adventure of Wallace, taken from the Fourth Book of Blind Harry, vv. 704-87. The first half of G is plainly a late piece of work, very possibly of the nineteenth century, much later than the other, which itself need not be very old. But the portions of Blind Harry's poem out of which these ballads were made were perhaps themselves composed from older ballads, and the restitution of the lyrical form may have given us something not altogether unlike what was sung in the fifteenth, or even the fourteenth century.

A

'On an honourable Achievement of Sir William Wallace, near Falkirk,' a chap-book of Four New Songs and a Prophecy, 1745

The Scots Musical Museum, 1853, D. Laing's additions, iv, 458\*; Maidment, Scottish Ballads and Songs, 1859, p. 83.

- 1 'HAD we a king,' said Wallace then,  
 'That our kind Scots might live by  
 their own!  
 But betwixt me and the English blood  
 I think there is an ill seed sown.'
- 2 Wallace him over a river lap,  
 He lookd low down to a linn;  
 He was war of a gay lady  
 Was even at the well washing.
- 3 'Well mot ye fare, fair madam,' he  
 said,  
 'And ay well mot ye fare and see!  
 Have ye any tidings me to tell,  
 I pray you'll show them unto me.'
- 4 'I have no tidings you to tell,  
 Nor yet no tidings you to ken;  
 But into that hostler's house  
 There's fifteen of your Englishmen.
- 5 'And they are seeking Wallace there,  
 For they've ordained him to be slain:'  
 'O God forbid!' said Wallace then,  
 'For he's oer good a kind Scotsman.
- 6 'But had I money me upon,  
 And evn this day, as I have none,  
 Then would I to that hostler's house,  
 And evn as fast as I could gang.'
- 7 She put her hand in her pocket,  
 She told him twenty shillings oer her  
 knee;  
 Then he took off both hat and hood,  
 And thankd the lady most reverently.
- 8 'If eer I come this way again,  
 Well paid [your] money it shall be;'  
 Then he took off both hat and hood,  
 And he thankd the lady most rever-  
 ently.
- 9 He leand him twofold oer a staff,  
 So did he threefold oer a tree,  
 And he's away to the hostler's house,  
 Even as fast as he might dree.
- 10 When he came to the hostler's house,  
 He said, Good-ben be here! quoth he:

An English captain, being deep load,  
 He asked him right cankerdly,

- 11 Where was you born, thou crooked  
 carle,  
 And in what place, and what country?  
 'Tis I was born in fair Scotland,  
 A crooked carle although I be.'
- 12 The English captain swore by th' rood,  
 'We are Scotsmen as well as thee,  
 And we are seeking Wallace; then  
 To have him merry we should be.'
- 13 'The man,' said Wallace, 'ye're look-  
 ing for,  
 I seed him within these days three;  
 And he has slain an English captain,  
 And ay the fearder the rest may be.'
- 14 'I'd give twenty shillings,' said the cap-  
 tain,  
 'To such a crooked carle as thee,  
 If you would take me to the place  
 Where that I might proud Wallace  
 see.'
- 15 'Hold out your hand,' said Wallace  
 then,  
 'And show your money and be free,  
 For tho you'd bid an hundred pound,  
 I never bade a better bode' [, said  
 he].
- 16 He struck the captain oer the chafts,  
 Till that he never chewed more;  
 He stickd the rest about the board,  
 And left them all a sprawling there.
- 17 'Rise up, goodwife,' said Wallace then,  
 'And give me something for to eat;  
 For it's near two days to an end  
 Since I tasted one bit of meat.'
- 18 His board was scarce well covered,  
 Nor yet his dine well scantily dight,  
 Till fifteen other Englishmen  
 Down all about the door did light.
- 19 'Come out, come out,' said they, 'Wal-  
 lace!' then,  
 'For the day is come that ye must  
 die;'  
 And they thought so little of his might,  
 But ay the fearder they might be.



20 The wife ran but, the gudeman ran ben,  
It put them all into a fever;  
Then five he sticket where they stood,  
And five he trampled in the gutter.

21 And five he chased to yon green wood,  
He hanged them all out-oer a grain;  
And gaint the morn at twelve o'clock,  
He dined with his kind Scottish men.

## G

'Sir William Wallace,' The Thistle of Scotland, Alexander Laing, p. 100, from the repetition of an old gentlewoman in Aberdeenshire. Also Motherwell's MS., p. 487, communicated by Peter Buchan of Peterhead, "who had it from an old woman in that neighborhood."

1 Woud ye hear of William Wallace,  
An sek him as he goes,  
Into the lan of Lanark,  
Amang his mortel faes ?

2 There was fyften English sogers  
Unto his ladie cam,  
Said, Gie us William Wallace,  
That we may have him slain.

3 Woud ye gie William Wallace,  
That we may have him slain,  
And ye's be wedded to a lord,  
The best in Christendeem.

4 'This verra nicht at seven,  
Brave Wallace will come in,  
And he'll come to my chamber-door,  
Without or dread or din.'

5 The fyften English sogers  
Around the house did wait,  
And four brave southron foragers  
Stood hie upon the gait.

6 That verra nicht at seven  
Brave Wallace he came in,  
And he came to his ladie's bouir,  
Withouten dread or din.

7 When she beheld him Wallace,  
She star'd him in the face;  
'Ohon, alas !' said that ladie,  
'This is a woful case.

8 'For I this nicht have sold you,  
This nicht you must be taen,

And I'm to be wedded to a lord,  
The best in Christendeem.'

9 'Do you repent,' said Wallace,  
'The ill you've dane to me ?'  
Ay, that I do,' said that ladie,  
'And will do till I die.

10 'Ay, that I do,' said that ladie,  
'And will do ever still,  
And for the ill I've dane to you,  
Let me burn upon a hill.'

11 'Now God forfend,' says brave Wallace,  
'I shoud be so unkind;  
Whatever I am to Scotland's faes,  
I'm aye a woman's friend.

12 'Will ye gie me your gown, your gown,  
Your gown but and your kirtle,  
Your petticoat of bonny brown,  
And belt about my middle ?

13 'I'll take a pitcher in ilka hand,  
And do me to the well;  
They'll think I'm one of your maidens,  
Or think it is yoursell.'

14 She has gien him her gown, her gown,  
Her petticoat and kirtle,  
Her broadest belt, wi silver clasp,  
To bind about his middle.

15 He's taen a pitcher in ilka hand,  
And dane him to the well;  
They thought him one of her maidens,  
They kend it was nae hersell.

16 Said one of the southron foragers,  
See ye yon lusty dame ?  
I woud nae gie muckle to thee, neebor,  
To bring her back agen.

17 Then all the southrons followd him,  
And sure they were but four;  
But he has drawn his trusty brand,  
And slew them pair by pair.

18 He threw the pitchers frae his hands,  
And to the hills fled he,  
Until he cam to a fair may,  
Was washin on yon lea.

19 'What news, what news, ye weel-far'd  
may ?  
What news hae ye to gie ?'

- 'Ill news, ill news,' the fair may said,  
'Ill news I hae to thee.
- 20 'There is fyften English sogers  
Into that thatched inn,  
Seeking Sir William Wallace;  
I fear that he is slain.'
- 21 'Have ye any money in your pocket?  
Pray lend it unto me,  
And when I come this way again,  
Repaid ye weel shall be.'
- 22 She['s] put her hand in her pocket,  
And taen out shillings three;  
He turnd him right and round about,  
And thankd the weel-far'd may.
- 23 He had not gone a long rig length,  
A rig length and a span,  
Until he met a bold beggar,  
As sturdy as coud gang.
- 24 'What news, what news, ye bold beggar?  
What news hae ye to gie?'  
'O heavy news,' the beggar said,  
'I hae to tell to thee.
- 25 'There is fyften English sogers,  
I heard them in you inn,  
Vowing to kill him Wallace;  
I fear the chief is slain.'
- 26 'Will ye change apparell wi me, auld  
man?  
Change your apparell for mine?  
And when I come this way again,  
Ye'll be my ain poor man.'
- 27 When he got on the beggar's coat,  
The pike-staff in his hand,  
He's dane him down to yon tavern,  
Where they were drinking wine.
- 28 'What news, what news, ye staff-beg-  
gar?  
What news hae ye to gie?'  
'I hae nae news, I heard nae news,  
As few I'll hae frae thee.'
- 29 'I think your coat is ragged, auld  
man;  
But woud you wages win,  
And tell where William Wallace is,  
We'll lay gold in your hand.'

- 30 'Tell down, tell down your good red  
gold,  
Upon the table-head,  
And ye sall William Wallace see,  
Wi the down-come of Robin Hood.'
- 31 They had nae tauld the money down,  
And laid it on his knee,  
When candles, lamps, and candlesticks,  
He on the floor gard flee.
- 32 And he has drawn his trusty brand,  
And slew them one by one,  
Then sat down at the table-head,  
And called for some wine.
- 33 The goodwife she ran but, ran but,  
The goodman he ran ben,  
The verra bairns about the fire  
Were a' like to gang brain.
- 34 'Now if there be a Scotsman here,  
He'll come and drink wi me;  
But if there be an English loun,  
It is his time to flee.'
- 35 The goodman was an Englishman,  
And to the hills he ran;  
The goodwife was a Scots woman,  
And she came to his hand.

158

## HUGH SPENCER'S FEATS IN FRANCE

Of the many Hugh Spencers if we select the younger of the favorites of Edward II, his exploits, had they any foundation in reality, would necessarily fall between 1322, when Charles IV came to the French throne, and 1326, when the Spencers, father and son, ended their career. The French king says in B 8 that Spenser had sunk his ships and slain his men. Hugh Spenser the younger was engaged in piracy in 1321. The quarrel between Edward II and Charles IV, touching the English possessions in France, was temporarily arranged in 1325, but not through the mediation of the younger Spenser, who never was sent on an embassy to France. Another Sir Hugh Spenser was a commander in the Earl of Arundel's fleet in the operations against the French in Charles VI's time, 1381, and was taken prisoner in consequence of his ship grounding.

This ballad is after the fashion of Russian bylinas, and especially the bylina of Dobrynja and Vasilij Kazimirovič. In this very fine ballad, Vladimir is in arrears with his tribute to a Saracen king, and appoints Vasilij his envoy, to make payment. Vasilij asks that he may have Dobrynja go with him, and Dobrynja asks for Ivanuška's company. Dobrynja beats the king at chess and at the bow (which corresponds to the jousting in the English ballad); then follows a great fight, the result of which is that the Saracen king is fain to pay tribute himself. See Wollner, Volksepiik der Grossrussen, pp. 123-5.

## A

'Hugh Spencer,' Percy MS., p. 281; Hales and Furnivall, II, 290.

1 THE court is kept att leue London,  
And euermore shall be itt;  
The *King* sent for a bold ambassador,  
And Sir Hugh Spencer *that* he light.

2 'Come hither, Spencer,' saith our kinge,  
'And come thou hither vnto mee;  
I must make thee an embassadour  
Betweene the *king* of Ffrance and  
mee.

3 'Thou must comend me to the *king* of  
Ffrance,  
And tell him thus and now ffrom mee,  
I wold know whether there shold be  
peace in his land,  
Or open warr kept still must bee.

4 'Thou'st haue thy shipp at thy comande,  
Thou'st neither want for gold nor  
ffee;  
Thou'st haue a hundred armed men,  
All att thy bidding ffor to bee.'

5 The wind itt serued, and they sayled,  
And towards Ffrance thus they be  
gone;  
The wind did bring them safe to shore,  
And safelye landed euerye one.

6 The Ffrenchman lay on the castle-wall,  
The English souldiers to behold:  
'You are welcome, traitors, out of Eng-  
land;  
The heads of you are bought and  
sold.'

7 With *that* spake proud Spencer:  
My leege, soe itt may not bee;  
I am sent an ambassador  
Ffrom our English king to yee.

8 The *king* of England greetes you well,  
And hath sent this word by mee;  
He wold know whether there shold  
peace in your land,  
Or open warres kept still must bee.

9 'Comend me to the English kinge,  
And tell this now ffrom mee;  
There shall neuer peace be kept in m  
land  
While open warres kept there ma  
bee.'

10 With *that* came downe the queene o  
Ffrance,  
And an angry woman then was shee  
Saies, Itt had beene as ffit now for  
*king*  
To be in his chamber with his ladye,  
Then to be pleading with traitors ou  
of England,  
Kneeling low vppon their knee.

11 But then bespake him proud Spencer,  
For noe man else durst speake bu  
hee:  
You haue not wiped your mouth, madam  
Since I heard you tell a lye.

12 'O hold thy tounge, Spencer!' shee said  
'I doe not come to plead with thee;  
Darest thou ryde a course of warr  
With a knight *that* I shall put t  
thee?'

13 'But euer alacke!' then Spencer sayd  
'I thinke I haue deserued God  
curse;  
Ffor I haue not any armour heere,  
Nor yett I haue noe iusting-horsse.'

14 'Thy shankes,' quoth shee, 'beneat  
the knee  
Are verry small aboue the shinne  
Ffor to doe any such honourabille deed  
As the Englishmen say thou has don

15 'Thy shankes beene small aboue th  
shoone,  
And soe the beene aboue thy knee;

- Thou art to slender euery way  
Any good iuster ffor to bee.'
- 16 'But euer alacke,' said Spencer then,  
'For one steed of the English coun-  
trye !'  
With *that* bespake and one Ffrench  
knight,  
This day thou'st haue the choyce of  
three.
- 17 The first steed he ffeichted out,  
I-wis he was milke-white;  
The ffirst ffoot Spencer in stirropp sett,  
His backe did from his belly tyte.
- 18 The second steed *that* he ffeichted out,  
I-wis *that* hee was verrey browne;  
The second ffoot Spencer in stirropp  
sett,  
*That* horsse and man and all ffell  
downe.
- 19 The third steed *that* hee ffeichted out,  
I-wis *that* he was verrey blacke;  
The third ffoote Spencer into the stir-  
ropp sett,  
He leaped on to the geldings backe.
- 20 'But euer alacke,' said Spencer then,  
'For one good steed of the English  
countrye !'  
Goe ffeitch me hither my old hacneye,  
*That* I brought with me hither be-  
yond the sea.'
- 21 But when his hackney there was  
brought,  
Spencer a merry man there was hee;  
Saies, With the grace of God and St  
George of England,  
The ffeild this day shall goe with  
mee.
- 22 'I haue not fforgotten,' Spencer sayd,  
'Since there was ffeild foughten att  
Walsingham,  
When the horsse did heare the trum-  
petts sound,  
He did beare ore both horsse and  
man.'
- 23 The day was sett, and togetther they  
mett,  
With great mirth and melodye,
- With minstrells playing, and trumpetts  
soundinge,  
With drummes striking loud and hye.
- 24 The ffirst race that Spencer run,  
I-wis hee run itt wonderous sore;  
He [hitt] the knight vpon his brest,  
But his speare itt burst, and wold  
touch noe more.
- 25 'But euer alacke,' said Spencer then,  
'For one staffe of the English coun-  
trye !'  
Without you 'le bind me three together,'  
Quoth hee, 'they 'le be to weake ffor  
mee.'
- 26 With *that* bespake him the Ffrench  
knight,  
Saies, Bind him together the whole  
thirtye,  
For I haue more strenght in my to  
hands  
Then is in all Spencers bodye.
- 27 'But proue att parting,' Spencer saies,  
'Ffrench knight, here I tell itt thee;  
For I will lay thee five to four  
The bigger man I proue to bee.'
- 28 But the day was sett, and together they  
mett,  
With great mirth and melodye,  
With minstrells playing, and trumpetts  
soundinge,  
With drummes strikeing loud and  
hye.
- 29 The second race *that* Spencer run,  
I-wis hee ridd itt in much pride,  
And he hitt the knight vpon the brest,  
And draue him ore his horsse beside.
- 30 But he run thorrow the Ffrench campe;  
Such a race was neuer run beffore;  
He killed of King Charles his men  
Att hand of thirteen or fourteen  
score.
- 31 But he came backe againe to the K[ing],  
And kneeled him downe vpon his  
knee;  
Saies, A knight I haue slaine, and a  
steed I haue woone,  
The best *that* is in this countrye.

32 'But nay, by my faith,' then said the  
King,  
'Spencer, soe itt shall not bee;  
I 'le haue *that* traitors head of thine,  
To enter plea att my iollye.'

33 But Spencer looket him once about,  
He had true bretheren left but four;  
He killed ther of the *Kings* gard  
About twelve or thirteen score.

34 'But hold thy hands,' the King doth  
say,  
'Spencer, now I doe pray thee;  
And I will goe into litle England,  
Vnto *that* cruell kinge with thee.'

35 'Nay, by my ffaith,' Spencer sayd,  
'My leege, for soe itt shall not bee;  
For an you sett ffoot on English ground,  
You shall be hanged vpon a tree.'

36 'Why then, comend [me] to *that* Eng-  
lish kinge,  
And tell him thus now ffrom mee,  
*That* there shall neuer be open warres  
kept in my land  
Whilest peace kept *that* there may  
bee.'

## H

'Hugh Spencer,' Percy Papers: communi-  
cated by the Duchess Dowager of Portland.

1 OUR king lay at Westminster,  
as oft times he had done,  
And he sent for Hugh Spencer,  
to come to him anon.

2 Then in came Hugh Spencer,  
low kneeling on his knee:  
'What's the matter, my liege,  
you sent so speedily for me?'

3 'Why you must go ambassadour  
to France now, to see  
Whether peace shall be taken,  
aye, or open wars must be.'

4 'Who shall go with me?'  
says Hugh Spencer, he:  
'That shall Hugh Willoughby  
and John of Atherly.'  
'O then,' says Hugh Spencer,  
'we'll be a merry company.'

5 When they came before the French  
king,  
they kneeled low on the knee:  
'O rise up, and stand up,  
whose men soer you be.'

6 The first that made answer  
Was Hugh Spencer, he:  
'We are English ambassadours,  
come hither to see  
Whether peace shall be taken,  
aye, or open wars must be.'

7 Then spoke the French king,  
and he spoke courteously:  
The last time peace was broken,  
it was neer along of me.

8 For you sunk my ships, slew my  
men,  
and thus did ye;  
And the last time peace was broken,  
it was neer along of me.

9 Then in came Queen Maude,  
and full as ill was she:  
'A chamber of presence  
is better for thee,  
Then amongst English shepherds,  
low bending on the knee.'

10 The first that made answer  
was Hugh Spencer, he:  
'We are no English shepherds,  
Queen Maude, I tell thee,  
But we're knights, and knights fe-  
lows,  
the worst man in our company.'

11 O then spoke Queen Maude,  
and full as ill was she:  
Thou shouldst be Hugh Spencer,  
thou talkst so boldly.

12 And if thou beest Hugh Spencer,  
as well thou seemst to be,  
I've oft heard of thy justling,  
and some of it would fain see.

13 I have a steed in my stable  
that thou canst not ride;  
I have a spear in my keeping  
that thou canst not guide;  
And I have a knight in my realm  
that thou darest not abide.



14 Then Spencer askd Willoughby  
and John of Atherly  
Whether he should take this justling in  
hand,  
aye, or let it be.

15 O then spoke Hugh Willoughby  
and John of Atherly:  
If you won't take it [in] hand,  
why turn it unto we.

16 'It shall neer be said in England,'  
says Hugh Spencer, he,  
'That I refused a good justling  
and turned it to ye.

17 'Alas,' says Hugh Spencer,  
'full sore may I moan,  
I have nought here but an ambler,  
my good steed's at home.'

18 Then spoke a French knight,  
and he spoke courteously:  
I have thirty steeds in my stables,  
the best of them take to thee.

19 'Gramercy,' says Spencer,  
'aye, and gramercy;  
If eer thou comest to England,  
well rewarded shalt thou be.'

20 The first steed they brought him,  
he was a milk-white:  
'Take that away,' says Spencer,  
'for I do not him like.'

21 The next steed they brought him,  
he was a good dun:  
'Take that away,' says Spencer,  
'for he's not for my turn.'

22 The next steed they brought him,  
he was a dapple-grey:  
'Take that away,' says Spencer,  
'for he is not used to the way.'

23 The next steed they brought him,  
he was a coal-black;  
His eyes burnt in his head,  
as if fire were in flax;  
'Come saddle me that horse,' says  
Spencer,  
'for I'll have none but that.'

24 When that horse was saddled,  
and Spencer got on,  
With his spear at his foot,  
O he was portly man!

25 'Now I am on that steede-back  
that I could not ride,  
That spear in my keeping  
that I could not guide,  
Come shew me that French knight  
that I dare not abide.'

26 'It is a sign by thy sharp shin,  
ay, and thy cropped knee,  
That you are no fit match  
to juggle with me:'  
'Why it makes no matter,' says Spencer,  
'you hear no brags of me.'

27 The first time they rode together,  
Now Sir Hugh and he,  
He turnd him in his saddle  
like an apple on a tree.

28 The next time they rode together,  
now Sir Hugh and he,  
He lit upon his breast-plate,  
and he broke his spear in three.

29 'A spear now,' says Spencer,  
'a spear now get me:'  
'Thou shalt have one,' says Willoughby,  
'if in France one there be.'

30 'O tye two together,  
and the stronger they'l be,  
For the French is the better,  
and the better shall be:'  
'Why it makes no matter,' says Spencer,  
'you hear no brags of me.'

31 The next time they rode together,  
now Sir Hugh and he,  
He threw him fifteen foot from his  
saddle,  
and he broke his back in three:  
'Now I have slain thy justler,  
Queen Maude, I tell thee.'

32 O then spoke Queen Maude,  
and full as ill was she:  
If thou'st slain my justler,  
by the Kings laws thou'st dye.

- 33 'It shall neer be said in England,'  
says Hugh Spencer, he;  
'It shall neer be said in England,'  
says Hugh Willoughby;
- 34 'It shall neer be said in England,'  
says John of Atherly,  
'That a queen of another nation  
eer had her will of we.'
- 35 They laid their heads together,  
and their backs to the wall;  
There were four score of the Queen's  
guards,  
and they slew them all.
- 36 Then spoke the French king,  
and he spoke courteously:  
O hold thy hand, Spencer,  
I dearly pray thee.
- 37 Thou art sharp as thy spear,  
and as fierce as thy steed,  
And the stour of thy lilly-white hand  
makes my heart bleed.
- 38 Thou hadst twenty ships hither,  
thou 'st have twenty away;  
Then hold thy hand, Spencer,  
I dearly thee pray.

## 159

## DURHAM FIELD

While Edward Third was absent in France, and for the time engaged with the siege of Calais, David Bruce, the young king of Scotland, at the instance of Philip of Valois, but also because he "yearned to see fighting," invaded England with a large army. Having taken by storm the Border castle of Liddel, he was advised by William of Douglas to turn back, which, it was represented by Douglas, he could do with credit after this success. Other lords said that Douglas had filled his bags, but theirs were toom, and that the way lay open to London, for there were no men left in England but souters, skinnners, and traders. The Scots moved on to Durham, and encamped in a park not far from the town, in a bad position. In the mean while a powerful force had been collected by the northern nobility and the English churchmen, without the knowledge of the Scots. William of Douglas, going out to forage, rode straight to the ground where his

foes lay, and in the attempt to retreat lost five hundred of his men. King David drew up his army in three divisions: one under his own command, another under the Earl of Murray and William Douglas, the third under the Steward of Scotland and the Earl of March. The operations of the Scots were impeded by the ditches and fences that traversed the ground on which they stood, and their situation made them almost helpless, a mark for the ten thousand archers of the English army. Murray's men were completely routed by a charge of cavalry, and their leader killed. The English then fell upon the King's division, which, after a desperate fight, was "vanquished utterly." David, who had received two wounds from arrows, was taken prisoner by John Copland, "by force, not yolden," after knocking out two of the Englishman's teeth with a knife. Wynthoun's Cronykil, ed. Laing, II, 470 ff.; Scotichronicon, ed. Goodall, II, 339 ff. The battle was fought on the 17th of October, 1346.

'Durham ffeilde,' Percy MS., p. 245; Hales and Furnivall, II, 190.

- 1 LORDINGES, listen, and hold you still;  
Hearken to me a litle;  
I shall you tell of the fairest battell  
That euer in England beffell.
- 2 For as it befell in Edward the Thirds  
dayes,  
In England, where he ware the  
croune,  
Then all the cheefe chivalry of Eng-  
land  
They busked and made them bowne.
- 3 They chosen all the best archers  
That in England might be found,  
And all was to fight with the king of  
Ffrance,  
Within a litle stounde.
- 4 And when our king was ouer the water,  
And on the salt sea gone,  
Then tydings into Scotland came  
That all England was gone.
- 5 Bowes and arrowes they were all forth,  
At home was not left a man  
But shepards and millers both,  
And preists with shauen crownes.
- 6 Then the king of Scotts in a study stood,  
As he was a man of great might;

- He sware he wold hold his parlament in  
leeue London,  
If he cold ryde there right.
- 7 Then bespake a squier, of Scotland  
borne,  
And sayd, My leege, apace,  
Before you come to leeue London,  
Full sore you 'le rue *that* race.
- 8 Ther beene bold yeomen in merry Eng-  
land,  
Husbandmen stiffe and strong;  
Sharpe swords they done weare,  
Bearen bowes and arrowes longe.
- 9 The King was angrye at that word;  
A long sword out hee drew,  
And there befor his royall companye  
His owne squier hee slew.
- 0 Hard hansell had the Scottes *that* day,  
*That* wrought them woe enoughe,  
For then durst not a Scott speake a word  
Ffor hanging att a boughe.
- 1 'The Earle of Anguish, where art thou ?  
In my coate-armor thou shalt bee,  
And thou shalt lead the forward  
Thorow the English countrye.
- 2 'Take thee Yorke,' then sayd the King,  
'In stead wheras it doth stand;  
I 'le make thy eldest sonne after thee  
Heyre of all Northumberland.
- 3 'The Earle of Vaughan, where be yee ?  
In my coate-armor thou shalt bee;  
The high Peak and Darbyshire  
I giue it thee to thy fee.'
- 4 Then came in famous Douglas,  
Saies, What shall my meede bee ?  
And I 'le lead the vawward, lord,  
Thorow the English countrye.
- 5 'Take thee Worster,' sayd the King,  
'Tuxburye, Killingworth, Burton vpon  
Trent;  
Doe thou not say another day  
But I haue giuen thee lands and rent.
- 6 'Sir Richard of Edenborrow, where are  
yee ?  
A wise man in this warr !
- I 'le giue thee Bristow and the shire  
The time *that* wee come there.
- 17 'My lord Nevill, where beene yee ?  
You must in this warres bee;  
I 'le giue thee Shrewsburye,' saies the  
King,  
'And Couentrye faire and free.
- 18 'My lord of Hambleton, where art thou ?  
Thou art of my kin full nye;  
I 'le giue thee Lincolne and Lincolne-  
shire,  
And *that* 's enoughe for thee.'
- 19 By then came in William Douglas,  
As breeme as any bore;  
He kneeled him downe vpon his knees,  
In his hart he sighd sore.
- 20 Saies, I haue serued you, my louelye  
leege,  
This thirty winters and four,  
And in the Marches betweene England  
and Scotland  
I haue beene wounded and beaten  
sore.
- 21 For all the good service *that* I haue done,  
What shall my meed bee ?  
And I will lead the vanward  
Thorow the English countrye.
- 22 'Aske on, Douglas,' said the king,  
'And granted it shall bee.'  
'Why then, I aske litle London,' saies  
William Douglas,  
'Gotten giff *that* it bee.'
- 23 The King was wrath, and rose away,  
Saies, Nay, *that* cannot bee !  
For *that* I will keepe for my cheefe  
chamber,  
Gotten if it bee.
- 24 But take thee North Wales and Wes-  
chaster,  
The cuntrye all round about,  
And rewarded thou shalt bee,  
Of *that* take thou noe doubt.
- 25 Fiue score knights he made on a day,  
And dubbd them with his hands;  
Rewarded them right worthilye  
With the townes in merry England.

- 26 And when the fresh *knights* they were made,  
To battell the buske them bowne;  
James Douglas went before,  
And he thought to haue wonnen him shoone.
- 27 But the were mett in a morning of May  
With the comminaltye of litle Eng-land;  
But there scaped neuer a man away,  
Through the might of Christës hand.
- 28 But all onely Iames Douglas;  
In Durham in the ffeild  
An arrow stroke him in the thye;  
Fast flinge[s he] towards the King.
- 29 The King looked toward litle Durham,  
Saies, All things is not well!  
For Iames Dowglas beares an arrow in his thye,  
The head of it is of steele.
- 30 'How now Iames?' then said the King,  
'How now, how may this bee?  
And where beene all thy merrymen  
That thou tooke hence with thee?'
- 31 'But cease, my king,' saies Iames Doug-  
las,  
'Aliue is not left a man!'  
'Now by my faith,' saies the king of  
Scottes,  
'That gate was euill gone.
- 32 'But I 'le reuenge thy quarrell well,  
And of *that* thou may be faine;  
For one Scott will beate fife English-  
men,  
If the meeten them on the plaine.'
- 33 'Now hold your tounge,' saies Iames  
Douglas,  
'For in faith *that* is not soe;  
For one English man is worth fife Scotts,  
When they meeten together thoe.
- 34 'For they are as egar men to fight  
As a faulcon vpon a pray;  
Alas! if euer the winne the vanward,  
There scapes noe man away.'
- 35 'O peace thy talking,' said the King,  
'They bee but English knaues,

But shepards and millers both,  
And preists with their staues.'

- 36 The King sent forth one of his heralds  
of armes  
To vew the Englishmen:  
'Be of good cheere,' the herald said,  
'For against one wee bee ten.'
- 37 'Who leades those ladds?' said the  
king of Scottes,  
'Thou herald, tell thou mee:'  
The herald said, The Bishopp of Dar-  
ham  
Is captaine of *that* companye.
- 38 'For the Bishopp hath spred the King's  
banner,  
And to battell he buskes him bowne;'  
'I sweare by St Andrewes bones,' saies  
the King,  
'I 'le rapp *that* preist on the crowne.'
- 39 The King looked towards litle Durham,  
And *that* hee well beheld,  
*That* the Earle Percy was well armed,  
With his battell-axe entred the feild.
- 40 The King looket againe towards litle  
Durham,  
Four ancyeants there see hee;  
There were to standards, six in a valley,  
He cold not see them with his eye.
- 41 My Lord of Yorke was one of them,  
My Lord of Carlile was the other,  
And my Lord Ffluwilliams,  
The one came with the other.
- 42 The Bishopp of Durham commanded  
his men,  
And shortlye he them bade,  
*That* neuer a man shold goe to the feild  
to fight  
Till he had serued his God.
- 43 Fife hundred preists said masse *that*  
day  
In Durham in the feild,  
And afterwards, as I hard say,  
They bare both speare and sheeld.
- 44 The Bishopp of Durham orders him-  
selle to fight,  
With his battell-axe in his hand;

- He said, This day now I will fight  
As long as I can stand !
- 5 'And soe will I,' sayd my Lord of Carlile,  
'In this faire morning gay;'  
'And soe will I,' said my Lord Ffluwiliams,  
'For Mary, *that myld may.*'
- 6 Our English archers bent their bowes  
Shortlye and anon;  
They shott over the Scottish oast  
And scantlye toucht a man.
- 7 'Hold downe your hands,' sayd the Bishopp of Durham,  
'My archers good and true.'  
The second shoote *that* the shott,  
Full sore the Scottes itt rue.
- 8 The Bishopp of Durham spoke on hye,  
*That both parties might heare:*  
'Be of good cheere, my merry men all,  
The Scotts flyen, and changen there cheere.'
- 9 But as the saidden, soe the didden,  
They fell on heapes hye;  
Our Englishmen laid on with their bowes,  
As fast as they might drie.
- 10 The king of Scotts in a studye stood  
Amongst his companie;  
An arrow stoke him thorow the nose,  
And thorow his armorye.
- 11 The King went to a marsh-side  
And light beside his steede;  
He leane him downe on his sword-hilts,  
To let his nose bleede.
- 12 There followed him a yeaman of merry England,  
His name was Iohn of Coplande:  
'Yeeld thee, traytor!' saies Coplande then,  
'Thy liffe lyes in my hand.'
- 13 'How shold I yeeld me,' sayes the King,  
'And thou art noe gentleman?'
- 'Noe, by my troth,' sayes Copland there,  
'I am but a poore yeaman.
- 54 'What art thou better then I, Sir King?  
Tell me if that thou can!  
What art thou better then I, Sir King,  
Now we be but man to man?'
- 55 The King smote angerly at Copland then,  
Angerly in that stonde;  
And then Copland was a bold yeaman,  
And bore the King to the ground.
- 56 He sett the King upon a palfrey,  
Himselfe upon a steede;  
He tooke him by the bridle-rayne,  
Towards London he can him lead.
- 57 And when to London *that* he came,  
The King from Ffrance was new come home,  
And there unto the king of Scottes  
He sayd these words anon.
- 58 'How like you my shepards and my millers?  
My priests with shaven crownes?'  
'By my fayth, they are the sorest fighting men  
*That ever I mett on the ground.*
- 59 'There was never a yeaman in merry England  
But he was worth a Scottish knight.'  
'I, by my troth,' said King Edward,  
and laughe,  
'For you fought all against the right.'
- 60 But now the prince of merry England,  
Worthilye under his sheelde,  
Hath taken the king of Ffrance,  
At Poytiers in the ffeelde.
- 61 The prince did present his father with *that* food,  
The louely king off Ffrance,  
And fforward of his iourney he is gone:  
God send us all good chance!
- 62 'You are welcome, brother!' sayd the king of Scotts, to the king of Ffrance,  
'For I am come hither to soone;  
Christ leeve *that* I had taken my way  
Unto the court of Roome!'



63 'And soe wold I,' said the king of  
Ffrance,  
'When I came over the streame,  
*That* I had taken my iourney  
Unto Ierusalem !'

64 Thus ends the battell of ffaire Durham,  
In one morning of May,  
The battell of Cressey, and *the* battle of  
Potyers,  
All within one monthës day.

65 Then was welthe and welfare in mery  
England,  
Solaces, game, and glee,  
And every man loved other well,  
And the King loved good yeomanrye.

66 But God *that* made the grasse to growe,  
And leaves on greenwoode tree,  
Now save and keepe our noble king,  
And maintaine good yeomanry !

160

## THE KNIGHT OF LIDDESDALE

William Douglas, the Knight of Liddesdale, who figures in the foregoing ballad (No. 159) was assassinated in 1353, while hunting in Ettrick forest, by his kinsman and godson, William Lord Douglas. According to the *Scotichronicon*, the motive was said to be revenge for the death by starvation of Alexander Ramsay and the murder of Sir David Berkeley. Hume of Godscroft considers the motive assigned to be quite unnatural, and at best a pretence. A ballad known to him gave a different account. "The Lord of Liddesdale, being at his pastime, hunting in Attrick forest, is beset by William Earle of Douglas, and such as hee had ordained for that purpose, and there assailed, wounded, and slain, beside Galsewood, in the year 1353; upon a jealousy that the Earle had conceived of him with his lady, as the report goeth, for so sayes the old song." After citing the stanza which follows, Hume goes on to say: "The song also declareth how shee did write her love-letters to Liddisdale, to dissuade him from that hunting. It tells likewise the manner of the taking of his men, and his owne killing at Galsewood, and how hee was carried the first night to Lindin Kirk, a mile from Selkirk, and was buried within the Abbacie of Melrose."

"The sole basis for this statement of Hume's," says Sir William Fraser (The Douglas

Book, I, 223 f., 1885), "seems to be the anonymous Border ballad, part of which he quotes to which he adds the tradition that the lady wrote to her lover to dissuade him from that hunting. Apart from the fact that this tradition is opposed to contemporary history, which states that Sir William was wholly unsuspicious of danger, the story told by Godscroft is otherwise erroneous. . . . Douglas was not created earl until 26th January, 1357-8, and there was therefore no 'Countess of Douglas' to write for the Knight of Liddesdale. Douglas's only wife was Lady Margaret of Mar, who survived him. Douglass had no countess of the family of March in 1353, while it is doubtful if at that date he was married. Popular tradition is therefore at fault in assigning matrimonial jealousy as a motive for killing the Knight of Liddesdale."

Hume of Godscroft, *History of the House of Douglas and Angus*, 1644, p. 77.

THE Countesse of Douglas out of her bower  
she came,  
And loudly there that she did call:  
'It is for the Lord of Liddesdale  
That I let all these teares downe fall.'

161

## THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN

The Battle of Otterburn was fought on August 19th, 1388. The most circumstantial account may be found in Froissart's *Chronicles*. His narrative is, as usual, highly felicitous and is based on the authority of knights and squires actually present, both English and Scots, and also French. That a Scots ballad of Otterburn was popular in the sixteenth century appears from *The Complaynte of Scotlande* 1549, where a line is cited, "The Perssee and the Mongumrye met" (p. 65, ed. Murray). Motherwell maintains that the ballad which passes as English (A) is the Scots song altered to please the other party; but his argument is far from conclusive. There is no reason to doubt that a Scots ballad once existed, much better than the two inferior, and partly suspicious, things which were printed by Herd and Scott; but there is no evidence, positive or probable, that A was adapted from the Scots song made of Otterburn. Rather are we to infer that the few verses of B and C which repeat or resemble the text of A were borrowed from A.

A, in the shape in which it has come down to us, must have a date long subsequent to the

battle, but is likely to have been modernized from a ballad current as early as 1400. Scott's version (C) of the Scottish ballad in the second edition of the *Minstrelsy* is put together, for the most part, from two copies sent him by James Hogg. These copies are here printed as C\*, and Scott's text is given in the Notes.

## A

a. Cotton MS. *Cleopatra*, C. iv, leaf 64, of about 1550. b. Harleian MS. 293, leaf 52. Both in the British Museum.

- 1 Yt fell abowght the Lamasse tyde,  
Whan husbondes wynnes ther haye,  
The dowghtye Dowglasse bowynd hym  
to ryde,  
In Ynglond to take a praye.
- 2 The yerlle of Fyffe, wythowghten stryffe,  
He bowynd hym over Sulway;  
The grete wolde ever to-gether ryde;  
That raysse they may rewe for aye.
- 3 Over Hoppertope hyll they cam in,  
And so down by Rodclyffe crage;  
Vpon Grene Lynton they lyghted dowyn,  
Styrande many a stage.
- 4 And boldely brente Northomberlond,  
And haryed many a towyn;  
They dyd owr Ynglyssh men grete  
wrange,  
To batell that were not bowyn.
- 5 Than spake a berne vpon the bent,  
Of comforte that was not colde,  
And sayd, We haue brente Northomber-  
lond,  
We haue all welth in holde.
- 6 Now we haue haryed all Bamborowe  
schyre,  
All the welth in the worlde haue wee,  
I rede we ryde to Newe Castell,  
So styll and stalworthlye.
- 7 Vpon the morowe, when it was day,  
The standerds schone full bryght;  
To the Newe Castell the toke the waye,  
And thether they cam full ryght.
- 8 Syr Henry Perssy laye at the New Cas-  
tell,  
I tell yow wythowtten drede;

He had byn a march-man all hys dayes,  
And kepthe Barwyke vpon Twede.

- 9 To the Newe Castell when they cam,  
The Skottes they cryde on hyght,  
'Syr Hary Perssy, and thou byste within,  
Com to the fylde, and fyght.
- 10 'For we haue brente Northomberlonde,  
Thy erytage good and ryght,  
And syne my logeyng I haue take  
Wyth my brande dubbyd many a  
knyght.'
- 11 Syr Harry Perssy cam to the walles,  
The Skottysseh oste for to se,  
And sayd, And thou hast brente North-  
omberlond,  
Full sore it rewyth me.
- 12 Yf thou hast haryed all Bamborowe  
schyre,  
Thow hast done me grete envye;  
For the trespassse thow hast me done,  
The tone of vs schall dye.
- 13 'Where schall I byde the?' sayd the  
Dowglas,  
'Or where wylte thow com to me?'  
'At Otterborne, in the hygh way,  
[T]her mast thow well logeed be.
- 14 '[T]he roo full rekeles ther sche rinnes,  
[T]o make the game a[nd] glee;  
[T]he fawken and the fesaunt both,  
Among the holtes on hye.
- 15 'Ther mast thow haue thy welth at wyll,  
Well looged ther mast be;  
Yt schall not be long or I com the  
tyll,'  
Sayd Syr Harry Perssy.
- 16 'Ther schall I byde the,' sayd the Dowg-  
las,  
'By the fayth of my bodye.'  
'Thether schall I com,' sayd Syr Harry  
Perssy,  
'My trowth I plyght to the.'
- 17 A pype of wyne he gaue them over the  
walles,  
For soth as I yow saye;  
Ther he mayd the Dowglasse drynke,  
And all hys ost that daye.

- 18 The Dowglas turnyd hym homewarde  
agayne,  
For soth withowghten naye;  
He toke hys logeyng at Oterborne,  
Vpon a Wedynsday.
- 19 And ther he pyght hys standerd down,  
Hys gettyng more and lesse,  
And syne he warned hys men to goo  
To chose ther geldynges gresse.
- 20 A Skottysse knyght hoved vpon the  
bent,  
A wache I dare well saye;  
So was he ware on the noble Perssy,  
In the dawning of the daye.
- 21 He prycked to hys pavyleon-dore,  
As faste as he myght ronne;  
'Awaken, Dowglas,' cryed the knyght,  
'For hys love that syttes in trone.
- 22 'Awaken, Dowglas,' cryed the knyght,  
'For thow maste waken wyth wyne;  
Yender haue I spyed the prowde Perssye,  
And seven standardes wyth hym.'
- 23 'Nay by my trowth,' the Dowglas sayed,  
'It ys but a fayned taylle;  
He durst not loke on my brede banner  
For all Ynglonde so hayile.
- 24 'Was I not yesterdaye at the Newe Cas-  
tell,  
That stondes so fayre on Tyne?  
For all the men the Perssy had,  
He coude not garre me ones to  
dyne.'
- 25 He stepped owt at his pavelon-dore,  
To loke and it were lesse:  
'Araye yow, lordynges, one and all,  
For here bygynnes no peysse.
- 26 'The yerle of Mentaye, thow arte my  
eme,  
The fowarde I gyve to the:  
The yerlle of Huntlay, cawte and kene,  
He schall be wyth the.
- 27 'The lorde of Bowghan, in armure  
bryght,  
On the other hand he schall be;  
Lord Jhonstoune and Lorde Maxwell,  
They to schall be wyth me.
- 28 'Swynton, fayre fylde vpon your pryde  
To batell make yow bowen  
Syr Davy Skotte, Syr Water Stewarde,  
Syr Jhon of Agurstone!'
- 29 The Perssy cam byfore hys oste,  
Wyche was ever a gentyll knyght;  
Vpon the Dowglas lowde can he crye,  
'I wyll holde that I haue hyght.
- 30 'For thou haste brente Northomber-  
londe,  
And done me grete envye;  
For thys trespasse thou hast me done,  
The tone of vs schall dye.'
- 31 The Dowglas answerde hym agayne,  
Wyth grett wurdes vpon hye,  
And sayd, I haue twenty agaynst thy one  
Byholde, and thou maste see.
- 32 Wyth that the Perssy was grevyd sore  
For soth as I yow saye;  
He lyghted down vpon his foote,  
And schoote hys horsse clene awaye.
- 33 Euery man sawe that he dyd soo,  
That ryall was euer in rowght;  
Euery man schoote hys horsse hym froo  
And lyght hym rowynde abowght.
- 34 Thus Syr Hary Perssye toke the fylde,  
For soth as I yow saye;  
Jhesu Cryste in hevyn on hyght  
Dyd helpe hym well that daye.
- 35 But nyne thowzand, ther was no moo,  
The cronykle wyll not layne;  
Forty thowsande of Skottes and fowre  
That day fowght them agayne.
- 36 But when the batell byganne to ioyne,  
In hast ther cam a knyght;  
The letters fayre furth hath he tayne,  
And thus he sayd full ryght:
- 37 'My lorde your father he gretes yow  
well,  
Wyth many a noble knyght;  
He desyres yow to byde  
That he may see thys fyght.
- 38 'The Baron of Grastoke ys com out o  
the west,  
Wyth hym a noble companye;

- All they loge at your fathers thys nyght,  
And the batell fayne wolde they seee.'
- 'For Jhesus love,' sayd Syr Harye  
Perssy,  
'That dyed for yow and me,  
Wende to my lorde my father agayne,  
And saye thow sawe me not wyth yee.
- 'My trowth ys plyght to yonne Skot-  
tysh knyght,  
It nedes me not to layne,  
That I schulde byde hym vpon thys  
bent,  
And I haue hys trowth agayne.
- 'And if that I w[e]ynde of thys grow-  
ende,  
For soth, onfowghten awaye,  
He wolde me call but a kowarde knyght  
In hys londe another daye.
- 'Yet had I lever to be rynde and rente,  
By Mary, that mykkel maye,  
Then ever my manhood schulde be re-  
provyd  
Wyth a Skotte another day.
- 'Wherefore schote, archars, for my  
sake,  
And let scharpe arowes flee;  
Mynstrells, playe vp for your waryson,  
And well quyit it schall bee.
- 'Euery man thynke on hys trewe-love,  
And marke hym to the Trenite;  
For to God I make myne avowe  
Thys day wyll I not flee.'
- The blodye harte in the Dowglas armes,  
Hys standerde stode on hye,  
That enery man myght full well knowe;  
By syde stode starrës thre.
- The whyte lyon on the Ynglyssh perte,  
For soth as I yow sayne,  
The lucettes and the cressawntes both;  
The Skottes faght them agayne.
- Vpon Sent Androwe lowde can they  
crye,  
And thrysse they schowte on hyght,  
And syne merked them one owr Yn-  
glysshe men,  
As I haue tolde yow ryght.
- 48 Sent George the bryght, owr ladyes  
knyght,  
To name they were full fayne;  
Owr Ynglyssh men they cryde on hyght,  
And thrysse the schowtte agayne.
- 49 Wyth that scharpe arowes bygan to flee,  
I tell yow in sertayne;  
Men of armes byganne to joyne,  
Many a dowghty man was ther slayne.
- 50 The Perssy and the Dowglas mette,  
That ether of other was fayne;  
They swapped together whyll that the  
swette,  
Wyth swordes of fyne collayne:
- 51 Tyll the bloode from ther bassonnettes  
ranne,  
As the roke doth in the rayne;  
'Yelde the to me,' sayd the Dowglas,  
'Or elles thow schalt be slayne.
- 52 'For I see by thy bryght bassonet,  
Thow arte sum man of myght;  
And so I do by thy burnyssed brande;  
Thow arte an yerle, or elles a knyght.'
- 53 'By my good faythe,' sayd the noble  
Perssye,  
'Now haste thow rede full ryght;  
Yet wyll I never yelde me to the,  
Whyll I may stonde and fyght.'
- 54 They swapped together whyll that they  
swette,  
Wyth swordës scharpe and long;  
Ych on other so faste thee beette,  
Tyll ther helmes cam in peyses  
dowyn.
- 55 The Perssy was a man of strength,  
I tell yow in thys stounde;  
He smote the Dowglas at the swordës  
length  
That he felle to the growynde.
- 56 The sworde was scharpe, and sore can  
byte,  
I tell yow in sertayne;  
To the harte he cowde hym smyte,  
Thus was the Dowglas slayne.
- 57 The stonderdes stode styll on eke a syde,  
Wyth many a grevous grone;

- Ther the fowght the day, and all the  
nyght,  
And many a dowghty man was slayne.
- 58 Ther was no freke that ther wolde flye,  
But styffely in stowre can stound,  
Ychone hewyng on other whyll they  
myght drye,  
Wyth many a bayllefull bronde.
- 59 Ther was slayne vpon the Skottës syde,  
For soth and sertenly,  
Syr James a Dowglas ther was slayne,  
That day that he cowde dye.
- 60 The yerlle of Mentaye he was slayne,  
Grysely groned vpon the growynd;  
Syr Davy Skotte, Syr Water Stewarde,  
Syr Jhon of Agurstounne.
- 61 Syr Charllës Morrey in that place,  
That never a fote wold flee;  
Syr Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,  
Wyth the Dowglas dyd he dye.
- 62 Ther was slayne vpon the Skottës syde,  
For soth as I yow saye,  
Of fowre and forty thowsande Scottes  
Went but eyghtene awaye.
- 63 Ther was slayne vpon the Ynglysshe  
syde,  
For soth and sertenlye,  
A gentell knyght, Syr Jhon Fechewe,  
Yt was the more pety.
- 64 Syr James Hardbotell ther was slayne,  
For hym ther hartes were sore;  
The gentyll Lovell ther was slayne,  
That the Perssys standerd bore.
- 65 Ther was slayne vpon the Ynglyssh  
perte,  
For soth as I yow saye,  
Of nyne thowsand Ynglyssh men  
Fyve hondert cam awaye.
- 66 The other were slayne in the fylde;  
Cryste kepe ther sowlles from wol  
Seyng ther was so fewe fryndes  
Agaynst so many a foo.
- 67 Then on the morne they mayde them  
beerys  
Of byrch and haysell graye;

Many a wydowe, wyth wepyng teyres  
Ther makes they fette awaye.

- 68 Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne,  
Bytwene the nyght and the day;  
Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyffe,  
And the Perssy was lede awaye.
- 69 Then was ther a Scottyish prisoner tayne  
Syr Hewe Mougomery was hys name  
For soth as I yow saye,  
He borowed the Perssy home agayne.
- 70 Now let vs all for the Perssy praye  
To Jhesu most of myght,  
To bryng hys sowlle to the blysse  
heven,  
For he was a gentyll knyght.

## B

a. Herd's MS., i, 149, ii, 30; Herd's Scottish Songs, 1776, i, 153. b. Scott's Minstrelsy, i, 3, 1802, "corrected" from Herd, 1776, "by MS. copy."

- 1 It fell and about the Lammas time,  
When husbandmen do win their hay,  
Earl Douglass is to the English wood  
Add a' with him to fetch a prey.
- 2 He has chosen the Lindsays light,  
With them the gallant Gordons ga  
And the Earl of Fyfe, withouten strii  
And Sir Hugh Montgomery upon  
grey.
- 3 They have taken Northumberland,  
And sae hae they the north shire,  
And the Otter Dale, they hae burnt  
hale,  
And set it a' into fire.
- 4 Out then spake a bonny boy,  
That servd ane o Earl Douglass kin  
Methinks I see an English host,  
A-coming branken us upon.
- 5 'If this be true, my little boy,  
And it be troth that thou tells me,  
The bravest bower in Otterburn  
This day shall be thy morning-fee.
- 6 'But if it be fase, my little boy,  
But and a lie that thou tells me,



- On the highest tree that's in Otterburn  
With my ain hands I'll hing thee  
high.'
- 7 The boy's taen out his little penknife,  
That hanget low down by his gare,  
And he gaed Earl Douglass a deadly  
wound,  
Alack! a deep wound and a sare.
- 8 Earl Douglas said to Sir Hugh Mont-  
gomery,  
'Take thou the vanguard o the three,  
And bury me at yon braken-bush,  
That stands upon yon lilly lee.
- 9 Then Percy and Montgomery met,  
And weel a wot they warna fain;  
They swaped swords, and they twa swat,  
And ay the blood ran down between.
- 0 'O yield thee, yield thee, Percy,' he said,  
'Or else I vow I'll lay thee low;'  
'Whom to shall I yield,' said Earl Percy,  
'Now that I see it maun be so?'
- 1 'O yield thee to yon braken-bush,  
That grows upon yon lilly lee;  
. . . . .
- 2 'I winna yield to a braken-bush,  
Nor yet will I unto a brier;  
But I would yield to Earl Douglass,  
Or Sir Hugh Montgomery, if he was  
here.'
- 3 As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,  
He stuck his sword's point in the  
ground,  
And Sir Hugh Montgomery was a cour-  
teous knight,  
And he quickly brocht him by the  
hand.
- 4 This deed was done at Otterburn,  
About the breaking of the day;  
Earl Douglass was buried at the braken-  
bush,  
And Percy led captive away.

## C\*

Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Min-  
strelsy. No. 132, Abbotsford, stanzas 1-24,  
5-38, 40; the same, No. 5, stanzas 25-34, 39.

Communicated to Scott, in a letter, by James  
Hogg.

- 1 It fell about the Lammas time,  
When the muir-men won their hay,  
That the doughty Earl Douglas went  
Into England to catch a prey.
- 2 He chose the Gordons and the Graemes,  
With the Lindsays light and gay;  
But the Jardines wadna wi him ride,  
And they rued it to this day.
- 3 And he has burnt the dales o Tine  
And part of Almonshire,  
And three good towers on Roxburgh fells  
He left them all on fire.
- 4 Then he marchd up to Newcastle,  
And rode it round about:  
'O whae's the lord of this castle,  
Or whae's the lady o't?'
- 5 But up spake proud Lord Piercy then,  
And O but he spak hie!  
I am the lord of this castle,  
And my wife's the lady gaye.
- 6 'If you are lord of this castle,  
Sae weel it pleases me;  
For ere I cross the border again  
The ane of us shall die.'
- 7 He took a lang speir in his hand,  
Was made of the metal free,  
And for to meet the Douglas then  
He rode most furiously.
- 8 But O how pale his lady lookd,  
Frae off the castle wa,  
When down before the Scottish spear  
She saw brave Piercy fa!
- 9 How pale and wan his lady lookd,  
Frae off the castle hieght,  
When she beheld her Piercy yield  
To doughty Douglas' might!
- 10 'Had we twa been upon the green,  
And never an eye to see,  
I should have had ye flesh and fell;  
But your sword shall gae wi me.'
- 11 'But gae you up to Otterburn,  
And there wait dayes three,

- And if I come not ere three days' end  
A fause lord ca ye me.'
- 12 'The Otterburn 's a bonny burn,  
'T is pleasant there to be,  
But there is naught at Otterburn  
To feed my men and me.
- 13 'The deer rins wild ovr hill and dale,  
The birds fly wild frae tree to tree,  
And there is neither bread nor kale  
To fend my men and me.
- 14 'But I will stay at Otterburn,  
Where ye shall welcome be;  
And if ye come not ere three days' end  
A coward I'll ca thee.'
- 15 'Then gae your ways to Otterburn,  
And there wait dayes three;  
And if I come not ere three days' end  
A coward ye 's ca me.'
- 16 They lighted high on Otterburn,  
Upon the bent so brown,  
They lighted high on Otterburn,  
And threw their pallions down.
- 17 And he that had a bonny boy  
Sent his horses to grass,  
And he that had not a bonny boy  
His ain servant he was.
- 18 But up then spak a little page,  
Before the peep of the dawn;  
'O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,  
For Piercy's hard at hand!'
- 19 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye loud liar,  
Sae loud I hear ye lie!  
The Piercy hadna men yestreen  
To dight my men and me.
- 20 'But I have seen a dreary dream,  
Beyond the isle o Sky;  
I saw a dead man won the fight,  
And I think that man was I.'
- 21 He belted on his good broad-sword  
And to the field he ran,  
Where he met wi the proud Piercy,  
And a' his goodly train.
- 22 When Piercy wi the Douglas met,  
I wat he was right keen;
- They swakked their swords till sair the  
swat,  
And the blood ran them between.
- 23 But Piercy wi his good broad-sword,  
Was made o the metal free,  
Has wounded Douglas on the brow  
Till backward he did flee.
- 24 Then he calld on his little page,  
And said, Run speedily,  
And bring my ain dear sister's son,  
Sir Hugh Montgomery.
- 25 [Who, when he saw the Douglas bleee  
His heart was wonder wae:  
'Now, by my sword, that haught  
lord  
Shall rue before he gae.'
- 26 'My nephew bauld,' the Douglas said,  
'What boots the death of ane?  
Last night I dreamd a dreary dream,  
And I ken the day's thy ain.
- 27 'I dreamd I saw a battle fought  
Beyond the isle o Sky,  
When lo, a dead man wan the field,  
And I thought that man was I.
- 28 'My wound is deep, I fain wad sleep,  
Nae mair I'll fighting see;  
Gae lay me in the breaken bush  
That grows on yonder lee.
- 29 'But tell na ane of my brave men  
That I lye bleeding wan,  
But let the name of Douglas still  
Be shouted in the van.
- 30 'And bury me here on this lee,  
Beneath the blooming brier,  
And never let a mortal ken  
A kindly Scot lyes here.'
- 31 He liftit up that noble lord,  
Wi the saut tear in his ee,  
And hid him in the breaken bush,  
On yonder lily lee.
- 32 The moon was clear, the day dre  
near,  
The spears in flinters flew,  
But mony gallant Englishman  
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

- 33 Sir Hugh Montgomery he rode  
Thro all the field in sight,  
And loud the name of Douglas still  
He urg'd wi a' his might.
- 34 The Gordons good, in English blood  
They steep'd their hose and shoon,  
The Lindsays flew like fire about,  
Till a' the fray was doon.]
- 35 When stout Sir Hugh wi Piercy met,  
I wat he was right fain;  
They swakk'd their swords till sair they  
swat,  
And the blood ran down like rain.
- 36 'O yield thee, Piercy,' said Sir Hugh,  
'O yield, or ye shall die!'  
'Fain wad I yield,' proud Piercy said,  
'But neer to loun like thee.'
- 37 'Thou shalt not yield to knave nor loun,  
Nor shalt thou yield to me;  
But yield thee to the broken bush  
That grows on yonder lee.'
- 38 'I will not yield to bush or brier,  
Nor will I yield to thee;  
But I will yield to Lord Douglas,  
Or Sir Hugh Montgomery.'
- 39 [When Piercy knew it was Sir Hugh,  
He fell low on his knee,  
But soon he rais'd him up again,  
Wi mickle courtesy.]
- 40 He left not an Englishman on the field  
That he hadna either kill'd or taen  
Ere his heart's blood was cauld.

162

## THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT

The 'Hunttis of Chevet' is among the "sangis of natural music of the antiquite" mentioned as sung by the "shepherds" in *The Complaynte of Scotlande*, 1549. It was an old and a popular song at the middle of the sixteenth century. A, the copy in the Ashmolean manuscript, is subscribed 'Expliceth, quod Rychard Sheale,' upon which ground Sheale has been held to be the author, and not, as

Percy and Ritson assumed, simply the transcriber, of the ballad. Sheale describes himself as a minstrel living at Tamworth, whose business was to 'sing and talk,' or to chant ballads and tell stories. He was the author of four pieces of verse in the same manuscript, one of which is of the date 1559. This and another piece, in which he tells how he was robbed of above threescore pound, give a sufficient idea of his dialect and style and a measure of his ability. This ballad was of course part of his stock as minstrel; the supposition that he was the author is preposterous in the extreme.

'The Battle of Otterburn' (No. 161) and 'The Hunting of the Cheviot' appear to be founded upon the same occurrence, 'The Hunting of the Cheviot' being the later of the two, and following in part its own tradition, though repeating some portions of the older ballad. The grammatical forms of A are, however, earlier than those of the particular copy of 'The Battle of Otterburn' which has been preserved. Sidney's well-known words may apply either to 'Otterburn' or to the present ballad: "Certainly I must confesse my own barbarousnes, I never heard the olde song of Percy and Duglas, that I found not my heart moov'd more then with a Trumpet," etc. (*Apologie for Poetrie*, ed. Arber, p. 46).

B is a striking but by no means a solitary example of the impairment which an old ballad would suffer when written over for the broadside press. This very seriously enfeebled edition was in circulation throughout the seventeenth century, and much sung (says Chappell) despite its length. It is declared by Addison, in his appreciative and tasteful critique (*Spectator*, Nos. 70, 74, 1711), to be the favorite ballad of the common people of England. Addison, who knew no other version, informs us that Ben Jonson used to say that he had rather have been the author of Chevy Chase than of all his works. The broadside copy may possibly have been the only one known to Jonson also, but in all probability the traditional ballad was still sung in the streets in Jonson's youth, if not later.

### A

MS. Ashmole, 48, Bodleian Library, in *Skeat's Specimens of English Literature*, 1394-1579, third edition, 1880, p. 67.

- 1 THE Persë ow't Northombarlonde,  
and avowe to God mayd he  
That he wold hunte in the mowntayns  
off Chyviat within days thre,  
In the magger of doughtë Dogles,  
and all that euer with him be.

- 2 The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat  
he sayd he wold kyll, and cary them  
away;  
'Be my feth,' sayd *the* dougheti Douglas  
agayn,  
'I wyll let *that* hontyng yf *that* .I  
may.'
- 3 The[n] *the* Persē owt off Banborowe cam,  
with him a myghtee meany,  
With fifteen hondrith archares bold off  
blood and bone;  
*the* wear chosen owt of shyars thre.
- 4 This begane on a Munday at morn,  
in Cheviat the hillys so he;  
The chyld may rue that ys vn-born,  
it wos the mor pittē.
- 5 The dryvars thorowe the woodēs went,  
for to reas the dear;  
Bomen byckarte vppone the bent  
with ther browd aros cleare.
- 6 Then the wyld thorowe the woodēs went,  
on euery sydē shear;  
Greahondes thorowe the grevis glent,  
for to kyll thear dear.
- 7 This begane in Chyviat *the* hyls abone,  
yerly on a Monnyn-day;  
Be *that* it drewe the oware off none,  
a hondrith fat hartēs ded *ther* lay.
- 8 The blewe a mort vppone *the* bent,  
*the* semblyde on sydis shear;  
To the querry then the Persē went,  
to se the brytlynge off the deare.
- 9 He sayd, It was the Duglas promys  
this day to met me hear;  
But I wyste he wolde faylle, verament;  
a great oth *the* Persē swear.
- 10 At the laste a squyar off Northomber-  
londe  
lokyde at his hand full ny;  
He was war a the doughetie Douglas  
commynge,  
with him a myghttē meany.
- 11 Both with spear, bylle, and brande,  
yt was a myghtti sight to se;  
Hardyar men, both off hart nor hande,  
wear not in Cristiantē.
- 12 The wear twenti hondrith spear-men  
good,  
withoute any feale;  
The wear borne along be the watter a  
Twyde,  
yth bowndēs of Tividale.
- 13 'Leave of the brytlyng of the dear,' he  
sayd,  
'and to your bojs lock ye tayk good  
hede;  
For neuer sithe ye wear on your mothars  
borne  
had ye neuer so mickle nede.'
- 14 The dougheti Doggias on a stede,  
he rode alle his men beforne;  
His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede;  
a boldar barne was never born.
- 15 'Tell me whos men ye ar,' he says,  
'or whos men that ye be:  
Who gave yone leave to hunte in this  
Chyviat chays,  
in *the* spyt of mayn and of me.'
- 16 The first mane that ever him an answear  
mayd,  
yt was *the* good lord Persē:  
'We wyll not tell the whoys men we ar,'  
he says,  
'nor whos men *that* we be;  
But we wyll hounte hear in this chays,  
in the spyt of thyne and of the.
- 17 'The fattiste hartēs in all Chyviat  
we haue kyld, and cast to carry them  
away:'  
'Be my troth,' sayd *the* doughetē Dog-  
glas agay[n],  
'*therfor* the ton of vs shall de this day.'
- 18 Then sayd the doughtē Douglas  
unto the lord Persē:  
'To kyll alle thes giltles men,  
alas, it wear great pittē !
- 19 'But, Persē, thowe art a lord of lande,  
I am a yerle callyd *within* my contrē;  
Let all our men vppone a *parti* stande,  
and do the battell off the and of me.'
- 20 'Nowe Cristes cors on his crowne,' sayd  
the lorde Persē,  
'who-so-euer *ther*-to says nay !

- Be my troth, doughttē Doglas,' he  
says,  
'thow shalt neuer se that day.
- 21 'Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar  
France,  
nor for no man of a woman born,  
But, and fortune be my chance,  
I dar met him, on man for on.'
- 22 Then bespayke a squyar off Northom-  
barlonde,  
Richard Wytharyngton was his nam;  
'It shall neuer be told in Sothe-Yn-  
glonde,' he says,  
'To Kyng Herry the Fourth for  
sham.
- 23 'I wat youe byn great lordēs twaw,  
I am a poor squyar of lande;  
I wylle neuer se my captayne fyght on  
a fylde,  
and stande my selfe and loocke on,  
But whylle I may my weppone welde,  
I wylle not [fayle] both hart and  
hande.'
- 24 That day, *that day, that* dredfull day!  
*the* first fit here I fynde;  
And youe wyll here any mor a the  
hountynge a the Chyviat,  
yet ys *ther* mor behynde.
- 25 The Yngglyshe men hade ther bowys  
yebent,  
*ther* hartes wer good yenoughe;  
The first off arros that the shote off,  
seven skore spear-men the sloughe.
- 26 Yet byddys the yerle Doglas vppon *the*  
bent,  
a captayne good yenoughe,  
And that was sene verament,  
for he wrought hom both woo and  
wouche.
- 27 The Dogglas partyd his ost in thre,  
lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde;  
With suar spears off myghttē tre,  
the cum in on euery syde;
- 28 Thrughe our Yngglyshe archery  
gave many a wounde fulle wyde;  
Many a doughtetē the garde to dy,  
which ganyde them no pryde.
- 29 The Ynglyshe men let ther boy's be,  
and pulde owt brandes *that* wer  
bryghte;  
It was a hevy syght to se  
bryght swordes on basnites lyght.
- 30 Thorowe ryche male and myneyeple,  
many sterne the strocke done strenght;  
Many a freyke that was fulle fre,  
ther vndar foot dyd lyght.
- 31 At last the Duglas and the Persē met,  
lyk to captayns of myght and of  
mayne;  
The swapte togethar tyll the both  
swat,  
with swordes that wear of fyn myllan.
- 32 Thes worthē freckys for to fyght,  
*ther-to the* wear fulle fayne,  
Tylle the bloode owte off thear basnetes  
sprente,  
as euer dyd heal or ra[y]n.
- 33 'Yelde the, Persē,' sayde the Doglas,  
'and i feth I shalle the brynge  
Wher thowe shalte haue a yerls wagis  
of Jamy our Skottish kyng.
- 34 'Thone shalte haue thy ransom fre,  
I hight the hear this thinge;  
For the manfullyste man yet art thowe  
that euer I conqueryd in filde fight-  
tyng.'
- 35 'Nay,' sayd the lord Persē,  
'I tolde it the beforne,  
That I wolde neuer yeldyde be  
to no man of a woman born.'
- 36 With that ther cam an arrowe hastely,  
forthe off a myghttē wane;  
Hit hathe strekene the yerle Duglas  
in at the brest-bane.
- 37 Thorowe lyvar and longēs bathe  
the sharpe arrowe ys gane,  
That neuer after in all his lyffe-days  
he spayke mo wordēs but ane:  
That was, Fyghte ye, my myrry men,  
whyllys ye may,  
for my lyff-days ben gan.
- 38 The Persē leanyde on his brande,  
and sawe *the* Duglas de;



- He tooke the dede mane by the hande,  
and sayd, Wo ys me for the !
- 39 'To haue savyde thy lyffe, I wolde haue  
partyde *with*  
my landes for years thre,  
For a better man, of hart nare of hande,  
was nat in all *the* north contrë.'
- 40 Off all that se a Skottishe knyght,  
was callyd Ser Hewe the Monggom-  
byrry;  
He sawe the Duglas to the deth was  
dyght,  
he spendyd a spear, a trusti tre.
- 41 He rod vppone a corsiare  
throughe a hondrith archery:  
He neuer stynttyde, nar neuer blane,  
tylle he cam to *the* good lord Persë.
- 42 He set vppone the lorde Persë  
a dynte that was full soare;  
With a suar spear of a myghttë tre  
clean thorow the body he *the* Persë  
ber,
- 43 A the tothar syde that a man myght se  
a large cloth-yard and mare:  
Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Cris-  
tiantë  
then *that* day slan wear *ther*.
- 44 An archar off Northomberlonde  
say slean was *the* lord Persë;  
He bar a bende bowe in his hand,  
was made off trusti tre.
- 45 An arow *that* a cloth-yarde was lang  
to the harde stele halyde he;  
A dynt *that* was both sad and soar  
he sat on Ser Hewe *the* Monggom-  
byrry.
- 46 *The* dynt yt was both sad and sar  
*that* he of Monggomberry sete;  
*The* swane-fethars *that* his arrowe bar  
*with* his hart-blood *the* wear wete.
- 47 Ther was neuer a freake wone foot wolde  
fle,  
but still in stour dyd stand,  
Heawyng on yche othar, whylle the  
myghte dre,  
*with* many a balfull brande.
- 48 This battell begane in Chyviat  
an owar befor the none,  
And when even-songe bell was rang,  
the battell was nat half done.
- 49 The tocke . . on ethar hande  
be the lyght off the mone;  
Many hade no strenght for to stande,  
in Chyviat *the* hillys abon.
- 50 Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglond  
went away but seuenti and thre;  
Of twenti hondrith spear-men of Skot-  
londe,  
but even five and fifti.
- 51 But all wear slayne Cheviat *within*;  
*the* hade no streng[th]e to stand on  
by;  
The chylde may rue that ys unborne,  
it was *the* mor pittë.
- 52 Thear was slayne, withe the lord Persë  
Ser Johan of Agerstone,  
Ser Rogar, the hinde Hartly,  
Ser Wyllyam, the bolde Hearone.
- 53 Ser Jorg, the worthë Loumle,  
a knyghte of great renowen,  
Ser Raff, the ryche Rugbe,  
with dyntes wear beaten dowene.
- 54 For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,  
*that* euer he slayne shulde be;  
For when both his leggis wear hewyne  
in to,  
yet he knyled and fought on hys  
kuy.
- 55 Ther was slayne, *with the* doughet  
Duglas,  
Ser Hewe the Monggombyrry,  
Ser Dany Lwdale, *that* worthë was,  
his sistars son was he.
- 56 Ser Charls a Murrë in that place,  
*that* neuer a foot wolde fle;  
Ser Hewe Maxwelle, a lorde he was,  
*with the* Doglas dyd he dey.
- 57 So on the morrowe the mayde them  
byears  
off birch and hasell so g[r]ay;  
Many wedous, *with* wepyng tears,  
cam to fache *ther* makys away.

58 Tivydale may carpe off care,  
Northombarlond may mayk great mon,  
For towe such captayns as slayne wear  
thear  
on the March-parti shall neuer be  
non.

59 Word ys commen to Eddenburrowe,  
to Jamy the Skottishe kynge,  
That dougheti Douglas, lyff-tenant of the  
Marches,  
he lay sleane Chyviot within.

60 His handdës dyd he weal and wryng,  
he sayd, Alas, and woe ys me!  
Such an othar captayn Skotland within,  
he sayd, ye-feth shuld neuer be.

61 Worde ys commyn to lovely Londone,  
till the fourth Harry our kynge,  
That lord Persë, leyff-tenante of the  
Marchis,  
he lay slayne Chyviat within.

62 'God haue merci on his solle,' sayde  
Kyng Harry,  
'good lord, yf thy will it be!  
I haue a hondrith captayns in Yng-  
londe,' he sayd,  
'as good as euer was he:  
But, Persë, and I brook my lyffe,  
thy deth well quyte shall be.'

63 As our noble kynge mayd his avowe,  
lyke a noble prince of renowen,  
For the deth of the lord Persë  
he dyde the battell of Hombyll-  
down;

64 Wher syx and thrittë Skottishe knyghtes  
on a day wear beaten down;  
Glendale glytteryde on ther armor  
bryght,  
over castille, towar, and town.

65 This was the hontynge off the Cheviat,  
that tear begane this spurn;  
Old men that knowen the grownde well  
younge  
call it the battell of Otterburn.

66 At Otterburn begane this spurne,  
vppone a Monnynday;  
Ther was the doughët Douglas sleane,  
the Persë neuer went away.

67 Ther was neuer a tym on the Marche-  
partës  
sen the Douglas and the Persë met,  
But yt ys meruele and the rede blude  
ronne not,  
as the reane doys in the stret.

68 Ihesue Crist our balys bete,  
and to the blys vs brynge!  
Thus was the hountynge of the Chivyat:  
God send vs alle good endyng!

## B

a. 'Chevy Chase,' Percy MS., p. 188, Hales and Furnivall, II, 7. b. Pepys Ballads, I, 92, No. 45, Magdalene College, Cambridge, broadside, London, printed for M. G. c. Douce Ballads, fol. 27<sup>b</sup>, and Roxburghe Ballads, III, 66, broadside, printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright. d. Wood's Ballads, 401, 48, broadside, printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson. e. Bagford Ballads, I, No. 32, broadside, printed by and for W. Onley. f. A Scottish copy, without printer, Harvard College Library.

1 GOD prosper long our noble king,  
our liffes and saftyes all!  
A woefull hunting once there did  
in Cheuy Chase befall.

2 To driue the deere with hound and  
horne  
Erle Percy took the way:  
The child may rue that is vnborne  
the hunting of that day!

3 The stout Erle of Northumberland  
a vow to God did make  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
three sommers days to take,

4 The cheefest harts in Cheuy C[h]ase  
to kill and beare away:  
These tydings to Erle Douglas came  
in Scotland, where he lay.

5 Who sent Erle Percy present word  
he wold prevent his sport;  
The English erle, not fearing that,  
did to the woods resort,

6 With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,  
all chosen men of might,

- Who knew ffull well in time of neede  
to ayme their shafts arright.
- 7 The gallant greyhound[s] swiftly ran  
to chase the fallow deere;  
On Munday they began to hunt,  
ere daylight did appeare.
- 8 And long before high noone the had  
a hundred fat buckes slaine;  
Then hauing dined, the drouyers went  
to rouze the deare againe.
- 9 The bowmen mustered on the hills,  
well able to endure;  
Theire backsids all with special care  
*that* day were guarded sure.
- 10 The hounds ran swiftly through the  
woods  
the nimble deere to take,  
*That* with their cryes the hills and  
dales  
an eccho shrill did make.
- 11 Lord Pearcy to the querry went  
to veiw the tender deere;  
Quoth he, Erle Douglas promised once  
this day to meete me heere;
- 12 But if I thought he wold not come,  
noe longer wold I stay.  
With *that* a braue younge gentelman  
thus to the erle did say:
- 13 'Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,  
hys men in armour bright;  
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres  
all marching in our sight.
- 14 'All men of pleasant Tinydale,  
fast by the riuier Tweede,'  
'O ceaze your sportts!' Erle Pearcy  
said,  
'and take your bowes with speede.
- 15 'And now with me, my countrymen,  
your courage forth advance!  
For there was neuer champion yett,  
in Scotland nor in Ffrance,
- 16 '*That* euer did on horsbacke come,  
[but], and if my hap it were,  
I durst encounter man for man,  
with him to breake a spere.'
- 17 Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,  
most like a baron bold,  
Rode formost of his company,  
whose armor shone like gold.
- 18 'Shew me,' sayd hee, 'whose men you  
bee  
*that* hunt soe boldly heere,  
*That* without my consent doe chase  
and kill my fallow deere.'
- 19 The first man *that* did answer make  
was noble Pearcy hee,  
Who sayd, Wee list not to declare  
nor shew whose men wee bee;
- 20 Yett wee will spend our deerest blood  
thy cheefest harts to slay.  
Then Douglas swore a solempne oathe,  
and thus in rage did say:
- 21 'Ere thus I will outbraued bee,  
one of vs tow shall dye;  
I know thee well, an erle thou art;  
Lord Pearcy, soe am I.
- 22 'But trust me, Pearcy, pittye it were,  
and great offence, to kill  
Then any of these our guiltlesse men,  
for they haue done none ill.
- 23 'Let thou and I the battell trye,  
and set our men aside:'  
'Accurst bee [he!]' Erle Pearcy sayd,  
'by whome it is denyed.'
- 24 Then stept a gallant squire forth —  
Witherington was his name —  
Who said, 'I wold not haue it told  
to Henery our king, for shame,
- 25 '*That* ere my captaine fought on foote,  
and I stand looking on.  
You bee two Erles,' quoth Witherington,  
'and I a squier alone;
- 26 'I'le doe the best *that* doe I may,  
while I haue power to stand;  
While I haue power to weeld my sword,  
I'le fight with hart and hand.'
- 27 Our English archers bent their bowes;  
their harts were good and trew;  
Att the first flight of arrowes sent,  
full foure score Scotts the slew.

- 28 To driue the deere with bound and horne,  
Douglas bade on the bent;  
Two captaines moued with mickle might,  
their speres to shiuers went.
- 29 They closed full fast on euerye side,  
noe slacknes there was found,  
But many a gallant gentleman  
lay gasping on the ground.
- 30 O Christ ! it was great greene to see  
how eche man chose his spere,  
And how the blood out of their breasts  
did gush like water cleare.
- 31 At last these two stout erles did meet,  
like captaines of great might;  
Like lyons woode they layd on lode;  
the made a cruell fight.
- 32 The fought vntill they both did sweat,  
with swords of tempered steele,  
Till blood downe their cheekes like raine  
the trickling downe did feele.
- 33 'O yeeld thee, Peareye !' Douglas  
sayd,  
'And in faith I will thee bringe  
Where thou shall high advanced bee  
by Iames our Scottish king.
- 34 'Thy ransome I will freely giue,  
and this report of thee,  
Thou art the most couragious knight  
[that ever I did see.]'
- 35 'Noe, Douglas !' quoth Erle Percy then,  
'thy profer I doe scorne;  
I will not yeelde to any Scott  
that euer yett was borne !'
- 36 With *that* there came an arrow keene,  
out of an English bow,  
Which stroke Erle Douglas on the brest  
a deepe and deadlye blow.
- 37 Who neuer sayd more words then these;  
Fight on, my merry men all !  
For why, my life is att [an] end,  
lord Pearey sees my fall.
- 38 Then leauing liffe, Erle Pearey tooke  
the dead man by the hand;  
Who said, 'Erle Dowglas, for thy life,  
wold I had lost my land !
- 39 'O Christ ! my verry hart doth bleed  
for sorrow for thy sake,  
For sure, a more redoubted knight  
mischance cold neuer take.'
- 40 A knight amongst the Scotts there  
was  
which saw Erle Douglas dye,  
Who streight in hart did vow revenge  
vpon the Lord Peareye.
- 41 Sir Hugh Mountgomerye was he called,  
who, with a spere full bright,  
Well mounted on a gallant steed,  
ran feircly through the fight,
- 42 And past the English archers all,  
without all dread or feare,  
And through Erle Percyes body then  
he thrust his hatfull spere.
- 43 With such a vehement force and might  
his body he did gore,  
The staff ran through the other side  
a large cloth-yard and more.
- 44 Thus did both those nobles dye,  
whose courage none cold staine;  
An English archer then perceiued  
the noble erle was slaue.
- 45 He had [a] good bow in his hand,  
made of a trusty tree;  
An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
to the hard head haled hee.
- 46 Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye  
his shaft full right he sett;  
The grey-goose-winge *that* was there-on  
in his harts bloode was wett.
- 47 This fight from breake of day did last  
till setting of the sun,  
For when the rung the euening-bell  
the battele scarce was done.
- 48 With stout Erle Percy there was slaue  
Sir Iohn of Egerton,  
Sir Robert Hareliffe and Sir William,  
Sir Iames, that bold barron.
- 49 And with Sir George and Sir Iames,  
both knights of good account,  
Good Sir Raphe Rebbye there was slaue,  
whose prowess did surmount.

- 50 For Witherington needs must I wayle  
as one in dolefull dumpes,  
For when his leggs were smitten of,  
he fought vpon his stumpes.
- 51 And with Erle Dowglas there was slaine  
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,  
And Sir Charles Morrell, *that* from  
feelde  
one foote wold neuer flee;
- 52 Sir Roger Heuer of Harcliffe tow,  
his sisters sonne was hee;  
Sir David Lambwell, well esteemed,  
but saved he cold not bee.
- 53 And the Lord Maxwell, in like case,  
with Douglas he did dye;  
Of twenty hundred Scottish speeres,  
scarce fifty-five did flye.
- 54 Of fifteen hundred Englishmen  
went home but fifty-three;  
The rest in Chey Chase were slaine,  
vnder the greenwoode tree.
- 55 Next day did many widdowes come  
their husbands to bewayle;  
They washt their wounds in brinish  
teares,  
but all wold not prevayle.
- 56 Theyr bodyes, bathed in purple blood,  
the bore with them away;  
They kist them dead a thousand times  
ere the were cladd in clay.
- 57 The newes was brought to Eddenborrow,  
where Scottlands *king* did rayne,  
*That* braue Erle Douglas soddainlye  
was with an arrow slaine.
- 58 'O heauy newes!' *King* Iames can say;  
'Scotland may wittenesse bee  
I haue not any captaine more  
of such account as hee.'
- 59 Like tydings to *King* Henery came,  
within as short a space,  
*That* Pearcey of Northumberland  
was slaine in Chey Chase.
- 60 'Now God be with him!' said our  
*king*,  
'sith it will noe better bee;

I trust I haue within my realme  
fue hundred as good as hee.

- 61 'Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say  
but I will vengeance take,  
And be revenged on them all  
for braue Erle Percy's sake.'
- 62 This vow the *king* did well performe  
after on Humble-downe;  
In one day fifty *knights* were slayne,  
with lords of great renowne.
- 63 And of the rest, of small account,  
did many hundreds dye:  
Thus endeth the hunting in Chey Chase,  
made by the Erle Pearcey.
- 64 God saue our *king*, and blesse this land  
with plenty, ioy, and peace,  
And grant henceforth *that* foule debate  
twixt noble men may ceaze!

163

## THE BATTLE OF HARLAW

The Battle of Harlaw was fought on the 24th July, 1411. Donald of the Isles, to maintain his claim to the Earldom of Ross, invaded the country south of the mountains with ten thousand islanders and men of Ross in the hope of sacking Aberdeen, and reducing to his power the country as far as the Tay. He was met at Harlaw, eighteen miles northwest of Aberdeen, by Alexander Stewart, Earl of Mar, and Alexander Ogilby, sheriff of Angus, with the forces of Mar, Garioch, Angus, and The Mearns, and his further progress was stayed. The Celts lost more than nine hundred, the Lowlanders five hundred, including nearly all the gentry of Buchan. This defeat was in the interest of civilization against savagery, and was felt, says Burton, "as a more memorable deliverance even than that of Bannockburn."

As might be expected, the Lowlanders made a ballad about this hard fight. 'The battell of the Hayrlaw' is noted among other popular songs, in immediate connection with 'The Huntis of Chevet,' by the author of 'The Complaynt of Scotland, 1549, but most unfortunately this ancient song, unlike Chey Chase, has been lost. There is a well-known poem upon the battle, printed by Ramsay, in his *Ever Green*. 1724, but it is not in the least of a popular character.



## A

a. Communicated by Charles Elphinstone Dalrymple, Esq., of Kinaldie, Aberdeenshire, in 1888, as obtained from the country people by himself and his brother fifty years before. b. Notes and Queries, Third Series, VII, 393, communicated by A. Ferguson.

1 As I cam in by Dunidier,  
An doun by Netherha,  
There was fifty thousand Hielanmen  
A-marching to Harlaw.  
Wi a dree dree dradie drumtie dree.

2 As I cam on, an farther on,  
An doun an by Balquhain,  
Oh there I met Sir James the Rose,  
Wi him Sir John the Gryme.

3 'O cam ye frae the Hielans, man ?  
An cam ye a' the wey ?  
Saw ye Macdonell an his men,  
As they cam frae the Skee ?'

4 'Yes, me cam frae ta Hielans, man,  
An me cam a' ta wey,  
An she saw Macdonell an his men,  
As they cam frae ta Skee.'

5 'Oh was ye near Macdonell's men ?  
Did ye their numbers see ?  
Come, tell to me, John Hielanman,  
What micht their numbers be ?'

6 'Yes, me was near, an near eneuch,  
An me their numbers saw;  
There was fifty thousan Hielanmen  
A-marchin to Harlaw.'

7 'Gin that be true,' says James the  
Rose,  
'We'll no come meikle speed;  
We'll cry upo our merry men,  
And lichtly mount our steed.'

8 'Oh no, oh no,' says John the Gryme,  
'That thing maun never be;  
The gallant Grymes were never bate,  
We'll try phat we can dee.'

9 As I cam on, an farther on,  
An doun an by Harlaw,  
They fell fu close on ilka side;  
Sic fun ye never saw.

10 They fell fu close on ilka side,  
Sic fun ye never saw;  
For Hielan swords gied clash for clash,  
At the battle o Harlaw.

11 The Hielanmen, wi their lang swords,  
They laid on us fu sair,  
An they drave back our merry men  
Three acres breadth an mair.

12 Brave Forbës to his brither did say,  
Noo brither, dinna ye see ?  
They beat us back on ilka side,  
An we'se be forced to flee.

13 'Oh no, oh no, my brither dear,  
That thing maun never be;  
Tak ye your good sword in your hand,  
An come your wa's wi me.'

14 'Oh no, oh no, my brither dear,  
The clans they are ower strang,  
An they drive back our merry men,  
Wi swords baith sharp an lang.'

15 Brave Forbës drew his men aside,  
Said, Tak your rest a while,  
Until I to Drumminnor send,  
To fess my coat o mail.

16 The servan he did ride,  
An his horse it did na fail,  
For in twa hours an a quarter  
He brocht the coat o mail.

17 Then back to back the brithers twa  
Gaed in amo the thrang,  
An they hewed down the Hielanmen,  
Wi swords baith sharp an lang.

18 Macdonell, he was young an stout,  
Had on his coat o mail,  
An he has gane oot throw them a',  
To try his han himsell.

19 The first ae straik that Forbës strack,  
He garrt Macdonell reel,  
An the neist ae straik that Forbës  
strack,  
The great Macdonell fell.

20 An siccan a lierachie  
I'm sure ye never saw  
As wis amo the Hielanmen,  
When they saw Macdonell fa.

- 21 An whan they saw that he was deid,  
They turnd an ran awa,  
An they buried him in Leggett's Den,  
A large mile frae Harlaw.
- 22 They rade, they ran, an some did gang,  
They were o sma record;  
But Forbës an his merry men,  
They slew them a' the road.
- 23 On Monanday, at mornin,  
The battle it began,  
On Saturday, at gloamin,  
Ye'd scarce kent wha had wan.
- 24 An sic a weary buryin  
I'm sure ye never saw  
As wis the Sunday after that,  
On the muirs aneath Harlaw.
- 25 Gin ony body speer at you  
For them ye took awa,  
Ye may tell their wives and bairnies  
They're sleepin at Harlaw.

## B

The Thistle of Scotland, 1823, p. 92.

- 1 As I cam thro the Garrioch land,  
And in by Over Ha,  
There was sixty thousan Highland men  
Marching to Harlaw.
- 11 The Highland men, with their broad  
sword,  
Pushd on wi might and power,  
Till they bore back the red-coat lads  
Three furlongs long, and more.
- 15 Lord Forbës calld his men aside,  
Says, Take your breath awhile,  
Until I send my servant now  
To bring my coat o mail.

## 164

KING HENRY FIFTH'S CON-  
QUEST OF FRANCE

All the known copies are of recent date, and the ballad may probably have first been published in the second quarter of the eighteenth century. The broadside is in a popular man-

ner, but has no mark of antiquity. It may, however, represent an older ballad disfigured by some purveyor for the Aldermay press. The recited versions probably had their ultimate source in print. Another and much more circumstantial ballad on Agincourt, written from the chronicles, was current in the seventeenth century. It may be seen in the Percy Manuscript (Hales and Farnivall, II, 166).

a-d. Broad sides. a. Among Percy's papers. b. Roxburghe Ballads, III, 358. c. Jewitt's Ballads and Songs of Derbyshire, p. 1. d. Chetham's Library, Manchester, in Hales and Farnivall, Percy's Folio MS., II, 597. e. Percy Papers, "taken down from memory." f. Nicolas, History of the Battle of Agincourt, 1832, Appendix, p. 78, from the recitation of a very aged person. g. The same, p. 80, source not mentioned. h. Tyler, Henry of Monmouth, II, 197, apparently from memory. i. Percy Society, XVII, Dixon, Ancient Poems, etc., from singing. j. Skene MS., p. 42. k. Macmath MS., p. 27, from tradition. l. m. Buchan's MSS., I, 176, II, 124, probably broadside or stall copies. n. C. K. Sharpe's "first collection," MS., p. 29.

- 1 As our king lay musing on his bed,  
He bethought himself upon a time  
Of a tribute that was due from France,  
Had not been paid for so long a time.  
Fal, lal, etc.
- 2 He called for his lovely page,  
His lovely page then called he,  
Saying, You must go to the king of  
France,  
To the king of France, sir, ride  
speedily.
- 3 O then went away this lovely page,  
This lovely page then away went he;  
And when he came to the king of France,  
Low he fell down on his bended knee.
- 4 'My master greets you, worthy sir;  
Ten ton of gold that is due to he,  
That you will send him his tribute home,  
Or in French land you soon will him  
see.'
- 5 'Your master's young and of tender  
years,  
Not fit to come into my degree,  
And I will send him three tennis-balls,  
That with them he may learn to  
play.'

- 6 O then returned this lovely page,  
This lovely page then returned he,  
And when he came to our gracious  
king,  
Low he fell down on his bended knee.
- 7 'What news, what news, my trusty  
page?  
What is the news you have brought to  
me?'  
'I have brought such news from the king  
of France  
That you and he will never agree.
- 8 'He says you're young and of tender  
years,  
Not fit to come into his degree,  
And he will send you three tennis-balls,  
That with them you may learn to  
play.'
- 9 'Recruit me Cheshire and Lancashire,  
And Derby Hills that are so free;  
No marryd man nor no widow's son;  
For no widow's curse shall go with  
me.'
- 10 They recruited Cheshire and Lanca-  
shire,  
And Derby Hills that are so free;  
No marryd man, nor no widow's son;  
Yet there was a jovial bold company.
- 11 O then we marchd into the French land,  
With drums and trumpets so merrily;  
And then bespoke the king of France,  
'Lo, yonder comes proud King  
Henry.'
- 12 The first shot that the Frenchmen gave,  
They killd our Englishmen so free;  
We killd ten thousand of the French,  
And the rest of them they ran away.
- 13 And then we marched to Paris gates,  
With drums and trumpets so merrily:  
O then bespoke the king of France,  
'The Lord have mercy on my men  
and me !
- 14 'O I will send him his tribute home,  
Ten ton of gold that is due to he,  
And the finest flower that is in all France  
To the Rose of England I will give  
free.'

165

## SIR JOHN BUTLER

The subject of this ballad is the murder of a Sir John Butler at Bewsey Hall, near Warrington, Lancashire. The person meant died in 1463, and there is no evidence that he was murdered, though the ballad and a parallel tradition so assert. His wife afterwards married for her third husband Henry Lord Grey of Codnor (cf. st. 25).

'Sir Iohn Butler,' Percy MS., p. 427; Hales and Furnivall, III, 205.

- 1 BUT word is come to Warrington,  
And Busye Hall is laid about;  
Sir Iohn Butler and his merry men  
Stand in full great doubt.
- 2 When they came to Busye Hall  
Itt was the merke midnight,  
And all the bridges were vp drawn,  
And neuer a candle-light.
- 3 There they made them one good  
boate,  
All of one good bull skinn;  
Willam Sauage was one of the first  
That euer came itt within.
- 4 Hee sayled ore his merry men,  
By two and two together,  
And said itt was as good a bote  
As ere was made of lether.
- 5 'Waken you, waken you, deare ffather !  
God waken you within !  
For heere is your vnckle Standlye  
Come your hall within.'
- 6 'If *that* be true, Ellen Butler,  
These tydings you tell mee,  
A hundred pound in good redd gold  
This night will not borrow mee.'
- 7 Then came downe Ellen Butler  
And into her ffathers hall,  
And then came downe Ellen Butler,  
And shee was laced in pall.
- 8 'Where is thy ffather, Ellen Butler ?  
Haue done, and tell itt mee :'  
'My ffather is now to London ridden,  
As Christ shall haue part of mee.'

- 9 'Now nay, now nay, Ellen Butler,  
Ffor soe itt must not bee;  
Ffor ere I goe fforth of this hall,  
Your ffather I must see.'
- 10 The sought *that* hall then vp and downe  
Theras Iohn Butler lay;  
The sought *that* hall then vp and downe  
Theras Iohn Butler lay.
- 11 Ffaire him ffall, litle Holcrofft!  
Soe merrilye he kept the dore,  
Till *that* his head ffrom his shoulders  
Came tumbling downe the ffloore.
- 12 'Yeeld thee, yeelde thee, Iohn Butler!  
Yeelde thee now to mee!'  
'I will yeelde me to my vnckle Stanlye,  
And neere to ffalse Peeter Lee.'
- 13 'A preist, a preist,' saies Ellen Butler,  
'To housle and to shriue!  
A preist, a preist,' saies Ellen Butler,  
'While *that* my father is a man alieu!'
- 14 Then bespake him William Sauage,  
A shames death may hee dye!  
Sayes, He shall haue no other preist  
But my bright sword and mee.
- 15 The Ladye Butler is to London rydden,  
Shee had better haue beene att home;  
Shee might haue beggd her owne marryed lord  
Att her good brother Iohn.
- 16 And as shee lay in leeu London,  
And as shee lay in her bedd,  
Shee dreamed her owne marryed lord  
Was swimminge in blood soe red.
- 17 Shee called vp her merry men all,  
Long ere itt was day;  
Saies, Wee must ryde to Busye Hall,  
With all speed *that* wee may.
- 18 Shee mett with three Kendall men,  
Were ryding by the way:  
'Tydings, tydings, Kendall men,  
I pray you tell itt mee!'
- 19 'Heauy tydings, deare madam;  
Ffrom you wee will not leane;  
The worthyest *knight* in merry England,  
Iohn Butler, Lord! hee is slaine!'
- 20 'Ffarewell, ffarwell, Iohn Butler!  
Ffor thee I must neuer see:  
Ffarewell, ffarwell, Busiye Hall!  
For thee I will neuer come nye.'
- 21 Now Ladye Butler is to London againe,  
In all the speed might bee,  
And when shee came before her prince  
Shee kneeled low downe on her knee.
- 22 'A boone, a boone, my leege!' shee  
sayes,  
'Ffor Gods loue grant itt mee!'  
'What is thy boone, Lady Butler?  
Or what wold thou haue of mee?'
- 23 'What is thy boone, Lady Butler?  
Or what wold thou haue of mee?'  
'*That* ffalse Peeres of Lee, and my brother Stanley,  
And William Sauage, and all, may  
dye.'
- 24 'Come you hither, Lady Butler,  
Come you ower this stone;  
Wold you haue three men ffor to dye,  
All ffor the losse off one?'
- 25 'Come you hither, Lady Butler,  
With all the speed you may;  
If thou wilt come to London, *Lady* Butler,  
Thou shalt goe home Lady Gray.'

166

## THE ROSE OF ENGLAND

The title of this ballad is quoted in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas* (printed in 1639), act iii, scene 3. The subject is the winning of the crown of England from Richard III by Henry VII, and the parties on both sides, though some of them are sometimes called by their proper names, are mostly indicated by their badges or cognizances.

The red rose of Lancaster was rooted up by a boar, Richard, who was generally believed to have murdered Henry VI and his son Edward, the Prince of Wales; but the seed of the rose, the Earl of Richmond, afterwards wore the crown. The sixth stanza gives us to understand that the young Earl of Richmond was under the protection of Lord Stanley at Lathom before his uncle, the Earl of Pembroke, fled

with him to Brittany, in 1471; but this does not appear in the histories. The Earl of Richmond came back to claim his right (in 1485), and brought with him the blue boar, the Earl of Oxford, to encounter with Richard, the white boar. Richmond sends a messenger to the old eagle, Lord Stanley, his stepfather, to announce his arrival; Stanley thanks God, and hopes that the rose shall flourish again. The Welshmen rise in a mass under Rice ap Thomas and shog on to Shrewsbury. Master Mitton, bailiff of Shrewsbury, refuses first to let Richmond enter, but, upon receiving letters from Sir William Stanley of Holt Castle, opens the gates. Richmond moves on to Newport, and then has a private meeting at Atherstone with Lord Stanley, who makes great moan because the young eagle, Lord Strange, his eldest son, is a hostage in the hands of the white boar (Richard). At the battle Oxford (the blue boar) has the van; Lord Stanley follows fast. The Talbot-dog (Sir Gilbert Talbot) bites sore; the unicorn (Sir John Savage) quits himself well; then comes in the hart's head (Sir William Stanley), the field is fought, the white boar slain, and the young eagle saved as by fire.

'The Rose of Englande,' Percy MS., p. 423; Hales and Furnivall, III, 187.

1 THROUGHOUT a garden greene and gay,  
A seemlye sight itt was to see  
How flowers did flourish fresh and gay,  
And birds doe sing melodiouslye.

2 In the midst of a garden there sprange  
a tree,  
Which tree was of a mickle price,  
And there vppon sprang the rose soe  
redd,  
The goodlyest that euer sprange on  
rise.

3 This rose was ffaire, ffresh to behold,  
Springing with many a royall lance;  
A crowned king, with a crowne of gold,  
Ouer England, Ireland, and of  
Ffrance.

4 Then came in a beast men call a bore,  
And he rooted this garden vpp and  
downe;  
By the seede of the rose he sett noe  
store,  
But afterwards itt wore the crowne.

5 Hee tooke the branches of this rose away,  
And all in sunder did them teare,

And he buried them vnder a clodd of  
clay,  
Swore they shold neuer bloome nor  
beare.

6 Then came in an egle gleaming gay,  
Of all ffaire birds well worth the best;  
He took the branche of the rose away,  
And bore itt to Latham to his nest.

7 But now is this rose out of England ex-  
iled,  
This certaine truth I will not laine;  
But if itt please you to sitt a while,  
I'le tell you how the rose came in  
again.

8 Att Milford Hauen he entered in;  
To claime his right, was his delight;  
He brought the blew bore in with him,  
To encounter with the bore soe white.

9 The[n] a messenger the rose did send  
To the egles nest, and bidd him hye:  
'To my ffather, the old egle, I doe [me]  
comend,  
His aide and helpe I craue speedlye.'

10 Saies, I desire my father att my com-  
inge  
Of men and mony att my need,  
And alsoe my mother of her deer bless-  
ing;  
The better then I hope to speede.

11 And when the messenger came before  
thold egle,  
He kneeled him downe vpon his knee;  
Saith, Well greeteth you my lord the  
rose,  
He hath sent you greetings here by me.

12 Safe ffrom the seas Christ hath him  
sent,  
Now he is entered England within:  
'Let vs thanke God,' the old egle did  
say,  
'He shall be the fflower of all his kine.

13 'Wend away, messenger, with might  
and maine;  
Itt's hard to know who a man may  
trust;  
I hope the rose shall ffourish againe,  
And haue all things att his owne lust.'



- 14 Then Sir Rice ap Thomas drawes Wales  
with him;  
A worthy sight itt was to see,  
How the Welchmen rose wholly with him,  
And shogged them to Shrewsburye.
- 15 Att *that* time was baylye in Shrews-  
burye  
One Master Mitton, in the towne;  
The gates were strong, and he mad  
them fast,  
And the portecullis he lett downe.
- 16 And throug a garrett of the walls,  
Ouer Severne these words said hee;  
'Att these gates no man enter shall;'  
But he kept him out a night and a day.
- 17 These words Mitton did Erle Richmond  
tell  
(I am sure the chronicles of this will  
not lye);  
But when *lettres* came from Sir William  
Stanley of the Holt castle,  
Then the gates were opened *present-*  
*lye*.
- 18 Then entred this towne the noble lord,  
The Erle Richmond, the rose soe  
redd;  
The Erle of Oxford, with a sword,  
Wold haue smitt of the bailiffes head.
- 19 'But hold your hand,' saies Erle Rich-  
mond,  
'Ffor his loue *that* dyed vpon a tree !  
Ffor if wee begin to head so soone,  
In England wee shall beare no de-  
greee.'
- 20 'What offence haue I made thee,' sayd  
Erle Richmonde,  
'*That* thou kept me out of my  
towne ?'  
'I know no king,' sayd Mitton then,  
'But Richard now, *that* weares the  
crowne.'
- 21 'Why, what wilt thou say,' said Erle  
Richmonde,  
'When I haue put King Richard  
downe ?'  
'Why, then Ile be as true to you, my  
lord,  
After the time *that* I am sworne.'
- 22 'Were itt not great pittie,' sayd Erle  
Richmond,  
'*That* such a man as this shold dye,  
Such loyall service by him done ?  
(The cronickles of this will not lye.)
- 23 'Thou shalt not be harmed in any  
case;'  
He pardone[d] him presentlye;  
They stayd not past a night and a day,  
But towards Newport did they hye.
- 24 But [at] Attherston these lords did  
meete;  
A worthy sight itt was to see,  
How Erle Richmond tooke his hatt in  
his hand,  
And said, Cheshire and Lancashire  
welcome to me !
- 25 But now is a bird of the egle taken;  
Ffrom the white bore he cannot ffee  
Therefore the old egle makes grea  
moane,  
And prayes to God most certainly.
- 26 'O stedfast God, verament,' he did say  
'Thre persons in one god in Trinytye  
Saue my sonne, the young egle, thi  
day  
Ffrom all ffalse craft and trecherye !
- 27 Then the blew bore the vanward had;  
He was both warry and wise of witt;  
The right hand of them he tooke,  
The sunn and wind of them to gett.
- 28 Then the egle ffollowed fast vpon hi  
pray,  
With sore dints he did them smyte,  
The talbott he bitt wonderous sore,  
Soe well the vnicone did him quite.
- 29 And then came in the harts head;  
A worthy sight itt was to see,  
The iacketts *that* were of white and  
redd,  
How they laid about them lustilye.
- 30 But now is the ffeirce ffeeld foughte  
and ended,  
And the white bore there lyet  
slaine,  
And the young egle is preserued,  
And come to his nest againe.

31 But now this garden flourisheth freshly  
and gay,  
With fragrant flowers comely of  
hew,  
And gardeners it doth maintaine;  
I hope they will prove just and true.

32 Our *king*, he is the rose soë redd,  
That now doth flourish fresh and  
gay:  
Confound his foes, *Lord*, we beseeche,  
And love His Grace both night and  
day!

167

## SIR ANDREW BARTON

Andrew Barton had letters of reprisal from the king of Scotland against the Portuguese in consequence of the seizure of a ship commanded by his father. There is some reason to believe that he abused this privilege, and in 1511 Sir Thomas and Sir Edward Howard, with the consent of Henry VIII, set out with two ships against him. There was a hard fight. Barton was killed, and his ship, *The Lion*, was captured. The king of Scotland demanded re-cess, which was refused on the ground that Barton was a pirate.

A version of this ballad from a sixteenth-century manuscript in York Minster Library is much like A. Some of the more interesting variations are given in the Notes. B is a broadside version, and is here omitted.

## A

'Sir Andrew Bartton,' Percy MS., p. 490;  
Hales and Furnivall, III, 399.

1 As it befall in m[i]dsomer-time,  
When birds sing sweetly on every  
tree,  
Our noble *king*, *King* Henry the Eighth,  
Over the river of Thames past hee.

2 Hee was no sooner over the river,  
Downe in a forrest to take the ayre,  
But eighty merchants of London citie  
Came kneeling before *King* Henry  
there.

3 'O ye are welcome, rich merchants,  
[Good saylers, welcome unto me!']

They swore by the rood the were saylers  
good,  
But rich merchants they could not bee.

4 'To France nor Flanders dare we not  
passe,  
Nor Burdeaux voyage wee dare not  
fare,  
And all for a false robber that lyes on  
the seas,  
And robb[s] vs of our merchants-  
ware.'

5 *King* Henry was stout, and he turned  
him about,  
And swore by the Lord that was  
mickle of might,  
'I thought he had not beene in the  
world throughout  
That durst have wrought England  
such vnright.'

6 But ever they sighed, and said, alas!  
Vnto *King* Harry this answer againe:  
'He is a proud Scott that will robb vs  
all  
If wee were twenty shippes and hee  
but one.'

7 The *king* looked over his left shoulder,  
Amongst his lords and barons soe  
free:  
'Haue I neuer lord in all my realme  
Will fetch yond traitor vnto mee?'

8 'Yes, that dare I!' says my lord  
Charles Howard,  
Neere to the *king* whereas hee did  
stand;  
'If that Your Grace will give me leave,  
My selfe wilbe the only man.'

9 'Thou shalt have six hundred men,'  
saith our *king*,  
'And chuse them out of my realme  
soe free;  
Beside mariners and boyes,  
To guide the great shipp on the sea.'

10 'I'll goe speake with Sir Andrew,' saith  
Charles, my lord Haward;  
'Vpon the sea, if hee be there;  
I will bring him and his shipp to shore,  
Or before my prince I will neuer  
come neere.'

- 11 The first of all my *lord* did call,  
A noble gunner hee was one;  
This man was three score yeeres and  
ten,  
And Peeter Simon was his name.
- 12 'Peeter,' sais hee, 'I must sayle to the  
sea,  
To seeke out an enemye; God be my  
speed!  
Before all others I haue chosen thee;  
Of a hundred guners thoust be my  
head.'
- 13 'My *lord*,' sais hee, 'if you haue chosen  
mee  
Of a hundred gunners to be the head,  
Hange me att your maine-mast tree  
If I misse my marke past three pence  
bread.'
- 14 The next of all my *lord* he did call,  
A noble bowman hee was one;  
In Yorekeshire was this gentleman  
borne,  
And William Horsley was his name.
- 15 'Horsley,' sayes hee, 'I must sayle to  
the sea,  
To seeke out an enemye; God be my  
speede!  
Before all others I haue chosen thee;  
Of a hundred bowemen thoust be my  
head.'
- 16 'My *lord*,' sais hee, 'if you haue chosen  
mee  
Of a hundred bowemen to be the head,  
Hang me att your mainemast-tree  
If I misse my marke past twelue  
pence bread.'
- 17 With pikes, and gunnes, and bowemen  
bold,  
This noble Howard is gone to the sea  
On the day before midsummer-euen,  
And out att Thames mouth sayled  
they.
- 18 They had not sayled dayes three  
Vpon their iourney they tooke in  
hand,  
But there they mett with a noble shipp,  
And stoutely made itt both stay and  
stand.
- 19 'Thou must tell me thy name,' sais  
*Charles*, my *lord* Haward,  
'Or who thou art, or ffrom whence  
thou came,  
Yea, and where thy dwelling is,  
To whom and where thy shipp doe  
belong.'
- 20 'My name,' sayes hee, 'is Henery Hunt  
With a pure hart and a penitent mind  
I and my shipp they doe belong  
Vnto the New-castle that stands vpon  
Tine.'
- 21 'Now thou must tell me, Harry Hunt,  
As thou hast sayled by day and by  
night,  
Hast thou not heard of a stout robber?  
Men calls him Sir Andrew Bartton  
*knight*.'
- 22 But ener he sighed, and sayd, Alas!  
Ffull well, my *lord*, I know *that*  
wight;  
He robd me of my merchants ware,  
And I was his prisoner but yester  
night.
- 23 As I was sayling vpon the sea,  
And [a] Burdeaux voyage as I did  
ffare,  
He clasped me to his archborde,  
And robd me of all my merchants  
ware.
- 24 And I am a man both poore and bare,  
And euery man will haue his owne  
me,  
And I am bound towards London to  
ffare,  
To complaine to my prince Henerye.
- 25 'That shall not need,' sais my *lord*  
Haward;  
'If thou canst lett me this robber  
see,  
Ffor euery peny he hath taken thee  
ffroe,  
Thou shalt be rewarded a shilling,  
quoth hee.
- 26 'Now God fforefend,' saies Henery  
Hunt,  
'My *lord*, you shold worke soe ffar  
amisse!

- God keepe you out of *that* traitors hands!  
For you wott full litle what a man hee is.
- 27 'Hee is brasse within, and steele without,  
And beames hee beares in his top-castle stronge;  
His shipp hath ordinance cleane round about;  
Besids, my lord, hee is verrey well mand.
- 28 'He hath a pinnace, is deerlye dight,  
Saint Andrews crosse, *that* is his guide;  
His pinnace beares nine score men and more,  
Besids fifteen cannons on euery side.
- 29 'If you were twenty shippes, and he but one,  
Either in archbord or in hall,  
He wold ouercome you euerye one,  
And if his beames they doe downe fall.'
- 30 'This is cold comfort,' sais my Lord Haward,  
'To wellcome a stranger thus to the sea;  
I'll bring him and his shipp to shore,  
Or else into Scotland hee shall carrye mee.'
- 31 'Then you must gett a noble gunner, my lord,  
*That* can sett well with his eye,  
And sinke his pinnace into the sea,  
And soone then ouercome will hee bee.
- 32 'And when *that* you haue done this,  
If you chance Sir Andrew for to bord,  
Lett no man to his topcastle goe;  
And I will giue you a glasse, my lord,
- 33 'And then you need to ffeare no Scott,  
Whether you sayle by day or by night;  
And to-morrow, by seuen of the clocke,  
You shall meete with Sir Andrew Barton, knight.
- 34 'I was his prisoner but yester night,  
And he hath taken mee sworne,' quoth hee;
- 'I trust my L[ord] God will me fforgiue  
And if *that* oath then broken bee.
- 35 'You must lend me sixe peecees, my lord,' quoth hee,  
'Into my shipp, to sayle the sea,  
And to-morrow, by nine of the clocke,  
Your Honour againe then will I see.'
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 36 And the hache-bord where Sir Andrew lay  
Is hached with gold deerlye dight:  
'Now by my ffaith,' sais Charles, my lord Haward,  
'Then yonder Scott is a worthy wight!
- 37 'Take in your ancyents and your stand-ards,  
Yea *that* no man shall them see,  
And put me fforth a white willow wand,  
As merchants vse to sayle the sea.'
- 38 But they stirred neither top nor mast,  
But Sir Andrew they passed by:  
'Whatt English are yonder,' said Sir Andrew,  
'*That* can so litle curtesye ?
- 39 'I haue beene admirall ouer the sea  
More then these yeeeres three;  
There is neuer an English dog, nor Portingall,  
Can passe this way without leaue of mee.
- 40 'But now yonder pedlers, they are past,  
*Which* is no litle greffe to me:  
Ffeich them backe,' sayes Sir Andrew Barton,  
'They shall all hang att my maine-mast tree.'
- 41 With *that* the pinnace itt shott of,  
*That* my Lord Haward might itt well ken;  
Itt stroke downe my lords fforemast,  
And killed fourteen of my lord his men.
- 42 'Come hither, Simon!' sayes my lord Haward,  
'Looke *that* thy words be true thou sayd;

- I'le hang thee att my maine-mast tree  
If thou misse thy marke past twelue  
pence bread.'
- 43 Simon was old, but his hart itt was  
bold;  
Hee tooke downe a peece, and layd  
itt ffull lowe;  
He put in chaine yeards nine,  
Besids other great shott lesse and  
more.
- 44 With *that* hee lett his gun-shott goe;  
Soe well hee settled itt with his eye,  
The ffirst sight *that* Sir Andrew sawe,  
Hee see his pinnace sunke in the  
sea.
- 45 When hee saw his pinace sunke,  
Lord! in his hart hee was not well:  
'Cutt my ropes! itt is time to be gon!  
I'le goe ffeitch yond pedlers backe  
my selfe!'
- 46 When my lord Haward saw Sir An-  
drew loose,  
Lord! in his hart *that* hee was ffaine:  
'Strike on your drummes! spread out  
your ancyents!  
Sound out your trumpetts! sound  
out amaine!'
- 47 'Fight on, my men!' sais Sir Andrew  
Barton;  
'Weate, howsoeuer this geere will  
sway,  
Itt is my lord Adm[i]rall of England  
Is come to seeke mee on the sea.'
- 48 Simon had a sonne; with shott of a  
gunn —  
Well Sir Andrew might itt ken —  
He shott itt in att a priuye place,  
And killed sixty more of Sir An-  
drews men.
- 49 Harry Hunt came in att the other syde,  
And att Sir Andrew hee shott then;  
He droue downe his fformast-tree,  
And killed eighty more of Sir An-  
driwes men.
- 50 'I haue done a good turne,' sayes  
Harry Hunt;  
'Sir Andrew is not our kings ffreind;
- He hoped to haue vndone me yester  
night,  
But I hope I haue quitt him well in  
the end.'
- 51 'Euer alas!' sayd Sir Andrew Barton  
'What shold a man either thinke o  
say?  
Yonder ffalse theeffe is my stronges  
enemye,  
Who was my prisoner but yesterday
- 52 'Come hither to me, thou Gourde  
good,  
And be thou readye att my call,  
And I will giue thee three hundre  
pound  
If thou wilt lett my beames down  
ffall.'
- 53 With *that* hee swarued the maine-mas  
tree,  
Soe did he itt with might and maine  
Horseley, with a bearing arrow,  
Stroke the Gourden through th  
braine.
- 54 And he ffell into the haches againe,  
And sore of this wound *that* he di  
bleed;  
Then word went throug Sir Andrew  
men,  
*That* the Gourden hee was dead.
- 55 'Come hither to me, Iames Hamblitor  
Thou art my sisters sonne, I haue n  
more;  
I will giue [thee] six hundred pound  
If thou will lett my beames down  
ffall.'
- 56 With *that* hee swarued the maine-mas  
tree,  
Soe did hee itt with might and  
maine:  
Horseley, with another broad arrow,  
Strake the yeaman through th  
braine.
- 57 *That* hee ffell downe to the hache  
againe;  
Sore of his wound *that* hee did bleed  
Conetousness getts no gaine,  
Itt is verry true, as the Welchma  
said.



- 58 But when hee saw his sisters sonne  
slaine,  
Lord ! in his heart hee was not well:  
'Goe ffeitch me downe my armour of  
proue,  
Ffor I will to the topeastle my-selfe.
- 59 'Goe ffeitch me downe my armour of  
prooffe,  
For itt is guilded with gold soe  
cleere;  
God be with my brother, Iohn of Bart-  
ton !  
Amongst the Portingalls hee did itt  
weare.'
- 60 But when hee had his armour of  
prooffe,  
And on his body hee had itt on,  
Euery man *that* looked att him  
Sayd, Gunn nor arrow hee neede  
feare none.
- 61 'Come hither, Horsley !' sayes my lord  
Haward,  
'And looke your shaft *that* itt goe  
right;  
Shoot a good shoote in the time of  
need,  
And ffor thy shooting thoust be made  
a knight.'
- 62 'I'le doe my best,' sayes Horsley then,  
'Your Honor shall see beffore I  
goe ;  
If I shold be hanged att your maine-  
mast,  
' I haue in my shipp but arrowes tow.'
- 63 But att Sir Andrew hee shott then;  
Hee made sure to hitt his marke;  
Vnder the spole of his right arme  
Hee smote Sir Andrew quite throw  
the hart.
- 64 Yett ffrom the tree hee wold not start,  
But hee clinged to itt with might  
and maine;  
Vnder the collar then of his iacke,  
He stroke Sir Andrew thorow the  
braine.
- 65 'Ffight on my men,' sayes Sir Andrew  
Barton,  
'I am hurt, but I am not slaine;
- I'le lay mee downe and bleed a-while,  
And then I'le rise and ffight againe.
- 66 'Ffight on my men,' sayes Sir Andrew  
Barton,  
'These English doggs they bite soe  
lowe;  
Ffight on ffor Scotland and Saint An-  
drew  
Till you heare my whistle blowe !'
- 67 But when the cold not heare his whistle  
blow,  
Sayes Harry Hunt, I'le lay my head  
You may bord yonder noble shipp, my  
lord,  
For I know Sir Andrew hee is dead.
- 68 With *that* they barded this noble shipp,  
Soe did they itt with might and  
maine;  
The ffound eighteen score Scotts aline,  
Besids the rest were maimed and  
slaine.
- 69 My lord Haward tooke a sword in his  
hand,  
And smote of Sir Andrews head;  
The Scotts stood by did weepe and  
mourne,  
But neuer a word durst speake or say.
- 70 He caused his body to be taken downe,  
And ouer the hatch-bord cast into  
the sea,  
And about his middle three hundred  
crownes:  
'Whersoouer thou lands, itt will bury  
thee.'
- 71 With his head they sayled into Eng-  
land againe,  
With right good will, and fforce and  
maine,  
And the day beffore Newyeeres euen  
Into Thames mouth they came  
againe.
- 72 My lord Haward wrote to King Hene-  
ryes grace,  
With all the newes hee cold him  
bring:  
'Such a Newyeeres giffit I haue brought  
to your Gr[ace]  
As neuer did subiect to any king.

- 73 'Ffor merchandyes and manhood,  
The like is nott to be ffound;  
The sight of these wold doe you good,  
Ffor you haue not the like in your  
English ground.'
- 74 But when hee heard tell *that* they were  
come,  
Full royally hee welcomed them  
home;  
Sir Andrews shipp was the *kings* New-  
yeeres giufft;  
A brauer shipp you neuer saw none.
- 75 Now hath our *king* Sir Andrews shipp,  
Besett with pearles and precyous  
stones;  
Now hath England two shippes of warr,  
Two shippes of warr, before but one.
- 76 'Who holpe to this?' says *King* Hene-  
rye,  
'*That* I may reward him ffor his  
paine:'  
'Harry Hunt, and Peeter Simon,  
William Horseleay, and I the same.'
- 77 'Harry Hunt shall haue his whistle and  
chaine,  
And all his iewells, whatsoeuer they  
bee,  
And other rich gifts *that* I will not  
name,  
For his good service he hath done  
mee.
- 78 'Horslay, right thoust be a *knight*,  
Lands and liuings thou shalt haue  
store;  
Howard shalbe erle of Nottingham,  
And soe was neuer Haward before.
- 79 'Now, Peeter Simon, thou art old;  
I will maintaine thee and thy sonne;  
Thou shalt haue five hundred pound all  
in gold  
Ffor the good service *that* thou hast  
done.'
- 80 Then *King* Henerye shifted his roome;  
In came the Queene and ladies  
bright;  
Other arrands they had none  
But to see Sir Andrew Bartton,  
*knight*.

- 81 But when they see his deadly fface,  
His eyes were hollow in his head;  
'I wold giue a hundred pound,' said  
*King* Henerye,  
'The man were aliuie as hee is dead'
- 82 'Yett ffor the manfull part *that* he  
hath playd,  
Both heere and beyond the sea,  
His men shall haue halfe a crowne a da  
To bring them to my brother, *King*  
Iamye.'

168

## FLODDEN FIELD

"A booke called Jack of Newberry" was entered to Thomas Millington, March 7, 159 (Arber, Stationers' Registers, III, 81). The edition of 1633, the earliest which Mr Halliwell Phillippis had met with, was the ninth, published by Cuthbert Wright. The author has introduced several pieces of verse into his tale, two of them popular ballads, 'The Fair Flower of Northumberland' and this of Flodden, of which Deloney says, "in disgrace of the Scotch and in remembrance of the famous atchievements historie, the commons of England made this song, which to this day is not forgotten of manv" (p. 47). The Field of Flodden was fought September 9, 1513. For other pieces (not ballads) on Flodden, see Percy MS., Halliwell and Furnivall, I, 199 ff., 313 ff.; Robson Chetham Miscellanies, 1855; The Battle of Flodden Field, edited by Henry Weber, 1808 Child, III, 353 ff.

From Deloney's Pleasant History of John Winchecomb, in his younger yeares called Jack of Newberie, etc., London, 1633; reprinted by J. O. Halliwell, London, 1859, p. 48.

- 1 KING JAMIE hath made a vow,  
Keepe it well if he may!  
That he will be at lovely London  
Upon Saint James his day.
- 2 'Upon Saint James his day at noone,  
At faire London will I be,  
And all the lords in merrie Scotland,  
They shall dine there with me.'
- 3 Then bespake good Queene Margaret,  
The teares fell from her eye:  
'Leave off these warres, most noble king,  
Keepe your fidelitie.

- 4 'The water runnes swift and wondrous  
deepe,  
From bottome unto the brimme;  
My brother Henry hath men good  
enough;  
England is hard to winne.'
- 5 'Away,' quoth he, 'with this silly  
foole!  
In prison fast let her lie:  
For she is come of the English blood,  
And for these words she shall dye.'
- 6 With that bespake Lord Thomas How-  
ard,  
The queenes chamberlaine that day:  
'If that you put Queene Margaret to  
death,  
Scotland shall rue it alway.'
- 7 Then in a rage King Jamie did say,  
'Away with this foolish mome!  
He shall be hanged, and the other be  
burned,  
So soone as I come home.'
- 8 At Flodden Field the Scots came in,  
Which made our English men faine;  
At Bramstone Greene this battaile was  
seene,  
There was King Jamie slaine.
- 9 Then presently the Scots did flie,  
Their cannons they left behind;  
Their ensignes gay were won all away,  
Our souldiers did beate them blinde.
- 10 To tell you plaine, twelve thousand were  
slaine  
That to the fight did stand,  
And many prisoners tooke that day,  
The best in all Scotland.
- 11 That day made many [a] fatherlesse  
child,  
And many a widow poore,  
And many a Scottish gay lady  
Sate weeping in her bower.
- 12 Jack with a feather was lapt all in  
leather,  
His boastings were all in vaine;  
He had such a chance, with a new mor-  
rice-dance,  
He never went home againe.

169

## JOHNIE ARMSTRONG

'Thonne Ermistrangis dance' is mentioned in *The Complaynt of Scotland*, 1549 (ed. Murray, p. 66). The ballad is known in two forms,—one represented by A and B, the other by C. It was an early favorite of Goldsmith's: "The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with Johnny Armstrong's *Last Good-Night*, or the *Cruelty of Barbara Allen*" (*Essays*, 1765, p. 14).

The Armstrongs were people of consideration in Liddesdale from the end, or perhaps from the middle, of the fourteenth century, and by the sixteenth had become the most important sept, as to numbers, in that region, not only extending themselves over a large part of the Debateable Land, but spreading also into Eskdale, Ewesdale, Wauchopedale, and Annandale. The Earl of Northumberland, in 1528, puts the power of the Armstrongs, with their adherents, above three thousand horsemen. Mangerton, in Liddesdale, on the east bank of the Liddel, a little north of its junction with the Kersope, was the seat of the chief. John Armstrong, known later as Gilnockie, a brother of Thomas, laird of Mangerton, is first heard of in 1525. Removing from Liddesdale early in the century, as it is thought, he settled on the church lands of Canonby, and at a place called The Hollows, on the west side of the Esk, built a tower, which still remains. The Armstrongs, if nominally Scots, were so far from being "in due obeysaunce" that, at a conference of commissioners of both realms in November of the year 1528, the representatives of the Scottish king could not undertake to oblige them to make a redress for injuries done the English, though a peace depended upon this condition. Both the English and the Scottish border suffered from their forays. Other measures having failed, King James V, in 1530, took the pacifying of his borders into his own hand, and for this purpose levied an army of from eight to twelve thousand men. Among the reivers who suffered death was John Armstrong of Gilnockie, the hero of the present ballad. It appears from various accounts that his capture was not effected by honorable means. There is no record of a trial, and the execution was probably as summary as the arrest was perfidious.

A

a. 'A Northern Ballet,' Wit Restord in  
several Select Poems not formerly publisht,

London, 1658, p. 30, in Facetiæ, London, 1817, i, 132. b. 'A Northern Ballad,' Wit and Drollery, London, 1682, p. 57.

- 1 THERE dwelt a man in faire Westmer-  
land,  
Ionnë Armstrong men did him call,  
He had nither lands nor rents coming  
in,  
Yet he kept eight score men in his  
hall.
- 2 He had horse and harness for them all,  
Goodly steeds were all milke-white;  
O the golden bands an about their  
necks,  
And their weapons, they were all  
alike.
- 3 Newes then was brought unto the king  
That there was sicke a won as hee,  
That livèd lyke a bold out-law,  
And robbèd all the north country.
- 4 The king he writt an a letter then,  
A letter which was large and long;  
He signèd it with his owne hand,  
And he promised to doe him no  
wrong.
- 5 When this letter came Ionnë untill,  
His heart it was as blythe as birds  
on the tree:  
'Never was I sent for before any king,  
My father, my grandfather, nor none  
but mee.
- 6 'And if wee goe the king before,  
I would we went most orderly;  
Every man of you shall have his scar-  
let cloak;  
Laced with silver laces three.
- 7 'Every won of you shall have his vel-  
vett coat,  
Laced with sillver lace so white;  
O the golden bands an about your necks,  
Black hatts, white feathers, all alyke.'
- 8 By the morrow morninge at ten of the  
clock,  
Towards Edenburrgh gon was hee,  
And with him all his eight score men;  
Good lord, it was a goodly sight for  
to see !
- 9 When Ionnë came befower the king,  
He fell downe on his knee;  
'O pardon, my soveraine leige,' he  
said,  
'O pardon my eight score men and  
mee !'
- 10 'Thou shalt have no pardon, thou traytor  
strong,  
For thy eight score men nor thee;  
For to-morrow morning by ten of the  
clock,  
Both thou and them shall hang on  
the gallow-tree.'
- 11 But Ionnë looke'd over his left shoulder,  
Good Lord, what a greivous look  
looked hee !  
Saying, Asking grace of a graceles  
face —  
Why there is none for you nor me.
- 12 But Ionnë had a bright sword by his  
side,  
And it was made of the mettle so free,  
That had not the king stept his foot  
aside,  
He had smitten his head from his  
faire boddë.
- 13 Saying, Fight on, my merry men all,  
And see that none of you be taine;  
For rather then men shall say we were  
hange'd,  
Let them report how we were slaine.
- 14 Then, God wott, faire Eddenburrrough  
rose,  
And so besett poore Ionnë rounde,  
That fowerscore and tenn of Ionnës best  
men  
Lay gasping all upon the ground.
- 15 Then like a mad man Ionnë laide about,  
And like a mad man then fought hee,  
Untill a falce Scot came Ionnë behinde,  
And runn him through the faire  
boddee.
- 16 Saying, Fight on, my merry men all,  
And see that none of you be taine;  
For I will stand by and bleed but  
awhile,  
And then will I come and fight  
again.

17 Newes then was brought to young  
 Ionnë Armstrong,  
 As he stood by his nurses knee,  
 Who vowed if ere he live'd for to be a man,  
 O the treacherous Scots revengd hee 'd  
 be.

## B

a. 'John Arm-strong's last Good-Night,' etc.,  
 Wood, 401, fol. 93 b, London, printed for Francis  
 Grove (1620-55?). b. Pepys, II, 133, No.  
 117, London, printed for W. Thackeray and  
 T. Passenger (1660-82?). c. 'Johnny Arm-  
 strongs last Good-Night,' A Collection of Old  
 Ballads, 1723, I, 170.

- 1 Is there never a man in all Scotland,  
 From the highest state to the lowest  
 degree,  
 That can shew himself now before the  
 king?  
 Scotland is so full of their traitery.
- 2 Yes, there is a man in Westmerland,  
 And John Armstrong some do him  
 call;  
 He has no lands nor rents coming in,  
 Yet he keeps eightscore men within  
 his hall.
- 3 He has horse and harness for them all,  
 And goodly steeds that be milk-white,  
 With their goodly belts about their necks,  
 With hats and feathers all alike.
- 4 The king he writ a lovely letter,  
 With his own hand so tenderly,  
 And has sent it unto John Armstrong,  
 To come and speak with him speedily.
- 5 When John he looked the letter upon,  
 Then, Lord! he was as blithe as a  
 bird in a tree:  
 'I was never before no king in my life,  
 My father, my grandfather, nor none  
 of us three.
- 6 'But seeing we must [go] before the king,  
 Lord! we will go most valiantly;  
 You shall every one have a velvet coat,  
 Laid down with golden laces three.
- 7 'And you shall every one have a scarlet  
 cloak,  
 Laid down with silver laces five,

With your golden belts about your necks,  
 With hats [and] brave feathers all  
 alike.'

- 8 But when John he went from Guiltknock  
 Hall!  
 The wind it blew hard, and full sore it  
 did rain:  
 'Now fare you well, brave Guiltknock  
 Hall!  
 I fear I shall never see thee again.'
- 9 Now John he is to Edenborough gone,  
 And his eightscore men so gallantly,  
 And every one of them on a milk-white  
 steed,  
 With their bucklers and swords hang-  
 ing down to the knee.
- 10 But when John he came the king before,  
 With his eightscore men so gallant to  
 see,  
 The king he moved his bonnet to him;  
 He thought he had been a king as well  
 as he.
- 11 'O pardon, pardon, my sovereign leige,  
 Pardon for my eightscore men and  
 me!  
 For my name it is John Armstrong,  
 And a subject of yours, my leige,' said  
 he.
- 12 'Away with thee, thou false traitor!  
 No pardon I will grant to thee,  
 But, to-morrow before eight of the clock,  
 I will hang thy eightscore men and  
 thee.'
- 13 O how John looked over his left shoul-  
 der!  
 And to his merry men thus said he:  
 I have asked grace of a graceless face,  
 No pardon here is for you nor me.
- 14 Then John pulld out a nut-brown  
 sword,  
 And it was made of mettle so free;  
 Had not the king moved his foot as he  
 did,  
 John had taken his head from his  
 body.
- 15 'Come, follow me, my merry men all,  
 We will scorn one foot away to fly;



- It never shall be said we were hung  
like doggs;  
No, wee 'I fight it out most manfully.'
- 16 Then they fought on like champions  
bold —  
For their hearts was sturdy, stout,  
and free —  
Till they had killed all the kings good  
guard;  
There was none left alive but onely  
three.
- 17 But then rise up all Edenborough,  
They rise up by thousands three;  
Then a cowardly Scot came John be-  
hind,  
And run him thorow the fair body.
- 18 Said John, Fight on, my merry men all,  
I am a little hurt, but I am not slain;  
I will lay me down for to bleed a while,  
Then I 'le rise and fight with you  
again.
- 19 Then they fought on like mad men all,  
Till many a man lay dead on the plain;  
For they were resolved, before they  
would yield,  
That every man would there be slain.
- 20 So there they fought couragiously,  
'Till most of them lay dead there and  
slain,  
But little Musgrave, that was his foot-  
page,  
With his bonny grissell got away un-  
tain.
- 21 But when he came up to Guiltknock Hall,  
The lady spyed him presently:  
'What news, what news, thou little  
foot-page?  
What news from thy master and his  
company?'
- 22 'My news is bad, lady,' he said,  
'Which I do bring, as you may see;  
My master, John Armstrong, he is slain,  
And all his gallant company.
- 23 'Yet thou are welcome home, my bonny  
grisel!  
Full oft thou hast fed at the corn and  
hay,

But now thou shalt be fed with bread and  
wine,  
And thy sides shall be spurred no  
more, I say.'

- 24 O then bespoke his little son,  
As he was set on his nurses knee:  
'If ever I live for to be a man,  
My fathers blood revenged shall be.'

## C

'Johnie Armstrong,' Allan Ramsay, *The  
Ever Green*, 1724, II, 190, "copied from a gen-  
tleman's mouth of the name of Armstrong, who  
is the 6th generation from this John."

- 1 SUM speiks of lords, sum speiks of lairds,  
And siclyke men of hie degrie;  
Of a gentleman I sing a sang,  
Sumtyme calld Laird of Gilnockie.
- 2 The king he wrytes a luvving letter,  
With his ain hand sae tenderly:  
And he hath sent it to Johnny Armstrong,  
To cum and speik with him speidily.
- 3 The Eliots and Armstrangs did con-  
vene,  
They were a gallant company:  
'We 'ill ryde and meit our lawful king,  
And bring him safe to Gilnockie.
- 4 'Make kinnen and capon ready, then,  
And venison in great plenty;  
We 'ill welcome hame our royal king;  
I hope he 'ill dyne at Gilnockie!'
- 5 They ran their horse on the Langum  
howm,  
And brake their speirs with mekle  
main;  
The ladys lukit frae their loft-windows,  
'God bring our men weil back again!'
- 6 When Johnny came before the king,  
With all his men sae brave to see,  
The king he movit his bonnet to him;  
He weind he was a king as well as he.
- 7 'May I find grace, my sovereign liege,  
Grace for my loyal men and me?  
For my name it is Johnny Armstrong,  
And subject of yours, my liege,' said  
he.

- 8 'Away, away, thou traytor, strang!  
Out of my sicht thou mayst sune be!  
I grantit nevir a traytors lyfe,  
And now I'll not begin with thee.'
- 9 'Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,  
And a bony gift I will give to thee;  
Full four-and-twenty milk-whyt steids,  
Were a' foald in a yeir to me.
- 10 'I'll gie thee all these milk-whyt steids,  
That prance and nicher at a speir,  
With as mekle gude Inglis gilt  
As four of their braid backs dow beir.'
- 11 'Away, away, thou traytor strang!  
Out o' my sicht thou mayst sune be!  
I grantit nevir a traytors lyfe,  
And now I'll not begin with thee.'
- 12 'Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,  
And a bony gift I'll gie to thee;  
Gude four-and-twenty ganging mills,  
That gang throw a' the yeir to me.
- 13 'These four-and-twenty mills complete  
Sall gang for thee throw all the yeir,  
And as mekle of gude reid wheit  
As all their happens dow to bear.'
- 14 'Away, away, thou traytor, strang!  
Out of my sicht thou mayst sune be!  
I grantit nevir a traytors lyfe,  
And now I'll not begin with thee.'
- 15 'Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,  
And a great gift I'll gie to thee;  
Bauld four-and-twenty sisters sons,  
Sall for the fecht, tho all sould flee.'
- 16 'Away, away, thou traytor, strang!  
Out of my sicht thou mayst sune be!  
I grantit nevir a traytors lyfe,  
And now I'll not begin with thee.'
- 17 'Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,  
And a brave gift I'll gie to thee;  
All betwene heir and Newcastle town  
Sall pay thair yeirly rent to thee.'
- 18 'Away, away, thou traytor, strang!  
Out of my sicht thou mayst sune be!  
I grantit nevir a traytors lyfe,  
And now I'll not begin with thee.'
- 19 'Ye lied, ye lied, now, king,' he says,  
'Althocht a king and prince ye be,  
For I luid naithing in all my lyfe,  
I dare well say it, but honesty;
- 20 'But a fat horse, and a fair woman,  
Twa bony dogs to kill a deir:  
But Ingland suld haif found me meil  
and malt,  
Gif I had livd this hundred yeir!
- 21 'Scho suld haif found me meil and malt,  
And beif and mutton in all plentie;  
But neir a Scots wyfe could haif said  
That eir I skaitld her a pure flie.
- 22 'To seik het water beneth cauld yce,  
Surely it is a great folie;  
I haif asked grace at a graceless face,  
But there is nane for my men and me.
- 23 'But had I kend, or I came frae hame,  
How thou unkynd wadst bene to me,  
I wad haif kept the border-syde,  
In spyte of all thy force and thee.
- 24 'Wist Englands king that I was tane,  
O gin a blyth man wald he be!  
For anes I slew his sisters son,  
And on his breist-bane brak a tree.'
- 25 John wore a girdle about his midle,  
Imbroiderd owre with burning gold,  
Bespangled with the same mettle,  
Maist beautifull was to behold.
- 26 Ther hang nine targats at Johnys hat,  
And ilk an worth three hundred  
pound:  
'What wants that knave that a king  
suld haif,  
But the sword of honour and the  
crown!
- 27 'O whair gat thou these targats, Johnie,  
That blink sae brawly abune thy  
brie?'  
I gat them in the field fechtin,  
Wher, cruel king, thou durst not be.
- 28 'Had I my horse, and my harness gude,  
And ryding as I wont to be,  
It sould haif bene tald this hundred  
yeir  
The meiting of my king and me.

- 29 'God be withee, Kirsty, my brither,  
Lang live thou Laird of Mangertoun!  
Lang mayst thou live on the border-  
syde  
Or thou se thy brither ryde up and  
doun.
- 30 'And God be withee, Kirsty, my son,  
Whair thou sits on thy nurses knee!  
But and thou live this hundred yeir,  
Thy fathers better thoult never be.
- 31 'Farweil, my bonny Gilnock-Hall,  
Whair on Esk-syde thou standest  
stout!  
Gif I had lived but seven yeirs mair,  
I wald haif gilt thee round about.'
- 32 John muredred was at Carlinrigg,  
And all his galant companie:  
But Scotlands heart was never sae wae,  
To see sae mony brave men die.
- 33 Because they savd their country deir  
Frae Englishmen; nane were sae  
bauld,  
Whyle Johnie livd on the border-syde,  
Nane of them durst cum neir his  
hald.

170

## THE DEATH OF QUEEN JANE

Jane Seymour gave birth to Prince Edward October 12, 1537, and by a natural process, but, in consequence of imprudent management, died twelve days after. There was a belief that severe surgery had been required, under which the queen sank.

## A

Percy Papers, communicated to Percy by the Dean of Derry, as written from memory by his mother, Mrs Bernard, February, 1776.

- 1 QUEEN JANE was in labour full six  
weeks and more,  
And the women were weary, and fain  
would give oer:  
'O women, O women, as women ye be,  
Rip open my two sides, and save my  
baby!'

- 2 'O royal Queen Jane, that thing may  
not be;  
We'll send for King Henry to come  
unto thee.'  
King Henry came to her, and sate on  
her bed:  
'What ails my dear lady, her eye  
look so red?'
- 3 'O royal King Henry, do one thing for  
me:  
Rip open my two sides, and save my  
baby!'  
'O royal Queen Jane, that thing will  
not do;  
If I lose your fair body, I'll lose  
your baby too.'
- 4 She wept and she waild, and she wrung  
her hands sore;  
O the flour of England must flourish  
no more!  
She wept and she waild till she fell in a  
swoond,  
They opend her two sides, and the  
baby was found.
- 5 The baby was christened with joy and  
much mirth,  
Whilst poor Queen Jane's body lay  
cold under earth:  
There was ringing and singing and  
mourning all day,  
The princess Eliz[abeth] went weep-  
ing away.
- 6 The trumpets in mourning so sadly did  
sound,  
And the pikes and the muskets did  
trail on the ground.
- . . . . .

## B

'Queen Jeanie,' Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 116.

- 1 QUEEN JEANIE, Queen Jeanie, traveld  
six weeks and more,  
Till women and midwives had quite  
gien her oer:  
'O if ye were women as women should be,  
Ye would send for a doctor, a doctor  
to me.'

- 2 The doctor was called for and set by her bedside:  
 'What aileth thee, my ladie, thine eyes seem so red?'  
 'O doctor, O doctor, will ye do this for me,  
 To rip up my two sides, and save my babie?'
- 3 'Queen Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, that's the thing I'll neer do,  
 To rip up your two sides to save your babie.'
- Queen Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, traveld six weeks and more,  
 Till midwives and doctors had quite gien her oer.
- 4 'O if ye were doctors as doctors should be,  
 Ye would send for King Henry, King Henry to me'  
 King Henry was called for, and sat by her bedside,  
 'What aileth thee, Jeanie? what aileth eth my bride?'
- 5 'King Henry, King Henry, will ye do this for me,  
 To rip up my two sides, and save my babie?'
- 'Queen Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, that's what I'll never do,  
 To rip up your two sides to save your babie.'
- 6 But with sighing and sobbing she's fallen in a swoon,  
 Her side it was ript up, and her babie was found;  
 At this bonie babie's christning there was meikle joy and mirth,  
 But bonnie Queen Jeanie lies cold in the earth.
- 7 Six and six coaches, and six and six more,  
 And royal King Henry went mourning before;  
 O two and two gentlemen carried her away,  
 But royal King Henry went weeping away.
- 8 O black were their stockings, and black were their bands,  
 And black were the weapons they held in their hands;

O black were their mufflers, and black were their shoes,  
 And black were the cheverons they drew on their luvcs.

- 9 They mourned in the kitchen, and they mournd in the ha,  
 But royal King Henry mournd langest of a':  
 Farewell to fair England, farewell for evermore!  
 For the fair flower of England will never shine more.

171

## THOMAS CROMWELL

June 10, 1540, Thomas Lord Cromwell, "when he least expected it," was arrested at the council-table by the Duke of Norfolk for high-treason, and on the 28th of July following he was executed. Cromwell, says Lord Herbert of Cherbury, judged "his perdition more certain that the duke was uncle to the Lady Katherine Howard, whom the king began now to affect." Later writers have asserted that Katherine Howard exerted herself to procure Cromwell's death, and we can understand nobody else but her to be doing this in the third stanza of this fragment; nevertheless there is no authority for such a representation. The king had no personal interview with the minister whom he so suddenly struck down, but he did send the Duke of Norfolk and two others to visit Cromwell in prison, for the purpose of extracting confessions pertaining to Anne of Cleves. Cromwell wrote two letters to the king, imploring the mercy which, as well as confession, he refuses in stanza five. (See Merriman, *Life and Letters of Thomas Cromwell*, 1902.)

Percy MS., p. 55; Hales and Furnivall, I, 129.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 1 . . . . .  
 'Ffor if your boone be askeable,  
 Soone granted it shalbe:
- 2 'If it be not touching my crowne,' he said,  
 'Nor hurting poore comminaltye.'  
 'Nay, it is not touching your crowne,'  
 shee sayes,  
 'Nor hurting poore cominaltye,

3 'But I begg the death of Thomas Crom-  
well,  
For a false traitor to you is hee.'  
'Then feitch me hither the Earle of  
Darby  
And the Earle of Shrewsbury,

4 'And bidde them bring Thomas Crom-  
well;  
Let's see what he can say to mee;'  
For Thomas had woont to haue carryed  
his head vp,  
But now he hanges it vppon his knee.

5 'How now? How now?' the king did  
say,  
'Thomas, how is it with thee?'  
'Hanging and drawing, O king!' he  
saide;  
'You shall neuer gett more from  
mee.'

## 172

## MUSSELBURGH FIELD

The Protector Somerset, to overcome or to punish the opposition of the Scots to the marriage of Mary Stuart with Edward VI, invaded Scotland at the end of the summer of 1547 with eighteen thousand men, supported by a fleet. The Scots mustered at Musselburgh, a town on the water five or six miles east of Edinburgh. The northern army abandoned an impregnable position, and their superior, but ill-managed and partly ill-composed force, after successfully resisting a cavalry charge, was put to flight by the English, who had an advantage in cannon and cavalry as well as generalship. A hideous slaughter followed; it is said that, in the chase and battle, there were slain above ten thousand Scots. The battle is known also by the name of Pinkie or Pinkie Cleuch, appellations of an estate, a burn and a hill, near or within the field of operations.

The ballad is perhaps quoted by Sir Toby, in *Twelfth Night*, act ii, scene 3: "O, the twelfth day of December!"

'Musleboorrowe ffeild,' Percy MS., p. 54; Hales and Furnivall, i, 123.

1 ON the tenth day of December,  
And the fourth yeere of King Edwards  
raigne,

Att Musleboorrowe, as I remember,  
Two goodly hosts there mett on a  
plaine.

2 All that night they camped there,  
Soe did the Scotts, both stout and  
stubborne;

But "wellaway," it was their song,  
For wee haue taken them in their  
owne turne.

3 Over night they carded for our English  
mens coates;  
They fished before their netts were  
spunn;  
A white for sixpence, a red for two  
groates;  
Now wisdome wold haue stayed till  
they had been woone.

4 Wee feared not but that they wold  
fight,  
Yett itt was turned vnto their owne  
paine;  
Thoe against one of vs that they were  
eight,  
Yett with their owne weapons wee  
did them beat.

5 On the twelfth day in the morne  
The made a face as the wold fight,  
But many a proud Scott there was downe  
borne,  
And many a ranke coward was put to  
fight.

6 But when they heard our great gunnes  
cracke,  
Then was their harts turned into their  
hose;  
They cast down their weapons, and  
turned their backs,  
They ran soe fast that the fell on their  
nose.

7 The Lord Huntley, wee had him there;  
With him hee brought ten thousand  
men,  
Yett, God bee thanked, wee made them  
such a banquet  
That none of them returned againe.

8 Wee chased them to D[alkeith]

\* \* \* \* \*



173

## MARY HAMILTON

When Mary Stuart was sent to France in 1548, being then between five and six, she had our companions "sundry gentlewomen and noblemen's sons and daughters, almost of her own age, of the which there were four in special of whom every one of them bore the same name of Mary, being of four sundry honorable houses, to wit, Fleming, Livingston, Seton, and Beaton of Creich; who remained all four with the queen in France during her residence there, and returned again in Scotland with her Majesty in the year of our Lord 1561." Lesley, *History of Scotland*, 1830, p. 209.

This ballad purports to relate the tragic history of one of the queen's Marias. In some of the versions her lover is said to be the king (Darnley). The ballad seems to have taken its rise in an incident which occurred at Mary's court in 1563, which involved the queen's apothecary and "a French woman that served in the queen's chamber." There is also a striking coincidence between the ballad and the fate of a Miss Hamilton who, in the reign of Peter the Great, was one of the attendants of the Russian Empress. The subject is fully discussed by Professor Child, *Ballads*, III, 381 ff., 298 f., and Mr Andrew Lang, *Blackwood's Magazine*, September, 1895, pp. 381 ff.

## A

a. 'Marie Hamilton,' Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, 824, p. 18. b. Communicated by the late John Francis Campbell, as learned from his father about 1840. c. *Angervyle Society's publications*, No. v, p. 5 (First Series, p. 85); "taken down early in the present century from the lips of an old lady in Annandale."

- 1 WORD 's gane to the kitchen,  
And word 's gane to the ha,  
That Marie Hamilton gangs wi bairn  
To the highest Stewart of a'.
- 2 He 's courted her in the kitchen,  
He 's courted her in the ha,  
He 's courted her in the laigh cellar,  
And that was warst of a'.
- 3 She 's tyed it in her apron  
And she 's thrown it in the sea;  
Says, Sink ye, swim ye, bonny wee babe!  
You 'l neer get mair o me.

- 4 Down then cam the auld queen,  
Goud tassels tying her hair:  
'O Marie, where 's the bonny wee babe  
That I heard greet sae sair?'
- 5 'There was never a babe intill my room,  
As little designs to be;  
It was but a touch o my sair side,  
Come oer my fair bodie.'
- 6 'O Marie, put on your robes o black,  
Or else your robes o brown,  
For ye maun gang wi me the night,  
To see fair Edinbro town.'
- 7 'I winna put on my robes o black,  
Nor yet my robes o brown;  
But I 'l put on my robes o white,  
To shine through Edinbro town.'
- 8 When she gaed up the Cannogate,  
She laughd loud laughters three;  
But whan she cam down the Cannogate  
The tear blinded her ee.
- 9 When she gaed up the Parliament stair,  
The heel cam aff her shее;  
And lang or she cam down again  
She was condemn'd to dee.
- 10 When she cam down the Cannogate,  
The Cannogate sae free,  
Many a ladie lookd oer her window,  
Weeping for this ladie.
- 11 'Ye need nae weep for me,' she says,  
'Ye need nae weep for me;  
For had I not slain mine own sweet babe,  
This death I wadna dee.
- 12 'Bring me a bottle of wine,' she says,  
'The best that eer ye hae,  
That I may drink to my weil-wishers,  
And they may drink to me.
- 13 'Here 's a health to the jolly sailors,  
That sail upon the main;  
Let them never let on to my father and  
mother  
But what I 'm coming hame.
- 14 'Here 's a health to the jolly sailors,  
That sail upon the sea;  
Let them never let on to my father and  
mother  
That I cam here to dee.

- 15 'Oh little did my mother think,  
The day she cradled me,  
What lands I was to travel through,  
What death I was to dee.
- 16 'Oh little did my father think,  
The day he held up me,  
What lands I was to travel through,  
What death I was to dee.
- 17 'Last night I washd the queen's feet,  
And gently laid her down;  
And a' the thanks I've gotten the nicht  
To be hangd in Edinbro town!
- 18 'Last nicht there was four Maries,  
The nicht there 'l be but three;  
There was Marie Seton, and Marie  
Beton,  
And Marie Carmichael, and me.'

## B

'Mary Hamilton,' Motherwell's MS., p. 337.

- 1 THERE were ladies, they lived in a bower,  
And oh but they were fair!  
The youngest o them is to the king's court,  
To learn some unco lair.
- 2 She hadna been in the king's court  
A twelve month and a day,  
Till of her they could get na wark,  
For wantonness and play.
- 3 Word is to the kitchen gane,  
And word is to the ha,  
And word is up to Madame the Queen,  
And that is warst of a',  
That Mary Hamilton has born a bairn,  
To the hichest Stewart of a'.
- 4 'O rise, O rise, Mary Hamilton,  
O rise, and tell to me  
What thou did with thy sweet babe  
We sair heard weep by thee.'
- 5 'Hold your tongue, madame,' she said,  
'And let your folly be;  
It was a shouir o sad sickness  
Made me weep sae bitterlie.'
- 6 'O rise, O rise, Mary Hamilton,  
O rise, and tell to me

What thou did with thy sweet babe  
We sair heard weep by thee.'

- 7 'I put it in a piner-pig,  
And set it on the sea;  
I bade it sink, or it might swim,  
It should neer come hame to me.'
- 8 'O rise, O rise, Mary Hamilton,  
Arise, and go with me;  
There is a wedding in Glasgow town  
This day we 'll go and see.'
- 9 She put not on her black clothing,  
She put not on her brown,  
But she put on the glistering gold,  
To shine thro Edinburgh town.
- 10 As they came into Edinburgh town,  
The city for to see,  
The bailie's wife and the provost's wife  
Said, Och an alace for thee!
- 11 'Gie never alace for me,' she said,  
'Gie never alace for me;  
It's all for the sake of my poor babe,  
This death that I maun die.'
- 12 As they gaed up the Tolbuith stair,  
The stair it was sae hie,  
The bailie's son and the provost's son  
Said, Och an alace for thee!
- 13 'Gie never alace for me,' she said,  
'Gie never alace for me!  
It's all for the sake of my puir babe,  
This death that I maun die.
- 14 'But bring to me a cup,' she says,  
'A cup bot and a can,  
And I will drink to all my friends,  
And they 'll drink to me again.
- 15 'Here's to you all, travellers,  
Who travels by land or sea;  
Let na wit to my father nor mother  
The death that I must die.
- 16 'Here's to you all, travellers,  
That travels on dry land;  
Let na wit to my father nor mother  
But I am coming hame.
- 17 'Little did my mother think,  
First time she cradled me,

What land I was to travel on,  
Or what death I would die.

18 'Little did my mother think,  
First time she tied my head,  
What land I was to tread upon,  
Or whare I would win my bread.

19 'Yestreen Queen Mary had four Maries,  
This night she 'll hae but three;  
She had Mary Seaton, and Mary Beaton,  
And Mary Carmichael, and me.

20 'Yestreen I wush Queen Mary's feet,  
And bore her till her bed;  
This day she 's given me my reward,  
This gallows-tree to tread.

21 'Cast off, cast off my gown,' she said,  
'But let my petticoat be,  
And tye a napkin on my face,  
For that gallows I downa see.'

22 By and cum the king himsell,  
Lookd up with a pitiful ee:  
'Come down, come down, Mary Hamil-  
ton,  
This day thou wilt dine with me.'

23 'Hold your tongue, my sovereign leige,  
And let your folly be;  
An ye had a mind to save my life,  
Ye should na shamed me here.'

174

## EARL BOTHWELL

This ballad represents the murder of Darnley as done in revenge for his complicity in the murder of Riccio. The Regent Murray is described as "banishing" Queen Mary, whereupon she fled to England. Mary escaped from Lochleven Castle on the second of May, 1568, and took refuge in England on the sixteenth. We must suppose the ballad to have been made not long after.

'Earle Bodwell,' Percy MS., p. 272; Hales and Furnivall, II, 260.

1 WOE worth thee, woe worth thee, false  
Scottlande!  
Ffor thou hast euer wrought by a  
sleight;

For the worthyest prince *that* euer was  
borne,  
You hanged vnder a cloud by night.

2 The Queene of France a letter wrote,  
And sealed itt with hart and ringe,  
And bade him come Scotland within,  
And shee wold marry him and crowne  
him king.

3 To be a king, itt is a pleasant thing,  
To bee a prince vnto a peere;  
But you haue heard, and so haue I too,  
A man may well by gold to deere.

4 There was an Italian in that place,  
Was as wel beloued as euer was hee;  
Lord David was his name,  
Chamberlaine vnto the queene was hee.

5 Ffor if the king had risen forth of his  
place,  
He wold haue sitt him downe in the  
cheare,  
And tho itt beseemed him not soe well,  
Altho the king had beene present  
there.

6 Some lords in Scotland waxed wonder-  
ous wroth,  
And quarrelld with him for the nonce;  
I shall you tell how itt beffell;  
Twelue daggers were in him all att  
once.

7 When this queene see the chamberlaine  
was slaine,  
For him her cheeks shee did weete,  
And made a vow for a twelue month  
and a day  
The king and shee wold not come in  
one sheete.

8 Then some of the lords of Scotland  
waxed wrothe,  
And made their vow vehementlye,  
'For death of the queenes chamber-  
laine  
The king himselfe he shall dye.'

9 They strowed his chamber ouer with gun-  
powder,  
And layd greene rushes in his way;  
Ffor the traitors thought *that* night  
The worthy king for to betray.

10 To bedd the worthy king made him  
bowne,  
To take his rest, *that* was his desire;  
He was noe sooner cast on sleepe,  
But his chamber was on a blasing fyre.

11 Vp he lope, and a glasse window broke,  
He had thirty foote for to ffall;  
Lord Bodwell kept a priuy wach  
Vnderneath his castle-wall:  
'Who haue wee heere?' sayd Lord Bod-  
well;  
'Answer me, now I doe call.'

12 'King Henery the Eighth my vnekle  
was;  
Some pittie show for his sweet sake!  
Ah, Lord Bodwell, I know thee well;  
Some pittie on me I pray thee take!'

13 'I'll pittie thee as much,' he sayd,  
'And as much favor I'll show to thee  
As thou had on the queene's chamber-  
laine  
*That* day thou deemedst him to dye.'

14 Through halls and towers this king they  
ledd,  
Through castles and towers *that* were  
hye,  
Through an arbor into an orchard,  
And there hanged him in a peare tree.

15 When the gouernor of Scotland he  
heard tell  
*That* the worthe king he was slaine,  
He hath banished the queene soe bit-  
terlye  
*That* in Scotland shee dare not re-  
maine.

16 But shee is fled into merry England,  
And Scotland to a side hath laine,  
And through the Queene of Englands  
good grace  
Now in England shee doth remaine.

175

## THE RISING IN THE NORTH

The ballad, which is the work of a loyal but  
not unsympathetic minstrel, gives a cursory and

imperfect account of the rebellion of the Earls  
of Northumberland and Westmoreland in 1569.

'Risinge in the Northe,' Percy MS., p. 25.  
Hales and Furnivall, II, 210.

1 LISTEN, liuely lordings all,  
And all *that* beene this place within  
If you'll giue eare vnto my songe,  
I will tell you how this geere d  
begin.

2 It was the good Erle of Westmorland  
A noble erle was call'd hee,  
And he wrought treason against th  
crowne;  
Alas, itt was the more pittye!

3 And soe itt was the Erle of Northur  
berland,  
Another good noble erle was hee;  
They tooke both vpon one part,  
Against the crowne they wolden be

4 Earle Pearey is into his garden gone,  
And after walkes his awne ladye:  
'I heare a bird sing in my eare  
*That* I must either ffight or flee.'

5 'God fforbidd,' shee sayd, 'good m  
lord,  
*That* euer soe *that* it shalbee!  
But goe to London to the court,  
And faire ffall truth and honestye!

6 'But nay, now nay, my ladye gay,  
*That* euer it shold soe bee;  
My treason is knowen well enoughe;  
Att the court I must not bee.'

7 'But goe to the court yet, good my lor  
Take men enowe with thee;  
If any man will doe you wronge,  
Your warrant they may bee.'

8 'But nay, now nay, my lady gay,  
For soe itt must not bee;  
If I goe to the court, ladye,  
Death will strike me, and I must dye'

9 'But goe to the court yett, [good] m  
lord,  
I my-selfe will ryde with thee;  
If any man will doe you wronge,  
Your borrow I shalbee.'

- 10 'But nay, now nay, my lady gay,  
For soe it must not bee;  
For if I goe to the court, ladye,  
Thou must me neuer see.
- 11 'But come hither, thou litle foot-page,  
Come thou hither vnto mee,  
For thou shalt goe a message to Master  
Norton,  
In all the hast *that euer may bee.*
- 12 'Comend me to *that* gentleman;  
Bring him here this letter from mee,  
And say, I pray him earnestlye  
*That hee will ryde in my companye.'*
- 13 But one while the foote-page went,  
Another while he rann;  
Vntill he came to Master Norton,  
The foot-page neuer blanne.
- 14 And when he came to Master Nortton,  
He kneeled on his knee,  
And tooke the letter betwixt his hands,  
And lett the gentleman it see.
- 15 And when the letter itt was reade,  
Affore all his companye,  
I-wis, if you wold know the truth,  
There was many a weeping eye.
- 16 He said, Come hither, Kester Nortton,  
A ffine ffellow thou seemes to bee;  
Some good counsell, Kester Nortton,  
This day doe thou giue to mee.
- 17 'Marry, I 'le giue you counsell, ffather,  
If you 'le take counsell att me,  
*That if you haue spoken the word,*  
*father,*  
*That backe againe you doe not flee.'*
- 18 'God a mercy! Christopher Nortton,  
I say, God a mercye!  
If I doe liue and scape with liffe,  
Well advanced shalt thou bee.
- 19 'But come you hither, my nine good  
sonnes,  
In mens estate I thinke you bee;  
How many of you, my children deare,  
On my part *that wilbe?*'
- 20 But eight of them did answer soone,  
And spake full hastilye;
- Sayes, We wilbe on *your part*, ffather,  
Till the day *that we doe dye.*
- 21 'But God a mercy! my children deare,  
And euer I say God a mercy!  
And yett my blessing you shall haue,  
Whether-soeuer I liue or dye.
- 22 'But what sayst thou, thou Ffrancis  
Norton,  
Mine eldest sonne and mine heyre  
trulye?  
Some good counsell, Ffrancis Nortton,  
This day thou giue to me.'
- 23 'But I will giue you counsell, ffather,  
If you will take counsell att mee;  
For if you wold take my counsell, father,  
Against the crowne you shold not bee.'
- 24 'But ffye vpon thee, Ffrancis Nortton  
I say ffye vpon thee!  
When thou was younge and tender of  
age  
I made full much of thee.'
- 25 'But your head is white, ffather,' he  
sayes,  
'And your beard is wonderous gray;  
Itt were shame ffor your countrey  
If you shold rise and fflee away.'
- 26 'But ffye vpon thee, thou coward Ffran-  
cis!  
Thou neuer tookest *that* of mee!  
When thou was younge and tender of  
age  
I made too much of thee.'
- 27 'But I will goe with you, father,' quoth  
hee;  
'Like a naked man will I bee;  
He *that* strikes the first stroake against  
the crowne,  
An ill death may hee dye!'
- 28 But then rose vpp Master Nortton, *that*  
esquier,  
With him a full great companye;  
And then the erles they comen downe  
To ryde in his companye.
- 29 Att Whethersbye the mustered their  
men,  
Vpon a full fayre day;



- Thirteen thousand there were seene  
To stand in battel ray.
- 30 The Erle of Westmoreland, he had in  
his aneynt  
The dunn bull in sight most hye,  
And three doggs with golden collers  
Were sett out royallye.
- 31 The Erle of Northumberland, he had in  
his aneynt  
The halfe moone in sight soe hye,  
As the Lord was crucifyed on the crosse,  
And set forthe pleasantlye.
- 32 And after them did rise good Sir George  
Bowes,  
After them a spoyle to make;  
The erles returned backe againe,  
Thought euer *that knight* to take.
- 33 This barron did take a castle then,  
Was made of lime and stone;  
The vttermost walls were ese to be  
woon;  
The erles haue woon them anon.
- 34 But tho they woone the vttermost walls,  
Quickly and anon,  
The innermost walles the cold not winn;  
The were made of a rocke of stoune.
- 35 But newes itt came to leeu London,  
In all the speede *that euer* might bee;  
And word it came to our royall queene  
Of all the rebells in the north coun-  
trye.
- 36 Shee turned her grace then once about,  
And like a royall queene shee sware;  
Sayes, I will ordaine them such a breake-  
fast  
As was not in the north this thousand  
yeere !
- 37 Shee caused thirty thousand men to be  
made,  
With horsse and harneis all quicklye;  
And shee caused thirty thousand men  
to be made,  
To take the rebells in the north coun-  
trye.
- 38 They tooke with them the false Erle of  
Warwicke,  
Soe did they many another man;

Vntill they came to Yorke castle,  
I-wis they neuer stinted nor blan.

\* \* \* \*

- 39 . . . . .  
‘Spread thy aneynt, Erle of Westmore-  
land !  
The halfe-moone ffaine wold wee see !
- 40 But the halfe-moone is fled and gone,  
And the dun bull vanished awaye;  
And Ffrancis Norton and his eight  
sonnes  
Are fled away most cowardlye.
- 41 Ladds with mony are counted men,  
Men without mony are counted none  
But hold your tounge ! why say you soe ?  
Men wilbe men when mony is gone.

176

### NORTHUMBERLAND BETRAYED BY DOUGLAS

The Earl of Northumberland, after the failure of the Rising in the North, took refuge in Liddesdale, but was soon given up to the Regent Murray, and confined in the castle of Lochleven. Here he remained, in the custody of Douglas of Lochleven, from January, 1570 to June, 1572. The Countess of Northumberland had offered Douglas two thousand pound for her husband ; but, as the result of diplomatic negotiations, the same amount was paid by Lord Hunsdon, Queen Elizabeth's representative, and the Earl was put into his hands. The ballad-minstrel acquaints us with circumstances concerning this surrender which are unknown to the historians.

‘Northumberland betrayd by Dowglas  
Percy MS., p. 259 ; Hales and Furnivall, II, 217

- 1 Now list and lithe, you gentlemen,  
And I’st tell you the veretye,  
How they haue dealt with a banished  
man,  
Driuen out of his countrye.
- 2 When as hee came on Scottish ground,  
As woe and wonder be them amonge  
Ffull much was there traitorye  
The wrought the Erle of Northum-  
berland.

- 3 When they were att the supper sett,  
Beffore many goodly gentlemen,  
The ffell a fflouting and mocking both,  
And said to the Erle of Northumber-  
land:
- 4 'What makes you be soe sad, my lord,  
And in your mind soe sorrowfullye?  
In the north of Scottland to-morrow  
there's a shooting,  
And thither thou'st goe, my Lord  
Percye.
- 5 'The buttes are sett, and the shooting  
is made,  
And there is like to be great royaltie,  
And I am sworne into my bill  
Thither to bring my Lord Pearey.'
- 6 'I'le giue thee my hand, Douglas,' he  
sayes,  
'And be the faith in my bodye,  
If *that* thou wilt ryde to the worlds end,  
I'le ryde in thy companye.'
- 7 And then bespake the good ladye,  
Marry a Douglas was her name:  
'You shall byde here, good English  
lord;  
My brother is a traiterous man.
- 8 'He is a traitor stont and stronge,  
As I'st tell you the veretye;  
For he hath tane liuerance of the Erle,  
And into England he will liuor thee.'
- 9 'Now hold thy tounge, thou goodlye  
ladye,  
And let all this talking bee;  
Ffor all the gold *that's* in Loug Leuen,  
William wold not liuor mee.
- 10 'It wold breake truce betweene Eng-  
land and Scottland,  
And freinds againe they wold neuer  
bee,  
If he shold liuor a bani[s]ht erle,  
Was driuen out of his owne cuntrye.'
- 11 'Hold your tounge, my lord,' shee sayes,  
'There is much ffalshood them  
amonge;  
When you are dead, then they are done,  
Soone they will part them freinds  
againe.
- 12 'If you will giue me any trust, my  
lord,  
I'le tell you how you best may bee;  
You'st lett my brother ryde his wayes,  
And tell those English lords, trulye,
- 13 'How *that* you cannot with them ryde,  
Because you are in an ile of the sea;  
Then, ere my brother come againe,  
To Edenborrow castle I'le carry thee.
- 14 'I'le liuor you vnto the Lord Hume,  
And you know a trew Scothe lord is  
hee,  
For he hath lost both land and goods  
In ayding of your good bodye.'
- 15 'Marry, I am woe, woman,' he sayes,  
'*That* any freind fares worse for  
mee;  
For where one saith it is a true tale,  
Then two will say it is a lye.
- 16 'When I was att home in my [realme],  
Amonge my tennants all trulye,  
In my time of losse, wherin my need  
stoode,  
They came to ayd me honestlye.
- 17 'Therefore I left a many a child ffather-  
lese,  
And many a widdow to looke wanne;  
And therefore blame nothing, ladye,  
But the woefull warres *which* I be-  
gan.'
- 18 'If you will giue me noe trust, my  
lord,  
Nor noe credence you will give mee,  
And you'le come hither to my right  
hand,  
Indeed, my lord, I'le lett you see.'
- 19 Saies, I neuer loned noe witchcraft,  
Nor neuer dealt with treacherye,  
But euermore held the hye way;  
Alas, *that* may be seene by mee!
- 20 'If you will not come your selfe, my  
lord,  
You'le lett your chamberlaine goe  
with mee,  
Three words *that* I may to him speake,  
And soone he shall come againe to  
thee.'

- 21 When Iames Swynard came *that* lady  
before,  
Shee let him see thorow the weme  
of her ring  
How many there was of English lords  
To wayte there for his *master* and  
him.
- 22 'But who beene yonder, my good ladye,  
*That* walkes soe royallye on yonder  
greene ?'  
'Yonder is *Lord* Hunsden, Iamy,' she  
saye[d],  
'Alas, hee 'le doe you both tree and  
teene !'
- 23 'And who beene yonder, thou gay  
ladye,  
*That* walkes soe royallye him be-  
side ?'  
'Yond is *Sir William* Drurye, Iamy,'  
shee sayd,  
'And a keene captain hee is, and  
tryde.'
- 24 'How many miles is itt, thou good  
ladye,  
Betwixt yond English lord and mee ?'  
'Marry, thrise fifty mile, Iamy,' shee  
sayd,  
'And euen to seale and by the sea.
- 25 'I neuer was on English ground,  
Nor neuer see itt with mine eye,  
But as my witt and wisdomes serues,  
And as [the] booke it telleth mee.
- 26 'My mother, shee was a witch woman,  
And part of itt shee learned mee;  
Shee wold let me see out of Lough  
Leuen  
What they dyd in London cytye.'
- 27 'But who is yonde, thou good laydye,  
*That* comes yonder with an osterne  
face ?'  
'Yond 's *Sir Iohn* Forster, Iamy,' shee  
sayd;  
'Methinkes thou sholdest better  
know him then I.'  
'Euen soe I doe, my goodlye ladye,  
And euer alas, soe woe am I !'
- 28 He pulled his hatt ouer his eyes,  
And, Lord, he wept soe tenderlye !
- He is gone to his *master* againe,  
And euen to tell him the veretye.
- 29 'Now hast thou beene with Marry,  
Iamy,' he sayd,  
'Euen as thy tounge will tell to mee;  
But if thou trust in any womans words,  
Thou must refraine good companye.
- 30 'It is noe words, my lord,' he sayes;  
'Yonder the men shee letts me see,  
How many English lords there is  
Is wayting there for you and mee.
- 31 'Yonder I see the *Lord* Hunsden,  
And hee and you is of the third de-  
gree;  
A greater enemye, indeed, my Lord,  
In England none haue yee.'
- 32 'And I haue beene in Lough Leuen  
The most part of these yeeres three:  
Yett had I neuer noe out-rake,  
Nor good games *that* I cold see.
- 33 'And I am thus bidden to yonder shoot-  
ing  
By William Douglas all trulye;  
Therefore speake neuer a word out of  
thy mouth  
That thou thinkes will hinder mee.'
- 34 Then he writhe the gold ring of his  
ffingar  
And gaue itt to *that* ladye gay;  
Sayes, *That* was a legacye left vnto  
mee  
In Harley woods where I cold bee.
- 35 'Then ffarewell hart, and farewell hand,  
And ffarwell all good companye !  
*That* woman shall neuer beare a sonne  
Shall know soe much of your priui-  
tye.'
- 36 'Now hold thy tounge, ladye,' hee sayde,  
'And make not all this dole for mee,  
For I may well drinke, but I 'st neuer  
eate,  
Till againe in Lough Leuen I bee.'
- 37 He tooke his boate att the Lough Leuen,  
For to sayle now ouer the sea,  
And he hath cast vpp a siluer wand,  
Saies, Fare thou well, my good ladye !

- The ladye looked ouer her left sholder ;  
In a dead swoone there fell shee.
- 38 'Goe backe againe, Douglas !' he sayd,  
'And I will goe in thy companye,  
For sudden sicknesse yonder lady has  
tane,  
And euer, alas, shee will but dye !
- 39 'If ought come to yonder ladye but  
good,  
Then blamed sore *that* I shall bee,  
Because a banished man I am,  
And driuen out of my owne countrye.'
- 40 'Come on, come on, my lord,' he sayes,  
'And lett all such talking bee;  
There's ladyes enow in Lough Leuen  
And for to cheere yonder gay ladye.'
- 41 'And you will not goe your selfe, my  
lord,  
You will lett my chamberlaine go  
with mee;  
Wee shall now take our boate againe,  
And soone wee shall ouertake thee.'
- 42 'Come on, come on, my lord,' he  
sayes,  
'And lett now all this talking bee;  
Ffor my sister is craftye enough  
For to beguile thousands such as you  
and mee.'
- 43 When they had sayled fifty myle,  
Now fifty mile vpon the sea,  
Hee had fforgotten a message *that*  
hee  
Shold doe in Lough Leuen trulye:  
Hee asked, how ffarr it was to *that* shoot-  
ing  
*That William Douglas promised mee.*
- 44 'Now faire words makes fooles faine,  
And *that* may be seene by thy *master*  
and thee;  
Ffor you may happen think itt soone  
enough  
When-euer you *that* shooting see.'
- 45 Iamy pulled his hatt now ouer his  
browe,  
I wott the teares fell in his eye;  
And he is to his *master* againe,  
And ffor to tell him the veretye.
- 46 'He sayes fayre words makes fooles  
faine,  
And *that* may be seene by you and  
mee,  
Ffor wee may happen thinke itt soone  
enough  
When-euer wee *that* shooting see.
- 47 'Hold vpp thy head, Iamy,' the erle  
sayd,  
'And neuer lett thy hart fayle thee;  
He did itt but to proue thee *with*,  
And see how thow wold take with  
death trulye.'
- 48 When they had sayled other fifty mile,  
Other fifty mile vpon the sea,  
Lord Peercy called to him, himselfe,  
And sayd, Douglas, what wilt thou  
doe with mee ?
- 49 'Looke *that* your brydle be wight, my  
lord,  
*That* you may goe as a shipp att sea;  
Looke *that* your spurres be bright and  
sharpe,  
*That* you may pricke her while shee 'le  
awaye.'
- 50 'What needeth this, Douglas,' he sayth,  
'*That* thou needest to floute mee ?  
For I was counted a horsseman good  
Before *that* euer I mett with thee.
- 51 'A ffalse Hector hath my horsse,  
And euer an euill death may hee dye !  
And Willye Armestronge hath my  
spurres  
And all the geere belongs to mee.'
- 52 When the had sayled other fifty mile,  
Other fifty mile vpon the sea,  
The landed low by Barwicke-side;  
A deputed lord landed Lord Percy.

177

THE EARL OF WESTMORE-  
LAND

The first thirteen stanzas have an historical substratum, though details are inaccurate. They give a brief account of what happened to the Earl of Westmoreland (Charles Neville) from

the failure of the Rising in the North to his embarkation for Flanders in 1570. What follows is an imitation of old romance, very possibly of Libeaus Desconus (see Schofield, *Studies on the Libeaus Desconus*, p. 242).

'Earle of Westmorlande,' Percy MS., p. 112; Hales and Furnivall, 1, 292.

1 'How long shall fortune faile me now,  
And keepe me heare in deadlye  
dreade?  
How long shall I in bale abide,  
In misery my life to leade?

2 'To ffall from my rose, it was my  
chance;  
Such was the Queene of England free;  
I tooke a lake, and turned my backe,  
On Bramaball More shee caused me  
flye.

3 'One gentle Armstrong *that* I doe ken,  
Alas, with thee I dare not mocke!  
Thou dwellest soe far on the west border,  
Thy name is called the Lord Iocke.'

4 Now hath Armstrong taken noble Nevill,  
And as one Martinfeild did profecye;  
He hath taken the Lord Dakers,  
A lords sonne of great degree.

5 He hath taken old Master Nortton,  
And sonnes four in his companye;  
Hee hath taken another gentleman,  
Called Iohn of Carnabie.

6 Then bespake him Charles Nevill;  
To all his men, I wott, sayd hee,  
Sayes, I must into Scotland fare;  
Soe nie the borders is noe biding for  
me.

7 When he came to Humes Castle,  
And all his noble companye;  
The Lord Hume halched them right  
soone,  
Saying, Banished men, welcome to  
mee!

8 They had not beene in Humes Castle  
Not a month and dayes three,  
But the regent of Scotland and he got  
witt  
*That* banished men there shold be.

9 'I'le write a letter,' sayd the regent then,  
'And send to Humes Castle hastilye,  
To see whether Lord Hume wilbe soe  
good  
To bring the banished men vnto mee.

10 'That lord and I haue beene att deadlye  
fuyde,  
And hee and I cold neuer agree;  
Writting a letter, *that* will not serue;  
The banished men must not speake  
with me.

11 'But I will send for the garrison of  
Barwicke,  
*That* they will come all with speede,  
And with them will come a noble cap-  
taine,  
*Which* is called Captain Reade.'

12 Then the Lord Hume he got witt  
They wold seeke vnto Nevill, where  
he did lye;  
He tooke them out of the castle of  
Hume,  
And brought them into the castle of  
Camelye.

13 Then bespake him Charles Nevill,  
To all his men, I wott, spoke hee,  
Sayes, I must goe take a noble shippe,  
And wee'le be marriners vpon the sea.

14 I'le seeke out fortune where it doth  
lye;  
In Scotland there is noe byding for  
mee;  
Then the tooke leaue with fayre Scott-  
land,  
For they are sealing vpon the sea.

15 They had not sayled vpon the sea  
Not one day and monthes three,  
But they were ware of a noble shippe,  
*That* fiae topps bare all soe hye.

16 Then Nevill called to Martinfeild,  
Sayd, Martinfeild, come hither to  
mee;  
Some good counsell, Martinfeild,  
I pray thee giue it vnto mee.

17 Thou told me when I was in England  
fayre,  
Before *that* I did take the sea,



Thou neuer sawst noe banner borne  
But thou wold ken it with thine eye.

18 Thou neuer saw noe man in the face,  
If thou had seene before with thine  
eye,  
[But] thou coldest haue kend thy freind  
by thy foe,  
And then haue told it vnto mee.

19 Thou neuer heard noe speeche spoken,  
Neither in Greeke nor Hebrewe,  
[But] thou coldest haue answered them  
in any language,  
And then haue told it vnto mee.

20 'Master, master, see you yonder faire  
aneyent?  
Yonder is the serpent and the ser-  
pents head,  
The mould-warpe in the middest of itt,  
And itt all shines with gold soe redde.

21 'Yonder is Duke Iohn of Austria,  
A noble warryour on the sea,  
Whose dwelling is in Ciuill land,  
And many men, God wot, bath hee.'

22 Then bespake him Martinfeelde,  
To all his fellowes, I wot, said hee,  
Turne our noble shipp about,  
And *that's* a token *that* wee will flee.

23 'Thy counsell is not good, Martinfeeld;  
Itt falleth not out fitting for mee;  
I rue the last time I turnd my backe;  
I did displease my prince and the  
countrye.'

24 Then bespake him noble Nevill,  
To all his men, I wott, said hee,  
Sett me vp my faire Dun Bull,  
With gilden hornes hee beares all soe  
hye.

25 And I will passe yonder noble Duke,  
By the leaue of mild Marye;  
For yonder is the Duke of Austria,  
*That* traueills now vpon the sea.

26 And then bespake this noble Duke,  
Vnto his men then sayd hee,  
Yonder is sure some nobleman,  
Or else some youth *that* will not  
flee.

27 I will put out a pinace fayre,  
A harold of armes vpon the sea,  
And goe thy way to yonder noble shippe,  
And bring the masters name to mee.

28 When the herald of armes came before  
noble Nevill,  
He fell downe low vpon his knee:  
'You must tell me true what is your  
name,  
And in what countrye your dwelling  
may bee.'

29 'That will I not doe,' sayd noble Nevill,  
'By Mary mild, *that* mayden ffree,  
Except I first know thy masters name,  
And in what country his dwelling may  
bee.'

30 Then bespake the herald of armes,  
O *that* he spoke soe curteouslye!  
Duke Iohn of Austria is my masters  
name,  
He will neuer lene it vpon the sea.

31 He hath beene in the citye of Rome,  
His dwelling is in Ciuillee:  
'Then wee are poore Brittons,' the Nevill  
can say,  
'Where wee trauell vpon the sea.

32 'And Charles Nevill itt is my name,  
I will neuer lene it vpon the sea;  
When I was att home in England faire,  
I was the Erle of Westmoreland,'  
sayd hee.

33 Then backe is gone this herald of armes  
Whereas this noble duke did lye;  
'Loe, yonder are poore Brittons,' can he  
say,  
'Where the trauell vpon the sea.

34 'And Charles Nevill is their masters  
name,  
He will neuer lene it vpon the sea;  
When he was at home in England fayre,  
He was the Erle of Westmoreland,  
said hee.'

35 Then bespake this noble duke,  
And euer he spake soe hastilye,  
And said, Goe backe to yonder noble-  
man,  
And bid him come and speake with me.

36 For I haue read in the Booke of Mable,  
There shold a Brittain come ouer  
the sea,  
Charles Nevill with a child's voice:  
I pray God *that* it may be hee.

37 When these two nobles they didden  
meete,  
They halched eche other right cur-  
teouslye;  
Yett Nevill halched Iohn the sooner  
Because a banished man, alas! was  
hee.

38 'Call in *your* men,' sayd this noble duke,  
'Faine *your* men *that* I wold see;'  
'Euer alas!' said noble Nevill,  
'They are but a litle small companye.'

39 First he called in Martinfeild,  
*That* Martinfeild *that* cold prophe-  
cie;  
He call[ed] in then Lord Dakers,  
A lords sonne of high degree.

40 Then called he in old Master Nortton,  
And sonnes four in his companye;  
He called in one other gentleman,  
Called Iohn of Carnabye.

41 'Loe! these be all my men,' said noble  
Nevill,  
'And all *that*'s in my companye;  
When we were att home in England  
fayre,  
Our prince and wee cold not agree.'

42 Then bespake this noble duke:  
To try *your* manhood on the sea,  
Old Master Nortton shall goe ouer into  
France,  
And his sonnes four in his companye.

43 And my lord Dakers shall goe over into  
Ffrance,  
There a captaine ffor to bee;  
And those two other gentlemen wold  
goe with him,  
And for to fare in his companye.

44 And you *your-selfe* shall goe into Ciuill  
land,  
And Marttinfeild *that* can prophecie;  
'*That* will I not doe,' sayd noble Nevill,  
'By Mary mild, *that* mayden free.

45 'For the haue knowen me in wele and  
woe,  
In neede, scar[s]nesse and pouertye;  
Before I 'le part with the worst of them,  
I 'le rather part with my liffe,' sayd  
hee.

46 And then bespake this noble duke,  
And euer he spake soe curteouslye;  
Sayes, You shall part with none of  
them,  
There is soe much manhood in *your*  
bodye.

47 Then these two noblemen labored to-  
gether,  
Pleasantlye vpon the sea;  
Their landing was in Ciuill land,  
In Ciulee that faire citye.

48 Three nights att this dukes Nevill did  
lye,  
And serued like a nobleman was hee;  
Then the duke made a supplication,  
And sent it to the queene of Ciulee.

49 Saying, Such a man is *your* citye within,  
I mett him pleasantlye vpon the sea;  
He seemes to be a noble man,  
And captaine to *your* Grace he faine  
wold bee.

50 Then the queene sent for [these] noble  
men  
For to come into her companye;  
When Nevill came before the queene,  
Hee kneeled downe vpon his knee.

51 Shee tooke him vp by the lilly-white  
hand,  
Said, Welcome, my lord, hither to  
me;  
You must first tell me *your* name,  
And in what cuntrye thy dwelling  
may bee.

52 He said, Charles Nevill is my name;  
I will neuer lene it in noe cuntrye;  
When I was att home in England fayre,  
I was the Erle of Westmorland trulye.

53 The queene made him captaine ouer  
forty thousand,  
Watch and ward within Ciuill land  
to keepe,

- And for to warr against the heathen  
soldan,  
And for to helpe her in her neede.
- 54 When the heathen soldan he gott witt,  
In Barbarye where he did lye,  
Sainge, Such a man is in yonder citey  
within,  
And a bold venturer by sea is hee,
- 55 Then the heathen soldan made a letter,  
And sent it to the queene instantlye,  
And all that heard this letter reade  
Where it was rehersed in Ciuillee.
- 56 Saying, Haue you any man your land  
within  
Man to man dare fight with mee?  
And both our lands shalbe ioyned in  
one,  
And cristened lands they both shalbe.
- 57 Shee said, I haue noe man my land  
within  
Man to man dare fight with thee;  
But every day thou shalt haue a battell,  
If it be for these weekes three.
- 58 All beheard him Charles Nevill,  
In his bedd where he did lye,  
And when he came the queene before,  
He fell downe low vpon his knee.
- 59 'Grant me a boone, my noble dame,  
For Christs loue *that* dyed on tree;  
Ffor I will goe fight with yond heathen  
soldan,  
If you will bestowe the manhood on  
mee.'
- 60 Then bespake this curteous queene,  
And *euer* shee spoke soe curteouslye:  
Though you be a banished man out of  
your realme,  
It is great pitye *that* thou shold dye.
- 61 Then bespake this noble duke,  
As hee stood hard by the queenes  
knee:  
As I haue read in the Booke of Mable,  
There shall a Brittone come *ouer* the  
sea,
- 62 And Charles Nevill shold be his name;  
But a childs voyce, I wott, hath hee,
- And if he be in Christendome;  
For hart and hand this man hath hee.
- 63 Then the queenes counsell cast their  
heads together,  
*That* Nevill shold fight with the heathen  
soldan  
*That* dwelt in the citey of Barbarye.
- 64 The battell and place appointed was  
In a fayre greene, hard by the sea,  
And they shood meete att the Headless  
Crosse,  
And there to fight right manfullye.
- 65 Then Nevill cald for the queenes an-  
cient,  
And faine *that* ancient he wold see;  
The brought him forth the broken sword,  
With bloodye hands therein trulye.
- 66 The brought him forth the headless  
crosse,  
In *that* anyent it was seene;  
'O this is a token,' sayd Martinfeeld,  
'*That* sore ouerthrowen this prince  
hath beene.
- 67 'O sett me vp my fayre Dun Bull,  
And trumpetts blow me farr and nee,  
Vntill I come within a mile of the Head-  
lesse Crosse,  
*That* the Headlesse Crosse I may see.'
- 68 Then lighted downe noble Nevill,  
And sayd, Marttinfeeld, come hither  
to me;  
Heere I make thee choice *captain* over  
my host  
Vntill againe I may thee see.
- 69 Then Nevill rode to the Headless Crosse,  
Which stands soe fayre vpon the sea;  
There was he ware of the heathen soldan,  
Both fowle and vglye for to see.
- 70 Then the soldan began for to call;  
Twise he called lowd and hye,  
And sayd, What is this? Some kitchin  
boy  
*That* comes hither to fight with mee?
- 71 Then bespake him Charles Nevill,  
But a childs voice, I wott, had hee:

'Thou spekest soe litle of Gods might,  
Much more lesse I doe care for thee.'

72 Att the first meeting *that* these two mett,  
The heathen soldan and the christen  
man,  
The broke their speares quite in sunder,  
And after *that* on foote did stand.

73 The next meeting *that* these two mett,  
The swapt together with swords soe  
fine;  
The fought together till they both swett,  
Of blowes *that* were both derf and  
dire.

74 They fought an houre in battell strong;  
The soldan marke[d] Nevill with his  
eye;  
'There shall neuer man me ouercome  
Except it be Charles Nevill,' said hee.

75 Then Nevill he waxed bold,  
And cunning in fight, I wott, was hee;  
Euen att the gorgett of the soldans iacke  
He stroke his head of presentlye.

76 Then kneeled downe noble Nevill,  
And thanked God for his great grace,  
*That* he shold come soe farr into a  
strang[e] land,  
To ouercome the soldan in place.

77 Hee tooke the head vpon his sword-  
poynt,  
And carryed it amongst his host soe  
fayre;  
When the saw the soldans head,  
They thanked God on their knees  
there.

78 Seuen miles from the citye the queene  
him mett,  
With *procession that* was soe fayre;  
Shee tooke the crowne beside her heade,  
And wold haue crowned him *king*  
there.

79 'Now nay ! Now nay ! my noble dame,  
For soe, I wott, itt cannott bee;  
I haue a ladye in England fayre,  
And wedded againe I wold not bee.'

80 The queene shee called for her penman,  
I wot shee called him lowd and hye,

Saying, 'Write him downe a hundred  
pound a day,  
To keepe his men more merrylye.'

81 'I thanke your Grace,' sayd noble Nevill,  
'For this worthy gift you haue giuen  
to me;  
If euer your Grace doe stand in neede,  
Champion to your Highnesse again  
I'le bee.'

178

### CAPTAIN CAR, OR, EDOM O GORDON

During the three wretched and bloody years which followed the assassination of the Regent Murray, the Catholic Earl of Huntly, George Gordon, was one of the most eminent and active of the partisans of the queen. Mary created him her lieutenant-governor, and his brother, Adam Gordon, a remarkably gallant and able soldier, whether so created or not, is sometimes called the queen's deputy-lieutenant in the north. Our ballad is concerned with a minor incident of the hostilities in Aberdeenshire between the Gordons and the Forbeses, a rival but much less powerful clan, who supported the Reformed faith and the regency or king's party. In November, 1571, Captain Thomas Ker was sent by Adam Gordon to reduce the house of Towie, belonging to Alexander (or John) Forbes, who was absent, or, perhaps, to conduct a general harrying against the Forbeses. The lady refused to surrender the place, and it was burnt, with all the household. The details are somewhat in dispute; but there must have been something quite beyond the common in Captain Ker's proceedings, for they are denounced even in those days as infamous, and the name of Adam Gordon is said to have been made odious by them. It is not certain how far Gordon was responsible for the outrage.

#### A

Cotton MS. Vespasian, A. xxv, No. 67, fol. 187, of the last quarter of the 16th century; Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. 137; Furnivall, in *Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society*, 1880-86, Appendix, p. 52†.

1 It befell at Martynmas,  
When wether waxed colde,  
Captaine Care said to his men,  
We must go take a holde.

Syck, sike, and to-towe sike,  
And sike and like to die;  
The sikest nighte that euer I abode,  
God lord haue mercy on me !

- 2 'Haille, master, and wether you will,  
And wether ye like it best ;'  
'To the castle of Crecrynbroghe,  
And there we will take our reste.'
- 3 'I knowe wher is a gay castle,  
Is builded of lyme and stone;  
Within their is a gay ladie,  
Her lord is riden and gone.'
- 4 The ladie she lend on her castle-walle,  
She loked vpp and downe;  
There was she ware of an host of men,  
Come riding to the towne.
- 5 'Se yow, my meri men all,  
And se yow what I see ?  
Yonder I see an host of men,  
I muse who they bee.'
- 6 She thought he had ben her wed lord,  
As he comd riding home;  
Then was it traitur Capitaine Care,  
The lord of Ester-towne.
- 7 They wer no soner at supper sett,  
Then after said the grace,  
Or Capitaine Care and all his men  
Wer lighte aboute the place.
- 8 'Gyue ouer thi howsse, thou lady gay,  
And I will make the a bande;  
To-nighte thou shall ly within my armes,  
To-morrowe thou shall ere my lande.'
- 9 Then bespake the eldest sonne,  
That was both whitt and redde:  
O mother dere, geue ouer your howsse,  
Or elles we shalbe deade.
- 10 'I will not geue ouer my hous,' she saithe,  
'Not for feare of my lyffe;  
It shalbe talked throughout the land,  
The slaughter of a wyffe.
- 11 'Fetch me my pestilett,  
And charge me my gonne,  
That I may shott at yonder bloody  
butcher,  
The lord of Easter-towne.'

- 12 Styfly vpon her wall she stode,  
And lett the pellettes flee;  
But then she myst the bloody bucher,  
And she slew other three.
- 13 '[I will] not geue ouer my hous,' she  
saith,  
'Netheir for lord nor lowne;  
Nor yet for traitour Capitaine Care,  
The lord of Easter-towne.
- 14 'I desire of Captaine Care,  
And all his bloddy band,  
That he would saue my eldest sonne,  
The eare of all my lande.'
- 15 'Lap him in a shete,' he sayth,  
'And let him downe to me,  
And I shall take him in my armes,  
His waran shall I be.'
- 16 The captayne sayd unto him selfe:  
Wyth sped, before the rest,  
He cut his tonge out of his head,  
His hart out of his brest.
- 17 He lapt them in a handkerchef,  
And knet it of knotes three,  
And cast them ouer the castell-wall,  
At that gay ladye.
- 18 'Fye vpon the, Captayne Care,  
And all thy bloody band !  
For thou hast slayne my eldest sonne,  
The ayre of all my land.'
- 19 Then bespake the yongest sonne,  
That sat on the nurses knee,  
Sayth, Mother gay, geue ouer your  
house;  
It smoldereth me.
- 20 'I wold geue my gold,' she saith,  
'And so I wolde my flee,  
For a blaste of the westryn wind,  
To dryue the smoke from thee.
- 21 'Fy vpon the, John Hamleton,  
That euer I paid the hyre !  
For thou hast broken my castle-wall,  
And kyndled in the ffyre.'
- 22 The lady gate to her close parler,  
The fire fell aboute her head ;



- She toke vp her children thre,  
Seth, Babes, we are all dead.
- 23 Then bespake the hye steward,  
That is of hye degree;  
Saith, Ladie gay, you are in close,  
Wether ye fighte or flee.
- 24 Lord Hamleton dremd in his dream,  
In Carnall where he laye,  
His halle were all of fyre,  
His ladie slayne or daye.
- 25 'Busk and bowne, my mery men all,  
Even and go ye with me;  
For I dremd that my haal was on fyre,  
My lady slayne or day.'
- 26 He buskt him and bownd hym,  
And like a worthi knighte;  
And when he saw his hall burning,  
His harte was no dele lighte.
- 27 He sett a trumpett till his mouth,  
He blew as it plesd his grace;  
Twenty score of Hamletons  
Was light aboute the place.
- 28 'Had I knowne as much yesternighte  
As I do to-daye,  
Captaine Care and all his men  
Should not haue gone so quite.
- 29 'Fye vpon the, Captaine Care,  
And all thy bloody bande!  
Thou haste slayne my lady gay,  
More wurth then all thy lande.
- 30 'If thou had ought eny ill will,' he saith,  
'Thou shoulde haue taken my lyffe,  
And haue saved my children thre,  
All and my lousome wyffe.'
- B**
- Percy MS., p. 34; Hales and Furnivall, I, 79.
- 1 'F~~F~~AITH, master, whither you will,  
Whereas you like the best;  
Vnto the castle of Bittons-borrow,  
And there to take your rest.'
- 2 'But yonder stands a castle faire,  
Is made of lyme and stone;  
Yonder is in it a fayre lady,  
Her lord is ridden and gone.'
- 3 The lady stood on her castle-wall,  
She looked vpp and downe;  
She was ware of an hoast of men,  
Came rydinge towards the towne.
- 4 'See you not, my merry men all,  
And see you not what I doe see?  
Methinks I see a hoast of men;  
I muse who they shold be.'
- 5 She thought it had beene her louly lord,  
He had come ryding home;  
It was the traitor, Captaine Carre,  
The lord of Westerton-towne.
- 6 They had noe sooner super sett,  
And after said the grace,  
But the traitor, Captaine Carre,  
Was light about the place.
- 7 'Giue over thy house, thou lady gay,  
I will make thee a band;  
All night with-in mine armes thou'st  
lye,  
To-morrow be the heyre of my land.'
- 8 'I'le not giue over my house,' shee said,  
'Neither for ladds nor man,  
Nor yet for traitor Captaine Carre,  
Vntill my lord come home.
- 9 'But reach me my pistoll pe[c]e,  
And charge you well my gunne;  
I'le shoote at the bloody bucher,  
The lord of Westerton.'
- 10 She stood vppon her castle-wall  
And let the bulletts flee,  
And where shee mist . . . . .
- 11 But then bespake the litle child,  
That sate on the nurses knee;  
Saies, Mother deere, giue ore this house,  
For the smoake it smoothers me.
- 12 'I wold giue all my gold, my childe,  
Soe wold I doe all my fee,  
For one blast of the westerne wind  
To blow the smoke from thee.'
- 13 But when shee saw the fier  
Came flaming ore her head,  
Shee tooke then vpp her children two,  
Sayes, Babes, we all beene dead!

- 14 But Adam then he fired the house,  
A sorrowfull sight to see;  
Now hath he burned this lady faire  
And eke her children three.
- 15 Then Captaine Carre he rode away,  
He staid noe longer at that tide;  
He thought that place it was to warme  
Soe neere for to abide.
- 16 He calld vnto his merry men all,  
Bidd them make hast away;  
'For we haue slaine his children three,  
All and his lady gay.'
- 17 Worde came to louly London,  
To London wheras her lord lay,  
His castle and his hall was burned,  
All and his lady gay.
- 18 Soe hath he done his children three,  
More dearer vnto him  
Then either the siluer or the gold,  
That men soe faine wold win.
- 19 But when he looket this writing on,  
Lord, in is hart he was woe!  
Saies, I will find thee, Captaine Carre,  
Wether thou ryde or goe!
- 20 Buske yee, bowne yee, my merrymen all,  
With tempered swords of steele,  
For till I haue found out Captaine  
Carre,  
My hart it is nothing weele.
- 21 But when he came to Dractons-borrow,  
Soe long ere it was day,  
And ther he found him Captaine Carre;  
That night he ment to stay.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- F
- 2 See [ye] not where yonder fair castle  
Stands on yon lily lee?  
The laird and I hae a deadly feud,  
The lady fain wold I see.
- 3 As she was up on the househead,  
Behold, on looking down,  
She saw Adam o Gordon and his men,  
Coming riding to the town.
- 4 The dinner was not well set down,  
Nor the grace was scarcely said,  
Till Adam o Gordon and his men  
About the walls were laid.
- 5 'It's fause now fa thee, Jock my man!  
Thou might a let me be;  
Yon man has lifted the pavement-stone,  
An let in the low unto me.'
- 6 'Seven years I served thee, fair ladie,  
You gave me meat and fee;  
But now I am Adam o Gordon's man,  
An maun either do it or die.'
- 7 'Come down, come down, my lady Lou-  
doun,  
Come down thou unto me!  
I'll wrap thee on a feather-bed,  
Thy warrand I shall be.'
- 8 'I'll no come down, I'll no come down,  
For neither laird no[r] loun;  
Nor yet for any bloody butcher  
That lives in Altringham town.
- 9 'I would give the black,' she says,  
'And so would I the brown,  
If that Thomas, my only son,  
Could charge to me a gun.'
- 10 Out then spake the lady Margaret,  
As she stood on the stair;  
The fire was at her goud garters,  
The lowe was at her hair.
- 11 'I would give the black,' she says,  
'And so would I the brown,  
For a drink of yon water,  
That runs by Galston Town.'
- 12 Out then spake fair Annie,  
She was baith jimp and sma:  
'O row me in a pair o sheets,  
And tow me down the wa!'

The New Statistical Account of Scotland, v, 846, 1845, Parish of Loudoun, by Rev. Norman Macleod: "known among the peasantry from time immemorial;" 'Loudoun Castle,' The Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire, J. Paterson and C. Gray, 1st Series, p. 74, Ayr, 1846.

- 1 It fell about the Martinmas time,  
When the wind blew snell and cauld,  
That Adam o Gordon said to his men,  
Where will we get a hold?

- 13 'O hold thy tongue, thou fair Annie,  
And let thy talkin be;  
For thou must stay in this fair castle,  
And bear thy death with me.'
- 14 'O mother,' spoke the lord Thomas,  
As he sat on the nurse's knee,  
'O mother, give up this fair castle,  
Or the reek will worrie me.'
- 15 'I would rather be burnt to ashes  
sma,  
And be cast on yon sea-foam,  
Before I'd give up this fair castle,  
And my lord so far from home.
- 16 'My good lord has an army strong,  
He's now gone oer the sea;  
He bad me keep this gay castle,  
As long as it would keep me.
- 17 'I've four-and-twenty brave milk kye,  
Gangs on yon lily lee;  
I'd give them a' for a blast of wind,  
To blaw the reek from me.'
- 18 O pittie on yon fair castle,  
That's built with stone and lime!  
But far mair pittie on Lady Loudoun,  
And all her children nine!

## H

Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy, No. 75, Abbotsford. Communicated to Scott November 6, 1803, by Bruce Campbell, Sornbeg, Galston, Ayrshire, through David Boyle, Advocate, afterwards Lord Justice General of Scotland.

- 1 It fell about the Martinmass time,  
When the wind blew shill and cald,  
That Adam McGordon said to his  
men,  
Where will we get a hall?
- 2 'There is a hall here near by,  
Well built with lime and stone;  
There is a lady there within  
As white as the . . bone.'
- 3 'Seven year and more this lord and I  
Has had a deadly feud,  
And now, since her good lord's frae  
hame,  
His place to me she'll yield.'

- 4 She looked oer her castle-wall,  
And so she looked down,  
And saw Adam McGordon and his  
men  
Approaching the wood-end.
- 5 'Steik up, steik up my yett,' she says,  
'And let my draw-bridge fall;  
There is meickle treachery  
Walking about my wall.'
- 6 She had not the sentence past,  
Nor yet the word well said,  
When Adam McGordon and his men  
About the walls were laid.
- 7 She looked out at her window,  
And then she looked down,  
And then she saw Jack, her own man,  
Lifting the pavement-stane.
- 8 'Awa, awa, Jack my man!  
Seven year I paid you meat and fee,  
And now you lift the pavement-stane  
To let in the low to me.'
- 9 'I yield, I yield, O lady fair,  
Seven year ye paid me meat and  
fee;  
But now I am Adam McGordon's man  
I must either do or die.'
- 10 'If ye be Adam McGordon's man,  
As I true well ye be,  
Prove true unto your own master,  
And work your will to me.'
- 11 'Come down, come down, my lady  
Campbell,  
Come down into my hand;  
Ye shall lye all night by my side,  
And the morn at my command.'
- 12 'I winna come down,' this lady says,  
'For neither laird nor lown,  
Nor to no bloody butcher's son,  
The Laird of Auchindown.
- 13 'I wald give all my kine,' she says,  
'So wald I fifty pound,  
That Andrew Watty he were here;  
He would charge me my gun.
- 14 'He would charge me my gun,  
And put in bullets three,

That I might shoot that cruel traitor  
That works his wills on me.'

15 He shot in, and [s]he shot out,  
The value of an hour,  
Until the hall Craigie North  
Was like to be blawn in the air.

16 He fired in, and she fired out,  
The value of houris three,  
Until the hall Craigie North  
The reik went to the sea.

17 'O the frost, and ae the frost,  
The frost that freezes fell!  
I cannot stay within my bower,  
The powder it blows sae bald.'

18 But then spake her oldest son,  
He was both white and red;  
'O mither dear, yield up your house!  
We'll all be burnt to deed.'

19 Out then spake the second son,  
He was both red and fair;  
'O brother dear, would you yield up  
your house,  
And you your father's heir!'

20 Out then spake the little babe,  
Stood at the nurse's knee;  
'O mither dear, yield up your house!  
The reik will worry me.'

21 Out then speaks the little nurse,  
The babe upon her knee;  
'O lady, take from me your child!  
I'll never crave my fee.'

22 'Hold thy tongue, thou little nurse,  
Of thy prating let me bee;  
For be it death or be it life,  
Thou shall take share with me.

23 'I wald give a' my sheep,' she says,  
'T[hat] . . . yon . . . s[ha],  
I had a drink of that wan water  
That runs down by my wa.'

179

## ROOKHOPE RYDE

The date of this ryde, or raid, may be precisely ascertained from the ballad itself; it is

shown by 13<sup>4</sup>, 11 to be December 6, 1569. The thieves of Thirlwall (Northumberland) and Williehaver, or Willeva (Cumberland), avail themselves of the confusion incident to the Rising in the North and of the absence of a part of the fencible men (some of whom were with the earls, others with Bowes in Barnard castle) to make a foray into Rookhope, in Weardale, Durham. Rookhope is the name of a valley, about five miles in length, at the termination of which Rookhope burn empties itself into the river Wear.

The Bishopric Garland, or Durham Minstrel, [edited by Joseph Ritson,] 2d ed., Newcastle, 1792; here, from the reprint by Joseph Haslewood, 1809, p. 54, in Northern Garlands, London, 1810. "Taken down from the chanting of George Collingood the elder, late of Boltsburn, in the neighborhood of Ryhope," who died in 1785.

1 ROOKHOPE stands in a pleasant place,  
If the false thieves wad let it be;  
But away they steal our goods apace,  
And ever an ill death may they die!

2 And so is the men of Thirlwa 'nd Willie-  
haver,  
And all their companies thereabout,  
That is minded to do mischief,  
And at their stealing stands not out.

3 But yet we will not slander them all,  
For there is of them good enough;  
It is a sore consumed tree  
That on it bears not one fresh bough.

4 Lord God! is not this a pitful case,  
That men dare not drive their goods  
to t' fell,  
But limmer thieves drives them away,  
That fears neither heaven nor hell?

5 Lord, send us peace into the realm,  
That every man may live on his own!  
I trust to God, if it be his will,  
That Weardale men may never be  
overthrown.

6 For great troubles they've had in  
hand,  
With borderers pricking hither and  
thither,  
But the greatest fray that eer they had  
Was with the 'men' of Thirlwa 'nd  
Williehaver.

- 7 They gatherd together so royally,  
The stoutest men and the best in gear,  
And he that rade not on a horse,  
I wat he rade on a weil-fed mear.
- 8 So in the morning, before they came  
out,  
So well, I wot, they broke their fast;  
In the [forenoon they came] unto a bye  
fell,  
Where some of them did eat their  
last.
- 9 When they had eaten aye and done,  
They sayd some captains here needs  
must be:  
Then they choosed forth Harry Corbyl,  
And 'Symon Fell,' and Martin Rid-  
ley.
- 10 Then oer the moss, where as they came,  
With many a brank and whew,  
One of them could to another say,  
'I think this day we are men enew.
- 11 'For Weardale men is a journey taen;  
They are so far out-oer yon fell  
That some of them's with the two earls,  
And others fast in Barnard castell.
- 12 'There we shal get gear enough,  
For there is nane but women at hame;  
The sorrowful fend that they can make  
Is loudly cries as they were slain.'
- 13 Then in at Rookhope-head they came,  
And there they thought tul a had their  
prey,  
But they were spy'd coming over the  
Dry Rig,  
Soon upon Saint Nicholas' day.
- 14 Then in at Rookhope-head they came,  
They ran the forest but a mile;  
They gatherd together in four hours  
Six hundred sheep within a while.
- 15 And horses I trow they gat  
But either ane or twa,  
And they gat them all but ane  
That belanged to great Rowley.
- 16 That Rowley was the first man that did  
them spy;  
With that he raised a mighty cry;
- The cry it came down Rookhope burn,  
And spread through Weardale has-  
teyly.
- 17 Then word came to the bailif's house,  
At the East Gate, where he did dwell;  
He was walkd out to the Smale Burns,  
Which stands above the Hanging  
Well.
- 18 His wife was wae when she heard tell,  
So well she wist her husband wanted  
gear;  
She gard saddle him his horse in haste,  
And neither forgot sword, jack, nor  
spear.
- 19 The bailif got wit before his gear came  
That such news was in the land;  
He was sore troubled in his heart,  
That on no earth that he could stand.
- 20 His brother was hurt three days before,  
With limmer thieves that did him  
prick;  
Nineteen bloody wounds lay him upon;  
What ferly was 't that he lay sick?
- 21 But yet the bailif shrinkd nought,  
But fast after them he did hye,  
And so did all his neighbours near,  
That went to bear him company.
- 22 But when the bailiff was gathered,  
And all his company,  
They were numberd to never a man  
But forty [or] under fifty.
- 23 The thieves was numberd a hundred men,  
I wat they were not of the worst  
That could be choosed out of Thirlwa-  
'nd Williehaver,  
. . . . .
- 24 But all that was in Rookhope-head,  
And all that was i Nuketon Cleugh,  
Where Weardale men oertook the  
thieves,  
And there they gave them fighting  
enough.
- 25 So sore they made them fain to flee,  
As many was 'a' out of hand,  
And, for tul have been at home again,  
They would have been in iron bands;



26 And for the space of long seven years,  
 As sore they mighten a had their  
 lives;  
 But there was never one of them  
 That ever thought to have seen their  
 'wives.'

27 About the time the fray began,  
 I trow it lasted but an hour,  
 Till many a man lay weaponless,  
 And was sore wounded in that stour.

28 Also before that hour was done,  
 Four of the thieves were slain,  
 Besides all those that wounded were,  
 And eleven prisoners there was taen.

29 George Carrick and his brother Edie,  
 Them two, I wot, they were both  
 slain;  
 Harry Corbyl and Lennie Carrick  
 Bore them company in their pain.

30 One of our Weardale men was slain,  
 Rowland Emerson his name hight;  
 I trust to God his soul is well,  
 Because he 'fought' unto the right.

31 But thus they sayd: 'We 'll not depart  
 While we have one; speed back  
 again!'  
 And when they came amongst the dead  
 men,  
 There they found George Carrick  
 slain.

32 And when they found George Carrick  
 slain,  
 I wot it went well near their 'heart;'  
 Lord, let them never make a better end  
 That comes to play them sicken a  
 'part!'

33 I trust to God, no more they shal,  
 Except it be one for a great chance;  
 For God wil punish all those  
 With a great heavy pestilence.

34 Thir limmer thieves, they have good  
 hearts,  
 They nevir think to be oerthrown;  
 Three banners against Weardale men  
 they bare,  
 As if the world had been all their  
 own.

35 Thir Weardale men, they have good  
 hearts,  
 They are as stif as any tree;  
 For, if they 'd every one been slain,  
 Never a foot back man would flee.

36 And such a storm amongst them fell  
 As I think you never heard the like,  
 For he that bears his head so high,  
 He oft-times falls into the dyke.

37 And now I do entreat you all,  
 As many as are present here,  
 To pray for [the] singer of this song,  
 For he sings to make blithe your  
 cheer.

180

## KING JAMES AND BROWN

This ballad must of course not be regarded as historical, but there are correspondences between the story and the proceedings by which the Earl of Morton, in April, 1578, after his resignation of the regency, obtained possession of the person of the young king James VI and virtually reestablished himself in power. The citizens of Edinburgh rose in arms against Morton (cf. sts. 21, 22), and large forces collected from other parts of Scotland for the liberation of James. The Douglas of the ballad is clearly William Douglas of Lochleven, who was a partisan of Morton.

'Kinge James and Browne,' Percy MS., p. 58; Hales and Furnivall, I, 135.

1 As I did walke my selfe alone,  
 And by one garden greene,  
 I heard a yonge prince make great  
 moane,  
 Which did turne my hart to teene.

2 'O Lord!' he then said vntou me,  
 'Why haue I liued soe long?'  
 For yonder comes a cruell Scott,  
 Quoth hee, 'that will doe me some  
 ronge.'

3 And then came traitor Douglass there,  
 He came for to betray his king;  
 Some they brought bills, and some they  
 brought bowes,  
 And some the brought other things.

- 4 The king was aboue in a gallery,  
With a heauy heart;  
Vnto his body was sett about  
With swords and speares soe sharpe.
- 5 'Be you the lordes of Scotland,' he said,  
'*That* hither for counsell seeke to  
me ?  
Or bee yoe traitors to my crowne,  
My blood *that* you wold see ?'
- 6 'Wee are the *lords* of Scotland,' they  
said,  
'Nothing we come to craue of thee;  
But wee be traitors to thy crowne,  
Thy blood *that* wee will see.'
- 7 'O fye vpon you, you false Scotts !  
For you neuer all trew wilbe;  
My grandfather you haue slaine,  
And caused my mother to flee.
- 8 'My grandfather you haue slaine,  
And my owne father you hanged on a  
tree;  
And now,' quoth he, 'the like treason  
You haue now wrought for me.
- 9 'Ffarwell hart, and farwell hand !  
Farwell all pleasures alsoe !  
Farwell th . . . my head  
. . . . .
- 10 . . . . .  
'If thou wilt . . . . .  
And soe goe away with mee.'
- 11 'Goe marry thy daughter to whome  
thou wilt,'  
Quoth Browne; 'thou marrys none to  
me;  
For I'le not be a traitor,' quoth Browne,  
'For all the gold that euer I see.'
- 12 This Douglas, hearing Browne soe say,  
Began to flee away full fast;  
'But tarry a while,' saies lusty Browne,  
'I'le make you to pay before you  
passe.'
- 13 He hath taken the Douglas prisoner,  
And hath brought him before the *king*;  
He kneeled low vpon his knee,  
For pardon there prainge.
- 14 'How shold I pardon thee,' saith th  
*king*,  
'And thou 'le remaine a traitor still  
For euer since that I was borne,'  
Quoth he, 'thou hast sought my blood  
to spill.'
- 15 'For if you will grant me my pardon  
he said,  
'Out of this place soe free,  
I wilbe sworne before your Grace  
A trew subiect to bee.'
- 16 'God for-gaue his death,' said the *king*;  
'When he was nayled vpon a tree;  
And as free as euer God forgaue hi  
death,  
Douglas,' quoth he, 'I 'le forgiue thee
- 17 'And all the traitors in Scotland,'  
Quoth he, 'both great and small;  
As free as euer God forgaue his death,  
Soe free I will forgiue them all.'
- 18 'I thanke you for your pardon, king,  
*That* you haue granted forth so  
plaine;  
If I liue a twelue month to an end,  
You shall not aliuie remaine.
- 19 'Tomorrow yet, or ere I dine,  
I meane to doo thee one good turne;  
For Edenborrow, that is thine owne,'  
Quoth he, 'I will both h[arry] and  
[burne].'
- 20 Thus Douglas hied towards Edenborrow  
And many of his men were gon  
beffore,  
And after him on euery side,  
With him there went some twent  
score.
- 21 But when that they did see him come,  
They cryed lowd with voices, saying  
'Yonder comes a false traitor,  
That wold haue slaine our *king*.'
- 22 They chaynd vp the gates of Edenbor  
row,  
And there the made them wonderou  
fast,  
And there Browne sett on Dougl  
again,  
And quicklye did him ouer cast.

23 But worde came backe againe to the king,  
 With all the speed that euer might  
 bee,  
*That traitor Douglas there was taken,  
 And his body was there to see.*

24 'Bring me his taker,' quoth the king,  
 'Come, quickly bring him vnto me !  
 I'll giue a thousand pound a yeere,  
 What man soeuer he bee.'

25 But then they called lusty Browne;  
 Sayes, 'Browne, come thou hither to  
 mee.  
 How oft hast thou foughten for my sake,  
 And alwayes woone the victory ?'

26 'The first time that I fought for you,  
 It was in Edenborrow, king;  
 If there I had not stoutly stood,  
 My leege, you neuer had bene king.

27 'The second time I fought for you,  
 Here I will tell you in this place;  
 I kild the sheriffs sonne of Carlile,  
 Quoth he, 'that wold haue slaine your  
 Grace.

28 'The third time that I fought for you,  
 Here for to let you vnderstand,  
 I slew the Bishopp of S' Andrew[s],  
 Quoth he, 'with a possat in [his  
 hand].'

29 . . . . . quoth hee,  
 'That euer my manhood I did trye;  
 I'll make a vow for Englands sake  
 That I will neuer battell flee.'

30 'God amercy, Browne,' then said the  
 king,  
 'And God amercy heartilye !  
 Before I made thee but a knight,  
 But now an earle I will make thee.

31 'God saue the queene of England,' he  
 said,  
 'For her blood is verrey neshe ;  
 As neere vnto her I am  
 As a colloppe shorne from the fleshe.

32 'If I be false to England,' he said,  
 'Either in earnest or in iest,  
 I might be likened to a bird,'  
 Quoth he, 'that did defile it nest.'

181

## THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY

James Stewart, son of Sir James Stewart of Doune, became Earl of Murray in consequence of his marriage with the oldest daughter and heiress of the Regent Murray. "He was a comely personage, of a great stature, and strong of body like a kemp." There was a violent hostility between Murray and the Earl of Huntly. According to Spottiswood (*History of the Church of Scotland*, 1655, p. 387), after his assault on Holyrood House in December (or September), 1591, "Bothwell went into the north, looking to be supplied by the Earl of Murray, his cousin-german; which the king suspecting, Andrew Lord Ochiltree was sent to bring Murray unto the south, of purpose to work a reconcilment betwixt him and Huntly. But a rumor being raised in the mean while that the Earl of Murray was seen in the palace with Bothwell on the night of the enterprise, the same was entertained by Huntly (who waited then at court) to make him suspected of the king, and prevailed so far as he did purchase a commission to apprehend and bring Murray to his trial. The nobleman, not fearing that any such course should be used, was come to Donibristle, a house situated on the north side of Forth, and belonging to his mother the Lady Doune. Huntly, being advertised of his coming, and how he lay there secure, accompanied only with the Sheriff of Murray and a few of his own retinue, went thither and beset the house, requiring him to render. The Earl of Murray refusing to put himself in the hands of his enemy, after some defence made, wherein the sheriff was killed, fire was set to the house, and they within forced by the violence of the smoke and flame to come forth. The earl staid a great space after the rest, and, the night falling down, ventured among his enemies, and, breaking through the midst of them, did so far outrun them all as they supposed he was escaped; yet searching him among the rocks, he was discovered by the tip of his head-piece, which had taken fire before he left the house, and unmercifully slain." This outrage was done in the month of February, 1592. Huntly sheltered himself under the king's commission, and was not punished.

A

'The Bonny Earl of Murray,' Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, 11th ed., London, 1750, p. 356 (vol. iv).

1 YE Highlands, and ye Lawlands,  
Oh where have you been ?  
They have slain the Earl of Murray,  
And they layd him on the green.

2 'Now wae be to thee, Huntly!  
And wherefore did you sae ?  
I bade you bring him wi you,  
But forbade you him to slay.'

3 He was a braw gallant,  
And he rid at the ring;  
And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
Oh he might have been a king !

4 He was a braw gallant,  
And he playd at the ba;  
And the bonny Earl of Murray  
Was the flower amang them a'.

5 He was a braw gallant,  
And he playd at the glove;  
And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
Oh he was the Queen's love !

6 Oh lang will his lady  
Look oer the castle Down,  
Eer she see the Earl of Murray  
Come sounding thro the town !  
Eer she, etc.

### B

'The Bonnie Earl o Murray,' Finlay's Scot-  
tish Ballads, II, 11 ; from recitation.

1 'OPEN the gates,  
and let him come in;  
He is my brother Huntly,  
he'll do him nae harm.'

2 The gates they were opent,  
they let him come in,  
But fause traitor Huntly,  
he did him great harm.

3 He's ben and ben,  
And ben to his bed,  
And with a sharp rapier  
he stabbed him dead.

4 The lady came down the stair,  
wringing her hands:  
'He has slain the Earl o Murray,  
the flower o Scotland.'

5 But Huntly lap on his horse,  
rade to the king:  
'Ye're welcome hame, Huntly,  
and whare hae ye been ?

6 'Whare hae ye been ?  
and how hae ye sped ?'  
'I've killed the Earl o Murray,  
dead in his bed.'

7 'Foul fa you, Huntly !  
and why did ye so ?  
You might have taen the Earl o Mur-  
ray,  
and saved his life too.'

8 'Her bread it's to bake,  
her yill is to brew;  
My sister's a widow,  
and sair do I rue.

9 'Her corn grows ripe,  
her meadows grow green,  
But in bonny Dinnibristle  
I darena be seen.'

182

### THE LAIRD O LOGIE

Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, a madcap cousin of James VI, had been guilty of a violent assault upon Holyrood House in December (or September), 1591, and in June, 1592, had "conspired the apprehension of the king's person" while James was residing at Falkland. A confederate, Wemyss of Logie, was arrested and "ordained to be tried by an assize and executed to the death. But the same night that he was examined, he escaped out by the means of a gentlewoman whom he loved, a Dane, who conveyed him out of his keepers' hands, through the queen's chamber, where his Majesty and the queen were lying in their beds, to a window in the backside of the place, where he went down upon a tow [rope], and shot three pistols in token of his onlouping [mounting his horse] where some of his servants, with the laird of Niddry, were awaiting him." (Moysie's Memoirs, p. 95.) According to another account, the gentlewoman got Logie out of his keepers' hands by pretending that the king wished to speak with him, and they, "suspecting nothing, for they knew her to be the principal maid in the chamber, conveyed him to the door of the bedchamber" and waited there while she was

letting him down at a window. Though the queen had no hand in the freeing of Young Logie, she stood by her Danish attendant, and appears to have pacified the king. Logie was pardoned and married the gentlewoman. Her name was really Margaret, as in the ballad.

## A\*

'The Laird of Logie,' Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy, No. 3 a, Abbotsford. Sent to Scott September 11, 1802, by William Laidlaw; received by him from Mr Bartram of Biggar.

- 1 I WILL sing, if ye will harken,  
An ye wad listen unto me;  
I'll tell ye of a merry passage  
Of the wanton laird of Young Logie.
- 2 Young Logie's laid in Edinborough  
chapel,  
Carmichaell's keeper of the key;  
I heard a may lamenting sair,  
All for the laird of Young Logie.
- 3 'Lament, lament na, May Margret,  
And o your weeping let me be;  
For ye maun to the king your sell,  
And ask the life of Young Logie.'
- 4 May Margaret has kilted her green  
cleeding,  
And she's currl'd back her yellow  
hair,  
And she's away to the king hersell,  
And adieu to Scotland for ever mair !
- 5 When she came before the king,  
She fell low down on her knee:  
'It's what's your will wi me, May  
Margret,  
And what makes all this courtesey ?'  
'Naething, naething, my sov'reign liege,  
But grant me the life of Young Lo-  
gie.'
- 6 'O no, O no, May Margret,  
No, in sooth it maun na be;  
For the morn, or I taste meat or drink,  
Hee hanged shall Young Logie be.'
- 7 She has stolen the king's reeding-comb,  
But an the queen her wedding-knife,  
And she has sent it to Carmichaell,  
To cause Young Logie come by life.

- 8 She sent him a purse of the red gold,  
Another of the white money,  
And sent him a pistol into each hand,  
And bade him shoot when he got fra.
- 9 When he came to the Tolbooth stair,  
There he loot his volley flee,  
Which made the king in his chamber  
start,  
Even in the chamber where he lay.
- 10 'Gae out, gae out, my merrie men,  
And gar Carmichael come speake wi  
me,  
For I'll lay my life the pledge of that,  
That yon's the volley of Young Logie.'
- 11 When Carmichael came before the king,  
He fell low down on his knee;  
The very first word that the king spake,  
'How dois the laird o Young Logie ?'
- 12 Carmichael turnd him round about,  
A wait the salt tear blint his eye:  
'There came a tacken frae the king  
Has tean the laird awa frae me.'
- 13 'Hast thou playd me that, Carmichael ?  
Hast thou playd me that ?' quo he;  
'The morn the Justice Court's to stand,  
And Logie's place ye maun supply.'
- 14 Carmichal's awa to May Margr[e]t's  
bower,  
Een as fast as he may dree :  
'It's if Young Logie be within,  
Tell him to come speak to me.'
- 15 May Margret's turnd her round about,  
A wait a loud laughter gae she:  
'The egg is cheeped and the bird is  
flown,  
And seek ye the laird of Young Logie.'
- 16 The one is shepp'd at the pier o Leith,  
The other at the Queen's Ferry,  
And she has gotten a father to her  
bairn,  
The wanton laird of Young [Logie].

## B

a. 'The young Laird of Ochiltrie,' Herd, The Ancient and Modern Scots Songs, 1769, p. 240; ed. 1776, I, 21. b. 'The Winsome Laird of



Young Logie,' Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy, No. 137 a, Abbotsford, "sung by Lady A. Lindsay."

- 1 O LISTEN, gude peopell, to my tale,  
Listen to what I tel to thee;  
The king has taiken a poor prisoner,  
The wanton laird of Ochiltrie.
- 2 When news came to our guidly queen,  
Sche sicht, and said richt mournfullie,  
'O what will cum of Lady Margret!  
Wha beirs sick luv to Ochiltrie.'
- 3 Lady Margret tore hir yellow hair  
When as the queen tald hir the saim:  
'I wis that I had neir bin born,  
Nor neir had knawn Ochiltrie's naim!'
- 4 'Fie, na!' quoth the queen, 'that maunna be;  
Fie, na! that maunna be;  
I'll fynd ye out a better way  
To saif the lyfe of Ochiltrie.'
- 5 The queen sche trippit up the stair,  
And lowlie knielt upon hir knie:  
'The first boon which I cum to craive  
Is the life of gentel Ochiltrie.'
- 6 'O iff you had askd me castels or towirs,  
I wad hae gin thaim, twa or thrie;  
Bot a' the monie in fair Scotland  
Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie.'
- 7 The queen sche trippit down the stair,  
And down she gade richt mournfullie:  
'It's a' the monie in fair Scotland  
Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie!'
- 8 Lady Margaret tore her yellow hair  
When as the queen tald hir the saim:  
'I'll tak a knife and end my lyfe,  
And be in the grave as soon as him!'
- 9 'Ah, na! Fie, na!' quoth the queen,  
'Fie, na! Fie, na! this maunna be;  
I'll set ye on a better way  
To loose and set Ochiltrie frie.'
- 10 The queen sche slippit up the stair,  
And sche gaid up richt privatlie,  
And sche has stoun the prison-keys,  
And gane and set Ochiltrie frie.

- 11 And sche's gien him a purse of gowd,  
And another of whyt monie;  
Sche's gien him twa pistoles by's syde,  
Saying to him, Shute, when ye win  
frie.
- 12 And when he cam to the queen's window  
Whaten a joyfou shute gae he!  
'Peace be to our royal queen,  
And peace be in hir companie!'
- 13 'O whaten a voyce is that?' quoth the king,  
'Whaten a voyce is that?' quoth he  
'Whaten a voyce is that?' quoth the king;  
'I think it's the voyce of Ochiltrie.
- 14 'Call to me a' my gaolours,  
Call thaim by thirtie and by thrie;  
Whairfoir the morn, at twelve a clock,  
It's hangit schall they ilk ane be.'
- 15 'O didna ye send your keyis to us?  
Ye sent thaim be thirtie and be thrie.  
And wi thaim sent a strait command  
To set at lairge young Ochiltrie.'
- 16 'Ah, na! Fie, na!' quoth the queen,  
'Fie, my dear luv, this maunna be!  
And iff ye're gawn to hang thaim a',  
Indeed ye maun begin wi me.'
- 17 The tane was schippit at the pier of  
Leith,  
The ither at the Queen's Ferrie,  
And now the lady has gotten hir luv,  
The winsom laird of Ochiltrie.

183

## WILLIE MACINTOSH

The murder of the "Bonny Earl of Murray" (see No. 181) was the occasion of serious commotions in the North Highlands. Towards the end of the year 1592, the Macintoshes of the Clan Chattan, who of all the faction of Murray "most eagerly endeavored to revenge his death," invaded the estates of the Earl of Huntly, and killed four gentlemen of the surname of Gordon. Huntly retaliated, "and rade into Pettie (which was then in the possession of the Clan Chattan), where he wasted and spoiled all the Clan Chattan's lands, and

killed divers of them. But as the Earl of Huntly had returned home from Pettie, he was advertised that William Macintosh with eight hundred of Clan Chattan were spoiling his lands of Cabrach: whereupon Huntly and his uncle Sir Patrick Gordon of Auchindown, with some few horsemen, made speed towards the enemy, desiring the rest of his company to follow him with all possible diligence. . . . Huntly overtook the Clan Chattan before they left the bounds of Cabrach, upon the head of a hill called Stapliegate, where, without staying for the rest of his men, he invaded them with those few he then had. After a sharp conflict he overthrew them, chased them, killed sixty of their ablest men, and hurt William Macintosh with divers others of his company."

Two William Macintoshes are confounded in the ballad. The burning of Auchindown is attributed, rightly or wrongly, to an earlier William, captain of the clan, who, in August, 1500, was formally convicted of conspiracy against the life of the Earl of Huntly, then lieutenant in the north, sentenced to lose his life and lands, and, despite a pledge to the contrary, executed shortly after by the Countess of Huntly.

## A

'Burning of Auchindown.' a. The Thistle of Scotland, p. 106, 1823. b. Whitelaw, The Book of Scottish Ballads, p. 248; from an Aberdeen newspaper of about 1815.

1 'TURN, Willie Macintosh,  
Turn, I bid you;  
Gin ye burn Auchindown,  
Huntly will head you.'

2 'Head me or hang me,  
That canna fley me;  
I'll burn Auchindown  
Ere the life lea me.'

3 Coming down Deeside,  
In a clear morning,  
Auchindown was in flame,  
Ere the cock-crawling.

4 But coming oer Cairn Croom,  
And looking down, man,  
I saw Willie Macintosh  
Burn Auchindown, man.

5 'Bonny Willie Macintosh,  
Whare left ye your men?'  
'I left them in the Stapler,  
But they'll never come hame.'

6 'Bonny Willie Macintosh,  
Whare now is your men?'  
'I left them in the Stapler,  
Sleeping in their sheen.'

## B

'Willie Mackintosh,' Finlay's Scottish Ballads, II, 89, 1808, as recollected by a lady and communicated by Walter Scott.

1 As I came in by Fiddich-side,  
In a May morning,  
I met Willie Mackintosh,  
An hour before the dawning.

2 'Turn again, turn again,  
Turn again, I bid ye;  
If ye burn Auchindown,  
Huntly he will head ye.'

3 'Head me, hang me,  
That sall never fear me;  
I'll burn Auchindown  
Before the life leaves me.'

4 As I came in by Auchindown,  
In a May morning,  
Auchindown was in a bleeze,  
An hour before the dawning.

\* \* \* \* \*

5 Crawing, crawling,  
For my crowse crawling,  
I lost the best feather i my wing  
For my crowse crawling.

184

## THE LADS OF WAMPHRAY

"The following song celebrates the skirmish, in 1593, betwixt the Johnstones and Crichtons, which led to the revival of the ancient quarrel betwixt Johnstone and Maxwell, and finally to the battle of Dryffe Sands, in which the latter lost his life. Wamphray is the name of a parish in Annandale. Lethenhall was the abode of Johnstone of Wamphray, and continued to be so till of late years. William Johnstone of Wamphray, called the Galliard, was a noted freebooter. A place near the head of Teviotdale retains the name of the Galliard's Faulds (folds), being a valley where he used to secrete and divide his spoil with his Liddesdale and

Eskdale associates. His *nom de guerre* seems to have been derived from the dance called the galliard. The word is still used in Scotland to express an active, gay, dissipated character. Willie of Kirkhill, nephew to the Galiard, and his avenger, was also a noted Border robber." (Minstrelsy, I, 208, ed. 1802.)

It is hard to determine whether the first eight stanzas of the ballad are anything more than a prelude, and whether sts. 5, 7 note the customary practice of the Lads of Wamphray, or anticipate, as is done in st. 3, certain points in the story which follows.

'Lads of Wamphray, ane old ballad, sometimes called The Galiard,' Glenriddell MSS., xi, 34, 1791.

- 1 TWIXT the Girthhead and Langwood-  
end  
Livd the Galiard and Galiard's men.
- 2 It is the lads of Lethenha,  
The greatest rogues among them a'.
- 3 It is the lads of Leverhay,  
That drove the Crichtons' gier away.
- 4 It is the lads o the Kirkhill,  
The gay Galiard and Will o Kirkhill,
- 5 But and the lads o Stefenbiggin,  
They broke the house in at the riggin.
- 6 The lads o Fingland and Hellbackhill,  
They were neer for good, but aye for ill.
- 7 Twixt the Staywood Buss and Langside  
Hill,  
They stelled the broked cow and branded  
bull.
- 8 It is the lads o the Girthhead,  
The diel's in them for pride and greed.
- 9 : : : : :
- 10 The Galiard is to the stable gane;  
Instead o the Dun, the Blind he's taen.
- 11 'Come out now, Simmy o the Side,  
Come out and see a Johnston ride!
- 12 'Here's the boniest horse in a' Nith-  
side,  
And a gentle Johnston aboon his hide.'

- 13 Simmy Crichton's mounted then,  
And Crichtons has raised mony a ane.
- 14 The Galiard thought his horse had bee  
fleet,  
But they did outstrip him quite out  
sight.
- 15 As soon as the Galiard the Crichton h  
saw,  
Beyond the saugh-bush he did draw.
- 16 The Crichtons there the Galiard ha  
taen,  
And nane wi him but Willy alane.
- 17 'O Simmy, Simmy, now let me gang,  
And I vow I'll neer do a Crichto  
wrag!
- 18 'O Simmy, Simmy, now let me be,  
And a peck o goud I'll gie to thee!
- 19 'O Simmy, Simmy, let me gang,  
And my wife shall heap it wi her hand!
- 20 But the Crichtons wadna let Willy bee  
But they hanged him high upon a tree
- 21 O think then Will he was right wae,  
When he saw his uncle guided sae.
- 22 'But if ever I live Wamphray to see,  
My uncle's death revenged shall be!'
- 23 Back to Wamphray Willy's gane,  
And riders has raised mony a ane.
- 24 Saying, My lads, if ye'll be true,  
Ye's a' be clad in the noble blue.
- 25 Back to Nidsdale they are gane,  
And away the Crichtons' nout they ha  
taen.
- 26 As they came out at the Wallpath-head  
The Crichtons bad them light and lea
- 27 And when they came to the Biddess  
burn,  
The Crichtons bad them stand and turn
- 28 And when they came to the Biddess  
strand,  
The Crichtons they were hard at hand

- 29 But when they cam to the Biddess-law,  
The Johnstons bad them stand and  
draw.
- 30 Out then spake then Willy Kirkhill:  
'Of fighting, lads, ye 's hae your fill.'
- 31 Then off his horse Willy he lap,  
And a burnishd brand in his hand he  
took.
- 32 And through the Crichtons Willy he ran,  
And dang them down both horse and  
man.
- 33 O but these lads were wondrous rude,  
When the Biddess-burn ran three days  
blood!
- 34 'I think, my lads, we've done a noble  
deed;  
We have revengd the Galiard's blood.
- 35 'For every finger o the Galiard's hand,  
I vow this day I've killed a man.'
- 36 And hame for Wamphray they are  
gane,  
And away the Crichtons' nout they've  
taen.
- 37 'Sin we've done na hurt, nor we'll  
take na wrang,  
But back to Wamphray we will gang.'
- 38 As they came in at Evanhead,  
At Reaklaw-holm they spred abroad.
- 39 'Drive on, my lads, it will be late;  
We'll have a pint at Wamphray Gate.
- 40 'For where eer I gang, or eer I ride,  
The lads o Wamphr[a]y's on my side.
- 41 'For of a' the lads that I do ken,  
The lads o Wamphr[a]y's king o men.'

185

## DICK O THE COW

a seems to have been communicated to Percy  
by Roger Halt in 1775. b was contributed to  
Caw's Museum by John Elliot of Reidheugh,  
a gentleman, says Scott, well skilled in the

antiquities of the western border. c was taken  
down "from the singing and recitation of a  
Liddesdale-man, namely, Robert Shortreed,  
sheriff-substitute of Roxburghshire, in the au-  
tumn of 1816;" but it differs from b in no  
important respect except the omission of thir-  
teen stanzas, 17, 18, 24, 32, 35-38, 51, 52, 56-  
58. The ballad was popular before the end of  
the sixteenth century, as is shown by a passage  
in Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*,  
1596: "Dick of the Cow, that mad demi-lance  
northren borderer, who plaid his prizes with  
the lord Jockey so bravely" (Grosart's *Nashe*,  
III, 6). In a list of books printed for and  
sold by P. Brooksby, 1688, occurs "Dick-a-  
the-Cow, containing north-country songs." The  
Cow in Dick's name can have no reference to  
cattle, for then his style would have been 'Dick  
o the Kye.' It may possibly denote the hut in  
which he lived; or brush, or broom.

a. 'An excelent old song cald Dick of the  
Cow.' Percy Papers, 1775. b. Caw's Poetical  
Museum, p. 22, 1784. c. Campbell, *Albyn's  
Anthology*, II, 31, 1818.

- 1 Now Liddisdale has lain long in,  
Fa la  
There is no rideing there a ta;  
Fa la  
Their horse is growing so liddier and fatt  
That are lazie in the sta.  
Fa la la didle
- 2 Then Johnë Armstrang to Willie cansay,  
Billie, a rideing then will we;  
England and us has been long at a feed;  
Perhaps we may hitt of some bootie.
- 3 Then they'r comd on to Hutton Hall,  
They rade that proper place about;  
But the laird he was the wiser man,  
For he had left nae gear without.
- 4 Then he had left nae gear to steal,  
Except six sheep upon a lee;  
Says Johnie, I'de rather in England  
die  
Before their six sheep good to Liddis-  
dale with me.
- 5 'But how cald they the man we last  
with mett,  
Billie, as we came over the know?'  
'That same he is an innocent fool,  
And some men calls him Dick o the  
Cow.'

- 6 'That fool has three as good kyne of his own  
As is in a' Cumberland, billie,' quoth he:  
'Betide my life, betide my death,  
These three kyne shal go to Liddisdale with me.'
- 7 Then they're comd on to the poor fool's house,  
And they have broken his wals so wide;  
They have loosd out Dick o the Cow's kyne three,  
And tane three coerlets off his wife's bed.
- 8 Then on the morn, when the day grew light,  
The shouts and crys rose loud and high:  
'Hold thy tongue, my wife,' he says,  
'And of thy crying let me bee.'
- 9 'Hald thy tongue, my wife,' he says,  
'And of thy crying let me bee,  
And ay that where thou wants a kow,  
Good sooth that I shal bring the three.'
- 10 Then Dick's comd on to lord and master,  
And I wate a drerie fool [was] he:  
'Hald thy tongue, my fool,' he says,  
'For I may not stand to jest with thee.'
- 11 'Shame speed a your jesting, my lord,'  
quo Dickie,  
'For nae such jesting grees with me;  
Liddesdaile has been in my house this last night,  
And they have tane my three kyne from me.'
- 12 'But I may nae langer in Cumberland dwell,  
To be your poor fool and your leel,  
Unless ye give me leave, my lord,  
To go to Liddisdale and steal.'
- 13 'To give thee leave, my fool,' he says,  
'Thou speaks against mine honour and me;  
Unless thou give me thy trouth and thy right hand  
Thou 'l steal frae nane but them that sta from thee.'
- 14 'There is my trouth and my right hand  
My head shal hing on Hairibie,  
I 'le never crose Carlele sands again,  
If I steal frae a man but them tho sta frae me.'
- 15 Dickie has tane leave at lord and master,  
And I wate a merrie fool was he;  
He has bought a bridle and a pair o new spurs,  
And has packed them up in his breech thigh.
- 16 Then Dickie's come on for Puddinburn,  
Even as fast as he may drie;  
Dickie's come on for Puddinburn,  
Where there was thirty Armstrongs and three.
- 17 'What's this comd on me!' quo Dickie,  
'What meakle wae 's this happend o me,' quo he,  
'Where here is but ae innocent fool,  
And there is thirty Armstrongs and three!'
- 18 Yet he's comd up to the hall among them all;  
So wel he became his courtisie:  
'Well may ye be, my good Laird's Jock  
But the deil bless all your companie'
- 19 'I'm come to plain of your man Fa Johnie Armstrong,  
And syne his billie Willie,' quo he;  
'How they have been in my house this last night,  
And they have tane my three kyne frae me.'
- 20 Quo Johnie Armstrong, We 'll him hang  
'Nay,' thain quo Willie, 'we 'll him slae';  
But up bespake another young man  
We 'le nit him in a four-nooked shee  
Give him his burden of batts, and le him gae.
- 21 Then up bespake the good Laird's Jock  
The best falla in the companie:  
Sitt thy way down a little while, Dickie  
And a peice of thine own cow's houg  
I 'l give to thee.



- 22 But Dickie's heart it grew so great  
That never a bitt of it he dought to eat;  
But Dickie was warr of ane auld peat-  
house,  
Where there al the night he thought  
for to sleep.
- 23 Then Dickie was warr of that auld peat-  
house,  
Where there al the night he thought  
for to ly;  
And a' the prayers the poor fool prayd  
was,  
'I wish I had a mense for my own  
three kye!'
- 24 Then it was the use of Puddinburn,  
And the house of Mangertoun, all haile!  
These that came not at the first call  
They gott no more meat till the next  
meall.
- 25 The lads, that hungry and aevery was,  
Above the door-head they flang the  
key;  
Dickie took good notice to that;  
Says, There's a bootie younder for me.
- 26 Then Dickie's gane into the stable,  
Where there stood thirty horse and  
three;  
He has ty'd them a' with St Mary knot,  
All these horse but barely three.
- 27 He has ty'd them a' with St Mary knott,  
All these horse but barely three;  
He has loupn on one, taken another in  
his hand,  
And out at the door and gane is Dickie.
- 28 Then on the morn, when the day grew  
light,  
The shouts and cryes rose loud and  
high;  
'What's that theife?' quo the good  
Laird's Jock;  
'Tel me the truth and the verity.
- 29 'What's that theife?' quo the good  
Laird's Jock;  
'See unto me ye do not lie:'  
'Dick o the Cow has been in the stable  
this last night,  
And has my brother's horse and mine  
frae me.'
- 30 'Ye wad never be told it,' quo the Laird's  
Jock;  
'Have ye not found my tales fu leel?  
Ye wade never out of England bide,  
Till crooked and blind and a' wad  
steal.'
- 31 'But will thou lend me thy bay?' Fair  
Johnë Armstrong can say,  
'There's nae mae horse loose in the  
stable but he;  
And I 'le either bring ye Dick o the  
Kow again,  
Or the day is come that he must die.'
- 32 'To lend thee my bay,' the Laird's Jock  
can say,  
'He's both worth gold and good  
monie;  
Dick o the Kow has away twa horse,  
I wish no thou should no make him  
three.'
- 33 He has tane the Laird's jack on his back,  
The twa-handed sword that hang  
lieugh by his thigh;  
He has tane the steel cap on his head,  
And on is he to follow Dickie.
- 34 Then Dickie was not a mile off the town,  
I wate a mile but barely three,  
Till John Armstrang has oertane Dick  
o the Kow,  
Hand for hand on Cannobei lee.
- 35 'Abide th[e], bide now, Dickie than,  
The day is come that thow must die;'   
Dickie looked oer his left shoulder;  
'Johnie, has thow any mo in thy com-  
pany?'
- 36 'There is a preacher in owr chapell,  
And a' the lee-lang day teaches he;  
When day is gane, and night is come,  
There's never a word I mark but  
three.
- 37 'The first and second's Faith and Con-  
science;  
The third is, Johnie, Take head of  
thee;  
But what faith and conscience had thow,  
traitor,  
When thou took my three kye frae  
me?'

- 38 'And when thou had tane my three kye,  
Thou thought in thy heart thou was  
no wel sped;  
But thou sent thi billie Willie oer the  
know,  
And he took three coerlets of my  
wife's bed.'
- 39 Then Johnne lett a spear fa leaugh by  
his thigh,  
Thought well to run the innocent  
through;  
But the powers above was more than his,  
He ran but the poor fool's jerkin  
through.
- 40 Together they ran or ever they blan —  
This was Dickie, the fool, and hee —  
Dickie could not win to him with the  
blade of the sword,  
But he feld [him] with the plummet  
under the eye.
- 41 Now Dickie has [feld] Fair Johnne Arm-  
strong,  
The prettiest man in the south coun-  
trei;  
'Gramercie,' then can Dickie say,  
'I had twa horse, thou has made me  
three.'
- 42 He has tane the laird's jack off his back,  
The twa-handed sword that hang  
leugh by his thigh;  
He has tane the steel cape off his head:  
'Johnnie, I'll tel my master I met with  
thee.'
- 43 When Johnne wakend out of his dream,  
I wate a dreiry man was he:  
'Is thou gane now, Dickie, than?  
The shame gae in thy company!
- 44 'Is thou gane now, Dickie, than?  
The shame go in thy companie!  
For if I should live this hundred year,  
I shal never fight with a fool after  
thee.'
- 45 Then Dickie comed home to lord and  
master,  
Even as fast as he may drie:  
'Now Dickie, I shal neither eat meat  
nor drink  
Till high hanged that thou shall be!'
- 46 'The shame speed the liars, my lord!  
quo Dickie,  
'That was no the promise ye made to  
me;  
For I'd never gane to Liddesdale to steal  
Till that I sought my leave at thee.'
- 47 'But what gart thou steal the Laird's-  
Jock's horse?  
And, limmer, what gart thou steal  
him?' quo he;  
'For lang might thou in Cumberland  
dwelt  
Or the Laird's Jock had stoln ought  
frae thee.'
- 48 'Indeed I wate ye leed, my lord,  
And even so loud as I hear ye lie;  
I wan him frae his man, Fair Johnne  
Armstrong,  
Hand for hand on Cannobie lee.
- 49 'There's the jack was on his back,  
The twa-handed sword that hung  
leugh by his thigh;  
There's the steel cap was on his head;  
I have a' these takens to lett you see.'
- 50 'If that be true thou to me tels —  
I trow thou dare not tel a lie —  
I'll give thee twenty pound for the  
good horse,  
Wel told in thy cloke-lap shall be.
- 51 'And I'll give thee one of my best  
milk-kye,  
To maintain thy wife and children  
three;  
[And that may be as good, I think,  
As any twa o' thine might be.]
- 52 'The shame speed the liars, my lord!  
quo Dicke,  
'Trow ye ay to make a fool of me?  
I'll either have thirty pound for the  
good horse,  
Or els he's gae to Mattan fair wi me.'
- 53 Then he has given him thirty pound for  
the good horse,  
All in gold and good monie;  
He has given him one of his best milk-  
kye,  
To maintain his wife and children  
three.

54 Then Dickie's come down through Car-  
lile town,  
Even as fast as he may drie:  
The first of men that he with mett  
Was my lord's brother, Bailife Gla-  
zenberrie.

55 'Well may ye be, my good Ralph  
Scrupe !'  
'Welcome, my brother's fool !' quo  
he;  
'Where did thou gett Fair Johnie Arm-  
strong's horse ?'  
'Where did I get him but steall him,'  
quo he.

56 'But will thou sell me Fair Johnie Arm-  
strong['s] horse ?  
And, billie, will thou sel him to me ?'  
quo he:  
'Ay, and tel me the monie on my cloke-  
lap,  
For there's not one fathing I 'le trust  
thee.'

57 'I 'le give thee fifteen pound for the  
good horse,  
Wel told on thy cloke-lap shal be;  
And I 'le give [thee] one of my best  
milk-kye,  
To maintain thy wife and thy chil-  
dren three.'

58 'The shame speed the liars, my lord !'  
quo Dickie,  
'Trow ye ay to make a fool of me ?'  
quo he:  
'I 'le either have thirty pound for the  
good horse,  
Or else he's to Mattan Fair with me.'

59 He has given him thirty pound for the  
good horse,  
All in gold and good monie;  
He has given him one of his best milk-  
kye,  
To maintain his wife and children  
three.

60 Then Dickie lap a loup on high,  
And I wate a loud laughter leugh he:  
'I wish the neck of the third horse were  
browken,  
For I have a better of my own, and  
onie better can be.'

61 Then Dickie comd hame to his wife  
again;  
Judge ye how the poor fool he sped;  
He has given her three score of English  
pounds  
For the three auld coerlets was tane  
of her bed.

62 'Hae, take thee there twa as good  
kye,  
I trow, as al thy three might be;  
And yet here is a white-footed naigg;  
I think he 'le carry booth thee and  
me.

63 'But I may no langer in Cumberland  
dwell;  
The Armstrongs the 'le hang me high :'  
But Dickie has tane leave at lord and  
master,  
And Burgh under Stanemuir there  
dwels Dickie.

186

## KINMONT WILLIE

This ballad celebrates a bold and masterly exploit of Sir Walter Scott of Branzholm, laird of Buccleuch, April 13, 1596, which is fully narrated by a contemporary, Archbishop Spotswood, in his History of the Church of Scotland, ed. 1655, pp. 413 ff. Kinmont Willie was "one William Armstrong, commonly called Will of Kinmouth, against whom the English had a quarrel for many wrongs he had committed, as he was indeed a notorious thief." Sir Walter Scott, who alone preserves the ballad, says that it had been "much mangled by reciters" and that "some conjectural emendations [were] absolutely necessary to render it intelligible." Probably a great deal more emendation was done than this observation would indicate. One would like, for example, to see sts. 10-12 and 31 in their mangled condition.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, I, 111, 1802; II, 32, 1833.

1 O HAVE ye na heard o the fause Sakelde?  
O have ye na heard o the keen Lord  
Seroop ?  
How they hae taen bauld Kinmont  
Willie,  
On Hairibee to hang him up ?

- 2 Had Willie had but twenty men,  
But twenty men as stout as he,  
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont  
taen,  
Wi eight score in his companie.
- 3 They band his legs beneath the steed,  
They tied his hands behind his back;  
They guarded him, fivesome on each  
side,  
And they brought him ower the Lid-  
del-rack.
- 4 They led him thro the Liddel-rack,  
And also thro the Carlisle sands;  
They brought him to Carlisle castell,  
To be at my Lord Scroope's com-  
mands.
- 5 'My hands are tied, but my tongue is  
free,  
And whae will dare this deed awow?  
Or answer by the border law?  
Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?'
- 6 'Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!  
There's never a Scot shall set ye free;  
Before ye cross my castle-yate,  
I trow ye shall take farewell o me.'
- 7 'Fear na ye that, my lord,' quo Willie;  
'By the faith o my bodie, Lord  
Scroop,' he said,  
'I never yet lodged in a hostellerie  
But I paid my lawing before I gaed.'
- 8 Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper,  
In Branksome Ha where that he lay,  
That Lord Scroope has taen the Kin-  
mont Willie,  
Between the hours of night and day.
- 9 He has taen the table wi his hand,  
He garrd the red wine spring on  
hie;  
'Now Christ's curse on my head,' he  
said,  
'But avenged of Lord Scroop I'll be!'
- 10 'O is my basnet a widow's curch?  
Or my lance a wand of the willow-  
tree?  
Or my arm a ladye's lilye hand?  
That an English lord should lightly  
me.
- 11 'And have they taen him Kinmont Wil-  
lie,  
Against the truce of Border tide,  
And forgotten that the bauld Bacleuch  
Is keeper here on the Scottish side?
- 12 'And have they een taen him Kinmont  
Willie,  
Withouten either dread or fear,  
And forgotten that the bauld Bacleuch  
Can back a steed, or shake a spear?
- 13 'O were there war between the lands,  
As well I wot that there is none,  
I would slight Carlisle castell high,  
Tho it were builded of marble-stone.
- 14 'I would set that castell in a low,  
And sloken it with English blood;  
There's never a man in Cumberland  
Should ken where Carlisle castell  
stood.
- 15 'But since nae war's between the lands,  
And there is peace, and peace should  
be,  
I'll neither harm English lad or lass,  
And yet the Kinmont freed shall  
be!'
- 16 He has calld him forty marchmen  
bauld,  
I trow they were of his ain name,  
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, calld  
The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.
- 17 He has calld him forty marchmen  
bauld,  
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buc-  
cleuch,  
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld,  
And gleuves of green, and feathers  
blue.
- 18 There were five and five before them a',  
Wi hunting-horns and bugles bright;  
And five and five came wi Buccleuch,  
Like Warden's men, arrayed for fight.
- 19 And five and five like a mason-gang,  
That carried the ladders lang and  
hie;  
And five and five like broken men;  
And so they reached the Woodhouse-  
lee.

0 And as we crossd the Bateable Land,  
When to the English side we held,  
The first o men that we met wi,  
Whae sould it be but fause Sakelde!

1 'Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?'  
Quo fause Sakelde; 'come tell to me!'  
'We go to hunt an English stag,  
Has trespassd on the Scots countrie.'

2 'Where be ye gaun, ye marshal-men?'  
Quo fause Sakelde; 'come tell me true!'  
'We go to catch a rank reiver,  
Has broken faith wi the bauld Buccleuch.'

3 'Where are ye gaun, ye mason-lads,  
Wi a' your ladders lang and hie?'  
'We gang to herry a corbie's nest,  
That wons not far frae Woodhouselee.'

4 'Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?'  
Quo fause Sakelde; 'come tell to me!'  
Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,  
And the never a word o lear had he.

5 'Why trespass ye on the English side?'  
Row-footed outlaws, stand!' quo he;  
The neer a word had Dickie to say,  
Sae he thrust the lance thro his fause bodie.

6 Then on we held for Carlisle toun,  
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we crossd;  
The water was great, and meikle of spait,  
But the nevir a horse nor man we lost.

7 And when we reachd the Staneshaw-bank,  
The wind was rising loud and hie;  
And there the laird garrd leave our steeds,  
For fear that they should stamp and nie.

8 And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,  
The wind began full loud to blaw;  
But 't was wind and weat, and fire and sleet,  
When we came beneath the castel-wa.

29 We crept on knees, and held our breath,  
Till we placed the ladders against the wa;  
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsell  
To mount the first before us a'.

30 He has taen the watchman by the throat,  
He flung him down upon the lead:  
'Had there not been peace between our lauds,  
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed.

31 'Now sound out, trumpets!' quo Buccleuch;  
'Let's waken Lord Scroope right merrilie!'  
Then loud the Warden's 'trumpets blew  
'O whae dare meddle wi me?'

32 Then speedilie to wark we gaed,  
And raised the slogan ane and a',  
And cut a hole thro a sheet of lead,  
And so we wan to the castel-ha.

33 They thought King James and a' his men  
Had won the house wi bow and speir;  
It was but twenty Scots and ten  
That put a thousand in sic a stear!

34 Wi coulter and wi forehammers,  
We garrd the bars bang merrilie,  
Untill we came to the inner prison,  
Where Willie o Kinmont he did lie.

35 And when we cam to the lower prison,  
Where Willie o Kinmont he did lie,  
'O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,  
Upon the morn that thou's to die?'

36 'O I sleep saft, and I wake aft,  
It's lang since sleeping was fleyd frae me;  
Gie my service back to my wyfe and bairns,  
And a' gude fellows that speer for me.'

37 Then Red Rowan has hente him up,  
The starkest men in Teviotdale:  
'Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,  
Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.



- 38 'Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord  
Scroope!  
My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!' he  
cried;  
'I'll pay you for my lodging-maill  
When first we meet on the border-  
side.'
- 39 Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,  
We bore him down the ladder lang;  
At every stride Red Rowan made,  
I wot the Kinmont's airns playd  
clang.
- 40 'O mony a time,' quo Kinmont Willie,  
'I have ridden horse baith wild and  
wood;  
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan  
I ween my legs have neer bestrode.
- 41 'And mony a time,' quo Kinmont Willie,  
'I've pricked a horse out oore the  
furs;  
But since the day I backed a steed  
I nevir wore sic cumbrous spurs.'
- 42 We scarce had won the Staneshaw-  
bank,  
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,  
And a thousand men, in horse and foot,  
Cam wi the keen Lord Scroope along.
- 43 Buccleuch has turned to Eden Water,  
Even where it flowd frae bank to  
brim,  
And he has plunged in wi a' his band,  
And safely swam them thro the  
stream.
- 44 He turned him on the other side,  
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung  
he:  
'If ye like na my visit in merry Eng-  
land,  
In fair Scotland come visit me!'
- 45 All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope,  
He stood as still as rock of stane;  
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes  
When thro the water they had gane.
- 46 'He is either himsell a devil frae hell,  
Or else his mother a witch maun be;  
I wad na have ridden that wan water  
For a' the gowd in Christentie.'

## JOCK O THE SIDE

The earliest appearance of John o the Side is perhaps, in the list of the marauders against whom complaint was made to the Bishop of Carlisle "presently after" Queen Mary Stuart's departure for France; not far, therefore, from 1550: "John of the Side (Gleed John)." The earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland after the failure of the Rising in the North fled first to Liddesdale, and thence "to one of the Armstrongs," in the Debateable Land. The Liddesdale men stole the Countess of Northumberland's horses, and the earls, continuing their flight, left her "on foot, at John of the Syde's house, a cottage not to be compared to any dog-kennel in England." At his departing, "my lord of Westmoreland changed his coat of plate and sword with John of the Syde, to be the more unknown" (Sussex Times, December 22, 1869, printed in Sharp's Memorials of the Rebellion, p. 114 f.).

This ballad is one of the best in the world and enough to make a moss-trooper of any young borderer, had he lacked the impulse. In deference to history, it is put after Kinmont Willie, for it may be a free version of his story. Scott's version (Minstrelsy, 1802, p. 154) is B b, with the insertion of three stanzas (6, 7, 23) from B a.

## A

'John a Side,' Percy MS., p. 254; Hales and Farnivall, II, 203.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 1 PEETER a Whifeild he hath slaine,  
And Iohn a Side, he is tane,  
And Iohn is bound both hand and foot  
And to the New-castle he is gone.
- 2 But tydings came to the Sybill o the  
Side,  
By the water-side as shee rann;  
Shee tooke her kirtle by the hem,  
And fast shee runn to Mangerton.
- 3 . . . . .  
The lord was sett downe at his meate  
When these tydings shee did him tell,  
Neuer a morsell might he eate.
- 4 But lords, the wrunge their fingars white  
Ladyes did pull themselues by the  
haire,

- Crying, Alas and weladay !  
For Iohn o the Side wee shall neuer  
see more.
- 5 'But wee 'le goe sell our droues of kine,  
And after them our oxen sell,  
And after them our troopes of sheepe,  
But wee will loose him out of the  
New Castell.'
- 6 But then bespake him Hobby Noble,  
And spoke these words wonderous  
hye;  
Says, Giue me fwe men to my selfe,  
And I 'le feitch Iohn o the Side to  
thee.
- 7 'Yea, thou 'st haue fwe, Hobby Noble,  
Of the best *that* are in this cuntrye;  
I 'le giue thee fwe thousand, Hobby  
Noble,  
*That walke in Tyuidale trulye.'*
- 8 'Nay, I 'le haue but fwe,' saies Hobby  
Noble,  
*'That shall walke away with mee;  
Wee will ryde like noe men of warr;  
But like poore badgers wee wilbe.'*
- 9 They stuffet vp all their baggs with  
straw,  
And their steeds barefoot must bee;  
'Come on, my bretheren,' saies Hobby  
Noble,  
'Come on your wayes, and goe with  
mee.'
- 10 And when they came to Culerton ford,  
The water was vp, they cold it not  
goe;  
And then they were ware of a good old  
man,  
How his boy and hee were at the  
plowe.
- 11 'But stand you still,' saies Hobby Noble,  
'Stand you still heere at this shore,  
And I will ryde to yonder old man,  
And see w[h]ere the gate it lyes ore.
- 12 'But Christ you saue, father !' quoth  
hee,  
'Crist both you saue and see !  
Where is the way ouer this fford ?  
For Christ's sake tell itt mee !'
- 13 'But I haue dwelled heere three score  
yeere,  
Soe haue I done three score and three;  
I neuer sawe man nor horsse goe ore,  
Except itt were a horse of tree.'
- 14 'But fare thou well, thou good old man !  
The devill in hell I leave with thee,  
Noe better comfort heere this night  
Thow giues my bretheren heere and  
me.'
- 15 But when he came to his brether againe,  
And told this tydings full of woe,  
And then they found a well good gate  
They might ryde ore by two and two.
- 16 And when they were come ouer the  
fforde,  
All safe gotten att the last,  
'Thankes be to God !' saies Hobby  
Nobble,  
'The worst of our perill is past.'
- 17 And then they came into Howbrame  
wood,  
And there then they found a tree,  
And cutt itt downe then by the roote;  
The lenght was thirty ffoote and three.
- 18 And four of them did take the planke,  
As light as it had beene a ffee,  
And carryed itt to the New Castle,  
Where as Iohn a Side did lye.
- 19 And some did climbe vp by the walls,  
And some did climbe vp by the tree,  
Vntill they came vpp to the top of the  
castle,  
Where Iohn made his moane trulye.
- 20 He sayd, God be with thee, Sybill o the  
Side !  
My owne mother thou art, quoth hee;  
If thou knew this night I were here,  
A woe woman then woldest thou bee.
- 21 And fare you well, Lord Mangerton !  
And euer I say God be with thee !  
For if you knew this night I were heere,  
You wold sell your land for to loose  
mee.
- 22 And fare thou well, Much, Millers sonne !  
Much, Millars sonne, I say;

- Thou has beene better att merke mid-  
night  
Then euer thou was att noone o the  
day.
- 23 And fare thou well, my good Lord  
Clough !  
Thou art thy ffathers sonne and heire ;  
Thou neuer saw him in all thy liffe  
But with him durst thou breake a  
speare.
- 24 Wee are brothers childer nine or ten,  
And sisters children ten or eleven.  
We neuer came to the feild to fight,  
But the worst of us was counted a  
man.
- 25 But then bespake him Hobby Noble,  
And spake these words vnto him ;  
Saies, Sleepest thou, wakest thou, Iohn  
o the Side,  
Or art thou this castle within ?
- 26 'But who is there,' quoth Iohn oth Side,  
'That knowes my name soe right and  
free ?'  
'I am a bastard-brother of thine ;  
This night I am comen for to loose  
thee.'
- 27 'Now nay, now nay,' quoth Iohn o the  
Side ;  
'Itt ffeares me sore *that* will not bee ;  
Ffor a pecke of gold and silver,' Iohn  
sayd,  
'In faith this night will not loose mee.'
- 28 But then bespake him Hobby Noble,  
And till his brother thus sayd hee ;  
Sayes, Four shall take this matter in  
hand,  
And two shall tent our geldings ffree.
- 29 Four did breake one dore without,  
Then Iohn brake fine himsell ;  
But when they came to the iron dore,  
It smote twelue vpon the bell.
- 30 'Itt ffeares me sore,' sayd Much, the  
Miller,  
'That heere taken wee all shalbee ;'  
'But goe away, bretheren,' sayd Iohn a  
Side,  
'For euer alas ! this will not bee.'
- 31 'But ffeye vpon thee !' sayd Hobby  
Noble ;  
'Much, the Miller, fye vpon thee !  
It sore feares me,' said Hobby Noble,  
'Man *that* thou wilt neuer bee.'
- 32 But then he had Fflanders files two o  
three,  
And hee fyled downe *that* iron dore,  
And tooke Iohn out of the New Castle  
And sayd, Looke thou neuer com  
heere more !
- 33 When he had him fforth of the New  
Castle,  
'Away with me, Iohn, thou shal  
ryde :'  
But euer alas ! itt cold not bee ;  
For Iohn cold neither sitt nor stryde
- 34 But then he had sheets two or three,  
And bound Iohns boults fast to his  
ffeete,  
And sett him on a well good steede,  
Himselke on another by him seete.
- 35 Then Hobby Noble smiled and long[h]  
And spoke these worde in mickle  
pryde :  
Thou sits soe finely on thy geldinge  
That, Iohn, thou rydes like a bryde.
- 36 And when they came thorow Howbram  
brame towne,  
Iohns horsse there stumbled at  
stone ;  
'Out and alas !' cryed Much, the Miller,  
'Iohn, thou 'le make vs all be tane.'
- 37 'But fye vpon thee !' saies Hobby  
Noble,  
'Much, the Millar, fye on thee !  
I know full well,' sayes Hobby Noble,  
'Man *that* thou wilt neuer bee.'
- 38 And when the came into Howbram  
wood,  
He had Fflanders files two or three  
To file Iohns bolts beside his ffeete,  
That hee might ryde more easlye.
- 39 Sayes, 'Iohn, now leape ouer a steede  
And Iohn then hee lope ouer fine :  
'I know well,' sayes Hobby Noble,  
'Iohn, thy fellow is not alieue.'

40 Then he brought him home to Manger-  
ton;  
The lord then he was att his meate;  
But when Iohn o the Side he there did  
see,  
For faine hee cold noe more eate.

41 He sayes, Blest be thou, Hobby Noble,  
That euer thou wast man borne!  
Thou hast feitched vs home good Iohn  
oth Side,  
That was now cleane ffrom vs gone.

## B

'Jock o the Side.' a. Caw's Poetical Mu-  
seum, 1784, p. 145; "from an old manuscript  
copy." b. Campbell's Albyn's Anthology, II,  
28, 1818; "taken down from the recitation of  
Mr Thomas Shortreed," of Jedburgh, "who  
learnt it from his father."

1 'Now Liddisdale has ridden a raid,  
But I wat they had better staid at  
hame;  
For Mitchel o Winfield he is dead,  
And my son Johnie is prisner tane.'  
With my fa ding diddle, la la dow  
diddle.

2 For Mangerton House auld Downie is  
gane;  
Her coats she has kilted up to her  
knee,  
And down the water wi speed she  
rins,  
While tears in spaits fa fast frae her  
eie.

3 Then up and bespake the lord Manger-  
ton:  
'What news, what news, sister Dow-  
nie, to me?'  
'Bad news, bad news, my lord Manger-  
ton;  
Mitchel is killd, and tane they hae  
my son Johnie.'

4 'Neer fear, sister Downie,' quo Manger-  
ton;  
'I hae yokes of oxen four and twentie,  
My barns, my byres, and my faulds, a'  
weel filld,  
And I'll part wi them a' ere Johnie  
shall die.

5 'Three men I'll take to set him free,  
Weel harnessd a' wi best o steel;  
The English rogues may hear, and drie  
The weight o their braid swords to  
feel.

6 'The Laird's Jock ane, the Laird's Wat  
twa,  
Oh, Hobie Noble, thou ane maun  
be;  
Thy coat is blue, thou has been true,  
Since England banishd thee, to me.'

7 Now Hobie was an English man,  
In Bewcastle-dale was bred and born;  
But his misdeeds they were sae great,  
They banishd him neer to return.

8 Lord Mangerton them orders gave,  
'Your horses the wrang way maun a'  
be shod;  
Like gentlemen ye must not seem,  
But look like corn-caugers gawn ae  
road.

9 'Your armour gude ye maunna shaw,  
Nor ance appear like men o weir;  
As country lads be all arrayd,  
Wi branks and brecham on ilk mare.'

10 Sae now a' their horses are shod the  
wrang way,  
And Hobie has mounted his grey sae  
fine,  
Jock his lively bay, Wat's on his white  
horse behind,  
And on they rode for the water o  
Tyne.

11 At the Choler-ford they a' light down,  
And there, wi the help o the light o  
the moon,  
A tree they cut, wi fifteen naggs upo  
ilk side,  
To climb up the wa o Newcastle town.

12 But when they cam to Newcastle town,  
And were alighted at the wa,  
They fand their tree three ells oer laigh,  
They fand their stick baith short and  
sma.

13 Then up and spake the Laird's ain Jock,  
'There's naething for 't, the gates  
we maun force;'

- But when they cam the gates unto,  
A proud porter withstood baith men  
and horse.
- 14 His neck in twa I wat they hae wrung,  
Wi hand or foot he neer playd paw;  
His life and his keys at anes they hae  
tane,  
And cast his body ahind the wa.
- 15 Now soon they reach Newcastle jail,  
And to the prisner thus they call:  
'Sleips thou, wakes thou, Jock o the  
Side?  
Or is thou wearied o thy thrall?'
- 16 Jock answers thus, wi dolefu tone:  
Aft, aft I wake, I seldom sleip;  
But wha's this kens my name sae weel,  
And thus to hear my waes do[e]s  
seik?
- 17 Then up and spake the good Laird's  
Jock,  
'Neer fear ye now, my billie,' quo he;  
'For here's the Laird's Jock, the  
Laird's Wat,  
And Hobie Noble, come to set thee  
free.'
- 18 'Oh, had thy tongue, and speak nae  
mair,  
And o thy tawlk now let me be!  
For if a' Liddisdale were here the night,  
The morn's the day that I maun die.
- 19 'Full fifteen stane o Spanish iron  
They hae laid a' right sair on me;  
Wi locks and keys I am fast bound  
Into this dungeon niirk and drearie.'
- 20 'Fear ye no that,' quo the Laird's Jock;  
'A faint heart neer wan a fair ladie;  
Work thou within, we'll work without,  
And I'll be bound we set thee free.'
- 21 The first strong dore that they came at,  
They loosed it without a key;  
The next chaind dore that they cam at,  
They gard it a' in flinders flee.
- 22 The prisner now, upo his back,  
The Laird's Jock's gotten up fu hie;  
And down the stair him, irons and a',  
Wi nae sma speed and joy brings he.
- 23 'Now, Jock, I wat,' quo Hobie Noble,  
'Part o the weight ye may lay on me;  
'I wat weel no,' quo the Laird's Jock,  
'I count him lighter than a flee.'
- 24 Sae out at the gates they a' are gane,  
The prisner's set on horseback hie;  
And now wi speed they've tane the  
gate,  
While ilk ane jokes fu wantonlie.
- 25 'O Jock, sae winsomely's ye ride,  
Wi baith your feet upo ae side!  
Sae weel's ye're harnessd, and sae trig  
In troth ye sit like ony bride.'
- 26 The night, tho wat, they didna mind,  
But hied them on fu mirrilie,  
Until they cam to Cholerford brae,  
Where the water ran like mountains  
hie.
- 27 But when they came to Cholerford,  
There they met with an auld man;  
Says, Honest man, will the water ride  
Tell us in haste, if that ye can.
- 28 'I wat weel no,' quo the good auld man  
'Here I hae livd this threty yeirs an  
three,  
And I neer yet saw the Tyne sae big,  
Nqr rinnin' ance sae like a sea.'
- 29 Then up and spake the Laird's saft Wat  
The greatest coward in the company  
'Now halt, now halt, we needna try't;  
The day is comd we a' maun die!'
- 30 'Poor faint-hearted thief!' quo the  
Laird's Jock,  
'There'll nae man die but he that  
fie;  
I'll lead ye a' right safely through;  
Lift ye the prisner on ahint me.'
- 31 Sae now the water they a' hae tane,  
By anes and twas they a' swar  
through;  
'Here are we a' safe,' says the Laird's  
Jock,  
'And, poor faint Wat, what think ye  
now?'
- 32 They scarce the ither side had won,  
When twenty men they saw pursue;



Frae Newcastle town they had been sent,  
A' English lads, right good and true.

33 But when the land-sergeant the water  
saw,

'It winna ride, my lads,' quo he;  
Then out he cries, Ye the prisner may  
take,  
But leave the irons, I pray, to me.

34 'I wat weel no,' cryd the Laird's Jock,  
'I'll keep them a', shoon to my mare  
they'll be;

My good grey mare, for I am sure,  
She's bought them a' fu dear frae  
thee.'

35 Sae now they're away for Liddisdale,  
Een as fast as they coud them hie;

The prisner's brought to his ain fireside,  
And there o's airns they make him  
free.

36 'Now, Jock, my billie,' quo a' the three,  
'The day was comd thou was to die;

But thou's as weel at thy ain fire-side,  
Now sitting, I think, tween thee and  
me.'

37 They hae gard fill up ae punch-bowl,  
And after it they maun hae anither,

And thus the night they a' hae spent,  
Just as they had been brither and  
brither.

188

## ARCHIE O CAWFIELD

This ballad is in all of the salient features a repetition of 'Jock o the Side' (No. 187), Halls playing the parts of Armstrongs. The Halls are several times complained of for reif and away-taking of ky, oxen, etc., in 1579. B a was printed by Scott in the first edition of his Minstrelsy, with certain changes, besides Scotticising of the spelling. The later edition of the same contains ten stanzas from another version preserved in Abbotsford MS. (see Child, iv, 516) and omits some stanzas of B a. The new stanzas are given in the Notes as they stand in the manuscript.

## A

'Archie of the Cawfield,' Percy Papers. communicated to Percy by Miss Fisher of Carlisle, 1780.

1 LATE in an evening forth as I went,  
'T was on the dawning of the day;  
I heard two brothers make their moan,  
I listend well what they did say.

2 . . . . .  
We were three born brethren,  
There[s] one of us condemnd to die.

3 Then up bespake Jock the laird:  
'If I had but a hundre men,  
A hundred o th best i Christenty,  
I wad go on to fair Dumfries, I wad  
loose my brother and set him free.'

4 So up bespak then Dicky Ha,  
He was the wisest o the three:  
'A hundre men we'll never get,  
Neither for gold nor fee,  
But some of them will us betray;  
They'l neither fight for gold nor fee.

5 'Had I but ten well-wight men,  
Ten o the best i Christenty,  
I wad gae on to fair Dumfries,  
I wad loose my brother and set him  
free.

6 'Jocky Ha, our cousin, 's be the first  
man'  
(For leugh o Liddesdale cracked he);  
'An ever we come till a pinch,  
He'll be as good as ony three.'

7 They mounted ten well-wight men,  
Ten o the best i Christenty;  
. . . . .

8 There was horsing and horsing of haste,  
And cracking o whips out oer the  
lee,  
Till they came to fair Barngliss,  
And they ca'd the smith right quietly.

9 He has shod them a' their horse,  
He's shod them siccer and honestly,  
And he as turnd the cawkers backwards  
oer,  
Where foremost they were wont to be.

10 And there was horsing, horsing of haste,  
And cracking of whips out oer the  
lee,

Until they came to the Bonshaw wood,  
Where they held their council privately.

11 Some says, We'll gang the Annan road,  
It is the better road, said they;  
Up bespak then Dicky Ha,  
The wisest of that company.

12 'Annan road's a publick road,  
It's no the road that makes for me;  
But we will through at Hoddam ford,  
It is the better road,' said he.

13 And there was horsing, horsing o haste,  
And cracking of whips out oer the lea,  
Until they came to fair Dumfries,  
And it was newly stricken three.

14 Up bespake then Jocky Ha,  
For leugh o Liddesdale cracked he:  
'I have a mare, they ca her Meg,  
She is the best i Christenty;  
An ever we come till a pinch,  
She'll bring awa both thee and me.'

15 'But five we'll leave to had our horse,  
And five will watch, guard for to be;  
Who is the man,' said Dicky then,  
'To the prison-door will go with me?'

16 Up bespak then Jocky Ha,  
For leugh o Liddesdale cracked he:  
'I am the man,' said Jocky than,  
'To the prison-door I'll go with thee.'

17 They are up the jail-stair,  
They stepped it right soberly,  
Until they came to the jail-door;  
They ca'd the prisoner quietly.

18 'O sleeps thou, wakest thou, Archie, my billy?  
O sleeps thou, wakes thou, dear billy?'  
'Sometimes I sleep, sometimes I wake;  
But who's that knows my name so well?' [said he.]  
'I am thy brother Dicky,' he says;  
'This night I'm come to borrow thee.'

19 But up bespake the prisoner then,  
And O but he spake woefully!  
'Today has been a justice-court,  
.

And a' Liddesdale were here the night  
The morn's the day at I'se to die.'

20 'What is thy crime, Archie, my billy?  
What is the crime they lay to thee?  
I brake a spear i the warden's breas  
For saving my master's land,' said he.

21 'If that be a' the crime they lay to thee  
Archie, my billy,  
If that be the crime they lay to thee  
Work thou within, and me without,  
And thro good strength I'll borrow thee.'

22 'I cannot work, billy,' he says,  
'I cannot work, billy, with thee,  
For fifteen stone of Spanish iron  
Lyes fast to me with lock and key.'

23 When Dicky he heard that,  
'Away, thou crabby chiel!' cried he  
He's taen the door aye with his foot,  
And fast he followd it with his knee  
Till a' the bolts the door hung on,  
O th' prison-floor he made them flee.

24 'Thou's welcome, welcome, Archy, my billy,  
Thou's aye right dear welcome to me;  
There shall be straits this day,' he said  
'This day or thou be taen from me.'

25 He's got the prisoner on o his back,  
He's gotten him irons and aw,  
.

26 Up bespake then Jocky Ha,  
'Let some o th' prisoner lean on me;  
'The diel o there,' quo Dicky than,  
'He's no the wightdom of a flea.'

27 They are on o that gray mare,  
And they are on o her aw three,  
And they linked the irons about her neck,  
And galloped the street right wairly.

28 'To horse, to horse,' then, 'all,' he says  
'Horse ye with all the might ye may  
For the jailor he will waken next;  
And the prisoners had a' wan away

- 29 There was horsing, horsing of haste,  
And cracking o whips out oer the lea,  
Until they came to the Bonshaw Shield;  
There they held their council privately.
- 30 Some says, 'We'll gang the Annan road;  
It is the better road,' said they;  
But up bespak than Dicky Ha,  
The wisest of that company:
- 31 'Annan road's a publick road,  
It's not the road that makes for me;  
But we will through at Annan Holme,  
It is the better road,' said he;  
'An we were in at Wainfrey Gate,  
The Johnstones they will a' help me.'
- 32 But Dicky lookd oer his left shoulder,  
I wait a wiley look gave he;  
He spied the lieutenant coming,  
And a hundre men of his company.
- 33 'So horse ye, horse ye, lads!' he said,  
'O horse ye, sure and siccerly!  
For yonder is the lieutenant,  
With a hundred men of his company.'
- 34 There was horsing, horsing of haste,  
And cracking o whips out oer the lea,  
Until they came to Annan Holme,  
And it was running like a sea.
- 35 But up bespake the lieutenant,  
Until a bonny lad said he,  
'Who is the man,' said the lieutenant,  
'Rides foremost of yon company?'
- 36 Then up bespake the bonny lad,  
Until the lieutenant said he,  
'Some men do ca him Dicky Ha,  
Rides foremost of yon company.'
- 37 'O haste ye, haste ye!' said the lieutenant,  
'Pursue with a' the might ye may!  
For the man had needs to be well saint  
That comes thro the hands o Dicky Ha.'
- 38 But up bespak Jock the laird,  
'This has been a dearsome night to me;
- I've a colt of four years old,  
I wait he wannelld like the wind;  
If ever he come to the deep,  
He will plump down, leave me behind.'
- 39 'Wae light o thee and thy horse baith,  
Jock,  
And even so thy horse and thee!  
Take thou mine, and I'll take thine,  
Foul fa the warst horse i th' company!  
I'll cast the prisoner me behind;  
There'll no man die but him that's fee.'
- 40 There they've a' taen the flood,  
And they have taen it hastily;  
Dicky was the hindmost took the flood,  
And foremost on the land stood he.
- 41 Dicky's turnd his horse about,  
And he has turnd it hastily:  
'Come through, come thro, my lieutenant,  
Come thro this day, and drink wi me,  
And thy dinner's be dressd in Annan Holme,  
It sall not cost thee one penny.'
- 42 'I think some witch has bore the, Dicky,  
Or some devil in hell been thy daddy;  
I woud not swum that wan water double-horsed,  
For a' the gold in Christenty.
- 43 'But throw me thro my irons, Dicky,  
I wait they cost me full dear;'  
'O devil be there,' quo Jocky Hall,  
'They'll be good shoon to my gray mare.'
- 44 O up bespoke then Jock the laird,  
'This has been a dearsome night to me;  
For yesternight the Cawfield was my ain,  
Landsman again I neer sall be.'
- 45 'Now wae light o thee and thy lands baith, Jock,  
And even so baith the land and thee!  
For gear will come and gear will gang,  
But three brothers again we never were to be.'

## B

'Archie of Cafield' (miswritten 'Capeld'),  
Glenriddell MSS., xi, 14, 1791, "an old West  
Border ballad;" Scott's Minstrelsy, 1802, i, 177.

- 1 As I was walking mine alane,  
It was by the dawning o the day,  
I heard twa brothers make their maine,  
And I listned well what they did say.
- 2 The eldest to the youngest said,  
'O dear brother, how can this be!  
There was three brethren of us born,  
And one of us is condemnd to die.'
- 3 'O chuse ye out a hundred men,  
A hundred men in Christ[e]ndie,  
And we'll away to Dumfries town,  
And set our billie Archie free.'
- 4 'A hundred men you cannot get,  
Nor yet sixteen in Christendie;  
For some of them will us betray,  
And other some will work for fee.
- 5 'But chuse ye out eleven men,  
And we ourselves thirteen will be,  
And we'll away to Dumfries town,  
And borrow bony billie Archie.'
- 6 There was horsing, horsing in haste,  
And there was marching upon the lee,  
Untill they came to the Murraywhat,  
And they lighted a' right speedylie.
- 7 'A smith, a smith!' Dickie he cries,  
'A smith, a smith, right speedily,  
To turn back the cakers of our horses  
feet!  
For it is forward we woud be.'
- 8 There was a horsing, horsing in haste,  
There was marching on the lee,  
Untill they came to Dumfries port,  
And there they lighted right man-  
fulie.
- 9 'There six of us will hold the horse,  
And other five watchmen will be;  
But who is the man among you a'  
Will go to the Tolbooth door wi me?'
- 10 O up then spake Jokie Hall  
(Fra the laigh of Tiviotdale was he),  
'If it should cost my life this very night,  
I'll ga to the Tollbooth door wi thee.'
- 11 'O sleepst thou, wakest thow, Archie  
laddie?  
O sleepst thou, wakest thow, dear  
billie?'  
'I sleep but saft, I waken oft,  
For the morn's the day that I man  
die.'
- 12 'Be o good cheer now, Archie lad,  
Be o good cheer now, dear billie;  
Work thow within and I without,  
And the morn thou's dine at Cafield  
wi me.'
- 13 'O work, O work, Archie?' he cries,  
'O work, O work? ther's na work-  
ing for me;  
For ther's fifteen stane o Spanish iron,  
And it lys fow sair on my body.'
- 14 O Jokie Hall stept to the door,  
And he bended it back upon his knee,  
And he made the bolts that the door  
hang on  
Jump to the wa right wantonlie.
- 15 He took the prisoner on his back,  
And down the Tollbooth stairs came  
he;  
Out then spak Dickie and said,  
Let some o the weight fa on me;  
'O shame a ma!' co Jokie Ha,  
'For he's no the weight of a poor flee.'
- 16 The gray mare stands at the door,  
And I wat neer a foot stirt she,  
Till they laid the links out oer her neck,  
And her girth was the gold-twist to be.
- 17 And they came down thro Dumfries  
town,  
And O but they came bonily!  
Untill they came to Lochmaben port,  
And they leugh a' the night manfulie.
- 18 There was horsing, horsing in haste,  
And there was marching on the lee,  
Untill they came to the Murraywhat,  
And they lighted a' right speedilie.
- 19 'A smith, a smith!' Dickie he cries,  
'A smith, a smith, right speedilie,

- To file off the shakles fra my dear brother!  
For it is forward we wad be.'
- 20 They had not flitt a shakle of iron,  
A shakle of iron but barely three,  
Till out then spake young Simon brave,  
'Ye do na see what I do see.
- 21 'Lo yonder comes Liewtenant Gordon,  
And a hundred men in his company:'  
'O wo is me!' then Archie cries,  
'For I'm the prisoner, and I must die.'
- 22 O there was horsing, horsing in haste,  
And there was marching upon the lee,  
Untill they came to Annan side,  
And it was flowing like the sea.
- 23 'I have a colt, and he's four years old,  
And he can amble like the wind,  
But when he comes to the belly deep,  
He lays himself down on the ground.'
- 24 'But I have a mare, and they call her  
Meg,  
And she's the best in Christendie;  
Set ye the prisoner me behind;  
Ther'll na man die but he that's  
fae!'
- 25 Now they did swim that wan water,  
And O but they swam bonilie!  
Untill they came to the other side,  
And they wrang their cloathes right  
drunk[i]lie.
- 26 'Come through, come through, Liew-  
tenant Gordon!  
Come through, and drink some wine  
wi me!  
For ther's a ale-house neer hard by,  
And it shall not cost thee one penny.'
- 27 'Throw me my irons, Dickie!' he cries,  
'For I wat they cost me right dear;'  
'O shame a ma!' cries Jokie Ha,  
'For they'll be good shoon to my  
gray mare.'
- 28 'Surely thy minnie has been some witch,  
Or thy dad some warlock has been;  
Else thow had never attempted such,  
Or to the bottom thow had gone.

- 29 'Throw me my irons, Dickie!' he cries,  
'For I wot they cost me dear enough;'  
'O shame a ma!' cries Jokie Ha,  
'They'll be good shakles to my  
plough.'
- 30 'Come through, come through, Liew-  
tenant Gordon!  
Come throw, and drink some wine wi  
me!  
For yesterday I was your prisoner,  
But now the night I am set free.'

## 189

## HOBIE NOBLE

Hobie Noble, though banished from Bewcastle for his irregularities, will always command the hearty liking of those who live too late to suffer from them, on account of his gallant bearing in the rescue of Jock o the Side (No. 187); see especially A, of which Hobie is the hero. All that we know of him is so much as we are told in that ballad and in this.

a. Caw's Poetical Museum, p. 193. b. 'Hobie Noble,' Percy Papers, apparently from Roger Halt, 1775.

- 1 FOUL fa the breast first treason bred in!  
That Liddisdale may safely say,  
For in it there was baith meat and drink,  
And corn unto our geldings gay.  
Fala la diddle, etc.
- 2 We were stout-hearted men and true,  
As England it did often say;  
But now we may turn our backs and fly,  
Since brave Noble is sold away.
- 3 Now Hobie he was an English man,  
And born into Bewcastle dale,  
But his misdeeds they were sae great,  
They banishd him to Liddisdale.
- 4 At Kershope-foot the tryst was set,  
Kershope of the lily lee;  
And there was traitour Sim o the Mains,  
With him a private companie.
- 5 Then Hobie has graithd his body weel,  
I wat it was wi baith good iron and  
steel;



- And he has pulld out his fringed grey,  
And there, brave Noble, he rade him  
weel.
- 6 Then Hobie is down the water gane,  
Een as fast as he may drie;  
Tho they shoud a' brusten and broken  
their hearts,  
Frae that tryst Noble he would not be.
- 7 'Weel may ye be, my feiries five!  
And aye, what is your wills wi me?'  
Then they cryd a' wi ae consent,  
Thou'rt welcome here, brave Noble,  
to me.
- 8 Wilt thou with us in England ride?  
And thy safe-warrant we will be,  
If we get a horse worth a hundred  
punds,  
Upon his back that thou shalt be.
- 9 'I dare not with you into England ride,  
The land-sergeant has me at feid;  
I know not what evil may betide  
For Peter of Whitfield his brother's  
dead.
- 10 'And Anton Shiel, he loves not me,  
For I gat twa drifts of his sheep;  
The great Earl of Whitfield loves me  
not,  
For nae gear frae me he eer could  
keep.
- 11 'But will ye stay till the day gae down,  
Until the night come oer the grund,  
And I'll be a guide worth ony twa  
That may in Liddisdale be fund.
- 12 'Tho dark the night as pick and tar,  
I'll guide ye oer yon hills fu hie,  
And bring ye a' in safety back,  
If you'll be true and follow me.'
- 13 He's guided them oer moss and muir,  
Oer hill and houp, and mony ae down,  
Til they came to the Foulbogshiel,  
And there brave Noble he lighted  
down.
- 14 Then word is gane to the land-sergeant,  
In Askirton where that he lay:  
'The deer that ye hae hunted lang  
Is seen into the Waste this day.'
- 15 'Then Hobie Noble is that deer;  
I wat he carries the style fu hie!  
Aft has he beat your slough-hound  
back,  
And set yourselves at little eie.
- 16 'Gar warn the bows of Hartlie-burn,  
See they shaft their arrows on the w  
Warn Willeva and Spear Edom,  
And see the morn they meet me a'.
- 17 'Gar meet me on the Rodrie-haugh,  
And see it be by break o day;  
And we will on to Conscowthart Green  
For there, I think, w'll get ou  
prey.'
- 18 Then Hobie Noble has dreamd a dream  
In the Foulbogshiel where that he lay  
He thought his horse was neath him  
shot,  
And he himself got hard away.
- 19 The cocks could crow, and the day  
could dawn,  
And I wat so even down fell the  
rain;  
If Hobie had no wakend at that time,  
In the Foulbogshiel he had been tane  
or slain.
- 20 'Get up, get up, my feiries five —  
For I wat here makes a fu ill day —  
And the warst clock of this companie  
I hope shall cross the Waste thi  
day.'
- 21 Now Hobie thought the gates were  
clear,  
But, ever alas! it was not sae;  
They were beset wi cruel men and keen  
That away brave Noble could not gae
- 22 'Yet follow me, my feiries five,  
And see of me ye keep good ray,  
And the worst clock of this companie  
I hope shall cross the Waste thi  
day.'
- 23 There was heaps of men now Hobie  
before,  
And other heaps was him behind,  
That had he been as wight as Wallace  
was  
Away brave Noble he could not win.

- 24 Then Hobie he had but a laddies sword,  
But he did more than a laddies deed;  
In the midst of Conscouthart Green,  
He brake it oer Jers a Wigham's  
head.
- 25 Now they have tane brave Hobie Noble,  
Wi his ain bowstring they band him  
sae;  
And I wat his heart was neer sae sair  
As when his ain five band him on the  
brae.
- 26 They have tane him [on] for West Car-  
lisle;  
They askd him if he knew the way;  
Whateer he thought, yet little he said;  
He knew the way as well as they.
- 27 They hae tane him up the Ricker-gate;  
The wives they cast their windows  
wide,  
And ilka wife to anither can say,  
That's the man loosd Jock o the  
Side!
- 28 'Fy on ye, women! why ca ye me man?  
For it's nae man that I'm usd like;  
I'm but like a forfoughen hound,  
Has been fighting in a dirty syke.'
- 29 Then they hae tane him up thro Car-  
lisle town,  
And set him by the chimney-fire;  
They gave brave Noble a wheat loaf to  
eat,  
And that was little his desire.
- 30 Then they gave him a wheat loaf to eat  
And after that a can o beer;  
Then they cried a', wi ae consent,  
Eat, brave Noble, and make good  
cheer!
- 31 Confess my lord's horse, Hobie, they  
say,  
And the morn in Carlisle thou's no  
die;  
'How shall I confess them?' Hobie  
says,  
'For I never saw them with mine eye.'
- 32 Then Hobie has sworn a fu great aith,  
By the day that he was gotten or  
born,

He never had anything o my lord's  
That either eat him grass or corn.

- 33 'Now fare thee weel, sweet Mangerton!  
For I think again I'll neer thee see;  
I wad betray nae lad alive,  
For a' the goud in Christentie.
- 34 'And fare thee well now, Liddisdale,  
Baith the hie land and the law!  
Keep ye weel frae traitor Mains!  
For goud and gear he'll sell ye a'.
- 35 'I'd rather be ca'd Hobie Noble,  
In Carlisle, where he suffers for his  
faut,  
Before I were ca'd traitor Mains,  
That eats and drinks of meal and  
maut.'

190

## JAMIE TELFER IN THE FAIR DODHEAD

A\* is from a manuscript written about the beginning of the nineteenth century and now in the possession of Mr William Macmath. Scott's copy (*Minstrelsy*, 1802, I, 80) has a few more stanzas than A, and attributes the honor of the rescue to the Scotts of Teviotdale, but it resembles A closely, even in details of phraseology. Scott's title, 'Jamie Telfer of the Fair Dodhead,' makes Jamie proprietor of the estate, whereas 'in' signifies, according to Scottish usage, that he was a tenant simply. The situation of the Dodhead is uncertain.

A\*

'Jamie Telfer in the Fair Dodhead,' C. K. Sharpe's papers.

- 1 It fell about the Martinmas,  
When steads were fed wi corn and  
hay,  
The Captain of Bewcastle said to his  
lads,  
We'll into Teviotdale and seek a prey.
- 2 The first ae guide that they met with  
Was high up in Hardhaugh swire,  
The second guide that they met with  
Was laigh down in Borthick water.

- 3 'What tidings, what tidings, my bonny guide ?'  
'Nae tidings, nae tidings I hae to thee;  
But if ye 'll gae to the Fair Dodhead  
Mony a cow's calf I 'll let ye see.'
- 4 When they came to the Fair Dodhead,  
Right hastily they clam the peel,  
They loosd the nolt out, ane and a',  
And ranshakled the house right weel.
- 5 Now Jamie's heart it was right sair,  
The tear ay rowing in his eye;  
He pled wi the Captain to hae his gear,  
Or else revenged he would be.
- 6 Bat the Captain turnd himsel about,  
Said, Man, there's naething in thy house  
But an auld sword without a scabbard,  
That scarcely now would fell a mouse.
- 7 The moon was up and the sun was down,  
'T was the gryming of a new-fa'n snaw;  
Jamie Telfer has run eight miles bare-foot  
Between Dodhead and Branhholm Ha.
- 8 And when he came to Branhholm Ha  
He shouted loud and cry'd weel he,  
Till up bespake then auld Buccleugh,  
'Whae's this that brings the fray to me ?'
- 9 'It's I, Jamie Telfer i the Fair Dod-head,  
And a harried man I think I be;  
There's naething left i the Fair Dod-head  
But only wife and children three.'
- 10 'Gae seek your succour frae Martin Elliot,  
For succour ye's get nane frae me;  
Gae seek your succour where ye paid blackmail,  
For, man, ye never paid money to me.'
- 11 Jamie he's turnd him round about,  
And ay the tear blinded his eye:  
'I'se never pay mail to Scott again,  
Nor the Fair Dodhead I 'll ever see.'
- 12 Now Jamie is up the water-gate,  
Een as fast as he can drie,  
Till he came to the Coultart Clough,  
And there he shouted and cry'd weel he.
- 13 Then up bespake him auld Jock Grieve  
'Whae's this that bring[s] the fray to me ?'  
'It's I, Jamie Telfer i the Fair Dod-head,  
And a harried man I think I be.
- 14 'There's naething left i the Fair Dod-head  
But only wife and children three,  
And sax poor calves stand i the sta,  
A' routing loud for their minnie.'
- 15 'Alack, wae's me !' co auld Jock Grieve,  
'Alack, alack, and wae is me !  
For ye was married t' the auld sister,  
And I t' the younges[t] o the three.'
- 16 Then he's taen out a bonny black,  
It was weel fed wi corn and hay,  
'And set Jamie Telfer on his back,  
To the Catlock hill to take the fray.
- 17 When he came to the Catlock hill,  
He shouted loud and cry'd weel he;  
Whae's that, whae's that ?' co Martin's Hab,  
'Whae's this that brings the fray to me ?'
- 18 'It's I, Jamie Telfer i the Fair Dod-head,  
And a harried man I think I be;  
There's neathing left i the Fair Dod-head  
But only wife and children three.'
- 19 'Alack, wae's me !' co Martin's Hab,  
'Alack, awae, my heart is sair !  
I never came bye the Fair Dodhead  
That ever I faund thy basket bare.'
- 20 Then he's taen out a bonny black,  
It was weel fed wi corn and hay,  
And set Jamie Telfer on his back  
To the Pricken haugh to take the fray
- 21 When he came to the Pricken haugh,  
He shouted loud and cry'd weel he;

- Up then bespake auld Martin Elliot,  
'Whae's this that brings the fray to  
me?'
- 22 'It's I, Jamie Telfer i the Fair Dod-  
head,  
And a harried man I think I be;  
There's naething left i the Fair Dod-  
head  
But only wife and children three.'
- 23 'Ever alack!' can Martin say,  
'And ay my heart is sair for thee!  
But fy, gar ea on Simmy my son,  
'And see that he come hastily.'
- 24 'Fy, gar warn the water-side,  
Gar warn it soon and hastily;  
Them that winna ride for Telfer's kye,  
Let them never look i the face o me.'
- 25 'Gar warn the water, braid and wide,  
And warn the Currers i the shaw;  
When ye come in at the Hermitage slack,  
Warn doughty Willie o Gorrenberry.'
- 26 The gear was driven the Frostily up,  
From the Frostily into the plain;  
When Simmie lookèd him afore,  
He saw the kye right fast driving.
- 27 'Whae drives the kye,' then Simmy can  
say,  
'To make an outspeckle o me?'  
'It's I, the Captain o Bewcastle, Sim-  
my,  
I winna lain my name frae thee.'
- 28 'O will ye let the gear gae back?  
Or will ye do any thing for me?'  
'I winna let the gear gae back,  
Nor naething, Simmy, I'll do for  
the[e].'
- 29 'But I'll drive Jamie Telfer's kye  
In spite o Jamie Telfer's teeth and  
thee;'  
'Then by my sooth,' can Simmy say,  
'I'll ware my dame's calfskin on  
thee.'
- 30 'Fa on them, lads!' can Simmy say,  
'Fy, fa on them cruelly!  
For or they win to the Ritter ford  
Mony toom saddle there shall be.'
- 31 But Simmy was stricken oer the head,  
And thro the napskape it is gane,  
And Moscrop made a dolefull rage  
When Simmy on the ground lay slain.
- 32 'Fy, lay on them!' co Martin Elliot,  
'Fy, lay on them cruelly!  
For ere they win to the Kershopp ford  
Mony toom saddle there shall be.'
- 33 John o Biggam he was slain,  
And John o Barlow, as I heard say,  
And fifteen o the Captain's men  
Lay bleeding on the ground that  
day.
- 34 The Captain was shot through the head,  
And also through the left ba-stane;  
Tho he had livd this hundred years,  
He'd neer been loed by woman again.
- 35 The word is gane unto his bride,  
Een in the bower where she lay,  
That her good lord was in 's enemy's  
land  
Since into Tiviotdale he led the way.
- 36 'I loord a had a winding sheed  
And helpd to put it oer his head,  
Or he'd been taen in 's enemy's lands,  
Since he oer Liddle his men did  
lead.'
- 37 There was a man in our company,  
And his name was Willie Wudëspsurs:  
'There is a house in the Stanegarside,  
If any man will ride with us.'
- 38 When they came to the Stanegarside,  
They bangd wi trees and brake the  
door,  
They loosd the kye out, ane and a',  
And set them furth our lads before.
- 39 There was an auld wif ayont the fire,  
A wee bit o the Captain's kin:  
'Whae loo[s]es out the Captain's kye,  
And sae mony o the Captain's men  
wi[t]hin?'
- 40 'I, Willie Wudëspsurs, let out the kye,  
I winna lain my name frae thee,  
And I'll loose out the Captain's kye  
In spite o the Captain's teeth and  
thee.'

- 41 Now on they came to the Fair Dodhead,  
They were a welcome sight to see,  
And instead of his ain ten milk-kye  
Jamie Telfer's gotten thirty and  
three.

191

## HUGHIE GRAME

Scott's copy in the *Minstrelsy* (1803, III, 85) is from C\*, a version procured for him by William Laidlaw, with the insertion of some stanzas from Ritson's *Ancient Songs*. Ritson's version is A a, collated with another copy. Scott conjectures that Hugh Graham may have been one of more than four hundred borderers against whom complaints were exhibited to the Lord Bishop of Carlisle in 1548.

## A

'The Life and Death of Sir Hugh of the Grime.' a. *Roxburghe Ballads*, II, 294. b. *Douce Ballads*, II, 204 b. c. *Rawlinson Ballads*, 566, fol. 9. All printed for P. Brooksby: 1672-95 (?). d. *Pills to purge Melancholy*, VI, 289, 17. e. *Roxburghe Ballads*, III, 344.

- 1 As it befell upon one time,  
About mid-summer of the year,  
Every man was taxt of his crime,  
For stealing the good Lord Bishop's  
mare.
- 2 The good Lord Screw he saddled a horse,  
And rid after this same scime;  
Before he did get over the moss,  
There was he aware of Sir Hugh of  
the Grime.
- 3 'Turn, O turn, thou false traytor,  
Turn, and yield thyself unto me;  
Thou hast stolen the Lord Bishops mare,  
And now thou thinkest away to flee.'
- 4 'No, soft, Lord Screw, that may not be !  
Here is a broad sword by my side,  
And if that thou canst conquer me,  
The victory will soon be try'd.'
- 5 'I ner was afraid of a traytor bold,  
Although thy name be Hugh in the  
Grime;  
I'le make thee repent thy speeches foul,  
If day and life but give me time.'

- 6 'Then do thy worst, good Lord Screw,  
And deal your blows as fast as you  
can;  
It will be try'd between me and you  
Which of us two shall be the best  
man.'

- 7 Thus as they dealt their blows so free,  
And both so bloody at that time,  
Over the moss ten yeomen they see,  
Come for to take Sir Hugh in the  
Grime.
- 8 Sir Hugh set his back against a tree,  
And then the men encompass him  
round;  
His mickle sword from his hand did  
flee,  
And then they brought Sir Hugh to  
the ground.
- 9 Sir Hugh of the Grime now taken is  
And brought back to Garlard town;  
[Then cry'd] the good wives all in Gar-  
lard town,  
'Sir Hugh in the Grime, thou 'st ner  
gang down.'
- 10 The good Lord Bishop is come to the  
town,  
And on the bench is set so high;  
And every man was taxt to his crime,  
At length he called Sir Hugh in the  
Grime.
- 11 'Here am I, thou false bishop,  
Thy humours all to fulfill;  
I do not think my fact so great  
But thou mayst put it into thy own  
will.'
- 12 The quest of jury-men was calld,  
The best that was in Garlard town;  
Eleven of them spoke all in a breast,  
'Sir Hugh in the Grime, thou 'st ner  
gang down.'
- 13 Then another questry-men was calld,  
The best that was in Rumary;  
Twelve of them spoke all in a breast,  
'Sir Hugh in the Grime, thou 'st now  
guilty.'
- 14 Then came down my good Lord Boles,  
Falling down upon his knee:



'Five hundred pieces of gold would I  
give,  
To grant Sir Hugh in the Grime to  
me.'

15 'Peace, peace, my good Lord Boles,  
And of your speeches set them by !  
If there be eleven Grimes all of a name,  
Then by my own honour they all  
should dye.'

16 Then came down my good Lady Ward,  
Falling low upon her knee:  
'Five hundred measures of gold I'll give,  
To grant Sir Hugh of the Grime to  
me.'

17 'Peace, peace, my good Lady Ward,  
None of your proffers shall him buy !  
For if there be twelve Grimes all of a  
name,  
By my own honour they all should dye.'

18 Sir Hugh of the Grime's condemn'd to  
dye,  
And of his friends he had no lack;  
Fourteen foot he leapt in his ward,  
His hands bound fast upon his back.

19 Then he lookt over his left shoulder,  
To see whom he could see or spy;  
Then was he aware of his father dear,  
Came tearing his hair most pittifully.

20 'Peace, peace, my father dear,  
And of your speeches set them by !  
Though they have bereav'd me of my life,  
They cannot bereave me of heaven so  
high.'

21 He lookt over his right shoulder,  
To see whom he could see or spy;  
There was he aware of his mother dear,  
Came tearing her hair most pittifully.

22 'Pray have me remembred to Peggy,  
my wife;  
As she and I walkt over the moor,  
She was the cause of [the loss of] my life,  
And with the old bishop she plaid the  
whore.

23 'Here, Johnny Armstrong, take thou  
my sword,  
That is made of the mettle so fine,

And when thou comst to the border-side,  
Remember the death of Sir Hugh of  
the Grime.'

## C\*

Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Min-  
strelsy, No. 87, Abbotsford; in the hand-  
writing of William Laidlaw. "From Robert  
Laidlaw."

1 GUDE Lord Seroop's to the huntin gane;  
He's ridden oer monie a moss an  
muir,  
An he has grippit Hughie the Græme,  
For stealin o the bishop's mare.

2 An they hae grippit Hughie the Græme,  
An brought him up thro Carlisle  
town;  
The lasses an lads they stood by the  
wa's,  
Cryin, Hughie the Græme, thou's no  
gae down !

3 They ha chosen a jury o men,  
The best that were i Coventry,  
An fifteen o them out a' at anse,  
'Hughie the Græme, thou art guil-  
tie.'

4 Than up bespak him gude Lord Hume,  
As he sat at the judge's knee;  
'Twentie white ousen, my gude lord,  
If ye'll grant Hughie the Græme to  
me.'

5 'O no, no, no, my gude Lord Hume,  
For sooth an so it mauna be;  
For war there but twae Græms o the  
name,  
They sould be hangit a' for me.'

6 'T was up than spak her gude Lady  
Hume,  
As she sat by the judge's knee;  
'A peck o white pennies, my gude lord,  
If ye'll grant Hughie the Greame to  
me.'

7 'O no, O no, my gude Lady Hume,  
For sooth an so it sal na be;  
For war there but twae Greames of the  
name,  
They sould be hangit a' for me.'

- 8 'If I be guilty,' said Hughie the  
Græme,  
'Of me my friends sal hae nae lack;'  
An he has luppen fifteen feet an three,  
An his hands they war tyed ahint his  
back.
- 9 He's lookit oer his left shouther,  
To see what he coud see,  
An there he saw his auld father com-  
min,  
An he was weepin bitterlie.
- 10 'O had yer tongue, my father,' he  
says,  
'An see that ye dinna weep for me,  
For they may ravish me o my life,  
But they canna banish me thrae the  
heavens hie.
- 11 'Fare ye weel, Maggie, my wife;  
The last time I came oer the muir,  
It was you berievt me o my life,  
An wi the bishop playd the w[hore].'

## 192

## THE LOCHMABEN HARPER

Scott's version of this ballad (Minstrelsy, 1802, I, 65) is that in the Glenriddell MSS., with some changes.

## A

a. 'The Blind Harper of Lochmaben,' Glenriddell MSS., xi, 42, 1791; "from a MS. collection of Mr Henderson." b. 'The Blind Harper,' Johnson's Museum, No. 579, vi, 598, 1803, communicated by Burns. c. 'The Lochmaben Harper,' Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, 1802, I, 65; 1833, I, 422.

- 1 HEARD ye eer of the silly blind harper,  
That long livd in Lochmaben town,  
How he wad gang to fair England,  
To steal King Henry's Wanton  
Brown?  
Sing, Faden dilly and faden dilly  
Sing, Faden dilly and deedle dan
- 2 But first he gaed to his gude wife,  
Wi a' the speed that he coud thole;  
'This wark,' quo he, 'will never work  
Without a mare that has a foal.'

- 3 Quo she, Thou has a gude gray mare,  
That'al rin oer hills baith law and  
hie;  
Gae tak the gray mare in thy hand,  
And leave the foal at hame wi me.
- 4 'And tak a halter in thy hose,  
And o thy purpose dinna fail;  
But wap it oer the Wanton's nose,  
And tie her to the gray mare's tail.
- 5 'Syn e ca her out at yon back geate,  
Oer moss and muir and ilka dale;  
For she'll neer let the Wanton bite  
Till she come hame to her ain foal.'
- 6 So he is up to England gane,  
Even as fast as he can hie,  
Till he came to King Henry's geate;  
And wha was there but King Henry?
- 7 'Come in,' quo he, 'thou silly blind  
harper,  
And of thy harping let me hear;'  
'O, by my sooth,' quo the silly blind  
harper,  
'I'd rather hae stabling for my  
mare.'
- 8 The king he looks oer his left shoul-  
der,  
And says unto his stable-groom,  
Gae tak the silly poor harper's mare,  
And tie her side my Wanton Brown.
- 9 And ay he harpit, and ay he carpit,  
Till a' the lords had fitted the floor;  
They thought the music was sae sweet,  
And they forgot the stable-door.
- 10 And ay he harpit, and ay he carpit,  
Till a' the nobles were sound asleep;  
Then quietly he took aff his shoon,  
And safly down the stair did creep.
- 11 Syn e to the stable-door he hies,  
Wi tread as light as light coud be,  
And when he opned and gaed in,  
There he fand thirty gude steeds and  
three.
- 12 He took the halter frae his hose,  
And of his purpose did na fail;  
He slipt it oer the Wanton's nose,  
And tied it [to] his gray mare's tail.

- 3 He ca'd her out at yon back geate,  
Oer moss and muir and ilka dale,  
And she loot neer the Wanton bite,  
But held her still gaun at her tail.
- 4 The gray mare was right swift o fit,  
And did na fail to find the way,  
For she was at Lochmaben geate  
Fu lang three hours ere 't was day.
- 5 When she came to the harper's door,  
There she gave mony a nicher and  
sneer;  
'Rise,' quo the wife, 'thou lazy lass,  
Let in thy master and his mare.'
- 6 Then up she rose, pat on her claes,  
And lookit out through the lock-hole;  
'O, by my sooth,' then quoth the lass,  
'Our mare has gotten a braw big  
foal!'
- 7 'Come had thy peace, thou foolish  
lass,  
The moon's but glancing in thy eye;  
I'll wad my hail fee against a groat,  
It's bigger than eer our foal will  
be.'
- 8 The neighbours too that heard the  
noise  
Cried to the wife to put hir in;  
'By my sooth,' then quo the wife,  
'She's better than ever he rade on.'
- 9 But on the morn, at fair day light,  
Whan they had ended a' thier chear,  
King Henry's Wanton Brown was  
stawn,  
And eke the poor old harper's mare.
- 10 'Allace! allace!' says the silly blind  
harper,  
'Allace, allace, that I came here!  
In Scotland I've tint a braw cowte-  
foal,  
In England they've stawn my gude  
gray mare.'
- 11 'Come had thy tongue, thou silly blind  
harper,  
And of thy allacing let me be;  
For thou shalt get a better mare,  
And weel paid shall thy cowte-foal  
be.'

193

## THE DEATH OF PARCY REED

Mr Robert White records a tradition in Redesdale, Northumberland, which accords in almost every particular with this ballad. He thinks that the story is not to be dated later than the sixteenth century (Richardson's Borderer's Table Book, VII, 361).

## A

'A song of Parcy Reed and the Three False Halls,' the late Robert White's papers; "Woodburn, December 1, 1829, Thomas Hedley, Bridge End, Corsonside Parish."

- 1 THE Liddesdale Crosiers hae ridden a  
race,  
And they had far better staid at hame,  
For they have lost a gallant gay,  
Young Whinton Crosier it was his  
name.
- 2 For Parcy Reed he has him taen,  
And he's delivered him to law,  
But auld Crosier has made answer  
That he'll gar the house of the Trough-  
end fa.
- 3 So as it happened on a day  
That Parcy Reed is a hunting gane,  
And the three false Halls of Girsons-  
field  
They all along with him are gane.
- 4 They hunted up and they hunted down,  
They hunted all Reedwater round,  
Till weariness has on him seized;  
At the Batinghope he's fallen asleep.
- 5 O some they stole his powder-horn,  
And some put water in his lang gun:  
'O waken, waken, Parcy Reed!  
For we do doubt thou sleeps too  
sound.
- 6 'O waken, O waken, Parcy Reed!  
For we do doubt thou sleeps too long;  
For yonder's the five Crosiers coming,  
They're coming by the Hingin Stane.'
- 7 'If they be five men, we are four,  
If ye will all stand true to me;

- Now every one of you may take one,  
And two of them ye may leave to  
me.'
- 8 'We will not stay, nor we dare not  
stay,  
O Percy Reed, for to fight with thee;  
For thou wilt find, O Percy Reed,  
That they will slay both us and thee.'
- 9 'O stay, O stay, O Tommy Hall,  
O stay, O man, and fight with me !  
If we see the Troughend again,  
My good black mare I will give thee.'
- 10 'I will not stay, nor I dare not stay,  
O Percy Reed, to fight for thee;  
For thou wilt find, O Percy Reed,  
That they will slay both me and thee.'
- 11 'O stay, O stay, O Johnnie Hall,  
O stay, O man, and fight for me !  
If I see the Troughend again,  
Five yoke of oxen I will give thee.'
- 12 'I will not stay, nor I dare not stay,  
O Percy Reed, for to fight with thee;  
For thou wilt find, O Percy Reed,  
That they will slay both me and thee.'
- 13 'O stay, O stay, O Willie Hall,  
O stay, O man, and fight for me !  
If we see the Troughend again,  
The half of my land I will give thee.'
- 14 'I will not stay, nor I dare not stay,  
O Percy Reed, for to fight with thee;  
For thou wilt find, O Percy Reed,  
That they will slay both me and thee.'
- 15 'Now foul fa ye, ye traitors all,  
That ever ye should in England won !  
You have left me in a fair field standin,  
And in my hand an uncharged gun.
- 16 'O fare thee well, my wedded wife !  
O fare you well, my children five !  
And fare thee well, my daughter Jane,  
That I love best that 's born alive !
- 17 'O fare thee well, my brother Tom !  
And fare you well his children five !  
If you had been with me this day,  
I surely had been man alive.

- 18 'Farewell all friends ! as for my foes,  
To distant lands may they be tane,  
And the three false Halls of Girsonsfield,  
They 'll never be trusted nor trowed  
again.'

194

## THE LAIRD OF WARISTON

John Kincaid of Wariston was murdered in 1600 by Robert Weir, at the instigation of Kincaid's wife, Jean Livingston, who was incensed by his brutal treatment of her. Jean Livingston's nurse, Janet Murdo, was an agent in the affair, summoning Weir, who had been a servant of the wife's father. All three were executed. Both Kincaid and his wife belonged to houses of some note, and the case attracted much attention.

## A

'The Laird of Waristoun,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 109, as taken down by Sir Walter Scott from the recitation of his mother.

- 1 DOWN by yon garden green  
Sae merrily as she gaes;  
She has twa weel-made feet,  
And she trips upon her taes.
- 2 She has twa weel-made feet,  
Far better is her hand;  
She 's as jimp in the middle  
As ony willow-wand.
- 3 'Gif ye will do my bidding,  
At my bidding for to be,  
It 's I will make you lady  
Of a' the lands you see.'

\* \* \* \* \*

- 4 He spak a word in jest;  
Her answer wasna good;  
He threw a plate at her face,  
Made it a' gush out o blood.
- 5 She wasna frae her chamber  
A step but barely three,  
When up and at her richt hand  
There stood Man's Enemy.
- 6 'Gif ye will do my bidding,  
At my bidding for to be,

- I'll learn you a wile  
Avenged for to be.'
- 7 The Foul Thief knotted the tether,  
She lifted his head on hie,  
The nourice drew the knot  
That gard lord Waristoun die.
- 8 Then word is gane to Leith,  
Also to Edinburgh town,  
That the lady had killd the laird,  
The laird o Waristoun.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 9 'Tak aff, tak aff my hood,  
But lat my petticoat be;  
Put my mantle oer my head,  
For the fire I downa see.
- 0 'Now, a' ye gentle maids,  
Tak warning now by me,  
And never marry ane  
But wha pleases your ee.
- 1 'For he married me for love,  
But I married him for fee;  
And sae brak out the feud  
That gard my dearie die.'

## B

'Laird o Waristoun,' Kinloch MSS., VII, 217;  
from the recitation of Jenny Watson; Kinloch's  
Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 49.

- 1 It was at dinner as they sat,  
And whan they drank the wine,  
How happy war the laird and lady  
Of bonnie Wariston!
- 2 The lady spak but ae word,  
The matter to conclude;  
The laird strak her on the mouth,  
Till she spat out o blude.
- 3 She did not know the way  
Her mind to satisfy,  
Till evil cam into [her] head  
All by the Enemy.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 4 'At evening when ye sit,  
And whan ye drink the wine,

See that ye fill the glass weill up  
To the laird o Wariston.'

- 5 So at table whan they sat,  
And whan they drank the wine,  
She made the glass aft gae round  
To the laird o Wariston.
- 6 The nurice she knet the knot,  
And O she knet it sicker!  
The lady did gie it a twig,  
Till it began to wicker.
- 7 But word's gane down to Leith,  
And up to Embro toun,  
That the lady she has slain the laird,  
The laird o Waristoun.
- 8 Word has gane to her father, the grit  
Dunipace,  
And an angry man was he;  
Cries, Gar mak a barrel o pikes,  
And row her down some lea!
- 9 She said, Wae be to ye, Wariston,  
I wish ye may sink for sin!  
For I have been your wife  
These nine years, running ten;  
And I never loved ye sae well  
As now whan ye're lying slain.
- 10 'But tak aff this gowd brocade,  
And let my petticoat stay,  
And tie a handkerchief round my face,  
That the people may not see.'

195

LORD MAXWELL'S LAST  
GOODNIGHT

John, ninth Lord Maxwell, killed Sir James Johnstone, with whom he had an old feud, in 1608. Maxwell fled the country, but was sentenced to death in his absence. Returning after four years, he was betrayed into the power of the government by a kinsman, and was beheaded at Edinburgh, May 21, 1613. Lord Byron, in the preface to *Childe Harold*, says that "the good-night in the beginning of the first canto was suggested by Lord Maxwell's Goodnight in the *Border Minstrelsy*." Scott's text (*Minstrelsy*, 1802, I, 194) is based on B.



## A

'Lord Maxwell's Last Goodnight,' communicated to Percy by G. Paton, Edinburgh, December 4, 1778.

1 'Good lord of the land, will you stay  
thane  
About my faither's house,  
And walk into these gardines green,  
In my arms I'll the embraice.

2 'Ten thousand times I'll kiss thy face;  
Make sport, and let's be mery:'  
'I thank you, lady, fore your kindness;  
Trust me, I may not stay with the.

3 'For I have kil'd the laird Johnston;  
I vallow not the feed;  
My wiked heart did still incline;  
He was my faither's dead.

4 'Both night and day I did proceed,  
And a' on him revaingd to be;  
But now have I gotten what I long  
sowght,  
Trust me, I may not stay with the.

5 'Aduie, Dumfriese, that proper place!  
Fair well, Carlaurike faire!  
Aduie the castle of the Trive,  
And all my buldings there!

6 'Aduie, Lochmaben gaits so faire,  
And the Langhm shank, where birks  
bobs bony!  
Aduie, my leady and only joy!  
Trust me, I may not stay with the.

7 'Aduie, fair Eskdale, up and down,  
Wher my poor frends do duell!  
The bangisters will beat them down,  
And will them sore compell.

8 'I'll reveinge the cause mysell,  
Again when I come over the sea;  
Aduie, my leady and only joy!  
Fore, trust me, I may not stay with  
the.

9 'Aduie, Dumlanark! fals was ay,  
And Clossburn! in a band;  
The laird of the Lag from my faither  
fled  
When the Jhohnstones struek of his  
hand.

10 'They wer three brethren in a band;  
I pray they may never be merry;  
Aduie, my leady and only joy!  
Trust me, I may not stay with the.

11 'Aduie, madam my mother dear,  
But and my sister[s] two!  
Fair well, Robin in the Orchet!  
Fore the my heart is wo.

12 'Aduie, the lillie, and fair well, rose,  
And the primros, spreads fair an  
bony!  
Aduie, my leady and only joy!  
Fore, trust me, I may not stay with the

13 He took out a good gold ring,  
Where at hang sygnets three:  
'Take thou that, my own kind thing,  
And ay have mind of me.

14 'Do not mary another lord  
Agan or I come over the sea;  
Aduie, my leady and only joy!  
For, trust me, I may not stay wit  
the.'

15 The wind was fair, and the ship wa  
clare,  
And the good lord went away;  
The most part of his frends was there,  
Giving him a fair convoy.

16 They drank the wine, they did not spare  
Presentting in that good lord's sight  
Now he is over the floods so gray;  
Lord Maxwell has te'n his last good  
night.

## B

Glenriddell MSS., xi, 18, 1791.

1 'ADIEW, madam my mother dear,  
But and my sisters two!  
Adiew, fair Robert of Oarehyardtoan!  
For thee my heart is woe.

2 'Adiew, the lilly and the rose,  
The primrose, sweet to see!  
Adiew, my lady and only joy!  
For I manna stay with thee.

3 'Tho I have killed the laird Johnston,  
What care I for his feed?

My noble mind dis still incline;  
He was my father's dead.

- 4 'Both night and day I laboured oft  
Of him revenged to be,  
And now I've got what I long sought;  
But I maunna stay with thee.
- 5 'Adiew, Drumlanrig! false was ay,  
And Cloesburn! in a band,  
Where the laird of Lagg fra my father  
fled  
When the Johnston struck off his  
hand.
- 6 'They were three brethren in a band;  
Joy may they never see!  
But now I've got what I long sought,  
And I maunna stay with thee.
- 7 'Adiew, Dumfries, my proper place,  
But and Carlawerock fair,  
Adiew, the castle of the Thrieve,  
And all my buildings there!
- 8 'Adiew, Lochmaben's gates so fair,  
The Langholm shank, where birks  
they be!  
Adiew, my lady and only joy!  
And, trust me, I maunna stay with  
thee.
- 9 'Adiew, fair Eskdale, up and down,  
Where my poor friends do dwell!  
The bangisters will ding them down,  
And will them sore compel.
- 10 'But I'll revenge that feed mysell  
When I come ou'r the sea;  
Adiew, my lady and only joy!  
For I maunna stay with thee.'
- 11 'Lord of the land, will you go then  
Unto my father's place,  
And walk into their gardens green,  
And I will you embrace.
- 12 'Ten thousand times I'll kiss your face,  
And sport, and make you merry;  
'I thank thee, my lady, for thy kindness,  
But, trust me, I maunna stay with  
thee.'
- 13 Then he took off a great gold ring,  
Where at hang signets three:

'Hae, take thee that, my ain dear  
thing,  
And still hae mind of me.

- 14 'But if thow marry another lord  
Ere I come ou'r the sea —  
Adiew, my lady and only joy!  
For I maunna stay with thee.'
- 15 The wind was fair, the ship was close,  
That good lord went away,  
And most part of his friends were there,  
To give him a fair convey.
- 16 They drank thair wine, they did not  
spare,  
Even in the good lord's sight;  
Now he is oer the floods so gray,  
And Lord Maxwell has taen his good-  
night.

196

## THE FIRE OF FRENDRAUGHT

James Crichton of Frendraught in Aberdeenshire and William Gordon of Rothiemay in Banffshire (a neighboring estate on the opposite side of the Deveron) had a fierce dispute about fishing-rights. This resulted in private warfare, in the course of which Rothiemay was killed. The feud was settled by the mediation of the Marquis of Huntly; but friends of the parties were soon embroiled, and Frendraught went to Huntly and begged him to make peace. Huntly, fearing for Frendraught's safety, kept him two days at the Bog of Gight, and then, hearing that the Leslies were lying in wait, sent his own son, John Gordon (Viscount Aboyne), and the young laird of Rothiemay, to protect him on the way home. Arrived there, the laird and his lady begged these young gentlemen to remain over night, "and did their best, with all demonstration of love and kindness, to entertain them, thinking themselves happy now to have purchased such friends who had formerly been their foes." At about two in the morning the tower of Frendraught house, in which these guests lay, took fire, and they with four of their servants were burnt to death. This occurred in October, 1630. The ballad lays the blame on the Frendraughts (especially on Lady Frendraught). The matter was never cleared up, but the evidence tends to show that the fire was an accident.

## A

a. 'Fire of Frendraught,' Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 161, from a MS. of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. b. 'Burning of Frendraught,' Maidment's *North Countrie Garland*, p. 4; "long preserved by tradition in Aberdeenshire, and procured from an intelligent individual resident in that part of Scotland."

- 1 THE eighteenth of October,  
A dismal tale to hear  
How good Lord John and Rothiemay  
Was both burnt in the fire.
- 2 When steeds was saddled and well  
bridled,  
And ready for to ride,  
Then out it came her false Frendraught,  
Inviting them to bide.
- 3 Said, 'Stay this night untill we sup,  
The morn untill we dine;  
'T will be a token of good greement  
'Twixt your good lord and mine.'
- 4 'We'll turn again,' said good Lord  
John;  
'But no,' said Rothiemay,  
'My steed's trapand, my bridle's broken,  
I fear the day I'm fey.'
- 5 When mass was sung, and bells was  
rung,  
And all men bound for bed,  
Then good Lord John and Rothiemay  
In one chamber was laid.
- 6 They had not long cast off their cloaths,  
And were but now asleep,  
When the weary smoke began to rise,  
Likewise the scorching heat.
- 7 'O waken, waken, Rothiemay!  
O waken, brother dear!  
And turn you to our Saviour;  
There is strong treason here.'
- 8 When they were dressed in their cloaths,  
And ready for to boun,  
The doors and windows was all secur'd,  
The roof-tree burning down.
- 9 He did him to the wire-window,  
As fast as he could gang;

Says, Wae to the hands put in the  
stanchions!  
For out we'll never win.

- 10 When he stood at the wire-window,  
Most doleful to be seen,  
He did espy her Lady Frendraught,  
Who stood upon the green.
- 11 Cried, Mercy, mercy, Lady Frend-  
raught!  
Will ye not sink with sin?  
For first your husband killed my father,  
And now you burn his son.
- 12 O then out spoke her Lady Frendraught,  
And loudly did she cry;  
'It were great pity for good Lord  
John,  
But none for Rothiemay;  
But the keys are casten in the deep  
draw-well,  
Ye cannot get away.'
- 13 While he stood in this dreadful plight,  
Most piteous to be seen,  
There called out his servant Gordon,  
As he had frantic been:
- 14 'O loup, O loup, my dear master!  
O loup and come to me!  
I'll catch you in my arms two,  
One foot I will not flee.
- 15 'O loup, O loup, my dear master!  
O loup and come away!  
I'll catch you in my arms two,  
But Rothiemay may lie.'
- 16 'The fish shall never swim in the  
flood,  
Nor corn grow through the clay,  
Nor the fiercest fire that ever was kin-  
dled  
Twin me and Rothiemay.
- 17 'But I cannot loup, I cannot come,  
I cannot win to thee;  
My head's fast in the wire-window,  
My feet burning from me.
- 18 'My eyes are seething in my head,  
My flesh roasting also,  
My bowels are boiling with my blood;  
Is not that a woeful woe?

19 'Take here the rings from my white  
fingers,  
That are so long and small,  
And give them to my lady fair,  
Where she sits in her hall.

20 'So I cannot loup, I cannot come,  
I cannot loup to thee;  
My earthly part is all consumed,  
My spirit but speaks to thee.'

21 Wringing her hands, tearing her hair,  
His lady she was seen,  
And thus addressed his servant Gordon,  
Where he stood on the green.

22 'O wae be to you, George Gordon !  
An ill death may you die !  
So safe and sound as you stand there,  
And my lord bereaved from me.'

23 'I bad him loup, I bad him come,  
I bad him loup to me;  
I'd catch him in my arms two,  
A foot I should not flee. &c.

24 'He threw me the rings from his white  
fingers,  
Which were so long and small,  
To give to you, his lady fair,  
Where you sat in your hall.' &c.

25 Sophia Hay, Sophia Hay,  
O bonny Sophia was her name,  
Her waiting maid put on her cloaths,  
But I wot she tore them off again.

26 And aft she cried, Ohon ! alas ! alas !  
A sair heart's ill to win;  
I wan a sair heart when I married him,  
And the day it's well returnd again.

## C

'The Fire of Frendraught,' from a notebook of Dr Joseph Robertson: "procured in the parish of Forgue by A. Scott; communicated to me by Mr John Stuart, Aberdeen, 11 October, 1832."

1 It was in October the woe began —  
It lasts for now and aye, —  
The burning o the bonny house o fause  
Frendraught,  
Lord John and Rothiemay.

2 When they were in their saddles set,  
And ready to ride away,  
The lady sat down on her bare knees,  
Beseeching them to stay.

3 'Ye's hae a firloft o the gude red gowd,  
Well straieth wi a wan;  
And if that winna please you well,  
I'll heap it wi my han.'

4 Then out it spake the gude Lord John,  
And said to Rothiemay,  
'It is a woman that we're come o,  
And a woman we'll obey.'

5 When a' man was well drunken,  
And a' man bound for bed,  
The doors were lockd, the windows  
shut,  
And the keys were casten by.

6 When a' man was well drunken,  
And a' man bound for sleep,  
The dowy reek began to rise,  
And the joists began to crack.

7 He's deen him to the wire-window,  
And ruefu strack and dang;  
But they would neither bow nor brack,  
The staunchions were so strang.

8 He's deen him back and back again,  
And back to Rothiemay;  
Says, Waken, waken, brother dear !  
Waken, Rothiemay !

9 'Come let us praise the Lord our God,  
The fiftieth psalm and three;  
For the reek and smoke are us about,  
And there's fause treason tee.

10 'O mercy, mercy, Lady Frendraught !  
As ye walk on the green :'  
'The keys are in the deep draw-well,  
The doors were lockt the streen.'

11 'O woe be to you, Lady Frendraught !  
An ill death may you die !  
For think na ye this a sad torment  
Your own flesh for to burn ?'

12 George Chalmers was a bonny boy;  
He leapt the stanks so deep,  
And he is on to Rothiemay,  
His master for to help.

13 Colin Irving was a bonny boy,  
And leapt the stanks so deep:  
'Come down, come down, my master  
dear!  
In my arms I'll thee kep.'

14 'Come down? come down? how can I  
come?  
How can I come to thee?  
My flesh is burning me about,  
And yet my spirit speaks to thee.'

15 He's taen a purse o the gude red  
gowd,  
And threw it oer the wa:  
'It's ye'll deal that among the poor,  
Bid them pray for our souls a'.'

16 He's taen the rings off his fingers,  
And threw them oer the wa;  
Says, Ye'll gie that to my lady dear,  
From me she'll na get more.

17 'Bid her make her bed well to the  
length,  
But no more to the breadth,  
For the day will never dawn  
That I'll sleep by her side.'

18 Lady Rothiemay came on the morn,  
She kneeled it roun and roun:  
'Restore your lodgers, fause Frend-  
raught,  
That ye burnd here the streen.'

19 'O were I like yon turtle-dove,  
Had I wings for to flie,  
I'd fly about fause Frendraught  
Crying vengeance till I die.

20 'Frendraught fause, all thro the ha's,  
Both back and every side;  
For ye've betrayd the gay Gordons,  
And lands wherein they ride.

21 'Frendraught fause, all thro the ha's;  
I wish you'd sink for sin;  
For first you killd my own good lord,  
And now you've burnd my son.

22 'I caredna sae muckle for my good  
lord  
I saw him in battle slain,  
But a' is for my own son dear,  
The heir o a' my lan.

23 'I caredna sae muckle for my good  
lord  
I saw him laid in clay,  
But a' is for my own son dear,  
The heir o Rothiemay.'

197

## JAMES GRANT

There was an implacable feud between the Grants of Ballindalloch and the Grants of Carron, for as much as ninety years after 1550. This fragment has to do with the later stage of their enmity. In 1628, John Grant of Ballindalloch killed John Grant of Carron. James Grant of Carron, uncle of the slain man, burnt all the corn, barns, and byres of Ballindalloch young and old, and took to the hills (1630). The Ballindallochs complained to Murray, the lieutenant, and he set the Clanchattan upon James Grant. They laid siege to a house where he was with a party of his men; he made his way out, was pursued, and was taken after receiving eleven arrow-wounds. When he was well enough to travel, he was sent to Edinburgh, and, as everybody supposed, to his death; but after a confinement of more than a year he broke ward. Large sums were offered for him, alive or dead, but in 1633 he began to appear again in the north. A gang of the McGregors, who had been brought into the country by Ballindalloch to act against James Grant, beset him in a small house in Carron where he was visiting his wife, having only his son and one other man with him; but he defended himself with the spirit of another Cloudesly, shot the captain, and got off to the bog with his men. In 1636 "some of the Marquis of Huntly's followers and servants did invade the rebel James Grant and some of his associates, hard by Strathbogy. They burnt the house wherein he was, but, the night being dark and windy, he and his brother, Robert Grant, escaped." (Sir Robert Gordon, *History of the Earldom of Sutherland*, pp. 481, 460.) This last escapade of James Grant may perhaps be the one to which this fragment has reference, though Ballindalloch was not personally engaged in the assault on the house.

a. Motherwell's MS., p. 470, communicated apparently by Buchan; 'The Gordons and the Grants,' Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, II, 220. b. C. K. Sharpe's "second collection," MS.



- 1 'AWAY with you, away with you, James  
de Grant!  
And, Douglas, ye'll be slain;  
For Baddindalloch's at your gates,  
With many brave Highland men.'
- 2 'Baddindalloch has no feud at me,  
And I have none at him;  
Cast up my gates baith broad and wide,  
Let Baddindalloch in.'
- 3 'James de Grant has made a vaunt,  
And leaped the castle-wa;  
But, if he comes this way again,  
He'll no win sae well awa.'
- 4 'Take him, take him, brave Gordons,  
O take him, fine fellows a'!  
If he wins but ae mile to the Highland  
hills,  
He'll defy you Gordons a'.'

198

## BONNY JOHN SETON

The ballad is accurate as to the date, not commonly a good sign for such things. On Tuesday, the eighteenth of June, 1639, Montrose began an attack on the bridge of Dee, which had been fortified and manned by the royalists of Aberdeen to stop his advance on the city. The bridge was bravely defended that day and part of the next by Lieutenant-Colonel Johnston (not Middleton; Middleton was of the assailants). The young Lord of Aboyne, just made the king's lieutenant in the north, had a small body of horse on the north side of the river. Montrose's cavalry were sent up the south side as if to cross (though there was no ford), and Aboyne's were moved along the opposite bank to resist a passage. This exposed the latter to Montrose's cannon, and the Covenanters let fly some shot at them, one of which killed "a gallant gentleman, John Seton of Pitmeddin." Johnston's leg was crushed by stones and he had to be carried off. The loss of their commander and the disappearance of Aboyne's horse discouraged the now small party who were holding the bridge, and they abandoned it. Aboyne rode off, and left Aberdeen to shift for itself.

## A

a. 'Bonny John Seton,' Maidment's North Country Garland, p. 15; Buchan's Gleanings,

p. 161; Maidment's Scottish Ballads and Songs, Historical and Traditionary, I, 280. b. MS. of C. K. Sharpe; North Country Ballads, Miscellanea Curiosa, MS., Abbotsford.

- 1 UPON the eighteenth day of June,  
A dreary day to see,  
The southern lords did pitch their camp  
Just at the bridge of Dee.
- 2 Bonny John Seton of Pitmeddin,  
A bold baron was he,  
He made his testament ere he went  
out,  
The wiser man was he.
- 3 He left his land to his young son,  
His lady her dowry,  
A thousand crowns to his daughter Jean,  
Yet on the nurse's knee
- 4 Then out came his lady fair,  
A tear into her ee;  
Says, Stay at home, my own good lord,  
O stay at home with me!
- 5 He looked over his left shoulder,  
Cried, Souldiers, follow me!  
O then she looked in his face,  
An angry woman was she:  
'God send me back my steed again,  
But neer let me see thee!'
- 6 His name was Major Middleton  
That manned the bridge of Dee,  
His name was Colonel Henderson  
That let the cannons flee.
- 7 His name was Major Middleton  
That manned the bridge of Dee,  
And his name was Colonel Henderson  
That dung Pitmeddin in three.
- 8 Some rode on the black and grey,  
And some rode on the brown,  
But the bonny John Seton  
Lay gasping on the ground.
- 9 Then bye there comes a false Forbes,  
Was riding from Driminere;  
Says, Here there lies a proud Seton;  
This day they ride the rear.
- 10 Cragievar said to his men,  
'You may play on your shield;

For the proudest Seton in all the lan  
This day lies on the field.'

- 11 'O spoil him! spoil him!' cried Cragievar,  
'Him spoiled let me see;  
For on my word,' said Cragievar,  
'He had no good will at me.'
- 12 They took from him his armour clear,  
His sword, likewise his shield;  
Yea, they have left him naked there,  
Upon the open field.
- 13 The Highland men, they're clever men  
At handling sword and shield,  
But yet they are too naked men  
To stay in battle field.
- 14 The Highland men are clever men  
At handling sword or gun,  
But yet they are too naked men  
To bear the cannon's rung.
- 15 For a cannon's roar in a summer night  
Is like thunder in the air;  
There's not a man in Highland dress  
Can face the cannon's fire.

## 199

## THE BONNIE HOUSE O AIRLIE

The Committee of Estates, June 12, 1640, gave commission to the Earl of Argyle to rise in arms against certain people, among whom was the Earl of Airlie, as enemies to religion and unnatural to their country, and to pursue them with fire and sword until they should be brought to their duty or else be utterly rooted out. The Earl of Airlie had gone to England and had left his house to the keeping of his eldest son, Lord Ogilvie. Montrose, who had signed the commission as one of the Committee, but was not inclined to so strenuous proceedings, invested Airlie, forced a surrender, and put a garrison in the place to hold it for the "public." Argyle did not interpret his commission in this mild way. He took Airlie in hand in the beginning of July, and caused both this house and that of Forthar, belonging to Lord Ogilvie, to be pillaged, burned, and demolished. The earliest copy of this ballad hitherto found is a broadside of 1790, used by Finlay in forming the text in his *Ballads*, II, 25.

## A

a. A small MS. volume with the title "Songs" on the cover, entirely in C. K. Sharpe's handwriting, p. 22; Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, p. 59, No. 20, 1823 (with some "improvements"). b. 'The Bonnie House o Airly,' Finlay's *Ballads*, II, 25, 1808, from two recited copies and "one printed about twenty years ago on a single sheet." c. The Old Lady's Collection, MS., No. 1; Skene MS., pp. 28, 54; from recitation in the north of Scotland, 1802-3. d. 'The Bonny House of Airly,' Campbell MSS., II, 113, probably from a stall-copy. e, f. Aberdeen stall copies, "printed for the booksellers." g. Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, II, 152, No. 76, "Cromek and a street ballad collated, 1821." h. Kinloch MSS., VI, 5, one stanza, taken down from an old woman's recitation by J. Robertson.

- 1 It fell on a day, and a bonny summer day,  
When corn grew green and yellow,  
That there fell out a great dispute  
Between Argyll and Airly.
- 2 Argyll has rais'd an hundred men,  
An hundred men, and so many,  
And he is away by the back of Dunkeld,  
For to plunder the bonny house of Airly.
- 3 Lady Margaret looks o'er her bower-window,  
And O but she looks weary!  
And there she spied the great Argyll,  
Coming to plunder the bonny house of Airly.
- 4 'Come down, come down, Lady Margaret,'  
he said,  
'Come down, and kiss me fairly.'  
'O I will not kiss the great Argyll,  
If he should not leave a standing stone  
in Airly.'
- 5 He hath taken her by the left shoulder,  
Says, Lady, where lyes thy dowry?  
'It's up and it's down by the bonny  
bank-side,  
Amongst the planting of Airly.'
- 6 They have sought it up, they have sought it down,  
They have sought it both late and  
early,

And they have found it in the bonny  
plumb-tree  
That shines on the bowling-green of  
Airly.

7 He hath taken her by the middle so  
small,  
And O but she lookd weary !  
He hath laid her down by the bonny  
burn-side,  
Till he hath plundered the bonny  
house of Airly.

8 'If my good lord were at home this  
night,  
As he is with Prince Charly,  
Nouther you nor no Scottish lord  
Durst have set a foot on the bowling-  
green of Airly.

9 'Ten bonny sons I have born unto him,  
The eleventh neer saw his daddy;  
Although I had an hundred more,  
I would give them all to Prince  
Charly.'

200

## THE GYPSY LADDIE

The earliest edition of the ballad styles the gypsy Johny Faa, but gives no clew to the fair lady. Johnny Faa was a prominent and frequent name among the gypsies. Johnnē Faw's right and title as lord and earl of Little Egypt were recognized by James V in 1540. But in the next year Egyptians were ordered to quit the realm within thirty days on pain of death. The gypsies were formally expelled from Scotland by act of Parliament in 1609. Johnnē, *alias* Willie, Faa, with three others of the name, remained notwithstanding, and were sentenced to be hanged, 1611. In 1616, July 24, Johnnē Faa, Egyptian, his son, and two others were condemned to be hanged for contemptuous repairing to the country and abiding therein. Finally, in 1624, January 24, Captain Johnnē Faa and seven others were sentenced to be hanged for the same offence. The execution of the notorious Egyptian and chieftain Johnny Faa must have made a considerable impression, and it is presumable that this ballad may have arisen not long after. Whether this were so or not, Johnny Faa acquired popular fame, and became a personage to whom any adventure might plausibly be imputed.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century we begin to hear that the people in Ayrshire make the wife of the Earl of Cassilis the heroine of the ballad ; but there is positive evidence that this lady (who died in 1642) had never done anything to alienate her husband's affections.

The Scottish ballad appears to have been first printed in the fourth volume of the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1740, but no copy of that edition has been recovered. The English version (G), though derived from the Scottish ballad, may perhaps have been printed earlier ; it is found in a broadside in the Roxburghe collection, III, 685.

## A

'Johny Faa, the Gypsy Laddie,' Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, vol. IV, 1740. Here from the London edition of 1763, p. 427.

1 THE gypsies came to our good lord's  
gate,  
And wow but they sang sweetly !  
They sang sae sweet and sae very com-  
pleat  
That down came the fair lady.

2 And she came tripping down the stair,  
And a' her maids before her ;  
As soon as they saw her well-far'd face,  
They coost the glamer oer her.

3 'Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,  
And bring to me a plaidie ;  
For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,  
I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

4 'Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,  
And my good lord beside me ;  
This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,  
Whatever shall betide me.'

5 'Come to your bed,' says Johny Faa,  
'Oh come to your bed, my deary ;  
For I vow and I swear, by the hilt of  
my sword,  
That your lord shall nae mair come  
near ye.'

6 'I'll go to bed to my Johny Faa,  
I'll go to bed to my deary ;  
For I vow and I swear, by what past  
yestreen,  
That my lord shall nae mair come  
near me.

7 'I'll mak a hap to my Johnny Faa,  
And I'll mak a hap to my deary;  
And he's get a' the coat gaes round,  
And my lord shall nae mair come near me.'

8 And when our lord came hame at een,  
And speir'd for his fair lady,  
The tane she cry'd, and the other re-  
ply'd,  
'She's away with the gypsie laddie.'

9 'Gae saddle to me the black, black  
steed,  
Gae saddle and make him ready;  
Before that I either eat or sleep,  
I'll gae seek my fair lady.'

10 And we were fifteen well-made men,  
Altho we were nae bonny;  
And we were a' put down for ane,  
A fair young wanton lady.

## B

a. C. K. Sharpe's papers, "written from recitation in Nithisdale, November, 1814;" The Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany, being a new series of the Scots Magazine (vol. LXXX of the entire work), November, 1817, p. 309, communicated by Sharpe. b. A fragment recited by Miss Fanny Walker, of Mount Pleasant, near Newburgh-on-Tay, as communicated by Mr Alexander Laing, 1873.

1 THE gypsies they came to my lord Cassilis' yett,  
And O but they sang bonnie!  
They sang so sweet and so complete  
Till down came our fair ladie.

2 She came tripping down the stairs,  
And all her maids before her;  
As soon as they saw her weel-far'd  
face,  
They cast their glamourie owre her.

3 She gave them the good wheat bread,  
And they give her the ginger;  
But she give them a far better thing,  
The gold rings of her fingers.

4 'Will you go with me, my hinny and  
my heart?  
Will you go with me, my dearie?

And I will swear, by the hilt of my  
spear,  
That your lord shall no more come  
near thee.'

5 'Gar take from me my silk manteel,  
And bring to me a plaidie,  
For I will travel the world owre  
Along with the gypsie laddie.

6 'I could sail the seas with my Jackie  
Faa,  
I could sail the seas with my dearie;  
I could sail the seas with my Jackie  
Faa,  
And with pleasure could drown with  
my dearie.'

7 They wandred high, they wandred low,  
They wandred late and early,  
Untill they came to an old farmer's  
barn,  
And by this time she was weary.

8 'Last night I lay in a weel-made bed,  
And my noble lord beside me,  
And now I most ly in an old farmer's  
barn,  
And the black crae glowring owre  
me.'

9 'Hold your tongue, my hinny and my  
heart,  
Hold your tongue, my dearie,  
For I will swear, by the moon and the  
stars,  
That thy lord shall no more come  
near thee.'

10 They wandred high, they wandred low,  
They wandred late and early,  
Untill they came to that on water,  
And by this time she was wearie.

11 'Many a time have I rode that on wa-  
ter,  
And my lord Cassilis beside me,  
And now I most set in my white feet  
and wade,  
And carry the gypsie laddie.'

12 By and by came home this noble lord,  
And asking for his ladie,  
The one did cry, the other did reply,  
'She is gone with the gypsie laddie.'

- 13 'Go saddle to me the black,' he says,  
'The brown rides never so speedie,  
And I will neither eat nor drink  
Till I bring home my ladie.'
- 14 He wandred high, he wandred low,  
He wandred late and early,  
Untill he came to that on water,  
And there he spied his ladie.
- 15 'O wilt thou go home, my hinny and my  
heart,  
O wilt thou go home, my dearie?  
And I'll close thee in a close room,  
Where no man shall come near thee.'
- 16 'I will not go home, my hinny and my  
heart,  
I will not go home, my dearie;  
If I have brewn good beer, I will drink  
of the same,  
And my lord shall no more come near  
me.
- 17 'But I will swear, by the moon and the  
stars,  
And the sun that shines so clearly,  
That I am as free of the gypsie gang  
As the hour my mother bore me.'
- 18 They were fifteen valiant men,  
Black, but very bonny,  
They lost all their lives for one,  
The Earl of Cassillis' ladie.

## 201

## BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY

This little ballad, or song, was very well known in the last years of the seventeenth century. The first stanza was made by Ramsay the beginning of a song of his own (Poems, Edinburgh, 1721, p. 80). The most important document relating to Bessy Bell and Mary Gray is a letter written June, 1781, by Major Barry, then proprietor of Lednock, and printed in the Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, II, 108, 1822. "When I came first to Lednock," says Major Barry, "I was shewn in a part of my ground (called the Dranoch-haugh) an heap of stones almost covered with briers, thorns and fern, which they assured me was the burial place of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray. The tradition of the country relating to these ladys is, that Mary

Gray's father was laird of Lednock and Bessie Bell's of Kinvaid, a place in this neighbourhood; that they were both very handsome, and an intimate friendship subsisted between them; that while Miss Bell was on a visit to Miss Gray, the plague broke out, in the year 1666; in order to avoid which they built themselves a bower about three quarters of a mile west from Lednock House, in a very retired and romantic place called Burn-braes, on the side of Beauchieburn. Here they lived for some time; but the plague raging with great fury, they caught the infection, it is said, from a young gentleman who was in love with them both. He used to bring them their provision. They died in this bower, and were buried in the Dranoch-haugh, at the foot of a brae of the same name, and near to the bank of the river Almond. The burial-place lies about half a mile west from the present house of Lednock."

Major Barry's date of 1666 should be put back twenty years. Perth and the neighbourhood (Lednock is seven miles distant) were fearfully ravaged by the plague in 1645 and a year or two following. Three thousand people are said to have perished. Scotland escaped the pestilence of 1665-66.

Bessy Bell was made into a nursery-rhyme in England (see Halliwell's Nursery Rhymes, 1874, No. 484).

a. Sharpe's Ballad Book, 1823, p. 62. b. Lyle's Ancient Ballads and Songs, 1827, p. 160, "collated from the singing of two aged persons, one them a native of Perthshire." c. Scott's Minstrelsy, 1830, I, 39, 1833, I, 45, two stanzas, (1, 3).

- 1 O BESSIE BELL and Mary Gray,  
They war twa bonnie lasses;  
They bigget a bower on yon burn-brae,  
And theekit it oer wi rashes.
- 2 They theekit it oer wi rashes green,  
They theekit it oer wi heather;  
But the pest cam frae the burrows-town,  
And slew them baith thegither.
- 3 They thought to lye in Methven kirk-  
yard,  
Amang their noble kin;  
But they maun lye in Stronach haugh,  
To biek forenent the sin.
- 4 And Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,  
They war twa bonnie lasses;  
They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,  
And theekit it oer wi rashes.



## 202

THE BATTLE OF PHILIP-  
HAUGH

After six brilliant victories, gained in less than a year, September 1, 1641–August 15, 1645, Montrose was surprised by David Leslie at Philiphaugh, September 13 following, and his army cut to pieces or dispersed. This army, consisting of only five hundred Irish foot and twelve hundred Scottish horse, was lying at Philiphaugh, a meadow on the west side of the Ettrick, and at Selkirk, on and above the opposite bank. Leslie came down from the north with four thousand cavalry and some infantry, was less than four miles from Selkirk the night of the twelfth, and on the morrow, favored by a heavy mist, had advanced to about half a mile's distance before his approach was reported. A hundred and fifty of Montrose's horse received and repulsed two charges of greatly superior numbers; the rest stood off and presently took to flight. The foot remained firm. Two thousand of Leslie's horse crossed the river and got into Montrose's rear, and made resistance vain. Montrose and a few friends hewed their way through the enemy.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, III, 153, 1803, II, 166, 1833, "preserved by tradition in Selkirkshire."

- 1 ON Philiphaugh a fray began,  
At Hairheadwood it ended;  
The Scots outoer the Grames they ran,  
Sae merrily they bended.
- 2 Sir David frae the Border came,  
Wi heart an hand came he;  
Wi him three thousand bonny Scots,  
To bear him company.
- 3 Wi him three thousand valiant men,  
A noble sight to see!  
A cloud o mist them weel conceald,  
As close as eer might be.
- 4 When they came to the Shaw burn,  
Said he, Sae weel we frame,  
I think it is convenient  
That we should sing a psalm.
- 5 When they came to the Lingly burn,  
As daylight did appear,  
They spy'd an aged father,  
And he did draw them near.

- 6 'Come hither, aged father,'  
Sir David he did cry,  
'And tell me where Montrose lies,  
With all his great army.'
- 7 'But first you must come tell to me,  
If friends or foes you be;  
I fear you are Montrose's men,  
Come frae the north country.'
- 8 'No, we are nane o Montrose's men,  
Nor eer intend to be;  
I am Sir David Lesly,  
That's speaking unto thee.'
- 9 'If you're Sir David Lesly,  
As I think weel ye be,  
I am sorry ye hae brought so few  
Into your company.'
- 10 'There's fifteen thousand armed men  
Encamped on yon lee;  
Ye'll never be a bite to them,  
For aught that I can see.'
- 11 'But halve your men in equal parts,  
Your purpose to fulfill;  
Let ae half keep the water-side,  
The rest gae round the hill.'
- 12 'Your nether party fire must,  
Then beat a flying drum;  
And then they'll think the day's their  
ain,  
And frae the trench they'll come.'
- 13 'Then, those that are behind them mau  
Gie shot, baith grit and sma;  
And so, between your armies twa,  
Ye may make them to fa.'
- 14 'O were ye ever a soldier?'  
Sir David Lesly said;  
'O yes; I was at Solway Flow,  
Where we were all betrayd.'
- 15 'Again I was at curst Dunbar,  
And was a prisner taen,  
And many weary night and day  
In prison I hae lien.'
- 16 'If ye will lead these men aright,  
Rewarded shall ye be;  
But, if that ye a traitor prove,  
I'll hang thee on a tree.'

- 17 'Sir, I will not a traitor prove;  
Montrose has plunderd me;  
I'll do my best to banish him  
Away frae this country.'
- 18 He halvd his men in equal parts,  
His purpose to fulfill;  
The one part kept the water-side,  
The other gaed round the hill.
- 19 The nether party fired brisk,  
Then turnd and seemd to rin;  
And then they a' came frae the trench,  
And cry'd, The day's our ain !
- 20 The rest then ran into the trench,  
And loosd their cannons a':  
And thus, between his armies twa,  
He made them fast to fa.
- 21 Now let us a' for Lesly pray,  
And his brave company,  
For they hae vanquishd great Montrose,  
Our cruel enemy.

## 203

## THE BARON OF BRACKLEY

At least two events are probably confounded in this ballad : (1) the murder of the Baron of Brackley, in 1592, by Highland caterans whom he had hospitably entertained, and (2) an affray occurring in 1666 between John Gordon of Brackley and John Farquharson of Inverey. Other tragedies in the troubled history of the Brackley family may also have contributed to the tradition.

## A

a. 'The Baronne of Braikley,' *Scarce Ancient Ballads* [Alexander Laing], Aberdeen, 1822, p. 9. b. 'The Baron of Braikley,' *Buchan's Gleanings*, 1825, p. 68. c. *The New Deeside Guide*, by James Brown (i. e. Joseph Robertson), Aberdeen, [1832,] p. 46.

- 1 INVEREY cam down Deeside, whistlin  
and playin,  
He was at brave Braikley's yett ere it  
was dawin.
- 2 He rappit fu loudly an wi a great roar,  
Cried, Cum down, cum down, Braikley,  
and open the door.

- 3 'Are ye sleepin, Baronne, or are ye  
wakin ?  
There's sharpe swords at your yett, will  
gar your blood spin.
- 4 'Open the yett, Braikley, and lat us  
within,  
Till we on the green turf gar your bluid  
rin.'
- 5 Out spak the brave baronne, owre the  
castell-wa:  
'Are ye cum to spulyie and plunder mi  
ha ?
- 6 'But gin ye be gentlemen, licht and cum  
in:  
Gin ye drink o my wine, ye'll nae gar  
my bluid spin.
- 7 'Gin ye be hir'd widifus, ye may gang  
by,  
Ye may gang to the lawlands and steal  
their fat ky.
- 8 'Ther spulyie like rievvers o wyld ket-  
trin clan,  
Who plunder unsparing baith houses  
and lan.
- 9 'Gin ye be gentlemen, licht an cum  
[in],  
Ther's meat an drink i my ha for every  
man.
- 10 'Gin ye be hir'd widifus, ye may gang  
by,  
Gang down to the lawlands, and steal  
horse and ky.'
- 11 Up spak his ladie, at his bak where she  
lay,  
'Get up, get up, Braikley, and be not  
afraid;  
The'r but young hir'd widifus wi belted  
plaid.'
- 12 'Cum kiss me, mi Peggy, I'll nae lan-  
ger stay,  
For I will go out and meet Inverey.
- 13 'But hand your tongue, Peggy, and mak  
nae sic din,  
For you same hir'd widifus will prove  
themselves men.'

- 14 She called on her marys, they cam to her hand;  
Cries, Bring me your rocks, lassies, we will them command.
- 15 'Get up, get up, Braikley, and turn bak your ky,  
Or me an mi women will them defy.
- 16 'Cum forth then, mi maidens, and show them some play;  
We'll fight them, and shortly the cowards will fly.
- 17 'Gin I had a husband, whereas I hae nane,  
He woud nae ly i his bed and see his ky taen.
- 18 'Ther's four-and-twenty milk-whit calves, twal o them ky,  
In the woods o Glentanner, it's ther thei a' ly.
- 19 'Ther's goat i the Etnach, and sheep o the brae,  
An a' will be plunderd by young Inverey.'
- 20 'Now hand your tongue, Peggy, and gie me a gun,  
Ye'll see me gae furth, but I'll never cum in.
- 21 'Call mi brother William, mi unkl also,  
Mi cousin James Gordon; we'll mount and we'll go.'
- 22 When Braikley was ready and stood i the closs,  
He was the bravest baronne that eer mounted horse.
- 23 Whan all wer assembld o the castell green,  
No man like brave Braikley was ther to be seen.
- 24 . . . . .  
'Turn bak, brother William, ye are a bridegroom;
- 25 'Wi bonnie Jean Gordon, the maid o the mill;  
Osichin and sobbinshe'll soon get her fill.'
- 26 'I'm no coward, brother, 't is kend I'm a man;  
I'll fight i your quarral as lang's I can stand.
- 27 'I'll fight, my dear brother, wi heart and gude will,  
And so will young Harry that lives at the mill.
- 28 'But turn, mi dear brother, and nae langer stay:  
What'll cum o your ladie, gin Braikley thei slay?
- 29 'What'll cum o your ladie and bonnie young son?  
O what'll cum o them when Braikley is gone?'
- 30 'I never will turn: do you think I will fly?  
But here I will fight, and here I will die.'
- 31 'Strik dogs,' crys Inverey, 'and fight till ye're slayn,  
For we are four hundered, ye are but four men.
- 32 'Strik, strik, ye prond boaster, your honour is gone,  
Your lands we will plunder, your castell we'll burn.'
- 33 At the head o the Etnach the battel began,  
At Little Auchoilzie thei killd the first man.
- 34 First thei killd ane, and soon they killd twa,  
Thei killd gallant Braikley, the flour o them a'.
- 35 Thei killd William Gordon, and James o the Knox,  
And brave Alexander, the flour o Glenmuick.
- 36 What sichin and moaning was heard i the glen,  
For the Baronne o Braikley, who basely was slayn!

37 'Cam ye bi the castell, and was ye in there?  
Saw ye pretty Peggy tearing her hair?'

38 'Yes, I cam by Braikley, and I gaed in there,  
And there [saw] his ladie braiding her hair.

39 'She was rantin, and dancin, and singin for joy,  
And vowin that nicht she woud feest Inverey.

40 'She eat wi him, drank wi him, welcomd him in,  
Was kind to the man that had slayn her baronne.'

41 Up spake the son on the nourice's knee,  
'Gin I live to be a man, revenged I'll be.'

42 Ther's dool i the kitchin, and mirth i the ha,  
The Baronne o Braikley is dead and awa.

# B

'The Baron of Brackley,' Kinloch MSS., v, 379, in the handwriting of John Hill Burton.

1 'BARON of Brackley, are ye in there?  
The're sharp swords at yer yetts, winna ye spear.'

2 'If they be gentlemen, lat them cum in;  
But if they be reavers, we'll gar them be taen.'

3 'It is na gentlemen, nor yet pretty lads,  
But a curd hir'd widdifus, wears belted plaids.'

4 She called on her women and bade them come in:  
'Tack a' yer rocks, lasses, and we'll them coman.

5 'We'll fecht them, we'll slight them, we'll do what we can,  
And I vow we will shoot them altho we shod bang.

6 'Rise up, John,' she said, 'and turn in yer kye,  
For they'll hae them to the Hielands, and you they'll defie.'

7 'Had your still, Catharine, and still yer young son,  
For ye'll get me out, but I'll never cum in.'

8 'If I had a man, as I hae na nane,  
He wudna lye in his bed and see his kye tane.'

9 'Ye'll cum kiss me, my Peggy, and bring me my gun,  
For I'm gaing out, but I'll never cum in.'

10 There was twenty wi Invery, twenty and ten;  
There was nane wi the baron but his brother and him.

11 At the head of Reneeten the battle began;  
Ere they wan Auchoilzie, they killed mony a man.

12 They killed Harry Gordon and Harry of the Knock,  
The mullertd's four sons up at Glenmuick.

13 They killed Harry Gordon and Harry of the Knock,  
And they made the brave baron like kail to a pot.

14 First they killed ane, and then they killed twa,  
Then they killed the brave baron, the flower o them a'.

15 Then up came Craigievar, and a party wi him;  
If he had come an hour sooner, Brackley had not been slain.

16 'Came ye by Brackley? and was ye in there?  
Or say ye his lady, was making great care?'

17 'I came by Brackley, and I was in there,  
But I saw his lady no makin great care.

- 18 'For she eat wi them, drank wi them,  
welcomed them in;  
She drank to the villain that killed her  
guid man.
- 19 'Woe to ye, Kate Fraser! sorry may  
yer heart be,  
To see yer brave baron's blood cum to  
yer knee.'
- 20 There is dule in the kitchen, and mirth  
i the ha,  
But the Baron o B[r]ackley is dead and  
awa.

## 204

## JAMIE DOUGLAS

Lady Barbara Erskine, eldest daughter of John, Earl of Mar, was married to James, second Marquis of Douglas, near the end of the year 1670. The marriage did not prove to be happy, and the parties were formally separated in 1681. The blame of the alienation of Douglas from his wife is imputed by tradition to William Lawrie, the marquis's principal chamberlain or factor, who was appointed to that place in 1670, the year of the marriage. Lawrie married Marion Weir, of the family of Blackwood, then a widow. He is often styled the laird of Blackwood, a title which belonged to his son by this marriage, his own proper designation being, after the birth of his son, the Tutor of Blackwood.

The ballad first appeared in print in the second edition of Herd's *Scottish Songs*, 1776, but only as a fragment of five stanzas. Most of the versions have from one stanza to four of a beautiful song, known from the first quarter of the eighteenth century, and printed fifty years earlier than any copy of the ballad (see Notes).

## A

'Lord Douglas,' or, 'The Laird of Blackwood,' Kinloch MSS., i, 93; from the recitation of Mary Barr, Lesmahago, Lanarkshire, May, 1827, and learned by her about sixty years before from an old day at Douglas Castle.

- 1 I WAS a lady of high renown  
As lived in the north country;  
I was a lady of high renown  
Whan Earl Douglas loved me.
- 2 Whan we cam through Glasgow toun,  
We war a comely sight to see;

My gude lord in velvet green,  
And I mysel in cramasie.

- 3 Whan we cam to Douglas toun,  
We war a fine sight to behold;  
My gude lord in cramasie,  
And I myself in shining gold.
- 4 Whan that my auld son was born,  
And set upon the nurse's knee,  
I was as happy a woman as eer wa  
born,  
And my gude lord he loved me.
- 5 But oh, an my young son was born,  
And set upon the nurse's knee,  
And I mysel war dead and gane,  
For a maid again I'll never be!
- 6 There cam a man into this house,  
And Jamie Lockhart was his name,  
And it was told to my gude lord  
That I was in the bed wi him.
- 7 There cam anither to this house,  
And a bad friend he was to me;  
He put Jamie's shoon below my bed  
stock,  
And bade my gude lord come and see.
- 8 O wae be unto thee, Blackwood,  
And ae an ill death may ye dee!  
For ye was the first and the foremost  
man  
That parted my gude lord and me.
- 9 Whan my gude lord cam in my room,  
This grit falsehood for to see,  
He turnd about, and, wi a gloom,  
He straucht did tak farewell o me.
- 10 'O fare thee well, my once lovely maid  
O fare thee well, once dear to me!  
O fare thee well, my once lovely maid  
For wi me again ye sall never be.'
- 11 'Sit down, sit down, Jamie Douglas,  
Sit thee doun and dine wi me,  
And I'll set thee on a chair of gold,  
And a silver towel on thy knee.'
- 12 'Whan cockle-shells turn silver bells,  
And mussels they bud on a tree,  
Whan frost and snaw turns fire to burn  
Then I'll sit down and dine wi thee.



- 13 O wae be unto thee, Blackwood,  
And ae an ill death may ye dee !  
Ye war the first and the foremost man  
That parted my gude lord and me.
- 14 Whan my father he heard word  
That my gude lord had forsaken  
me,  
He sent fifty o his brisk dragoons  
To fesh me hame to my ain countrie.
- 15 That morning before I did go,  
My bonny palace for to leave,  
I went into my gude lord's room,  
But alas ! he wad na speak to me.
- 16 'Fare thee well, Jamie Douglas !  
Fare thee well, my ever dear to me !  
Fare thee well, Jamie Douglas !  
Be kind to the three babes I've born  
to thee.'

## 205

LOUDON HILL, OR, DRUM-  
CLOG

This ballad gives an account of the fight at Drumclog, near Loudon Hill on the borders of the shires of Ayr and Lanark, June 1, 1679, between the "Gospel-lads" or Covenanters and Claverhouse. The Covenanters were commanded by Robert Hamilton, with whom were associated John Balfour of Kinloch, called Burly, and others.

'The Battle of Loudon Hill,' *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, III, 188, 1803; II, 206, 1833.

- 1 You 'l marvel when I tell ye o  
Our noble Burly and his train,  
When last he marchd up through the  
land,  
Wi sax-and-twenty westland men.
- 2 Than they I neer o braver heard,  
For they had a' baith wit and skill;  
They proved right well, as I heard tell,  
As they cam up oer Loudoun Hill.
- 3 Weel prosper a' the gospel-lads  
That are into the west countrie  
Ay wicked Claverse to demean,  
And ay an ill dead may he die !

- 4 For he's drawn up i battle rank,  
An that baith soon an hastilie;  
But they wha live till simmer come,  
Some bludie days for this will see.
- 5 But up spak cruel Claverse then,  
Wi hastie wit an wicked skill,  
'Gae fire on yon westlan men;  
I think it is my sovreign's will.'
- 6 But up bespake his cornet then,  
'It's be wi nae consent o me;  
I ken I'll neer come back again,  
An mony mae as weel as me.
- 7 'There is not ane of a' yon men  
But wha is worthy other three;  
There is na ane amang them a'  
That in his cause will stap to die.
- 8 'An as for Burly, him I knaw;  
He's a man of honour, birth, an fame;  
Gie him a sword into his hand,  
He'll fight thysel an other ten.'
- 9 But up spake wicked Claverse then —  
I wat his heart it raise fu hie —  
And he has cry'd, that a' might hear,  
'Man, ye hae sair deceived me.
- 10 'I never kend the like afore,  
Na, never since I came frae hame,  
That you sae cowardly here suld prove,  
An yet come of a noble Græme.'
- 11 But up bespake his cornet then,  
'Since that it is your honour's will,  
Myself shall be the foremost man  
That shall gie fire on Loudoun Hill.
- 12 'At your command I'll lead them on,  
But yet wi nae consent o me;  
For weel I ken I'll neer return,  
And mony mae as weel as me.'
- 13 Then up he drew in battle rank —  
I wat he had a bonny train —  
But the first time that bullets flew  
Ay he lost twenty o his men.
- 14 Then back he came the way he gaed  
I wat right soon an suddenly;  
He gave command amang his men,  
And sent them back, and bade them  
flee.

- 15 Then up came Burly, bauld an stout,  
Wi' s little train o westland men,  
Wha mair than either aince or twice  
In Edinburgh confind had been.
- 16 They hae been up to London sent,  
An yet they 're a' come safely down;  
Sax troop o horsemen they hae beat,  
And chased them into Glasgow town.

## 206

## BOTHWELL BRIDGE

The report of the success of the Covenanters at Drumclog (see No. 205) brought four or five thousand malcontents into the rising. They established their camp on June 19, 1679, at Hamilton, on the south side of the Clyde, near the point where the river is crossed by Bothwell Bridge. The king named the Duke of Monmouth to command his army in Scotland. The royal forces were at Bothwell Muir on June 22d, and their advanced guards within a quarter of a mile of the bridge. The duke marched his army to an eminence opposite the main body of the enemy, who lay on the moor (st. 10). The defenders of the bridge maintained themselves until their powder was exhausted, and then unwillingly withdrew to the main body. The bridge was cleared of obstructions, and the royal army crossed and advanced against the rebels on the moor. The first fire made the Covenanters' horse wheel about, and their retreat threw the nearest foot into disorder; in consequence of which the whole army fell into confusion. Twelve hundred surrendered without resistance, the rest fled, and several hundred were killed in the pursuit.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, III, 209, 1808; II, 226, 1833. From recitation.

- 1 'O BILLIE, billie, bonny billie,  
Will ye go to the wood wi me?  
We'll ca our horse hame masterless,  
An gar them trow slain men are we.'
- 2 'O no, O no!' says Earlstoun,  
'For that's the thing that mauna be;  
For I am sworn to Bothwell Hill,  
Where I maun either gae or die.'
- 3 So Earlstoun rose in the morning,  
An mounted by the break o day,

An he has joind our Scottish lads,  
As they were marching out the way.

- 4 'Now, farewell, father! and farewell,  
mother!  
An fare ye weel, my sisters three!  
An fare ye well, my Earlstoun!  
For thee again I'll never see.'
- 5 So they 're awa to Bothwell Hill,  
An waly, they rode bonnily!  
When the Duke o Monmouth saw them  
comin,  
He went to view their company.
- 6 'Ye're welcome, lads,' then Monmouth  
said,  
'Ye're welcome, brave Scots lads, to  
me;  
And sae are you, brave Earlstoun,  
The foremost o your company.'
- 7 'But yield your weapons ane an a',  
O yield your weapons, lads, to me;  
For, gin ye'll yield your weapons up,  
Ye'se a' gae haine to your country.'
- 8 Out then spak a Lennox lad,  
And waly, but he spoke bonnily!  
'I wiinna yield my weapons up,  
To you nor nae man that I see.'
- 9 Then he set up the flag o red,  
A' set about wi bonny blue:  
'Since ye'll no cease, and be at  
peace,  
See that ye stand by ither true.'
- 10 They stell'd their cannons on the height,  
And showrd their shot down in the  
how,  
An beat our Scots lads even down;  
Thick they lay slain on every know.
- 11 As eer you saw the rain down fa,  
Or yet the arrow frae the bow,  
Sae our Scottish lads fell even down,  
An they lay slain on every know.
- 12 'O hold your hand,' then Monmouth  
cry'd,  
'Gie quarters to yon men for me;  
But wicked Claverhouse swore an oath  
His cornet's death revengd sud be.'

13 'O hold your hand,' then Moumouth  
cry'd,  
'If ony thing you 'll do for me;  
Hold up your hand, you cursed Græme,  
Else a rebel to our king ye 'll be.'

14 Then wicked Claverhouse turnd about —  
I wot an angry man was he —  
And he has lifted up his hat,  
And cry'd, God bless his Majesty !

15 Than he 's awa to London town,  
Ay een as fast as he can dree;  
Fause witnesses he has wi him taen,  
An taen Monmouth's head frae his  
body.

16 Along the brae beyond the brig,  
Mony brave man lies cauld and still;  
But lang we 'll mind, and sair we 'll rue,  
The bloody battle of Bothwell Hill.

## 207

## LORD DELAMERE

The duel in this ballad is on a par for historical verity with that in 'Johnie Scot' (No. 99). If there was to be a duel, Devonshire (Earl, he was not created Duke till 1694, the last year of Delamere's life) was well chosen for the nonce. He had fought with Lord Mohun, in 1676, and was credited with challenging Count Königsmark, in 1682. What is true in the ballad is that Delamere was a strenuous and uncompromising advocate of constitutional government, and that he and Devonshire were political and personal friends. Both were particularly active in bringing in the Prince of Orange; and so was Lord Danby, with whom, according to the title of B (not here printed), Devonshire was fighting the duel the year before the revolution.

## A

'The Long-armed Duke,' taken down from recitation in Derbyshire, and first printed, about 1843, in a periodical called *The Story Teller*; afterwards in *Notes and Queries*, First Series, v, 243, 1852, by C. W. G.

1 Good people, give attention, a story you  
shall hear,  
It is of the king and my lord Dela-  
mere;

The quarrel it arose in the Parliament  
House,  
Concerning some taxations going to be  
put in force.  
Ri toora loora la.

2 Says my lord Delamere to his Majesty  
soon,  
'If it please you, my liege, of you I 'll  
soon beg a boon.'  
'Then what is your boon? let me it  
understand.'  
'It 's to have all the poor men you have  
in your land.

3 'And I 'll take them to Cheshire, and  
there I will sow  
Both hempseed and flaxseed, and [hang]  
them all in a row.  
Why, they 'd better be hanged, and  
stopped soon their breath,  
If it please you, my liege, than to starve  
them to death.'

4 Then up starts a French lord, as we do  
hear,  
Saying, 'Thou art a proud Jack,' to my  
lord Delamere;  
'Thou oughtest to be stabbed' — then  
he turnd him about —  
'For affronting the king in the Parlia-  
ment House.'

5 Then up starts his grace, the Duke of  
Devonshire,  
Saying, I 'll fight in defence of my lord  
Delamere.  
Then a stage was erected, to battle they  
went,  
To kill or to be killed was our noble  
duke's intent.

6 The very first push, as we do under-  
stand,  
The duke's sword he bended it back  
into his hand.  
He waited a while, but nothing he  
spoke,  
Till on the king's armour his rapier he  
broke.

7 An English lord, who by that stage did  
stand,  
Threw Devonshire another, and he got  
it in his hand;

'Play low for your life, brave Devonshire,' said he,  
'Play low for your life, or a dead man you will be.'

8 Devonshire dropped on his knee, and gave him his death-wound;  
O then that French lord fell dead upon the ground.  
The king called his guards, and he unto them did say,  
'Bring Devonshire down, and take the dead man away.'

9 'No, if it please you, my liege, no! I've slain him like a man;  
I'm resolved to see what clothing he's got on.  
Oh, fie upon your treachery, your treachery!' said he,  
'Oh, king, 't was your intention to have took my life away.'

10 'For he fought in your armour, whilst I have fought in bare;  
The same thou shalt win, king, before thou does it wear.'  
Then they all turned back to the Parliament House,  
And the nobles made obesiance with their hands to their mouths.

11 'God bless all the nobles we have in our land,  
And send the Church of England may flourish still and stand;  
For I've injured no king, no kingdom, nor no crown,  
But I wish that every honest man might enjoy his own.'

208

## LORD DERWENTWATER

James Ratcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater, being suspected or known to be engaged in concerting a rising in the north of England in behalf of the Pretender, a warrant was issued by the Secretary of State for his apprehension, towards the end of September, 1715. Hereupon he took arms, and he was one of the fifteen hundred English and Scots who were forced to an inglorious surrender at Preston, November 14. Derwentwater was impeached

of high treason, and pleaded guilty, in January, 1716; was sentenced to death February 9, and was executed February 24.

## A

'Lord Dunwaters,' Motherwell's MS., p. 331, July 19, 1825, "from the recitation of Agnes Lile, Kilbarchan, a woman verging on fifty;" learned from her father, who died fourteen years before, at the age of eighty. 'Lord Derwentwater,' Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 349.

1 OUR king has wrote a lang letter,  
And sealed it owre with gold;  
He sent it to my lord Dunwaters,  
To read it if he could.

2 He has not sent it with a boy, with a boy,  
Nor with anie Scotch lord;  
But he's sent it with the noblest knight  
Eer Scotland could afford.

3 The very first line that my lord did read,  
He gave a smirking smile;  
Before he had the half o't read,  
The tears from his eyes did fall.

4 'Come saddle to me my horse,' he said,  
'Come saddle to me with speed;  
For I must away to fair London town,  
For me was neer more need.'

5 Out and spoke his lady gay,  
In child-bed where she lay:  
'I would have you make your will, my lord Dunwaters,  
Before you go away.'

6 'I leave to you, my eldest son,  
My houses and my land;  
I leave to you, my second son,  
Ten thousand pounds in hand.

7 'I leave to you, my lady gay —  
You are my wedded wife —  
I leave to you, the third of my estate;  
That 'll keep you in a lady's life.'

8 They had not rode a mile but one,  
Till his horse fell owre a stane:  
'It's warning gude enuech,' my lord Dunwaters said,  
'Alive I 'll neer come hame.'

- 9 When they came into fair London town,  
Into the courtiers' hall,  
The lords and knights in fair London town  
Did him a traitor call.
- 10 'A traitor! a traitor!' says my lord,  
'A traitor! how can that be,  
An it was na for the keeping of five  
thousand men  
To fight for King Jamie?
- 11 'O all you lords and knights in fair London town,  
Come out and see me die;  
O all you lords and knights into fair  
London town,  
Be kind to my ladie.
- 12 'There's fifty pounds in my richt  
pocket,  
Divide it to the poor;  
There's other fifty pounds in my left  
pocket,  
Divide it from door to door.'

## D

'Lord Derntwater,' Kinloch MSS., I, 323.

- 1 THE king has written a braid letter,  
'And seald it up wi gowd,  
And sent it to Lord Derntwater,  
To read it if he could.
- 2 The first lines o't that he read,  
A blythe, blythe man was he;  
But ere he had it half read through,  
The tear blinded his ee.
- 3 'Go saddle to me my milk-white horse,  
Go saddle it with speed;  
For I maun ride to Lun[n]on town,  
To answer for my head.'
- 4 'Your will, your will, my lord Derntwater,  
Your will before ye go;  
For you will leave three dochters fair,  
And a wife to wail and woe.'
- 5 'My will, my will, my lady Derntwater?  
Ye are my wedded wife;  
Be kind, be kind to my dochters dear,  
If I should lose my life.'

- 6 He set his ae fit on the grund,  
The tither on the steed;  
The ring upon his finger burst,  
And his nose began to bleed.
- 7 He rode till he cam to Lunnon town,  
To a place they ca Whiteha;  
And a' the lords o merry England  
A traitor him gan ca.
- 8 'A traitor! a traitor! O what means  
this?  
A traitor! what mean ye?'  
'It's a' for the keeping o five hundred  
men  
To fecht for bonny Jamie.'
- 9 Then up started a gray-headed man,  
Wi a braid axe in his hand:  
'Your life, your life, my lord Derntwater,  
Your life's at my command.'
- 10 'My life, my life, ye old gray-headed  
man,  
My life I'll freely gie;  
But before ye tak my life awa  
Let me speak twa words or three.
- 11 'I've fifty pounds in ae pocket,  
Go deal it frae door to door;  
I've fifty five i the other pocket,  
Go gie it to the poor.
- 12 'The velvet coat that I hae on,  
Ye may tak it for your fee;  
And a' ye lords o merry Scotland  
Be kind to my ladie!'

## 209

## GEORDIE

Kinloch and others incline to take Geordie to be George Gordon, fourth earl of Huntly, who incurred the Queen Regent's displeasure for failing to execute a commission against a Highland robber in 1554. Huntly was committed to Edinburgh Castle, and some of his many enemies urged that he should be put to death. The Earl of Cassilis, though a foe to Huntly, resisted these measures on grounds of patriotism, and proposed that he should be deprived of certain honors and offices and fined. A fine was exacted, and the places which had



been taken from him were restored. With regard to this hypothesis, it may at least be said that, if it should be accepted, the ballad would be quite as faithful to history as many others.

## A

'Geordie,' Johnson's Musical Museum, No. 346, p. 357, 1792; communicated by Robert Burns.

- 1 THERE was a battle in the north,  
And nobles there was many,  
And they hae killd Sir Charlie Hay,  
And they laid the wyte on Geordie.
- 2 O he has written a lang letter,  
He sent it to his lady:  
'Ye maun cum up to Enbrugh town,  
To see what word 's o Geordie.'
- 3 When first she lookd the letter on,  
She was baith red and rosy;  
But she had na read a word but twa  
Till she wallowt like a lily.
- 4 'Gar get to me my gude grey steed,  
My menyie a' gae wi me,  
For I shall neither eat nor drink  
Till Enbrugh town shall see me.'
- 5 And she has mountit her gude greysteed,  
Her menyie a' gaed wi her,  
And she did neither eat nor drink  
Till Enbrugh town did see her.
- 6 And first appeard the fatal block,  
And syne the aix to head him,  
And Geordie cumin down the stair,  
And bands o airn upon him.
- 7 But tho he was chaind in fetters strang,  
O airn and steel sae heavy,  
There was na ane in a' the court  
Sae bra a man as Geordie.
- 8 O she 's down on her bended knee,  
I wat she 's pale and weary:  
'O pardon, pardon, noble king,  
And gie me back my dearie !
- 9 'I hae born seven sons to my Geordie  
dear,  
The seventh neer saw his daddie.  
O pardon, pardon, noble king,  
Pity a waefu lady !'

- 10 'Gar bid the headin-man mak haste,'  
Our king reply'd fu lordly:  
'O noble king, tak a' that 's mine,  
But gie me back my Geordie !'

- 11 The Gordons cam, and the Gordons  
ran,  
And they were stark and steady,  
And ay the word amang them a'  
Was, Gordons, keep you ready !
- 12 An aged lord at the king's right hand  
Says, Noble king, but hear me;  
Gar her tell down five thousand pound,  
And gie her back her dearie.
- 13 Some gae her marks, some gae her  
crowns,  
Some gae her dollars many,  
And she 's telld down five thousand  
pound,  
And she 's gotten again her dearie.
- 14 She blinkit blythe in her Geordie's face,  
Says, Dear I 've bought thee, Geordie;  
But there sud been bluidy bouks on the  
green  
Or I had tint my laddie.
- 15 He claspit her by the middle sma,  
And he kist her lips sae rosy:  
'The fairest flower o woman-kind  
Is my sweet, bonie lady !'

## D

'The Laird of Gigh, or Gae,' Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy, No. 64 MS. of Thomas Wilkie, 1813-15, p. 50, Abbotsford. "I took this down from the recitation of Janet Scott, Bowden, who sung it to a beautiful plaintive old air."

- 1 THERE was a battle i the north  
Among the nobles many,  
The Laird of Gigh he 's killd a man,  
The brother of his lady.
- 2 'Where will I get a man or boy,  
That will win both goud and money,  
That will run into the north,  
And fetch to me my lady ?'
- 3 Up then spake a bonny boy,  
He was both blythe and merry;

- 'O I will run into the north,  
And fetch to you your lady.'
- 4 'You may tell her to sew me a gude  
side shirt,  
She'll no need to sew me mony;  
Tell her to bring me a gude side shirt,  
It will be the last of any.'
- 5 He has written a broad letter,  
And he's sealed it sad and sorry;  
He's gaen it to that bonny boy,  
To take to his fair lady.
- 6 Away the bonny boy he's gaen,  
He was both blythe and merrie;  
He's to that fair lady gane,  
And taen her word frae Geordie.
- 7 When she looked the letter on,  
She was both sad and sorrie:  
'O I'll away to fair Edinburgh town  
Myself and see my Geordie.
- 8 'Gar saddle to me the black,' she says,  
'The brown was neer sae bonny;  
And I'll straight to Edinburgh  
Myself and see my Geordie.'
- 9 When she came to that wan water,  
The boats was not yet ready;  
She wheeld her horse's head around,  
And swimd at the Queen's Ferry.
- 10 When she came to the Parliament  
Close,  
Among the poor folks many,  
She dealt the crowns with duckatoons,  
And bade them pray for Geordy.
- 11 When she came to the Parliament  
House,  
Among the nobles many,  
The rest sat all wi hat on head,  
But hat in hand sat Geordie.
- 12 Up bespake an English lord,  
And he spake blythe and merrie;  
'Was Geordie's head upon the block,  
I am sure I would have his lady.'
- 13 Up bespake that lady fair,  
And O but she was sorrie!  
'If Geordie's head were on the block,  
There's never a man gain his lady.

- 14 'I have land into the north,  
And I have white rigs many,  
And I could gie them a' to you  
To save the life of Geordie.
- 15 'I have seven children in the north,  
And they seem very bonnie,  
And I could bear them a' over again  
For to win the life o Geordie.'
- 16 Up bespake the gude Argyle;  
He has befriended many;  
'If ye'll tell down ten hundred crowns,  
Ye's win the life o Geordie.'
- 17 Some gaed her shillings, and some her  
crowns,  
And some gaed her guineas many,  
And she's telld down ten hundred  
crowns,  
And she's wone the life o Geordie.
- 18 When she came down through Edin-  
borough,  
And Geordie in her hand, O,  
'Where will I get a writer's [house],  
A writer's house so ready,  
That I may write into the north  
I have wone the life o Geordie'?

210

## BONNIE JAMES CAMPBELL

The James Campbell of this ballad cannot be identified. C, like many things in the Scottish Minstrel, has passed through editorial hands.

## A

Herd's MSS., I, 40, II, 184.

- 1 O IT'S up in the Highlands,  
and along the sweet Tay,  
Did bonie James Campbell  
ride monie a day.
- 2 Sadled and bridled,  
and bonie rode he;  
Hame came horse, hame came saddle,  
but neer hame cam he.
- 3 And down cam his sweet sisters,  
greeting sae sair,

And down cam his bonie wife,  
tearing her hair.

- 4 'My house is unbigged,  
my barn's unbeen,  
My corn's unshorn,  
my meadow grows green.'

\* \* \* \* \*

### B

Finlay's Scottish Ballads, 1808, I, xxxiii.

- 1 SADDLED and bridled  
and bootèd rade he;  
Toom hame cam the saddle,  
but never cam he.
- 2 Down cam his auld mither,  
greetin fu sair,  
And down cam his bonny wife,  
wringin her hair.
- 3 Saddled and bridled  
and bootèd rade he;  
Toom hame cam the saddle,  
but never cam he.

### C

'Bonnie George Campbell,' Smith's Scottish Minstrel, v, 42.

- 1 HIE upon Hielands,  
and laigh upon Tay,  
Bonnie George Campbell  
rode out on a day.
- 2 He saddled, he bridled,  
and gallant rode he,  
And hame cam his guid horse,  
but never cam he.
- 3 Out cam his mother dear,  
greeting fu sair,  
And out cam his bonnie bryde,  
riving her hair.
- 4 'The meadow lies green,  
the corn is unshorn,  
But bonnie George Campbell  
will never return.'

- 5 Saddled and bridled  
and bootèd rode he,  
A plume in his helmet,  
A sword at his knee.

- 6 But toom cam his saddle,  
all bloody to see,  
Oh, hame cam his guid horse,  
but never cam he !

### D

Cunningham's Songs of Scotland, III, 2, communicated by Mr Yellowlees.

- 1 HIGH upon Highlands,  
and low upon Tay,  
Bonnie George Campbell  
rode out on a day.
- 2 'My meadow lies green,  
and my corn is unshorn,  
My barn is to build,  
and my babe is unborn.'

211

## BEWICK AND GRAHAM

There was no doubt an older and better copy of this ballad than those which are extant, the earliest of which is of the eighteenth century. The story is so well composed, proportion is so well kept, on the whole, that it is reasonable to suppose that certain passages may have suffered some injury. But it is a fine-spirited ballad as it stands.

a. 'The Song of Bewick and Grahame,' a stall-copy, in octavo, British Museum, 11621. e. 1. (4.) b. 'A Remarkable and Memorable Song of Sir Robert Bewick and the Laird Graham,' broadside, Roxburghe Ballads, III, 624. c. 'A Remarkable and Memorable Song of Sir Robert Bewick and the Laird Graham,' broadside, Percy Papers. d. 'Bewick and Graham's Garland,' M. Angus and Son, Newcastle, Bell Ballads, Abbotsford Library, P. 5, vol. 1, No. 60. e. Broadside, in "A Jolly Book of Garlands collected by John Bell in Newcastle," No. 29, Abbotsford Library, E. 1. f. 'Bewick and Graham,' chapbook, Newcastle, W. For-dyce. g. Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy, No. 145, Abbotsford. h. 'Christie Græme,' the same, No. 89.

- 1 OLD Grahame [he] is to Carlisle gone,  
Where Sir Robert Bewick there met  
he;  
In arms to the wine they are gone,  
And drank till they were both merry.
- 2 Old Grahame he took up the cup,  
And said, 'Brother Bewick, here's to  
thee;  
And here's to our two sons at home,  
For they live best in our country.'
- 3 'Nay, were thy son as good as mine,  
And of some books he could but read,  
With sword and buckler by his side,  
To see how he could save his head,
- 4 'They might have been call'd two bold  
brethren  
Where ever they did go or ride;  
They might [have] been call'd two bold  
brethren,  
They might have crack'd the Border-  
side.
- 5 'Thy son is bad, and is but a lad,  
And bully to my son cannot be;  
For my son Bewick can both write and  
read,  
And sure I am that cannot he.'
- 6 'I put him to school, but he would not  
learn,  
I bought him books, but he would not  
read;  
But my blessing he's never have  
Till I see how his hand can save his  
head.'
- 7 Old Grahame called for an account,  
And he ask'd what was for to pay;  
There he paid a crown, so it went round,  
Which was all for good wine and hay.
- 8 Old Grahame is into the stable gone,  
Where stood thirty good steeds and  
three;  
He's taken his own steed by the head,  
And home rode he right wantonly.
- 9 When he came home, there did he espy,  
A loving sight to spy or see,  
There did he espy his own three sons,  
Young Christy Grahame, the fore-  
most was he.
- 10 There did he espy his own three sons,  
Young Christy Grahame, the fore-  
most was he:  
'Where have you been all day, father,  
That no counsel you would take by  
me?'
- 11 'Nay, I have been in Carlisle town,  
Where Sir Robert Bewick there met  
me;  
He said thou was bad, and call'd thee a  
lad,  
And a baffled man by thou I be.
- 12 'He said thou was bad, and call'd thee  
a lad,  
And bully to his son cannot be;  
For his son Bewick can both write and  
read,  
And sure I am that cannot thee.
- 13 'I put thee to school, but thou would  
not learn,  
I bought thee books, but thou would  
not read;  
But my blessing thou's never have  
Till I see with Bewick thou can save  
thy head.'
- 14 'Oh, pray forbear, my father dear;  
That ever such a thing should be!  
Shall I venture my body in field to fight  
With a man that's faith and troth to  
me?'
- 15 'What's that thou sayst, thou limmer  
loon?  
Or how dare thou stand to speak to  
me?  
If thou do not end this quarrel soon,  
Here is my glove thou shalt fight me.'
- 16 Christy stooped low unto the ground,  
Unto the ground, as you'll under-  
stand:  
'O father, put on your glove again,  
The wind hath blown it from your  
hand.'
- 17 'What's that thou sayst, thou limmer  
loon?  
Or how dare thou stand to speak to  
me?  
If thou do not end this quarrel soon,  
Here is my hand thou shalt fight me.'

- 18 Christy Grahame is to his chamber gone,  
And for to study, as well might be,  
Whether to fight with his father dear,  
Or with his bully Bewick he.
- 19 'If it be [my] fortune my bully to kill,  
As you shall boldly understand,  
In every town that I ride through,  
They'll say, There rides a brotherless man !
- 20 'Nay, for to kill my bully dear,  
I think it will be a deadly sin;  
And for to kill my father dear,  
The blessing of heaven I neer shall win.
- 21 'O give me your blessing, father,' he said,  
'And pray well for me for to thrive;  
If it be my fortune my bully to kill,  
I swear I'll neer come home alive.'
- 22 He put on his back a good plate-jack,  
And on his head a cap of steel,  
With sword and buckler by his side;  
O gin he did not become them well !
- 23 'O fare thee well, my father dear !  
And fare thee well, thou Carlisle town !  
If it be my fortune my bully to kill,  
I swear I'll neer eat bread again.'
- 24 Now we'll leave talking of Christy Grahame,  
And talk of him again belive;  
But we will talk of bonny Bewick,  
Where he was teaching his scholars fife.
- 25 Now when he had learnd them well to fence,  
To handle their swords without any doubt,  
He's taken his own sword under his arm,  
And walkd his father's close about.
- 26 He lookd between him and the sun,  
To see what farleys he coud see;  
There he spy'd a man with armour on,  
As he came riding over the lee.
- 27 'I wonder much what man you be  
That so boldly this way does come;  
I think it is my nighest friend,  
I think it is my bully Grahame.
- 28 'O welcome, O welcome, bully Grahame !  
O man, thou art my dear, welcome !  
O man, thou art my dear, welcome !  
For I love thee best in Christendom.'
- 29 'Away, away, O bully Bewick,  
And of thy bullyship let me be !  
The day is come I never thought on;  
Bully, I'm come here to fight with thee.'
- 30 'O no ! not so, O bully Grahame !  
That eer such a word should spoken be !  
I was thy master, thou was my scholar;  
So well as I have learn'd thee.'
- 31 'My father he was in Carlisle town,  
Where thy father Bewick there met  
he;  
He said I was bad, and he calld me a  
lad,  
And a baffled man by thou I be.'
- 32 'Away, away, O bully Grahame,  
And of all that talk, man, let us  
bè !  
We'll take three men of either side  
To see if we can our fathers agree.'
- 33 'Away, away, O bully Bewick,  
And of thy bullyship let me bè !  
But if thou be a man, as I trow thou  
art,  
Come over this ditch and fight with  
me.'
- 34 'O no ! not so, my bully Grahame !  
That eer such a word should spoken  
be !  
Shall I venture my body in field to fight  
With a man that's faith and troth to  
me ?'
- 35 'Away, away, O bully Bewick,  
And of all that care, man, let us  
be !  
If thou be a man, as I trow thou art,  
Come over this ditch and fight with  
me.'



- 36 'Now, if it be my fortune thee, Gra-  
hame, to kill,  
As God's will's, man, it all must  
be;  
But if it be my fortune thee, Grahame,  
to kill,  
'T is home again I'll never gae.'
- 37 'Thou art of my mind then, bully Be-  
wick,  
And sworn-brethren will we be;  
If thou be a man, as I trow thou art,  
Come over this ditch and fight with  
me.'
- 38 He flang his cloak from [off] his shoul-  
ders,  
His psalm-book out of his hand flang  
he,  
He clapd his hand upon the hedge,  
And oer lap he right wantonly.
- 39 When Grahame did see his bully come,  
The salt tear stood long in his eye:  
'Now needs must I say that thou art a  
man,  
That dare venture thy body to fight  
with me.
- 40 'Now I have a harness on my back;  
I know that thou hath none on thine;  
But as little as thou hath on thy back,  
Sure as little shall there be on mine.'
- 41 He flang his jack from off his back,  
His steel cap from his head flang  
he;  
He's taken his sword into his hand,  
He's tyed his horse unto a tree.
- 42 Now they fell to it with two broa[d  
swords],  
For two long hours fought Bewick  
[and he];  
Much sweat was to be seen on them  
both,  
But never a drop of blood to see.
- 43 Now Grahame gave Bewick an ackward  
stroke,  
An ackward stroke surely struck he;  
He struck him now under the left  
breast,  
Then down to the ground as dead fell  
he.
- 44 'Arise, arise, O bully Bewick,  
Arise, and speak three words to me!  
Whether this be thy deadly wound,  
Or God and good surgeons will mend  
thee.'
- 45 'O horse, O horse, O bully Grahame,  
And pray do get thee far from me!  
Thy sword is sharp, it hath wounded my  
heart,  
And so no further can I gae.
- 46 'O horse, O horse, O bully Grahame,  
And get thee far from me with speed!  
And get thee out of this country quite!  
That none may know who's done the  
deed.'
- 47 'O if this be true, my bully dear,  
The words that thou dost tell to  
me,  
The vow I made, and the vow I'll keep;  
I swear I'll be the first that die.'
- 48 Then he stuck his sword in a moody-  
hill,  
Where he lap thirty good foot and  
three;  
First he bequeathed his soul to God,  
And upon his own sword-point lap he.
- 49 Now Grahame he was the first that died,  
And then came Robin Bewick to  
see;  
'Arise, arise, O son!' he said,  
'For I see thou's won the victory.
- 50 'Arise, arise, O son!' he said,  
'For I see thou's won the victory:'  
'[Father, co]uld ye not drunk your wine  
at home,  
[And le]tten me and my brother be?
- 51 'Nay, dig a grave both low and wide,  
And in it us two pray bury;  
But bury my bully Grahame on the sun-  
side,  
For I'm sure he's won the victory.'
- 52 Now we'll leave talking of these two  
brethren,  
In Carlisle town where they lie slain,  
And talk of these two good old men,  
Where they were making a pitiful  
moan.

53 With that bespoke now Robin Bewick:  
 'O man, was I not much to blame?  
 I have lost one of the liveliest lads  
 That ever was bred unto my name.'

54 With that bespoke my good lord Gra-  
 hame:  
 'O man, I have lost the better block;  
 I have lost my comfort and my joy,  
 I have lost my key, I have lost my  
 lock.

55 'Had I gone through all Ladderdale,  
 And forty horse had set on me,  
 Had Christy Grahame been at my back,  
 So well as he woud guarded me.'

56 I have no more of my song to sing,  
 But two or three words to you I'll  
 name;  
 But 't will be talk'd in Carlisle town  
 That these two [old] men were all  
 the blame

## 212

THE DUKE OF ATHOLE'S  
NURSE

The 'new-come darling' of the Duke of Athole offers the duke's nurse a ring if she will carry a word to her leman. This leman had previously been the nurse's lover, and comes to tell her that another has now possession of his heart. The nurse plans revenge, but dissimulates; she tells the faithless fellow to go for the night to an ale-house, and she will meet him there in the morning. But instead of the nurse he sees a band of men, her seven brothers (nine brothers, F), coming towards the house, and easily divines that they are coming to slay him. He appeals to the landlady to save him; she dresses him in woman's clothes and sets him to her baking. The seven brothers ask the landlady if she had a lodger last night; they are come to pay his reckoning. A lodger had been there, but he did not stay till morning. They search the house and stab the beds, often passing the sham baking-maid without detecting the disguise. C-F have nothing about the 'new-come darling,' but begin at once with the nurse, who longs for her lover, and would give her half year's fee to see him. He appears, and avows to her that another woman has gained his heart. Compare 'Sir James the Rose' (No. 213).

## A

Cromek's Select Scottish Songs, 1810, 196, 194; sent, with other fragments, by Robert Burns to William Tytler, August, 1790 stanzas 2-6.

\* \* \* \* \*

1 'WHERE shall I gang, my ain tr  
 love?  
 Where shall I gang to hide me?  
 For weel ye ken i yere father's bower  
 It wad be death to find me.'

2 'O go you to yon tavern-house,  
 An there count owre your lawin,  
 An, if I be a woman true,  
 I'll meet you in the dawin.'

3 O he's gone to yon tavern-house,  
 An ay he counted his lawin,  
 An ay he drank to her guid health  
 Was to meet him in the dawin.

4 O he's gone to yon tavern-house,  
 An counted owre his lawin,  
 When in there cam three armed men,  
 To meet him in the dawin.

5 'O woe be unto woman's wit!  
 It has beguiled many;  
 She promised to come hersel,  
 But she sent three men to slay me.'

## B

Skene MS., p. 10; taken down in the north of Scotland, 1802-3.

1 'YE are the Duke of Athol's nurse,  
 And I'm the new-come darling;  
 I'll gie yon my gay gold rings  
 To get ae word of my leman.'

2 'I am the Duke of Athol's nurse,  
 And ye're the new-come darling;  
 Keep well your gay gold rings,  
 Ye sall get twa words o your leman'

3 He leand oure his saddle-bow,  
 It was not for to kiss her:  
 'Anither woman has my heart,  
 And I but come here to see ye.'

4 'If anither woman has your heart,  
 O dear, but I am sorry!

- Ye hie you down to yon ale-house,  
And stay untill 't be dawing,  
And if I be a woman true  
I'll meet you in the dawing.'
- 5 He did him down to yon ale-house,  
And drank untill 't was dawing;  
He drank the bonnie lassie's health  
That was to clear his lawing.
- 6 He lookit out of a shot-window,  
To see if she was coming,  
And there he seed her seven brithers,  
So fast as they were running !
- 7 He went up and down the house,  
Says, 'Landlady, can you save me ?  
For yonder comes her seven brithers,  
And they are coming to slay me.'
- 8 So quick she minded her on a wile  
How she might protect him !  
She dressd him in a suit of woman's  
attire  
And set him to her baking.
- 9 'Had you a quarterer here last night,  
Or staid he to the dawing ?  
Shew us the room the squire lay in,  
We are come to clear his lawing.'
- 10 'I had a quarterer here last night,  
But he staid not to the dawing;  
He called for a pint, and paid as he  
went,  
You have nothing to do with his law-  
ing.'
- 11 They searchd the house baith up and  
down,  
The curtains they spaird not to rive  
em,  
And twenty times they passd  
The squire at his baking.

213

# SIR JAMES THE ROSE

There are some resemblances between 'Sir James the Rose' and No. 212. 'Sir James the Ross,' composed by Michael Bruce (d. 1767) upon the story of the present ballad, has perhaps enjoyed more favor than the original.

'Sir James the Rose.' a. From a stall-tract of about 1780, Abbotsford library, P. 6. b. Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 321. c. Sir James the Rose's Garland, one of a volume of the like from Heber's library. d. Motherwell's MS., p. 281; from the recitation of Mrs Gentles, of Paisley. e. Herd's MSS., i, 82. f. The same, ii, 42. g. 'Sir James the Rose,' Pinkerton's *Scottish Tragic Ballads*, 1781, p. 61.

- 1 O HEARD ye of Sir James the Rose,  
The young heir of Buleighen ?  
For he has killd a gallant squire,  
An's friends are out to take him.
- 2 Now he's gone to the House of Marr,  
Where the nourice was his leman;  
To see his dear he did repair,  
Thinking she would befriend him.
- 3 'Where are you going, Sir James ?' she  
says,  
'Or where now are you riding ?'  
'O I am bound to a foreign land,  
For now I'm under hiding.
- 4 'Where shall I go ? Where shall I  
run ?  
Where shall I go to hide me ?  
For I have killd a gallant squire,  
And they're seeking to slay me.'
- 5 'O go ye down to yon ale-house,  
And I'll pay there your lawing;  
And, if I be a woman true,  
I'll meet you in the dawing.'
- 6 'I'll not go down to yon ale-house,  
For you to pay my lawing;  
There's forty shillings for one supper,  
I'll stay in 't till the dawing.'
- 7 He's turnd him right and round about  
And rowd him in his brechan,  
And he has gone to take a sleep,  
In the lowlands of Buleighen.
- 8 He was not well gone out of sight,  
Nor was he past Milstrethen,  
Till four and twenty belted knights  
Came riding oer the Leathen.
- 9 'O have you seen Sir James the Rose,  
The young heir of Buleighen ?  
For he has killd a gallant squire,  
And we're sent out to take him.'

- 10 'O I have seen Sir James,' she says,  
'For he past here on Monday;  
If the steed be swift that he rides on,  
He's past the gates of London.'
- 11 But as they were going away,  
Then she call'd out behind them;  
'If you do seek Sir James,' she says,  
'I'll tell you where you'll find him.'
- 12 'You'll seek the bank above the mill,  
In the lowlands of Buleighen,  
And there you'll find Sir James the  
Rose,  
Lying sleeping in his brechan.
- 13 'You must not wake him out of sleep,  
Nor yet must you affright him,  
Till you run a dart quite thro his heart,  
And thro the body pierce him.'
- 14 They sought the bank above the mill,  
In the lowlands of Buleighen,  
And there they found Sir James the  
Rose,  
A sleeping in his brechan.
- 15 Then out bespoke Sir John the Græme,  
Who had the charge a keeping;  
'It's neer be said, dear gentlemen,  
We'll kill him when he's sleeping.'
- 16 They seiz'd his broadsword and his  
targe,  
And closely him surrounded;  
But when he wak'd out of his sleep,  
His senses were confounded.
- 17 'O pardon, pardon, gentlemen!  
Have mercy now upon me!  
'Such as you gave, such you shall have,  
And so we'll fall upon thee.'
- 18 'Donald my man, wait me upon,  
And I'll give you my brechan,  
And, if you stay here till I die,  
You'll get my trews of tartan.
- 19 'There is fifty pounds in my pocket,  
Besides my trews and brechan;  
You'll get my watch and diamond ring;  
And take me to Loch Largon.'
- 20 Now they have taken out his heart  
And stuck it on a spear,

Then took it to the House of Marr,  
And gave it to his dear.

- 21 But when she saw his bleeding heart  
She was like one distracted;  
She smote her breast, and wrung her  
hands,  
Crying, 'What now have I acted!
- 22 'Sir James the Rose, now for thy sake  
O but my heart's a breaking!  
Curst be the day I did thee betray,  
Thou brave knight of Buleighen.'
- 23 Then up she rose, and forth she goes,  
All in that fatal hour,  
And bodily was born away,  
And never was seen more.
- 24 But where she went was never kend,  
And so, to end the matter,  
A traitor's end, you may depend,  
'Can be expect'd no better.

## 214

## THE BRAES O YARROW

First published in *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 1803, principally from E. A had been somewhat edited before it was communicated to Percy; the places were, however, indicated by commas. There is no basis for an identification of the story with any historical event. The facts must have occurred often enough and there is a similar story in other ballads as the Scandinavian 'Herr Helmer.' 'The Braes of Yarrow' ('Busk ye, busk ye, me bonny, bonny bride'), by William Hamilton of Bangour, was suggested by the present ballad.

## A

'The Braes of Yarrow,' communicated to Percy by Dr William Robertson, Principal of Edinburgh.

- 1 'I DREAMED a dreary dream this night  
That fills my heart wi sorrow;  
I dreamed I was pouing the heath  
green  
Upon the braes of Yarrow.
- 2 'O true-luve mine, stay still and dine,  
As ye ha done before, O;

- 'O I'll be hame by hours nine,  
And frae the braes of Yarrow.'
- 3 I dreamed a dreary dream this night,  
That fills my heart wi sorrow;  
I dreamed my luve came headless  
hame,  
O frae the braes of Yarrow!
- 4 'O true-luve mine, stay still and dine,  
As ye ha done before, O;  
'O I'll be hame by hours nine,  
And frae the braes of Yarrow.'
- 5 'O are ye going to hawke,' she says,  
'As ye ha done before, O ?  
Or are ye going to weild your brand,  
Upon the braes of Yarrow ?'
- 6 'O I am not going to hawke,' he says,  
'As I have done before, O,  
But for to meet your brother Jhon,  
Upon the braes of Yarrow.'
- 7 As he gade down yon dowy den,  
Sorrow went him before, O;  
Nine well-wight men lay waiting him,  
Upon the braes of Yarrow.
- 8 'I have your sister to my wife,  
'Ye' think me an unmeet marrow;  
But yet one foot will I never flee  
Now frae the braes of Yarrow.'
- 9 'Than' four he killd and five did  
wound,  
That was an unmeet marrow!  
'And he had weel nigh wan the day  
Upon the braes of Yarrow.'
- 10 'Bot' a cowardly 'loon' came him be-  
hind,  
Our Lady lend him sorrow!  
And wi a rappier pierced his heart,  
And laid him low on Yarrow.
- 11 'Now Douglas' to his sister's gane,  
Wi meikle dule and sorrow:  
'Gae to your luve, sister,' he says,  
'He's sleeping sound on Yarrow.'
- 12 As she went down yon dowy den,  
Sorrow went her before, O;  
She saw her true-love lying slain  
Upon the braes of Yarrow.

- 13 'She swoond thrice upon his breist  
That was her dearest marrow;  
Said, Ever alace and wae the day  
Thou wentst frae me to Yarrow !'
- 14 She kist his mouth, she kaimd his hair,  
As she had done before, O;  
She 'wiped' the blood that trickled down  
Upon the braes of Yarrow.
- 15 Her hair it was three quarters lang,  
It hang baith side and yellow;  
She tied it round 'her' white hause-bane,  
'And tint her life on Yarrow.'

## E

a. 'The Dowy Houms o Yarrow,' in the handwriting of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, about 1801; now in a volume with the title *Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy*, No. 136, Abbotsford. b. 'The Dowie Dens of Yarrow,' Scott's *Minstrelsy*, III, 72, 1803, III, 143, 1833.

- 1 LATE at een, drinkin the wine,  
Or early in a mornin,  
The set a combat them between,  
To fight it in the dawnin.
- 2 'O stay at hame, my noble lord!  
O stay at hame, my marrow!  
My cruel brother will you betray,  
On the dowy houms o Yarrow.'
- 3 'O fare ye weel, my lady gaye!  
O fare ye weel, my Sarah!  
For I maun gae, tho I neer return  
Frae the dowy banks o Yarrow.'
- 4 She kisssd his cheek, she kaimd his  
hair,  
As she had done before, O;  
She belted on his noble brand,  
An he's awa to Yarrow.
- 5 O he's gane up yon high, high hill —  
I wat he gaed wi sorrow —  
An in a den spied nine armd men,  
I the dowy houms o Yarrow.
- 6 'O ir ye come to drink the wine,  
As ye hae doon before, O?  
Or ir ye come to wield the brand,  
On the bonny banks o Yarrow ?'



- 7 'I im no come to drink the wine,  
As I hae doon before, O,  
But I im come to wield the brand,  
On the dowy houms o Yarrow.'
- 8 Four he hurt, an five he slew,  
On the dowy houms o Yarrow,  
Till that stubborn knight came him be-  
hind,  
An ran his body thorrow.
- 9 'Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother  
John,  
An tell your sister Sarah  
To come an lift her noble lord,  
Who's sleepin sound on Yarrow.'
- 10 'Yestreen I dreamd a dolefu dream;  
I kend there wad be sorrow;  
I dreamd I pu'd the heather green,  
On the dowy banks o Yarrow.'
- 11 She gaed up yon high, high hill —  
I wat she gaed wi sorrow —  
An in a den spy'd nine dead men,  
On the dowy houms o Yarrow.
- 12 She kissd his cheek, she kaimd his hair,  
As oft she did before, O;  
She drank the red blood frae him ran,  
On the dowy houms o Yarrow.
- 13 'O haud your tongue, my douchter dear,  
For what needs a' this sorrow?  
I'll wed you on a better lord  
Than him you lost on Yarrow.'
- 14 'O haud your tongue, my father dear,  
An dinna grieve your Sarah;  
A better lord was never born  
Than him I lost on Yarrow.
- 15 'Tak hame your ousen, tak hame your  
kye,  
For they hae bred our sorrow;  
I wiss that they had a' gane mad  
Whan they cam first to Yarrow.'

215

# RARE WILLIE DROWNED IN YARROW, OR, THE WATER O GAMRIE

Willie is drowned in Yarrow according to the  
older (southern) tradition, A; also B, C. In

the northern copies, D, E, F, with which G,  
agree, the scene is transferred to Gamrie,  
the coast of the Moray Frith, where "there  
no water that Willie could have been drown-  
in but the sea, on his way along the sands  
the old kirk." In No. 216, a western variety  
the same story, Willie is drowned in the Cly-

## A

'Willy's rare and Willy's fair,' Thomson  
Orpheus Caledonius, II, 110, 1733.

- 1 'WILLY's rare, and Willy's fair,  
And Willy's wondrous bony,  
And Willy heght to marry me,  
Gin eer he marryd ony.
- 2 'Yestreen I made my bed fu brade,  
The night I'll make it narrow,  
For a' the live-long winter's night  
I lie twin'd of my marrow.
- 3 'O came you by yon water-side?  
Pu'd you the rose or lilly?  
Or came you by yon meadow green?  
Or saw you my sweet Willy?'
- 4 She sought him east, she sought him  
west,  
She sought him brade and narrow;  
Sine, in the clifing of a craig,  
She found him drownd in Yarrow.

## B

a. Cromek's Select Scottish Songs, 1810,  
196; eighth and ninth stanzas of a fragm-  
sent William Tytler by Burns in 1790.  
Stenhouse's edition of the Musical Museum  
1853, IV, 464.

- 1 SHE sought him east, she sought him  
west,  
She sought him braid and narrow,  
Till in the clintin of a craig  
She found him drownd in Yarrow.
- 2 She's taen three links of her yell  
hair,  
That hung down lang and yellow,  
And she's tied it about sweet Willie  
waist,  
An drawn him out o Yarrow.

## D\*

'The Water of Gamry,' The Old Lady's Collection, MS., No. 10.

- 1 'WILLIE is fair, an Willë's rair,  
An Willë's wondres bonny,  
An Willë has promised to marey me,  
Gin ever he marred ony.'
- 2 'Ye's gett Jeannie, or ye's gett Jonny,  
Or ye's get bonny Piter;  
Ye's gett the walle of a' my sins,  
Bat live to me Willë the writter.'
- 3 'I winnë ha Jamie, I winnë ha Jonny,  
Nor will I ha bonny Peter;  
I winnë ha ony of yer sins,  
In I gett na Willie the writter.'
- 4 Ther was three score an ten brisk young  
men  
Was boun to brid-stell we him.
- 5 'Ride on, ride on, my merry men a',  
I forget some thing behine me;  
I [ha] forgotten my mider's blissing,  
To boun to bridstell we me.'
- 6 'God's blissing an mine gae we ye, my  
son Willie,  
A' the blissings of God ga we ye;  
For y'er na an hour but bare ninten,  
Fan y'er gain to meet yer Meggey.'
- 7 They road on, an forder on,  
Till they came to the water of Gamry;  
An they all wen safe thron,  
Unless it was Suet Willie.
- 8 For the first an step att Willie's hors  
stepped,  
He stepped to the bridel;  
The nixt an step att Wellie's hors stepped,  
Toom grue Willë's sadle.
- 9 They rod on, an forder on,  
Till they came to the kirk of Gamry,  
. . . . .
- 10 . . . . .  
'A rounin, a rouning,' she says,  
'An fat means a' this rouning?'

- 11 Out spak the bonny bried,  
Just att the kirk of Gamrie;  
'Far is the man that was to gee me his  
han  
This day att the kirk of Gamry?'
- 12 Out spak his breder John,  
An O bat he was sorry!  
'It fears me sair, my bonny brid,  
He slipes our sune in Gaamry.'
- 13 The ribbons they wer on her hare,  
They wer thik an mony;  
She rive them a', late them doun faa,  
An is on to the water of Gamry.
- 14 She sought it up, she sought it doun,  
She sought it braid an narrow,  
An the depest pot in a' Gamry,  
Ther she got Suit Willie.
- 15 She has kissed his comly mouth,  
As she had don befor, O:  
'Baith our miders sall be alike sory,  
For we's baith slep soun in Gamry.'

216

THE MOTHER'S MALISON, OR,  
CLYDE'S WATER

The passage in A 10-16, in which the mother, pretending to be her daughter, repels the lover, and the daughter, who has dreamed that her lover had come and had been refused admittance, is told by her mother that this had actually happened, and sets off in pursuit of her lover, seems to have been adopted from No. 76. A very popular Italian ballad (Nigra, No. 23) has some of the traits of 'The Mother's Malison,' parts being exchanged and the girl drowned.

## A\*

'Clide's Water,' The Old Lady's Collection, MS., No. 11.

- 1 'YE gie corn to my hors,  
An meatt to my man,  
For I will gai to my true-love's gates  
This night, gin I can wine.'
- 2 'O stay att home, my son Willie,  
This a bare night we me;  
The best bed in a' my house  
Sall be well made to the.'

- 3 'I care na for your beds, mider,  
I care na a pin;  
For I ill gae to my love's gates  
This night, gin I can wine.'
- 4 'O stay, my son Willie,  
This night we me;  
The best hen in a' mey reast  
Sall be well made ready for the.'
- 5 'I care na for your beans, midder,  
I care na a pin;  
For I ull gae to my love's gates  
This night, gin I can wine.'
- 6 'Gin ye winnë stay, my son Willie,  
This a bare night we me,  
Gin Claid's water be dip an fue of flud,  
My maliceu droun ye in.'
- 7 He road up yon high hill,  
An doun yon douë den;  
The roring of Clid's water  
Wod ha flied ten thousand men.
- 8 'O spair me, Claid's water,  
Spare me as I gaa!  
Make me yer wrak as I come back,  
Bat spare me as I gaa!'
- 9 He raid in, an forder in,  
Till he came to the chine;  
An he raid in, an forder in,  
Till he came to dray lan.
- 10 An fan he came to his love's gates  
He tirlid att the pin:  
'Open yer gates, May Meggie,  
Open yer gates to me,  
For my bets is fue of Claid's water,  
An the rain rins our my chine.'
- 11 'I ha ne loves therout,' she says,  
'I haa ne love theren;  
My true-love is in my arms tua,  
An nean will I latt in.'
- 12 'Open yer gates, Meggie,  
This night to me,  
For Clide's water is full of flood,  
An my mider's mallison will droun  
me in.'
- 13 'An of my chambers is full of corn,'  
she says,  
'Anether is full of hay,
- The other is full of gentelmen,  
An they winnë remove till day.'
- 14 Out waked her May Meggie,  
Out of her drussie dream:  
'I dreamed a dream nou san the streer  
God read a' dreams to gued!  
That my true-love Willie  
Was staning att my bed-feet.'
- 15 'Nou lay still, my a dather,  
An keep my back fraa the call;  
It's na the space of haf an hour  
Sayn he gade fra your hall.'
- 16 'Hey, Willie! an hou, Willie!  
An Willie, winnë ye turn agen?'  
But ay the louder that she crayed  
He read agenst the wind.
- 17 He raid up yon high hill,  
An doun yon douë den,  
An the roring that was in Clid's water  
Wad ha fled ten thousand men.
- 18 He raid in  
Tell he came to the chine,  
An he raid forder in,  
Bat never mare came out agen.
- 19 She sought him up, she sought him  
doun,  
She sought him braid an narrou;  
In the depest pot in a' Claid's water,  
Ther she gat Suit Willie.
- 20 She has kissed his comly mouth,  
As she had den afore:  
'Baith our midders sall be alike sorry,  
For we's bath slipe soun in Clide's  
water.'
- 21 Ther was na mare seen of that gued lor  
Bat his hat frae his head;  
There was na mare seen of that gue  
lady  
Bat her keem an her sneed.
- 22 Ther mideers went up an doun the water  
Saying, Clayd's water din us wrong

## B

'Willie and May Margaret,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 135; from Mrs Brown's recitation, apparently in 1800.

- 1 'Gie corn to my horse, mither,  
Gie meat unto my man,  
For I maun gang to Margaret's bower  
Before the nicht comes on.'
- 2 'O stay at hame now, my son Willie,  
The wind blows cald and sour;  
The night will be baith mirk and late  
Before ye reach her bower.'
- 3 'O tho the nicht were ever sae dark,  
Or the wind blew never sae cald,  
I will be in my Margaret's bower  
Before twa hours be tald.'
- 4 'O gin ye gang to May Margaret,  
Without the leave of me,  
Clyde's water's wide and deep enough,  
My malison drown thee!'
- 5 He mounted on his coal-black steed,  
And fast he rade awa,  
But ere he came to Clyde's water  
Fu loud the wind did blaw.
- 6 As he rode oer yon hich, hich hill,  
And down yon dowie den,  
There was a roar in Clyde's water  
Wad feard a hunder men.
- 7 His heart was warm, his pride was up;  
Sweet Willie kentna fear;  
But yet his mither's malison  
Ay sounded in his ear.
- 8 O he has swam through Clyde's water,  
Tho it was wide and deep,  
And he came to May Margaret's door,  
When a' were fast asleep.
- 9 O he's gane round and round about,  
And tirl'd at the pin;  
But doors were steekd, and windows  
baird,  
And nane wad let him in.
- 10 'O open the door to me, Margaret!  
O open and lat me in!  
For my boots are full o Clyde's water  
And frozen to the brim.'
- 11 'I darena open the door to you,  
Nor darena lat you in,  
For my mither she is fast asleep,  
And I darena mak nae din.'

- 12 'O gin ye wiinna open the door,  
Nor yet be kind to me,  
Now tell me o some out-chamber  
Where I this nicht may be.'
- 13 'Ye canna win in this nicht, Willie,  
Nor here ye canna be;  
For I've nae chambers out nor in,  
Nae ane but barely three.
- 14 'The tane o them is fu o corn,  
The tither is fu o hay;  
The tither is fu o merry young men;  
They wiinna remove till day.'
- 15 'O fare ye weel, then, May Margaret,  
Sin better manna be;  
I've win my mither's malison,  
Coming this nicht to thee.'
- 16 He's mounted on his coal-black steed,  
O but his heart was wae!  
But, ere he came to Clyde's water,  
'T was half up oer the brae.
- \* \* \* \*
- 17 . . . . .  
. . . . . he plunged in,  
But never raise again.

217

## THE BROOM OF COWDEN- KNOWS

This ballad was widely diffused in Scotland. "It would be useless," says Motherwell, "to enumerate the titles of the different versions which are common among reciters." The earliest known copies are of the second half of the eighteenth century. There is an English "ditty" (not a traditional ballad) of a northern lass who got harm while milking her father's ewes, which was printed in the first half of the seventeenth century. This ditty is "to a pleasant Scotch tune called The broom of Cowden Knowes," and the burden is:

With, O the broome, the bonny broome,  
The broome of Cowden Knowes!  
Fain would I be in the North Countrey,  
To milk my dadyes ewes.

The tune was remarkably popular, and the burden is found, variously modified, in connection with several songs.

There is very little story to the English ditty, far too little to have served as a basis for the Scottish ballad. On the other hand, the English author seems to have known only the burden of the Scottish ballad and to have built his very slight tale on that.

'Malfred og Sadelmand,' Kristensen, I, 258, No. 99, is an independent ballad, but has some of the traits of this: the maid, who is treated with great violence, asks the knight's name, as in two versions of 'The Broom of Cowdenknows'; he comes back to marry her, after she has borne twins.

Cowdenknowes is on the east bank of Leader, near Earliston, and some four or five miles from Malrose.

## A

'The Laird of Knottington,' Percy Papers; communicated to Percy by R. Lambe, of Norham, August 17, 1763, and dated May, 1768.

1 THERE was a troop of merry gentlemen  
Was riding atween twa knows,  
And they heard the voice of a bonny lass,  
In a bught milking her ewes.

2 There's ane o them lighted frae off his  
steed,  
And has ty'd him to a tree,  
And he's gane away to yon ew-bught,  
To hear what it might be.

3 'O pity me, fair maid,' he said,  
'Take pity upon me;  
O pity me, and my milk-white steed  
That's trembling at yon tree.'

4 'As for your steed, he shall not want  
The best of corn and hay;  
But as to you yoursel, kind sir,  
I've naething for to say.'

5 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the green gown-sleeve,  
And he as led her into the ew-bught,  
Of her friends he speed nae leave.

6 He as put his hand in his pocket,  
And given her guineas three:  
'If I dinna come back in half a year,  
Then luke nae mair for me.'

7 'Now show to me the king's hie street,  
Now show to me the way;  
Now show to me the king's hie street,  
And the fair water of Tay.'

8 She showd to him the king's hie street  
She showd to him the way;  
She showd him the way that he was to go  
By the fair water of Tay.

9 When she came hame, her father said,  
'Come, tell to me right plain;  
I doubt you've met some in the way,  
You have not been your lain.'

10 'The night it is baith mist and mirk,  
You may gan out and see;  
The night is mirk and misty too,  
There's nae body been wi me.

11 'There was a tod came to your flock,  
The like I neer did see;  
When he spake, he lifted his hat,  
He had a bouny twinkling eee.'

12 When fifteen weeks were past and gane  
Full fifteen weeks and three,  
Then she began to think it lang  
For the man wi the twinkling eee.

13 It fell out on a certain day,  
When she cawd out her father's ky,  
There was a troop of gentlemen  
Came merrily riding by.

14 'Weel may ye sigh and sob,' says ane,  
'Weel may you sigh and see;  
Weel may you sigh, and say, fair maid  
Wha's gotten this bairn wi thee?'

15 She turned her sel then quickly about,  
And thinking meikle shame,  
O no, kind sir, it is na sae,  
For it has a dad at hame.'

16 'O hawd your tongue, my bonny lass,  
Sae loud as I hear you lee!  
For dinna you mind that summer night  
I was in the bught wi thee?'

17 He lighted off his milk-white steed,  
And set this fair maid on;  
'Now caw out your ky, good father,' he  
said,  
'She'll neer caw them out again.'

18 'I am the laird of Knottington,  
I've fifty plows and three;  
I've gotten now the bonniest lass  
That is in the hale country.'



## B

'Bonny May.' a. Herd's Ancient and Modern Scots Songs, 1769, p. 308; 1776, I, 98.  
 b. Johnson's Museum, No. 110, p. 113.

1 It was on an evning sae saft and sae clear  
 A bonny lass was milking the kye,  
 And by came a troop of gentlemen,  
 And rode the bonny lassie by.

2 Then one of them said unto her,  
 'Bonny lass, prythee shew me the way.'  
 'O if I do sae, it may breed me wae,  
 For langer I dare nae stay.'

\* \* \* \* \*

3 But dark and misty was the night  
 Before the bonny lass came hame:  
 'Now where hae you been, my ae doughter?'  
 I am sure you was nae your lane.'

4 'O father, a tod has come oer your lamb,  
 A gentleman of high degree,  
 And ay whan he spake he lifted his hat,  
 And bonny, bonny blinkit his ee.'

5 Or eer six months were past and gane,  
 Six months but and other three,  
 The lassie begud for to fret and to frown,  
 And think lang for his blinkin ee.

6 'O wae be to my father's shepherd,  
 An ill death may he die!  
 He bigged the bughts sae far frae hame,  
 And trysted a gentleman to me!'

7 It fell upon another fair evening  
 The bonny lassie was milking her ky,  
 And by came the troop of gentlemen,  
 And rode the bonny lassie by.

8 Then one of them stopt, and said to her,  
 'Whae's aught that baby ye are wi?'  
 The lassie began for to blush, and think,  
 To a father as good as ye.

9 'O had your tongue, my bonny may,  
 Sae loud I hear you lie!  
 O dinnae you mind the misty night  
 I was in the bught with thee?'

10 Now he's come aff his milk-white steed,  
 And he has taen her hame:  
 'Now let your father bring hame the ky,  
 You neer mair shall ea them agen.'

11 'I am a lord of castles and towers,  
 With fifty ploughs of land and three,  
 And I have gotten the bonniest lass  
 That is in this countrie.'

## 218

## THE FALSE LOVER WON BACK

Two pretty stanzas in A (4, 5) seem not to belong to the story. The inconstant youth would have been only too glad to have the faithful maid look to other men, and gives her all liberty to do so. These two stanzas are first found in Herd's MSS., I, 53, and in Herd's Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, 1776, II, 6, as follows:

False luv, and hae ye played me this,  
 In the simmer, mid the flowers?  
 I sall repay ye back agen,  
 In the winter, mid the showers.

Bot again, dear luv, and again, dear luv,  
 Will ye not turn again?  
 As ye look to ither women,  
 Sall I to ither men.

## A

'The Fause Lover,' Buchan's MSS., I, 114;  
 Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 268.

1 A FAIR maid sat in her bower-door,  
 Wringing her lily hands,  
 And by it came a sprightly youth,  
 Fast tripping oer the strands.

2 'Where gang ye, young John,' she says,  
 'Sae early in the day?  
 It gars me think, by your fast trip,  
 Your journey's far away.'

3 He turnd about wi surly look,  
 And said, What's that to thee?  
 I'm gaen to see a lovely maid,  
 Mair fairer far than ye.

- 4 'Now hae ye playd me this, fause love,  
In simmer, mid the flowers?  
I shall repay ye back again,  
In winter, mid the showers.
- 5 'But again, dear love, and again, dear love,  
Will ye not turn again?  
For as ye look to other women,  
I shall to other men.'
- 6 'Make your choice of whom you please,  
For I my choice will have;  
I've chosen a maid more fair than thee,  
I never will deceive.'
- 7 But she's kilt up her claithing fine,  
And after him gaed she;  
But aye he said, Ye'll turn again,  
Nae farder gae wi me.
- 8 'But again, dear love, and again, dear love,  
Will ye never love me again?  
Alas for loving you sae well,  
And you nae me again!'
- 9 The first an town that they came till,  
He bought her brooch and ring;  
And aye he bade her turn again,  
And gang nae farder wi him.
- 10 'But again, dear love, and again, dear love,  
Will ye never love me again?  
Alas for loving you sae well,  
And you nae me again!'
- 11 The next an town that they came till,  
He bought her muff and gloves;  
But aye he bade her turn again,  
And choose some other loves.
- 12 'But again, dear love, and again, dear love,  
Will ye never love me again?  
Alas for loving you sae well,  
And you nae me again!'
- 13 The next an town that they came till,  
His heart it grew mair fain,  
And he was as deep in love wi her  
As she was ower again.

- 14 The next an town that they came till  
He bought her wedding gown,  
And made her lady of ha's and bow  
Into sweet Berwick town.

## B

'The place where my love Johnny dwelt'  
Christie's Traditional Ballad Airs, I, 144; from  
the recitation of a woman born in Buchan.

- 1 THE sun shines high on yonder hill,  
And low on yonder town;  
In the place where my love Johnny  
dwells,  
The sun gaes never down
- 2 'O when will ye be back, bonny lad,  
O when will ye be hame?'  
'When heather-hills are nine times  
brunt,  
And a' grown green again.'
- 3 'O that's ower lang awa, bonny lad,  
O that's ower lang frae hame;  
For I'll be dead and in my grave  
Ere ye come back again.'
- 4 He put his foot into the stirrup  
And said he maun go ride,  
But she kilted up her green claithing  
And said she woudna bide.
- 5 The firsten town that they came to,  
He bought her hose and sheen,  
And bade her rue and return again,  
And gang nae farther wi him.
- 6 'Ye likena me at a', bonny lad,  
Ye likena me at a';'  
'It's sair for you likes me sae weel  
And me nae you at a'.'
- 7 The nexten town that they came to,  
He bought her a braw new gown,  
And bade her rue and return again,  
And gang nae farther wi him.
- 8 The nexten town that they came to,  
He bought her a wedding ring,  
And bade her dry her rosy cheeks,  
And he would tak her wi him.
- 9 'O wae be to your bonny face,  
And your twa blinkin een!

And wae be to your rosy cheeks !  
They've stown this heart o mine.

- 0 'There's comfort for the comfortless,  
There's honey for the bee;  
There's comfort for the comfortless,  
There's nane but you for me.'

219

## THE GARDENER

The Gardener is in Five Excellent New Songs, Edinburgh, Printed and sold by William Forrest, 1766; but the copy is considerably corrupted and is not given here (see Child, v, 18). A 7 is found substantially in the preceding ballad, and perhaps belonged originally to either.

A

Kinloch MSS., v, 47, in the handwriting of James Beattie; from the recitation of his aunt, Miss Elizabeth Beattie.

- 1 THE gardener stands in his bower-door,  
With a primrose in his hand,  
And by there came a leal maiden,  
As jimp's a willow wand.  
And by, etc.

- 2 'O lady, can you fancy me,  
For to be my bride,  
You'll get a' the flowers in my garden,  
To be to you a weed.

- 3 'The lily white shall be your smock;  
Becomes your body neat;  
And your head shall be deckd with  
jelly-flower,  
And the primrose in your breast.

- 4 'Your gown shall be o the sweet-william,  
Your coat o camovine,  
And your apron o the sallads neat,  
That taste baith sweet and fine.

- 5 'Your stockings shall be o the broad  
kail-blade,  
That is baith broad and long;  
And narrow, narrow at the coot,  
And broad, broad at the brawn.

- 6 'Your gloves shall be the marygold,  
All glittering to your hand,

Well spread oer wi the blue blaewort,  
That grows in corn-land.'

- 7 'O fare you well, young man,' she says,  
'Farewell, and I bid adieu;  
Since you've provided a weed for me,  
Among the summer flowers,  
Then I'll provide another for you,  
Among the winter showers.

- 8 'The new-fallen snow to be your smock;  
Becomes your body neat;  
And your head shall be deckd with the  
eastern wind,  
And the cold rain on your breast.'

220

## THE BONNY LASS OF ANGLESEY

There is a resemblance, remarkable as far as it goes, to the Scandinavian ballad of 'Little Kirstin's Dance' (Grundtvig, No. 263). In the Danish ballad (A), a king's son, to induce Little Kirstin to dance before him, promises a succession of gifts, none of which avail until he plights his honor and troth. The remainder of the story is like the conclusion of 'Gil Brenton' (No. 5).

A

'The Bonny Lass of Anglesey,' Herd's MSS., i, 148; Herd's Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, 1776, ii, 231.

- 1 OUR king he has a secret to tell,  
And ay well keepit it must be:  
The English lords are coming down  
To dance and win the victory.

- 2 Our king has cry'd a noble cry,  
And ay well keepit it must be:  
Gar saddle ye, and bring to me  
The bonny lass of Anglesey.'

- 3 Up she starts, as white as the milk,  
Between him and his company:  
'What is the thing I hae to ask,  
If I could win the victory?'

- 4 'Fifteen ploughs but and a mill  
I gie thee till the day thou die,  
And the fairest knight in a' my court  
To chuse thy husband for to be.'

5 She's taen the fifteen lord[s] by the hand,  
Saying, 'Will ye come dance with me?'

But on the morn at ten o'clock  
They gave it oer most shamefully.

6 Up then rais the fifteenth lord —  
I wat an angry man was he —  
Laid by frae him his belt and sword,  
And to the floor gaed manfully.

7 He said, 'My feet shall be my dead  
Before she win the victory;  
But before 't was ten o'clock at night  
He gaed it oer as shamefully.

## B

'The Bonny Lass o Englessie's Dance,' Buchanan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 63.

1 WORD has gane thro a' this land,  
And O well noticed it maun be!  
The English lords are coming down  
To dance and gain the victorie.

2 The king has made a noble cry,  
And well attended it maun be:  
'Come saddle ye, and bring to me  
The bonny lass o Englessie.'

3 She started up, a' dress'd in white,  
Between him and his companie;  
Said, What will ye gie, my royal liege,  
If I will dance this dance for thee?

4 'Five good ploughs but and a mill  
I'll give you till the day ye die;  
The bravest knight in all my court,  
I'll give, your husband for to be.'

5 She's taen the first lord by the hand,  
Says, 'Ye'll rise up and dance wi me;'  
But she made a' these lords fifteten  
To gie it up right shamefullie.

6 Then out it speaks a younger lord,  
Says, 'Fye for shame! how can this  
be?'

He loosd his brand frae aff his side,  
Likewise his buckler frae his knee.

7 He sware his feet should be his dead  
Before he lost the victorie;  
He danc'd full fast, but tired at last,  
And gae it up as shamefullie.

## KATHARINE JAFFRAY

The ballad was first published by Sir Walter Scott, under the title 'The Laird of Lanington,' in the first edition of the *Minstrelsy*, 1802, I, 216. This copy was fashioned by the editor from A and B. Scott's later copy (*Minstrelsy*, 1803, I, 238; 1833, III, 122) is chiefly made up from A, B, and C. 'Lochinvar,' in the fifth canto of *Marmion*, was modelled on 'Katharine Jaffray.' The lover is called *Lochinvar* in several versions of the ballad. Another ballad, much later and inferior, in which the lover carries off a bride on her wedding-day, is No. 254.

## A.

'Katharine Jaffray.' a. Herd's MSS., I, 61, II, 56. b. The Aldine edition of Burns' Poems, by Sir Harris Nicolas, 1839, III, 181 from Burns's autograph.

1 THERE livd a lass in yonder dale,  
And down in yonder glen, O  
And Kathrine Jaffray was her name,  
Well known by many men. O

2 Out came the Laird of Lauderdale,  
Out frae the South Countrie,  
All for to court this pretty maid,  
Her bridegroom for to be.

3 He has teld her father and mither baith  
And a' the rest o her kin,  
And has teld the lass hersell,  
And her consent has win.

4 Then came the Laird of Lochinton,  
Out frae the English border,  
All for to court this pretty maid,  
Well mounted in good order.

5 He's teld her father and mither baith,  
As I hear sindry say,  
But he has nae teld the lass her sell,  
Till on her wedding day.

6 When day was set, and friends were met,  
And married to be,  
Lord Lauderdale came to the place,  
The bridal for to see.

7 'O are you came for sport, young man?  
Or are you come for play?

Or are you come for a sight o our bride,  
Just on her wedding day ?'

'I'm nouthar come for sport,' he says,  
'Nor am I come for play;  
But if I had one sight o your bride,  
I 'll mount and ride away.'

There was a glass of the red wine  
Filld up them atween,  
And ay she drank to Lauderdale,  
Wha her true-love had been.

Then he took her by the milk-white  
hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,  
And he mounted her high behind him  
there,  
At the bridegroom he askt nae leive.

Then the blude run down by the Cow-  
den Banks,  
And down by Cowden Braes,  
And ay she gard the trumpet sound,  
'O this is foul, foul play !'

Now a' ye that in England are,  
Or are in England born,  
Come nere to Scotland to court a lass,  
Or else ye 'l get the scorn.

They haik ye up and settle ye by,  
Till on your wedding day,  
And gie ye frogs instead o fish,  
And play ye foul, foul play.

# E

'The Laird of Laminton,' Herd's MSS., i,  
34, ii, 58.

THE gallant laird of Lamington  
Cam frae the North Countree  
To court a gallant gay lady,  
And wi presents entered he.

He neither stood for gould nor gear —  
For she was a well-fared may —  
And whan he got her friends' consent  
He set the wedding-day.

She 's sent unto her first fere love,  
Gin he would come to see,  
And he has sent word back again  
Weel answered should she be.

4 He has sent a messenger  
Right quietly throo the land,  
Wi mony armed men,  
To be at his command.

5 The bridegroom looked out at a high  
window,  
Beheld baith dool and doon,  
And there he spied her first fere love,  
Come riding to the toun.

6 She scoffed and she scorned him,  
Upo the wedding-day,  
And said it had been the Fairy Court  
That he had seen in array.

7 But as he sat at yon table-head,  
Amo yon gentlemen,  
And he began to speak some words  
That na ane there could ken.

8 'There is a lass into this town —  
She is a weel-far'd may —  
She is another man's bride today,  
But she 'll play him foul play.'

9 Up did start the bonny bridegroom,  
His hat into his haud,  
. . . . .

10 'O cam you here, young man, to fight ?  
Or came you here to flee ?  
Or cam you here to drink good wine,  
And be good company ?'

11 They filled a cup o good red wine,  
Drunk out between them twa:  
'For one dance wi your bonny bride,  
I shall gae hame my wa.'

12 He 's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,  
He 's mounted her high behind himself,  
At her kin 's speired nae leave.

13 Now . . . . .  
And swords flew in the skies,  
And droop and drowsie was the blood  
Ran our yon lilly braes.

14 The blood ran our the lilly bank,  
And our the lilly brae,  
And sighing said the bonny bride,  
'A, wae 's me for foul play !'



- 15 'My blessing on your heart, sweet thing,  
Wae to your wilfu will !  
So many a gallant gentleman's blood  
This day as ye've garred spill.
- 16 'But a' you that is norland men,  
If you be norland born,  
Come never south to wed a bryde,  
For they'll play you the scorn.
- 17 'They will play you the scorn  
Upo your wedding-day,  
And gie you frogs instead o fish,  
And do you foul, foul play.'

## C

'Katherine Jaffarie,' Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy, No. 30, Abbotsford. Sent Scott by William Laidlaw, in September, 1802; obtained by him from Jean Scott.

- 1 THERE leeft a may, an a weel-far'd may,  
High, high up in yon glen; O  
Her name was Katarine Janfarie,  
She was courtit by monie men. O
- 2 Up then cam Lord Lauderdale,  
Up thrae the Lawland border,  
And he has come to court this may,  
A' mountit in gude order.
- 3 He's telld her father, he's telld her mother,  
An a' the lave o her kin,  
An he has telld the bonnie lass hersel,  
An has her favour win.
- 4 Out then cam Lord Faughanwood,  
Out frae the English border,  
An for to court this well-far'd may,  
A' mountit in gude order.
- 5 He telld her father, he telld her mother,  
An a' the rest o her kin,  
But he neer telld the bonnie lass herself  
Till on her waddin-een.
- 6 When they war a' at denner set,  
Drinkin the bluid-red wine,  
'T was up then cam Lord Lauderdale,  
The bridegroom soud hae been.

- 7 Up then spak Lord Faughanwood,  
An he spak very slee:  
'O are ye come for sport?' he says,  
'Or are ye come for play?  
Or are ye come for a kiss o our bride,  
An the morn her waddin-day?'
- 8 'O I'm no come for ought,' he says,  
'But for some sport or play;  
An ae word o yer bonnie bride,  
Than I'll horse an ride away.'
- 9 She filld a cup o the gude red wine,  
She filld it to the ee:  
'Here's a health to you, Lord Lauderdale,  
An a' your companie.'
- 10 She filld a cup o the gude red wine,  
She filld it to the brim:  
'Here's a health to you, Lord Lauderdale,  
My bridegroom should hae been.'
- 11 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the gars-green sleeve,  
An he has mountit her behind him,  
O the bridegroom spierd nae leave.
- 12 'It'[s] now take yer bride, Lord Faughanwood,  
Now take her an ye may;  
But if ye take yer bride again  
We will ca it foul play.'
- 13 There war four a twenty bonnie boys,  
A' clad i the simple grey;  
They said the wad take their bride again,  
By the strang hand an the may.
- 14 Some o them were fu willin men,  
But they war na willin a';  
Sae four an twentie ladies gay  
Bade them ride on their way.
- 15 The bluid ran down by the Cadan bank,  
An in by the Cadan brae,  
An ther the gard the piper play  
It was a' for foul, foul play.
- 16 A' ye lords in fair England  
That live by the English border,  
Gang never to Scotland to seek a wife,  
Or than ye'll get the scorn.

17 They'll keep ye up i temper guid  
 Untill yer wadin-day,  
 They'll thraw ye frogs instead o fish,  
 An steal your bride away.

222

## BONNY BABY LIVINGSTON

A is the only version of this ballad that ends well. The others give the story a tragical catastrophe. The kidnapping of women for a compulsory marriage was a practice which prevailed for hundreds of years, and down to a late date, and, of course, not only in Great Britain. Other Scottish ballads celebrating similar abductions are Nos. 223, 224, 225.

## A

'Bonny Baby Livingston.' a. Jamieson-Brown MS., Appendix, p. xii, sent by Mrs Brown to Jamieson, in a letter dated September 15, 1800. b. Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 135, as taken from Mrs Brown's recitation a short time before a was written down.

- 1 O BONNY Baby Livingston  
 Went forth to view the hay,  
 And by it came him Glenlion,  
 Sta bonny Baby away.
- 2 O first he's taen her silken coat,  
 And neest her satten gown,  
 Syne rowd her in a tartan plaid,  
 And hapd her round and rown.
- 3 He has set her upon his steed  
 And roundly rode away,  
 And neer loot her look back again  
 The live-long summer's day.
- 4 He's carried her oer hills and muirs  
 Till they came to a Highland glen,  
 And there he's met his brother John,  
 With twenty armed men.
- 5 O there were cows, and there were ewes,  
 And lasses milking there,  
 But Baby neer anse lookd about,  
 Her heart was filld wi care.
- 6 Glenlion took her in his arms,  
 And kissd her, cheek and chin;  
 Says, I'd gie a' these cows and ewes  
 But ae kind look to win.

- 7 'O ae kind look ye neer shall get,  
 Nor win a smile frae me,  
 Unless to me you'll favour shew,  
 And take me to Dundee.'
- 8 'Dundee, Baby? Dundee, Baby?  
 Dundee you neer shall see  
 Till I've carried you to Glenlion  
 And have my bride made thee.
- 9 'We'll stay a while at Auchingour,  
 And get sweet milk and cheese,  
 And syne we'll gang to Glenlion,  
 And there live at our ease.'
- 10 'I winna stay at Auchingour,  
 Nor eat sweet milk and cheese,  
 Nor go with thee to Glenlion,  
 For there I'll neer find ease.'
- 11 Than out it spake his brother John,  
 'O were I in your place,  
 I'd take that lady hame again,  
 For a' her bonny face.
- 12 'Commend me to the lass that's kind,  
 Tho na so gently born;  
 And, gin her heart I coudna gain,  
 To take her hand I'd scorn.'
- 13 'O had your tongue now, John,' he  
 says,  
 'You wis na what you say;  
 For I've lood that bonny face  
 This twelve month and a day.
- 14 'And tho I've lood her lang and sair  
 A smile I neer coud win;  
 Yet what I've got anse in my power  
 To keep I think nae sin.'
- 15 When they came to Glenlion castle,  
 They lighted at the yate,  
 And out it came his sisters three,  
 Wha did them kindly greet.
- 16 O they've taen Baby by the hands  
 And led her oer the green,  
 And ilka lady spake a word,  
 But bonny Baby spake nae.
- 17 Then out it spake her bonny Jean,  
 The youngest o the three,  
 'O lady, dinna look sae sad,  
 But tell your grief to me.'

- 18 'O wherefore should I tell my grief,  
Since lax I canna find?  
I'm stown frae a' my kin and friends,  
And my love I left behind.
- 19 'But had I paper, pen, and ink,  
Before that it were day,  
I yet might get a letter sent  
In time to Johny Hay.'
- 20 O she's got paper, pen, and ink,  
And candle that she might see,  
And she has writt'n a broad letter  
To Johny at Dundee.
- 21 And she has gotten a bonny boy,  
That was baith swift and strang,  
Wi philabeg and bonnet blue,  
Her errand for to gang.
- 22 'O boy, gin ye'd my blessing win  
And help me in my need,  
Run wi this letter to my love,  
And bid him come wi speed.
- 23 'And here's a chain of good red gowd,  
And gowdn guineas three,  
And when you've well your errand  
done,  
You'll get them for your fee.'
- 24 The boy he ran oer hill and dale,  
Fast as a bird coud flee,  
And eer the sun was twa hours height  
The boy was at Dundee.
- 25 And when he came to Johny's door  
He knocked loud and sair;  
Then Johny to the window came,  
And loudly cry'd, 'Wha's there?'
- 26 'O here's a letter I have brought,  
Which ye maun quickly read,  
And, gin ye woud your lady save,  
Gang back wi me wi speed.'
- 27 O when he had the letter read,  
An angry man was he;  
He says, Glenlion, thou shalt rue  
This deed of villany!
- 28 'O saddle to me the black, the black,  
O saddle to me the brown,  
O saddle to me the swiftest steed  
That eer rade frae the town.
- 29 'And arm ye well, my merry men a',  
And follow me to the glen,  
For I vow I'll neither eat nor sleep  
Till I get my love again.'
- 30 He's mounted on a milk-white steed,  
The boy upon a gray,  
And they got to Glenlion's castle  
About the close of day.
- 31 As Baby at her window stood,  
The west wind saft did bla;  
She heard her Johny's well-kent voice  
Beneath the castle wa.
- 32 'O Baby, haste, the window jump!  
I'll kep you in my arm;  
My merry men a' are at the yate,  
To rescue you frae harm.'
- 33 She to the window fixt her sheets  
And slipped safely down,  
And Johny catchd her in his arms,  
Neer loot her touch the ground.
- 34 When mounted on her Johny's horse,  
Fou blithely did she say,  
'Glenlion, you hae lost your bride!  
She's aff wi Johny Hay.'
- 35 Glenlion and his brother John  
Were birling in the ha,  
When they heard Johny's bridle ring,  
As first he rade awa.
- 36 'Rise, Jock, gang out and meet the  
priest,  
I hear his bridle ring;  
My Baby now shall be my wife  
Before the laverocks sing.'
- 37 'O brother, this is not the priest;  
I fear he'll come oer late;  
For armed men with shining brands  
Stand at the castle-yate.'
- 38 'Haste Donald, Duncan, Dugald, Hugh,  
Haste, take your sword and spier!  
We'll gar these traytors rue the hour  
That eer they ventured here.'
- 39 The Highland men drew their claymore  
And gae a warlike shout,  
But Johny's merry men kept the yate,  
Nae ane durst venture out.

- 40 The lovers rade the live-lang night,  
And safe gat on their way,  
And bonny Baby Livingston  
Has gotten Johny Hay.
- 41 'Awa, Glenlioni ! fy for shame !  
Gae hide ye in some den !  
You've lett'n your bride be stown frae  
you,  
For a' your armed men.'

## C

Motherwell's MS., p. 375, from the recitation of Agnes Lyle of Kilbarchan; 'Barbara Livingston,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 304.

- 1 FOUR-AND-TWENTY ladies fair  
Was playing at the ba,  
And out cam Barbra Livingston,  
The flower amang them a'.
- 2 Out cam Barbra Livingston,  
The flower amang them a';  
The lusty laird of Linlyon  
Has stown her clean awa.
- 3 'The Hielands is no for me, kind sir,  
The Hielands is no for me;  
But, if you wud my favour win,  
You'll tak me to Dundee.'
- 4 'The Hielands'll be for thee, my dear,  
The Hielands will be for thee;  
To the lusty laird o Linlyon  
A-married ye shall be.'
- 5 When they came to Linlyon's yetts,  
And lichted on the green,  
Every ane spak Earse to her,  
The tears cam trinkling down.
- 6 When they went to bed at nicht,  
To Linlyon she did say,  
'Och and alace, a weary nicht !  
Oh, but it's lang till day !'
- 7 'Your father's steed in my stable,  
He's eating corn and hay,  
And you're lying in my twa arms;  
What need you long for day ?'
- 8 'If I had paper, pen, and ink,  
And candle for to see,  
I wud write a lang letter  
To my love in Dundee.'

- 9 They brocht her paper, pen, and ink,  
And candle for to see,  
And she did write a lang letter  
To her love in Dundee.
- 10 When he cam to Linlyon's yetts,  
And lichtit on the green,  
But lang or he wan up the stair  
His love was dead and gane.
- 11 'Woe be to thee, Linlyon,  
An ill death may thou die !  
Thou micht hae taen anither woman,  
And let my lady be.'

## 223

## EPPIE MORRIE

'This ballad,' says Maidment, "is probably much more than a century old, though the circumstances which have given rise to it were unfortunately too common to preclude the possibility of its being of a later date." He does not tell us where the ballad came from; but a copy has been found among Sharpe's papers.

a. 'Eppie Morrie,' Maidment's North Country Garland, p. 40, 18. b. MS. of C. K. Sharpe; also a copy of the same pieces, North Country Ballads, in *Miscellanea Curiosa*, Abbot'sford Library.

- 1 FOUR-AND-TWENTY Highland men  
Came a' from Carrie side  
To steal awa Eppie Morrie,  
Cause she would not be a bride.
- 2 Out it's came her mother,  
It was a moonlight night,  
She could not see her daughter,  
Their swords they shin'd so bright.
- 3 'Hand far awa frae me, mother,  
Haud far awa frae me;  
There's not a man in a' Strathdon  
Shall wedded be with me.'
- 4 They have taken Eppie Morrie,  
And horse back bound her on,  
And then awa to the minister,  
As fast as horse could gang.
- 5 He's taken out a pistol,  
And set it to the minister's breast:

'Marry me, marry me, minister,  
Or else I'll be your priest.'

6 'Haud far awa frae me, good sir,  
Haud far awa frae me;  
For there's not a man in all Strathdon  
That shall married be with me.'

7 'Haud far awa frae me, Willie,  
Haud far awa frae me;  
For I darna avow to marry you,  
Except she's as willing as ye.'

8 They have taken Eppie Morrie,  
Since better could nae be,  
And they're awa to Carrie side,  
As fast as horse could flee.

9 When mass was sung, and bells were rung,  
And all were bound for bed,  
Then Willie an Eppie Morrie  
In one bed they were laid.

10 'Haud far awa frae me, Willie,  
Haud far awa frae me;  
Before I'll lose my maidenhead,  
I'll try my strength with thee.'

11 She took the cap from off her head  
And threw it to the way;  
Said, Ere I lose my maidenhead,  
I'll fight with you till day.

12 Then early in the morning,  
Before her clothes were on,  
In came the maiden of Scalletter,  
Gown and shirt alone.

13 'Get up, get up, young woman,  
And drink the wine wi me;  
'You might have called me maiden,  
I'm sure as leal as thee.'

14 'Wally fa you, Willie,  
That ye could nae prove a man  
And taen the lassie's maidenhead!  
She would have hired your han.'

15 'Haud far awa frae me, lady,  
Haud far awa frae me;  
There's not a man in a' Strathdon  
The day shall wed wi me.'

16 Soon in there came Belbordlane,  
With a pistol on every side:

'Come awa hame, Eppie Morrie,  
And there you'll be my bride.'

17 'Go get to me a horse, Willie,  
And get it like a man,  
And send me back to my mother  
A maiden as I cam.

18 'The sun shines oer the westlin hills;  
By the light lamp of the moon,  
Just saddle your horse, young John  
Forsyth,  
And whistle, and I'll come soon.'

## 224

## THE LADY OF ARNGOSK

The subject of this ballad is the carrying off of Miss Margaret Gibb by a Mr Graham about 1736. Full particulars are given in a letter from a daughter of the lady's waiting-maid to Sharpe, printed by Child, iv, 241 ff.

Sharpe's Ballad Book, 1823, p. 99.

1 THE Highlandmen hae a' come down,  
They've a' come down almost,  
They've stowen away the bonny lass,  
The Lady of Arngosk.

2 They hae put on her petticoat,  
Likewise her silken gown;  
The Highland man he drew his sword,  
Said, Follow me ye's come.

3 Behind her back they've tied her hands  
An then they set her on;  
'I winna gang wi you,' she said,  
'Nor ony Highland loon.'

## 225

## ROB ROY

The hero of this ballad was the youngest of the five sons of the Rob Roy who has been immortalized by Sir Walter Scott, and was known as Robert Oig, i. e. 'young,' or 'junior.' In 1750, with the aid of his brothers James and Duncan, he carried off Jean Key, a young widow of means, whom he constrained to marry him. Rob Oig was apprehended, and was executed in 1754. The ballad adheres to fact rather closely.



## A\*

The Old Lady's Collection, MS., No. 9; north of Scotland; copied in Skene's MS., p. 41, with a few slight changes.

- 1 ROB ROY, frae the high Highlands,  
Came to the Lawlan border;  
It was to steel a lady away,  
To keep his Highland house in order.
- 2 As he came in by White House,  
He sent nae ane before him;  
Or she wad hae secured the house,  
For she did ay abhor him.
- 3 Twenty men serundad the house, an  
twenty they went in,  
They found her wi her mither;  
Wi sighs an cries an watery eyes  
They parted fra each other.
- 4 'O will ye be my dear?' he says,  
'Or will ye be my bonnie?  
O will ye be my wedded wife?  
I lee you best of ony.'
- 5 'I winna be your dear,' [she says,]  
'Nor will I be your bonnie,  
Nor will I be your wedded wife;  
Ye lee me for my money.'
- 6 . . . . . by the way,  
This lady aftimes fainted;  
Says, Woe be to my cursed gold,  
This road to me has invented!
- 7 He gave her no time for to dress  
Like ladies when they're ridin,  
But set her on hie horseback,  
Himsell beside her.
- 8 Whan they came by Black House,  
And at Stirling tarried,  
There he bought her coat an gown,  
But she would not be married.
- 9 Four men held her to the priest,  
An four they did her bed,  
Wi sighs an cries an watery eyes  
Whan she by him was laid.
- 10 'Be content, [be content,]  
Be content wi me, lady;

Now ye are my wedded wife  
Untill the day ye die, lady.

- 11 'My father was a Highlan laird,  
McGrigor was his name, [lady];  
A' the country roun about  
They dreadit his great fame, lady.
- 12 'He kept a hedge about his land,  
A prickie for his foes, [lady,]  
Every ane that did him wrang,  
He took them by the nose, lady.
- 13 'My father delights in nout and goats,  
[An] me in horse and sheep, lady;  
You an twenty thousan pound  
Makes me a man complete, lady.
- 14 'Y'er welcome to this Highlan lan,  
It is my native plain, lady;  
Think nae mair of gauin back,  
But tak it for your hame, lady.
- 15 'I'm gauin, [I'm gauin,]  
I'm gauin to France, lady;  
Whan I come back  
I'll learn ye a dance, lady.
- 16 'Set your foot, [set your foot,]  
Set your foot to mine, lady;  
Think nae mair of gauin back,  
But tak it for your hame, lady.'

## B

'Rob Roy,' Kinloch MSS., I, 343.

- 1 ROB ROY frae the Hiellands cam  
Unto the Lawland border,  
And he has stown a ladie fair,  
To haud his house in order.
- 2 He guarded the house round about,  
Himsel went in and found her out,  
She hung close by her mither;  
Wi dolefu cries and watery eyes  
They parted frae each ither.
- 3 'Gang wi me, my dear,' he says,  
'Gang and be my honey;  
Gang and be my wedded wife,  
I loe ye best o onie.'
- 4 'I winna gang wi you,' she says,  
'I winna be your honey;

I winna be your wedded wife;  
Ye loe me for my money.'

5 He gied na her na time to dress  
As ladies whan they're brides,  
But hurried her awa wi speed,  
And rowd her in his plaids.

6 He gat her up upon a horse,  
Himsel lap on ahind her;  
And they're awa to the Hieland hills;  
Her friends they canna find her.

7 As they gaed oure the Hieland hills,  
This lady aften fainted,  
Saying, Wae be to my cursed gowd,  
This road to me invented!

8 As they gaed oure the Hieland hills,  
And at Buchanan tarried,  
He bought to her baith cloak and gown,  
Yet she wadna be married.

9 Six held her up afore the priest,  
Four laid her in a bed, O;  
Maist mournfully she wept and cried  
Whan she bye him was laid, O.

10 'O be content, be content,  
Be content to stay, ladie;  
For now ye are my wedded wife  
Unto your dying day, ladie.

11 'Rob Roy was my father calld,  
M'Gregor was his name, ladie;  
And in a' the country whare he dwalt  
He exceeded ae in fame, ladie.

12 'He was a hedge unto his friends,  
A heckle to his faes, ladie;  
And ilka ane that did him wrang,  
He beat him on the neis, ladie.

13 'I'm as bold, I am as bold  
As my father was afore, ladie;  
Ilka ane that does me wrang  
Sall feel my gude claymore, ladie.

14 'There neer was frae Lochlomond west  
That eer I did him fear, ladie;  
For, if his person did escape,  
I seizd upon his gear, ladie.

15 'My father delights in horse and kye,  
In sheep and goats and a', ladie,

And thee wi me and thirty merks  
Will mak me a man fu braw, ladie.

16 'I hae been in foreign lands,  
And servd the king o France, ladie;  
We will get the bagpipes,  
And we'll hae a dance, ladie.'

226

## LIZIE LINDSAY

In his preface to B, Kinloch remarks that the ballad is very popular in the North, "and few milk-maids in that quarter but can chaunt it, to a very pleasing tune. Lizzie Lindsay," he adds, "according to the tradition of Mearns-shire, is said to have been a daughter of Lindsay of Edzell; but I have searched in vain for genealogical confirmation of the tradition."

## A

'Lizzie Lindsay.' a. Jamieson-Brown MS., Appendix, p. ii, as sent Jamieson by Professor Scott of Aberdeen, June 9, 1805. b. Jamieson's Popular Ballads, 1806, II, 149, "transmitted to the editor by Professor Scott of Aberdeen, as it was taken down from the recitation of an old woman," but "corrected" from Jamieson's recollection in two or three passages.

\* \* \* \* \*

1 Out it spake Lizze Linzee,  
The tear blinket in her ee;  
How can I leave father and mother,  
Along with young Donald to gae!

2 Out spoke Lizze's young handmaid,  
A bonny young lassie was she;  
Said, Were I heress to a kingdom,  
Along with young Donald I'd ga.

3 'O say ye so to me, Nelly?  
O say ye so to me?  
Must I leave Edinburgh city,  
To the high Highland to gae?'

4 Out spoke Lizze's own mother,  
A good old lady was she;  
If you speak such a word to my dochter,  
I'll gar hang [you] hi.

5 'Keep well your dochter from me, madam,  
Keep well your dochter fa me;

For I care as little for your dochter  
As ye can care for me.'

6 The road grew wetty and dubby,  
And Lizee began to think lang;  
Said, I wish had staid with my mother,  
And nae wi young Donald had gane.

7 'You 'r welcome hame, Sir Donald,  
You 'r thrice welcome to me;  
You 'r welcome hame, Sir Donald,  
And your young lady you wi.'

8 . . . . .  
'Ye call na me Sir Donald,  
But ca me Donald your son.'

9 'Rise up, Lizee Linzee,  
You [have] lain too long in the day;  
Ye might have helped my mother  
To milch her goats and her kie.'

10 Out it spake Lizee Linzee,  
The tear blinket in her eye;  
'The ladys of Edinburgh city,  
They neither milch goats nor kie.'

### B

'Donald of the Isles,' Kinloch MSS., I, 237,  
from Miss Catherine Beattie, Mearnsshire.  
Aytoun's Ballads of Scotland, 1859, I, 277.

1 It 's of a young lord o the Hielands,  
A bonnie braw castle had he,  
And he says to his lady mither,  
'My boon ye will grant to me:  
Sall I gae to Edinbruch city,  
And fesh hame a lady wi me?'

2 'Ye may gae to Edinbruch city,  
And fesh hame a lady wi thee,  
But see that ye bring her but flattrie,  
And court her in grit povertie.'

3 'My coat, mither, sall be o the plaiden,  
A tartan kilt oure my knee,  
Wi hosens and brogues and the bonnet;  
I 'll court her wi nae flattrie.'

4 Whan he cam to Edinbruch city,  
He playd at the ring and the ba,  
And saw monie a bonnie young ladie,  
But Lizie Lindsay was first o them a'.

5 Syne, dressd in his Hieland grey plaiden,  
His bonnet abune his ee-bree,  
He called on fair Lizie Lindsay;  
Says, Lizie, will ye fancy me?

6 'And gae to the Hielands, my lassie,  
And gae, gae wi me?  
O gae to the Hielands, Lizie Lindsay,  
I 'll feed ye on curds and green whey.

7 'And ye 'se get a bed o green bracken,  
My plaidie will hap thee and me;  
Ye 'se lie in my arms, bonnie Lizie,  
If ye 'll gae to the Hielands wi me.'

8 'O how can I gae to the Hielands,  
Or how can I gae wi thee,  
Whan I dinna ken whare I 'm gaing,  
Nor wha I hae to gae wi?'

9 'My father, he is an auld shepherd,  
My mither, she is an auld dey;  
My name it is Donald Macdonald,  
My name I 'll never deny.'

10 'O Donald, I 'll gie ye five guineas  
To sit ae hour in my room,  
Till I tak aff your ruddy picture;  
Whan I hae 't, I 'll never think lang.'

11 'I dinna care for your five guineas;  
It 's ye that 's the jewel to me;  
I 've plenty o kye in the Hielands,  
To feed ye wi curds and green whey.

12 'And ye 'se get a bonnie blue plaidie,  
Wi red and green strips thro it a';  
And I 'll be the lord o your dwelling,  
And that 's the best picture ava.

13 'And I am laird o a' my possessions;  
The king canna boast o na mair;  
And ye 'se hae my true heart in keeping,  
There 'll be na ither een hae a share.

14 'Sae gae to the Hielands, my lassie,  
O gae awa happy wi me;  
O gae to the Hielands, Lizie Lindsay,  
And hird the wee lammies wi me.'

15 'O how can I gae wi a stranger,  
Oure hills and oure glens frae my  
hame?'  
'I tell ye I am Donald Macdonald;  
I 'll ever be proud o my name.'

- 16 Doun cam Lizie Lindsay's ain father,  
A knicht o a noble degree;  
Says, If ye do steal my dear daughter,  
It's hangit ye quickly sall be.
- 17 On his heel he turnd round wi a bouncie,  
And a licht lauch he did gie:  
'There's nae law in Edinbruch city  
This day that can dare to hang me.'
- 18 Then up bespak Lizie's best woman,  
And a bonnie young lass was she;  
'Had I but a mark in my pouchie,  
It's Donald that I wad gae wi.'
- 19 'O Helen, wad ye leave your coffer,  
And a' your silk kirtles sae braw,  
And gang wi a bare-houghd puir laddie,  
And leave father, mither, and a'?
- 20 'But I think he's a witch or a war-  
lock,  
Or something o that fell degree,  
For I'll gae awa wi young Donald,  
Whatever my fortune may be.'
- 21 Then Lizie laid down her silk mantle,  
And put on her waiting-maid's gown,  
And aff and awa to the Hielands  
She's gane wi this young shepherd  
loun.
- 22 Thro glens and oure mountains they  
wanderd,  
Till Lizie had scantlie a shoe;  
'Alas and ohone!' says fair Lizie,  
'Sad was the first day I saw you!  
I wish I war in Edinbruch city;  
Fu sair, sair this pastime I rue.'
- 23 'O haud your tongue now, bonnie Lizie,  
For yonder's the shieling, my hame;  
And there's my guid auld honest mither,  
That's coming to meet ye her lane.'
- 24 'O ye're welcome, ye're welcome, Sir  
Donald,  
Ye're welcome hame to your ain.'  
'O ca me na young Sir Donald,  
But ca me Donald my son;'  
And this they hae spoken in Erse,  
That Lizie nicht not understand.
- 25 The day being weetie and daggie,  
They lay till 't was lang o the day:

'Win up, win up, bonnie Lizie,  
And help at the milking the kye.'

- 26 O slowly raise up Lizie Lindsay,  
The saut tear blindit her ee:  
'O, war I in Edinbruch city,  
The Hielands shoud never see me!'
- 27 He led her up to a hie mountain  
And bade her look out far and wide:  
'I'm lord o thae isles and thae moun-  
tains,  
And ye're now my beautiful bride.
- 28 'Sae rue na ye've come to the Hielands,  
Sae rue na ye've come aff wi me,  
For ye're great Macdonald's braw lady,  
And will be to the day that ye dee.'

## 227

## BONNY LIZIE BAILLIE

"The heroine of this song," says Sharpe, "was a daughter of Baillie of Castle Carey, and sister, as it is said, to the wife of Macfarlane of Gartartan." The Baillies, as Maidment has shown, acquired Castle Cary "at a comparatively recent date," and that editor must be nearly, or quite, right in declaring the ballad to be not older than the commencement of the eighteenth century.

The broadside which contains a may probably have been printed at the beginning of the eighteenth century, at Edinburgh.

a. 'Bonny Lizie Balie, A New Song very much in Request,' Laing broadsides, No. 46; no date or place. b. 'Bonny Lizzie Bailie,' Maidment's Scottish Ballads and Songs, 1859 p. 13. c. 'My bonny Lizzie Baillie,' Johnson's Museum, ed. 1853, iv, \*451. d. 'Lizae Baillie,' Herd's MSS., i, 101, and, in part, ii, 121. e. 'Lizie Baillie,' Campbell MSS., i, 98. f. 'Lizzie Baillie,' Smith's Scottish Minstrel, iv, 90. g. 'Lizie Baillie,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, ii, 173. h. Old Lady's MS.

- 1 It fell about the Lambmass tide,  
When the leaves were fresh and green,  
Lizie Bailie is to Gartartain [gane],  
To see her sister Jean.
- 2 She had not been in Gartartain  
Even but a little while  
Till luck and fortune happend her,  
And she went to the Isle.

- 3 And when she went into the Isle  
She met with Duncan Grahame;  
So bravely as he courted her!  
And he convoyd her hame.
- 4 'My bonny Lizie Bailie,  
I'll row thee in my pladie,  
If thou will go along with me  
And be my Highland lady.'
- 5 'If I would go along with thee,  
I think I were not wise;  
For I cannot milk cow nor ewe,  
Nor yet can I speak Erse.'
- 6 'Hold thy tongue, bonny Lizie Bailie,  
And hold thy tongue,' said he;  
'For any thing that thou does lack,  
My dear, I'll learn thee.'
- 7 She would not have a Lowland laird,  
He wears the high-heeld shoes;  
She will marry Duncan Grahame,  
For Duncan wears his trews.
- 8 She would not have a gentleman,  
A farmer in Kilsyth,  
But she would have the Highland man,  
He lives into Monteith.
- 9 She would not have the Lowland man,  
Nor yet the English laddie,  
But she would have the Highland man,  
To row her in his pladie.
- 10 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
And he convoyd her hame,  
And still she thought, both night and  
day,  
On bonny Duncan Grahame.
- 11 'O bonny Duncan Grahame,  
Why should ye me miscarry?  
For, if you have a love for me,  
We'll meet a[t] Castle Carry.
- 12 'As I came in by Dennie bridge,  
And by the holland-bush,  
My mother took from me my cloaths,  
My rings, ay and my purse.
- 13 'Hold your tongue, my mother dear,  
For that I do not care;  
For I will go with Duncan Grahame  
Tho I should ner get mair.
- 14 'For first when I met Duncan Grahame  
I met with meikle joy,  
And many pretty Highland men  
Was there at my convoy.'
- 15 And now he is gone through the muir,  
And she is through the glen:  
'O bonny Lizie Bailie,  
When will we meet again!'
- 16 Shame light on these logerheads  
That lives in Castle Carry,  
That led away the bonny lass  
The Highland man to marry!
- 17 'O bonny Lizie, stay at home!  
Thy mother cannot want thee;  
For any thing that thou does lack,  
My dear, I'll cause get thee.'
- 18 'I would not give my Duncan Grahame  
For all my father's land,  
Altho he had three lairdships more,  
And all at my command.'
- 19 Now she's cast off her silken gowns,  
That she weard in the Lowland,  
And she's up to the Highland hills,  
To wear [the] gowns of tartain.
- 20 And she's cast off her high-heeld  
shoes,  
Was made of the gilded leather,  
And she's up to Gillicrankie,  
To go among the heather.
- 21 And she's cast off her high-heeld shoes,  
And put on a pair of laigh ones,  
And she's away with Duncan Grahame,  
To go among the brachans.
- 22 'O my bonny Lizie Bailie,  
Thy mother cannot want thee;  
And if thou go with Duncan Grahame  
Thou'll be a Gillicrankie.'
- 23 'Hold your tongue, my mother dear,  
And folly let thee be;  
Should not I fancie Duncan Grahame  
When Duncan fancies me?
- 24 'Hold your tongue, my father dear,  
And folly let thee be;  
For I will go with Duncan Grahame  
Fore all the men I see.'



- 25 'Who is it that's done this turn ?  
Who has done this deed ?'  
'A minister it's, father,' she says,  
'Lives at the Rughburn bridge.'
- 26 'A minister, daughter ?' he says,  
'A minister for mister !'  
'O hold your tongue, my father dear,  
He married first my sister.'
- 27 'O fare you well, my daughter dear,  
So dearly as I lovd thee !  
Since thou wilt go to Duncan Grahame,  
My bonny Lizie Bailie.'
- 28 'O fare you well, my father dear,  
Also my sister Betty;  
O fare you well, my mother dear,  
I leave you all compleatly.'

## 228

## GLASGOW PEGGIE

Sharpe printed A, with a few slight changes,  
in his Ballad Book, p. 40.

## A\*

From a MS. among C. K. Sharpe's relics,  
having 1819 in the water-mark ; in two hands,  
sts. 1-6, 8, 9<sup>1</sup> in one, 7 (inserted in the margin)  
and the rest in another.

- 1 'As I cam in by boney Glassgow town,  
The Highland troops were a' before  
me,  
And the bon[ey]est lass that ere I saw,  
She lives in Glassgow, tha ca her  
Peggy.'
- 2 'I wad gie my boney black horse,  
So wad I my good gray nagie,  
If I were a hundred miles in the North,  
And nan wee me but my boney  
Peggy.'
- 3 Up then spoke her father dear,  
Dear vow ! but he was wondrous  
sorey;  
'Weel may yea steel a cow or a ewe,  
But ye darna steel my boney Peggy.'
- 4 Up then spoke her mother dear,  
Dear vow ! but she spoke wondrous  
sorey;

'Now, since I've brought ye up this  
length,  
Wod ye gang awa wee a Highland  
fellow ?'

- 5 He set her on his boney black horse,  
He set himsel on his good gray nagy;  
They have riden over hill[s] and dales,  
Now he is awa wee his boney Peggy.
- 6 They are riden or hills and dales,  
They have riden or mountains maney,  
Untill that thay com to a low, low glen,  
And there he's lain down wee his  
boney Peggy.
- 7 Up then spoke the Earl o Argyle,  
Dear vow ! bet he spoke wondrous  
sorry;  
'The bonniest lass in a' Scotland  
Is af an awa wi [a] Highland fellow!'
- 8 There bed was of the boney green grass,  
There blankets was o the hay sa  
boney;  
He falded his philabeg below her head,  
Now he's lawing down wee his boney  
Peggy.
- 9 Up then spoke the boney Lawland lass,  
And oh, but she spoke wondrous  
sorry;  
'A's warrant my mother would hae a  
gae soir heart  
To see me lian here wi you, my  
Willie !'
- 10 'In my father's house there's feather-  
beds,  
Feather-beds an blankets many;  
The're a' mine, an the'll soon be thine,  
An what needs your mother be sae  
sorry, Peggy ?'
- 11 'Dinna you see yon nine score o kye,  
Feding on yon hill sae boney ?  
The're a' mine, an the'll soon be thine,  
An what needs your mother be sorry,  
Peggy ?'
- 12 'Dinna you see yon nine score o sheep,  
Feeding on yon brae sae bonny ?  
The're a' mine, an the'll soon be thine,  
An what needs your mother be sorry  
for you ?'

13 'Dinna you see yon bonny white house,  
Shining on yon brae sae bonny ?  
An I am the earl o the Isle o Sky,  
And surely my Peggie will be calle[d]  
a lady.'

## 229

## EARL CRAWFORD

The late Earl of Crawford recognized in some of the details of this story an agreement with facts of his family history in the second half of the sixteenth century.

## A

'Earl Crawford.' a. Christie's Traditional Ballad *Airs*, I, 290, as taken down 1867-73, from the recitation of Mrs. Mary Robertson, wife of James Robertson, shoemaker, Bogmoor, near Fochabers. b. Obtained by Mr Macmath, March 25, 1890, from the daughter of Mrs Robertson, Mrs Mary Thomson, wife of James Thomson, gardener at Gordon Castle gardens, Fochabers.

1 O WE were sisters, sisters seven,  
We were a comely crew to see,  
And some got lairds, and some got lords,  
And some got knichts o hie degree;  
And I mysel got the Earl o Crawford,  
And wasna that a great match for me !

2 It was at fifteen that I was married,  
And at sixteen I had a son;  
And wasna that an age ower tender  
For a lady to hae her first-born !  
And wasna, etc.

3 But it fell ance upon a day  
I gaed into the garden green,  
And naebody was therein walking  
But Earl Crawford and his young son.

4 'I wonder at you, ye Earl Crawford,  
I wonder at you wi your young son;  
Ye daunt your young son mair than your  
Lillie;  
[I'm sure you got na him your lane.]

5 [He turned about upon his heel,  
I wite an angry man was he;  
Says, If I got nae my young son my  
lane,  
Bring me here the one that helpet me.]

6 ['O hold your tongue, my Earl Crawford,  
And a' my folly lat it be;  
There was nane at the gettin o oor son,  
Nae body only but you and me.']

7 He set her on a milk-white steed,  
Her little young son her before;  
Says, Ye maun gae to bonny Stobha,  
For ye will enter my yates no more.

8 When she cam to her father's bowers,  
She lichtit low down on the stane,  
And wha sae ready as her auld father  
To welcome Lady Lillie in ?

9 'O how 's a' wi you, my daughter Lillie,  
That ye come here sae hastilie ?  
And how 's a' wi' the Earl o Crawford,  
That he didna send a boy wi thee ?'

10 'O haud your tongue now, my old  
father,  
And ye 'll lat a' your folly be;  
For ae word that my merry mou spak  
Has parted my good lord and me.'

11 'O haud your tongue, my daughter Lillie,  
And a' your follies lat them be;  
I 'll double your portion ten times ower,  
And a better match I 'll get for thee.'

12 'O haud your tongue now, my old father,  
And a' your folly lat it be;  
I wouldna gie ae kiss o Crawford  
For a' the goud that ye can gie.

13 'Whare will I get a bonny boy,  
That 's willin to win meat and fee,  
Wha will gae on to Earl Crawford  
An see an 's heart be fawn to me ?'

14 When he cam to the yates o Crawford,  
They were a' sitting down to dine:  
'How comes it now, ye Earl Crawford,  
Ye arena takin Lady Lillie hame ?'

15 'Ye may gae tell her Lady Lillie,  
And ye maun neither lee nor len,  
She may stay in her father's bowers,  
For she 'll not enter my yates again.'

16 When he cam back to her father's yates,  
He lichtit low down on his knee:

- ‘What news, what news, my bonny boy?  
What news, what news hae ye to me?’
- 17 ‘I’m bidden tell you, Lady Lillie—  
I’m bidden neither to lee nor len—  
She may stay in her father’s bowers,  
For she’ll not enter my yates again.’
- 18 She stretched out her lily hand,  
Says, ‘Adieu, adieu to ane and a!  
Adieu, adieu to Earl Crawford!’  
Wi that her sair heart brak in twa.
- 19 Then dowie, dowie her father raise up,  
And dowie, dowie the black put on,  
And dowie, dowie he mounted the brown,  
And dowie, dowie sat thereon.
- 20 And dowie rade to the yates o Crawford,  
And when to Crawford’s yates he came,  
They were a’ dressd in the robes o scarlet,  
Just gaun to tak Lady Lillie hame.
- 21 ‘Ye may cast aff your robes o scarlet—  
I wyte they set you wondrous weel—  
And now put on the black sae dowie,  
And come and bury your Lady Lill.’
- 22 He took his hat into his hand,  
And laid it low down by his knee:  
‘An it be true that Lillie’s dead,  
The sun shall nae mair shine on me.’

230

## THE SLAUGHTER OF THE LAIRD OF MELLERSTAIN

This fragment tells of the murder of John Haitlie, of Mellerstain, in 1603. Mellerstain stands on a rising ground near the right bank of the Eden. The lady of stanza 1 was Marion Lumsden, Haitlie’s wife.

In a folio volume with the title “Miscellanies,” the last piece in the volume, Abbotsford.

- 1 . . . . .  
As they came in by the Eden side,  
They heard a lady lamenting sair,  
Bewailing the time she was a bride.

- 2 . . . . .  
A stately youth of blude and bane,  
John Hately, the laird of Mellerstain.
- 3 ‘Cowdenknows, had ye nae lack?  
And Earlstoun, had ye nae shame?  
Ye took him away behind my back,  
But ye never saw to bring him hame.’
- 4 And she has lookit to Fieldiesha,  
So has she through Yirdandstane;  
She lookit to Earlstoun, and she saw the Fans,  
But he’s coming hame by West Gordon.
- 5 And she staggerd and she stood,  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .
- 6 ‘. . . . . wude;  
How can I keep in my wits,  
When I look on my husband’s blood?’
- 7 ‘Had we been men as we are women,  
And been at his back when he was slain,  
It should a been tauld for mony a lang year,  
The slaughter o the laird of Mellerstain.’

231

## THE EARL OF ERROL

Sir Gilbert Hay, tenth Earl of Errol, was married to Lady Catherine Carnegie, younger daughter of James, second Earl of Southesk, January 7, 1658, and had no children by her. He died in 1674. The ballad, says the person who communicated A b to the Edinburgh Miscellany, was “founded, it would seem, on some attempt to withhold from the Earl of Errol his consort’s portion.” It will be observed that the father proposes a beguiling to his daughter, and that she is ready to assent, in A, 12, 13. It appears from a letter cited by Sharpe in his Ballad Book that the matters treated in the ballad were agitating, and had even “come to public hearing,” in February, 1659.

## A

a. 'Kate Carnegie,' Campbell MSS., II, 94.  
 b. The Edinburgh Magazine, or Literary Miscellany, June, 1803, p. 458.

- 1 THERE was a jury sat at Perth,  
 In the merry month of May,  
 Betwixt the noble Duke of Perth  
 But and Sir Gilbert Hay.
- 2 My lord Kingside has two daughters,  
 They are proper, straight and tall;  
 But my lord Carnegie he has two  
 That far excells them all.
- 3 Then Errol he has dressd him,  
 As very well he could;  
 I'm sure there was not one cloth-yard  
 But what was trimmd with gold.
- 4 'Ane asking, ane asking, my lord Carnegie,  
 Ane asking I've to thee;  
 I'm come to court your daughter Jean,  
 My wedded wife to be.'
- 5 'My daughter Jean was wed yestreen,  
 To one of high degree,  
 But where Jean got one guinea of gold  
 With Kate I'll give thee three.
- 6 'Full fifteen hundred pounds  
 Had Jean Carnegie,  
 But three fifteen hundred pounds  
 With Kate I'll gie to thee.'
- 7 Then Errol he has wed her,  
 And fairly brought her hame;  
 There was nae peace between them twa  
 Till they sundered oer again.
- 8 When bells were rung, and mess was  
 sung,  
 And a' man bound to bed,  
 The Earl of Errol and his countess  
 In one chamber was laid.
- 9 Early in the morning  
 My lord Carnegie rose,  
 The Earl of Errol and his countess,  
 And they've put on their clothes.
- 10 Up spake my lord Carnegie;  
 'Kate, is your toucher won?'

- 'Ye may ask the Earl of Errol,  
 If he be your good-son.
- 11 'What need I wash my petticoat  
 And hing it on a pin?  
 For I am as leal a maid yet  
 As yestreen when I lay down.
  - 12 'What need I wash my apron  
 And hing it on the door?  
 It's baith side and wide enough,  
 Hangs even down before.'
  - 13 Up spake my lord Carnegie;  
 'O Kate, what do ye think?  
 We'll beguile the Earl of Errol  
 As lang as he's in drink.'
  - 14 'O what will ye beguile him wi?  
 Or what will ye do than?  
 I'll swear before a justice-court  
 That he's no a sufficient man.'
  - 15 Then Errol he cam down the stair,  
 As bold as oney rae:  
 'Go saddle to me my Irish coach,  
 To Edinbro I'll go.'
  - 16 When he came to Edinbro,  
 He lighted on the green;  
 There were four-and-twenty maidens  
 A' dancing in a ring.
  - 17 There were four-and-twenty maidens  
 A' dancing in a row;  
 The fatest and the fairest  
 To bed wi him must go.
  - 18 He's taen his Peggy by the hand,  
 And he led her thro the green,  
 And twenty times he kissd her there,  
 Before his ain wife's een.
  - 19 He's taen his Peggy by the hand,  
 And he's led her thro the hall,  
 And twenty times he's kissd her there,  
 Before his nobles all.
  - 20 'Look up, look up, my Peggy lass,  
 Look up, and think nae shame;  
 Ten hundred pounds I'll gie to you  
 To bear to me a son.'
  - 21 He's keepit his Peggy in his room  
 Three quarter of a year,

And just at the nine months' end  
She a son to him did bear.

22 'Now if ye be Kate Carnegie,  
And I Sir Gilbert Hay,  
I'll make your father sell his lands  
Your toucher for to pay.'

23 'To make my father sell his lands,  
It wad be a great sin,  
To toucher oney John Sheephead  
That canna toucher win.'

24 'Now hold your tongue, ye whorish  
bitch,  
Sae loud as I hear ye lie!  
For yonder sits Lord Errol's son,  
Upon his mother's knee;  
For yonder sits Lord Errol's son,  
Altho he's no by thee.'

25 'You may take hame your daughter  
Kate,  
And set her on the glen;  
For Errol canna please her,  
Nor nane o Errol's men;  
For Errol canna please her,  
Nor twenty of his men.'

26 The ranting and the roving,  
The thing we a' do ken,  
The lady lost her right that night,  
The first night she lay down;  
And the thing we ca the ranting o't,  
The lady lies her lane.

## 232

## RITCHIE STORY

"Lillias Fleming, a daughter of John, third Earl of Wigton by his wife Jane Drummond, did elope with and marry one of her father's servants, named Richard Storry. In 1673, she, with consent of her husband, resigned her portion, consisting of the five-merk land of Smythson, etc., in the barony of Lenzie, into the hands of her brother, Lieutenant-Colonel Fleming. The Fleming family afterwards procured for Ritchie a situation in the Custom-House." Hunter, Biggar and the House of Fleming, p. 555.

The well-known song of 'Huntingtower' ('When ye gang awa, Jamie') is founded on this ballad. It has been often printed; as, for example, in G. F. Graham's Popular Songs of

Scotland, revised by J. Muir Wood, Glasgow, 1887, p. 152.

## A

'Ritchie Storie,' Motherwell's MS., p. 426; from the recitation of Mrs —, of Kilbarchan, January 3, 1826.

1 THE Earl of Wigton had three daughters,  
Oh and a waly, but they were unco bonnie!

The eldest of them had the far brawest house,  
But she's fallen in love with her footman-laddie.

2 As she was a walking down by yon river-side,  
Oh and a wally, but she was unco bonnie!

There she espied her own footman,  
With ribbons hanging over his shoulders sae bonnie.

3 'Here's a letter to you, madame,  
Here's a letter to you, madame;  
The Earl of Hume is waiting on,  
And he has his service to you, madame.'

4 'I'll have none of his service,' says she,  
'I'll have none of his service,' says she,  
'For I've made a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
That I'll marry none but you, Ritchie.'

5 'O say not so again, madame,  
O say not so again, madame;  
For I have neither lands nor rents  
For to keep you on, madam.'

6 'I'll live where eer you please, Ritchie,  
I'll live where eer you please,  
[Ritchie,]  
And I'll be ready at your ca',  
Either late or early, Ritchie.'

7 As they went in by Stirling toun,  
O and a wally, but she was unco bonnie!  
A' her silks were sailing on the ground,  
But few of them knew of Ritchie Story.



- 8 As they went in by the Parliament Close,  
O and a wally, but she was unco  
bonnie !  
All the nobles took her by the hand,  
But few of them knew she was  
Ritchie's lady.
- 9 As they came in by her goodmother's  
yetts,  
O and a wally, but she was unco  
bonnie !  
Her goodmother bade her kilt her coats,  
And muck the byre with Ritchie  
Storie.
- 10 'Oh, may not ye be sorry, madame,  
Oh, may not ye be sorry, madame,  
To leave a' your lands at bonnie Cum-  
bernaud,  
And follow home your footman-lad-  
die ?'
- 11 'What need I be sorry ?' says she,  
'What need I be sorry ?' says she,  
'For I've gotten my lot and my heart's  
desire,  
And what Providence has ordered for  
me.'

B\*

"The Old Lady's Collection," No. 21.

- 1 COMARNAD it is a very bonny place,  
An ther is ladys three, madam,  
Bat the farest an rarest of them a'  
Has marred Richerd Storrey.
- 2 'O hear is a letter to ye, madam,  
Hear is a letter to ye, madam;  
The Earl of Hume, that galant knight,  
Is fain in love we you, madam.
- 3 'Ther is a letter to you, madam,  
[Ther is a letter to you, madam;]  
The Earl of Hume, that galant knight,  
Disers to be yer servant trou, madam.'
- 4 'I ill haa nan of his letters, Richerd,  
I ill hae nane of his letters, [Richerd,]  
I have voued, an I ill keep it trou,  
I ill marry nane bat ye, Richie.'
- 5 'Say na saa to me, lady,  
Sai na saie to me, lady,

For I ha nether lands nor rents  
For to manten ye on, lady.'

- 6 'Hunten Tour an Tillebarn,  
The house of Athell is mine, Richë,  
An ye sall haa them a',  
Fan ever ye inclen, Richë.
- 7 'For we will gaa to sea, Richë,  
I ill sitt on the deak, Richë,  
I ill be yer servant air an lait,  
Att any houre ye laek, [Richë.]'
- 8 'O manie ye be sad, sister,  
An mennie ye be sorry, Nelly,  
To live the has of bony Comernid,  
An follou Richert Storrey ?'
- 9 'O fatt neads I be sad, sister,  
Or fou cane I be sorry, Anna ?  
A bony lad is my delit,  
An my lot has been laid afore me.'
- 10 As she wen[t] up the Parliment Closs,  
We her lassed shene so fine,  
Monny an bad the lady good day,  
But fue thought she was Richert's  
lady.
- 11 As she went up the Parliment Closs,  
We her laised shon so fine,  
Monny an halled that gay lady,  
But fue halled Richerd Storrey.

233

## ANDREW LAMMIE

Jamieson, in his preface, 1806, says that this ballad was current in the Border counties within a few years, and that A was taken down by Leyden from the recitation of a young lady who learned it in Teviotdale.

"Bonny Andrew Lammie" was a well-known personage at the beginning of the eighteenth century, for, as Jamieson has pointed out, he is mentioned in a way that implies this by Allan Ramsay, in the second of his two cantos in continuation of Christ's Kirk on the Green, written, as Ramsay says, in 1718. Mill of Tif-tie is, or was, a farmhouse on the side of a glen about half a mile northeast of the castle of Fyvie, and in view of its turrets. Annie was Agnes Smith, Nannie being among her people an affectionate form for Agnes. An in-

scription on her gravestone makes Agnes Smith to have died January 19, 1673.

## A

'The Trumpeter of Fyvie,' Jamieson's Popular Ballads, 1, 126; "taken down by Dr Leyden from the recitation of a young lady, Miss Robson, of Edinburgh, who learned it in Teviotdale."

1 'At Fyvie's yetts there grows a flower,  
It grows baith braid and bonny;  
There's a daisie in the midst o it,  
And it's ca'd by Andrew Lammie.

2 'O gin that flower war in my breast,  
For the love I bear the laddie!  
I wad kiss it, and I wad clap it,  
And daut it for Andrew Lammie.

3 'The first time me and my love met  
Was in the woods of Fyvie;  
He kissed my lips five thousand times,  
And ay he ca'd me bonny,  
And a' the answer he gat frae me,  
Was, My bonny Andrew Lammie!'

4 'Love, I maun gang to Edinburgh;  
Love, I maun gang and leave thee!'  
'I sighed right sair, and said nae mair  
But, O gin I were wi ye!'

5 'But true and trusty will I be,  
As I am Andrew Lammie;  
I'll never kiss a woman's mouth  
Till I come back and see thee.'

6 'And true and trusty will I be,  
As I am Tiftie's Annie;  
I'll never kiss a man again  
Till ye come back and see me.'

7 Syne he's come back frae Edinburgh  
To the bonny hows o Fyvie,  
And ay his face to the nor-east,  
To look for Tiftie's Annie.

8 'I hae a love in Edinburgh,  
Sae hae I intill Leith, man;  
I hae a love intill Montrose,  
Sae hae I in Dalkeith, man.

9 'And east and west, where'er I go,  
My love she's always wi me;  
For east and west, where'er I go,  
My love she dwells in Fyvie.

10 'My love possesses a' my heart,  
Nae pen can eer indite her;  
She's ay sae stately as she goes  
That I see nae mae like her.

11 'But Tiftie winna gie consent  
His dochter me to marry,  
Because she has five thousand marks,  
And I have not a penny.

12 'Love pines away, love dwines away,  
Love, love decays the body;  
For love o thee, oh I must die;  
Adieu, my bonny Annie!'

13 Her mither raise out o her bed,  
And ca'd on baith her women:  
'What ails ye, Annie, my dochter dear?  
O Annie, was ye dreamin?'

14 'What dule disturbd my dochter's  
sleep?  
O tell to me, my Annie!'  
She sighed right sair, and said nae mair  
But, O for Andrew Lammie!

15 Her father beat her cruellie,  
Sae also did her mother;  
Her sisters sair did scoff at her;  
But wae betide her brother!

16 Her brother beat her cruellie,  
Till his straits they werena canny;  
He brak her back, and he beat her sides,  
For the sake o Andrew Lammie.

17 'O fie, O fie, my brother dear!  
The gentlemen'll shame ye;  
The Laird o Fyvie he's gaun by,  
And he'll come in and see me.

18 'And he'll kiss me, and he'll clap me,  
And he will speer what ails me;  
And I will answer him again,  
It's a' for Andrew Lammie.'

19 Her sisters they stood in the door,  
Sair grievd her wi their folly:  
'O sister dear, come to the door,  
Your cow is lowin on you.'

20 'O fie, O fie, my sister dear!  
Grieve me not wi your folly;  
I'd rather hear the trumpet sound  
Than a' the kye o Fyvie.

- 21 'Love pines away, love dwines away,  
Love, love decays the body;  
For love o thee now I maun die;  
Adieu to Andrew Lammie!'
- 22 But Tiftie's wrote a braid letter,  
And sent it into Fyvie,  
Saying his daughter was bewitchd  
By bonny Andrew Lammie.
- 23 'Now, Tiftie, ye maun gie consent,  
And lat the lassie marry;'  
'I'll never, never gie consent  
To the trumpeter of Fyvie.'
- 24 When Fyvie looked the letter on,  
He was baith sad and sorry:  
Says, The bonniest lass o the country-  
side  
Has died for Andrew Lammie.
- 25 O Andrew's gane to the house-top  
O the bonny house o Fyvie,  
He's blawn his horn baith loud and  
still  
Oer the lawland leas o Fyvie.
- 26 'Mony a time hae I walkd a' night,  
And never yet was weary;  
But now I may walk wae my lane,  
For I'll never see my deary.
- 27 'Love pines away, love dwines away,  
Love, love decays the body;  
For the love o thee now I maun die;  
I come, my bonny Annie!'

## 234

## CHARLIE MACPHERSON

Buchan's version (B) in his Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 85, completes the story, but very tamely, for we expect a collision, and judging by A, st. 8, there was one. For the pertinent stanzas see Notes.

## A

'Charlie MacPherson,' Harris MS., fol. 23 b; from Mrs Harris's singing.

- 1 CHARLIE MACPHERSON, that braw Hie-  
land lad[*die*],  
On Valentine's even cam doun to Kinal-  
tie,

Courtit Burd Hellen, baith wakin an  
sleepin:  
'Ob, fair fa them has my love in keep-  
in!'

- 2 Charlie MacPherson cam doun the dyke-  
side,  
Baith Milton an Muirton an a' bein his  
guide;  
Baith Milton an Muirton an auld Water  
Nairn,  
A' gaed wi him, for to be his warn.
- 3 Whan he cam to the hoose o Kinaltie,  
'Open your yetts, mistress, an lat us  
come in!  
Open your yetts, mistress, an lat us  
come in!  
For here's a commission come frae your  
gude-son.
- 4 'Madam,' says Charlie, 'whare [*i*]'s your  
dochter?  
Mony time have I come to Kinatie an  
socht her;  
Noo maun she goe wi me mony a mile,  
Because I've brocht mony men frae the  
West Isle.'
- 5 'As for my dochter, she has gane abroad,  
You'll no get her for her tocher  
gude;  
She's on to Whitehouse, to marry auld  
Gairn:  
Oh, fair fa them that wait on my bairn!'
- 6 Charlie MacPherson gaed up the dyke-  
side,  
Baith Muirtoun an Milton an a' bein his  
guide;  
Baith Muirton an Milton an auld Water  
Nairn,  
A' gaed wi him, for to be his warn.
- 7 Whan he cam to the hoose in Braemar,  
Sae weel as he kent that his Nellie was  
there!  
An Nellie was sittin upon the bed-side,  
An every one there was ca'ing her,  
bride.
- 8 The canles gaed oot, they waurna weel  
licht,  
Swords an spears they glancet fou  
briht;

Sae laith as she was her true-love to be-  
guile,  
Because he brocht mony men frae the  
West Isle.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 235

## THE EARL OF ABOYNE

Charles, first Earl of Aboyne, married for his first wife Margaret Irvine of Drum, who died in 1662. The story of the ballad, so far as is known, is an absolute fiction.

## A

'The Earl of Aboyne,' Kinloch MSS., v, 351; in the handwriting of John Hill Burton.

1 THE Earl of Aboyne he 's courteous and kind,  
He 's kind to every woman,  
And the Earl of Aboyne he 's courteous and kind,  
But he staves ower lang in London.

2 The ladie she stood on her stair-head,  
Beholding his grooms a coming;  
She knew by their livery and raiment so rare  
That her last voyage was from London.

3 'My grooms all, ye 'll be well in call,  
Hold all the stables shining;  
With a brettther o degs ye 'll clear up my nags,  
Sin my gude Lord Aboyne is a coming.

4 'My minstrels all, be well in call,  
Hold all my galleries ringing;  
With music springs ye 'll try well your strings,  
Sin my gude lord 's a coming.

5 'My cooks all, be well in call,  
Wi pots and spits well ranked;  
And nothing shall ye want that ye call for,  
Sin my gude Lord Aboyne 's a coming.

6 'My chamber-maids, ye 'll dress up my beds,  
Hold all my rooms in shining;

With Dantzic waters ye 'll sprinkle my walls,  
Sin my good lord 's a coming.'

7 Her shoes was of the small cordain,  
Her stockings silken twisting;  
Cambrick so clear was the pretty lady's smock,  
And her staves o the braided sattin.

8 Her coat was of the white sarsenent,  
Set out wi silver quiltin,  
And her gown was o the silk damask,  
Set about wi red gold waiting.

9 Her hair was like the threads o gold,  
Wi the silk and sarsanet shining,  
Wi her fingers sae white, and the gold rings sae grite,  
To welcome her lord from London.

10 Sae stately she steppet down the stair,  
And walket to meet him coming;  
Said, O ye 'r welcome, my bonny lord,  
Ye 'r thrice welcome home from London!

11 'If this be so that ye let me know,  
Ye 'll come kiss me for my coming,  
For the morn should hae been my bonny wedding-day  
Had I stayed the night in London.'

12 Then she turned her about wi an angry look,  
O for such an a sorry woman!  
'If this be so that ye let me know,  
Gang kiss your ladies in London.'

13 Then he looked ower his left shoulder  
To the worthie companie wi him;  
Says he, Isna this an unworthy welcome  
The we 've got, comin from London!

14 'Get yer horse in call, my nobles all,  
And I 'm sorry for yer coming,  
But we 'll horse, and awa to the bonny Bog o Gight,  
And then we 'll go on to London.'

15 'If this be Thomas, as they call you,  
You 'll see if he 'll hae me with him;  
And nothing shall he be troubled with me  
But myself and my waiting-woman.'

- 16 'I've asked it already, lady,' he says,  
 'And your humble servant, madam;  
 But one single mile he winna lat you  
 ride  
 Wi his company and him to London.'
- 17 A year and mare she lived in care,  
 And docters wi her dealin,  
 And with a crack her sweet heart brack,  
 And the letters is on to London.
- 18 When the letters he got, they were all  
 sealed in black,  
 And he fell in a grievous weeping;  
 He said, She is dead whom I loved  
 best  
 If I had but her heart in keepin.
- 19 Then fifteen o the finest lords  
 That London could afford him,  
 From their hose to their hat, they were  
 all clad in black,  
 For the sake of her corpse, Margaret  
 Irvine.
- 20 The furer he gaed, the sorer he wept,  
 Come keping her corpse, Margaret  
 Irvine,  
 Until that he came to the yetts of  
 Aboyne,  
 Where the corpse of his lady was  
 lying.

236

## THE LAIRD O DRUM

Alexander Irvine, the young laird of Drum (ten miles west of Aberdeen), was married to the lady Mary Gordon in 1643. Lady Mary Gordon was fourth daughter to George the second Marquis of Huntly, and niece to the Marquis of Argyll. The Laird of Drum suffered extremely in his worldly fortunes through his fidelity to the cause of the Stuarts. This would have been a natural reason for his declining a peerage offered him at the Restoration, and for his marrying, the second time, to win and not to spend. He took for his second wife Margaret Coutts (A 9), "a woman of inferior birth and manners, which step gave great offence to his relations" (Kinloch). He died in 1687. After the death of Irvine of Drum, Margaret Coutts married Irvine of Cults. She died in 1710, at the age of only forty-five.

## A

a. Kinloch MSS., v, 9, in the handwriting of James Beattie. b. 'Laird of Drum,' Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 199; "from recitation."

- 1 O it fell out upon a day,  
 When Drums was going to ride, O  
 And there he met with a well-far'd  
 may,  
 Keeping her flocks on yon side. O
- 2 'O fair may, O rare may,  
 Can not you fancy me?  
 Of a' the lasses here about  
 I like nane so well as thee.'
- 3 'Set your love on another, kind sir,  
 Set it not on me,  
 For I'm not fit to be your bride,  
 And your whore I'll never be.'
- 4 Drums is to her father gane,  
 Keeping his flocks on yon hill,  
 And he has gotten his consent,  
 And the maid was at his will.
- 5 'My daughter can neither read nor  
 write,  
 She was neer brought up at school;  
 But well can she milk cow and ewe,  
 And make a kebbuck well.
- 6 'She'll winn in your barn at bear-seed  
 time,  
 Cast out your muck at Yule;  
 She'll saddle your steed in time o need,  
 Draw aff your boots hersell.'
- 7 'Have not I no clergymen?  
 Pay I no clergy fee?  
 I'll school her as I think fit,  
 And as I think fit to be.'
- 8 Drums is to the Highlands gane  
 For to be made ready,  
 And a' the gentry thereabout  
 Says, Yonder comes Drums and his  
 lady.
- 9 'Peggy Coutts is a very bonnie bride,  
 And Drums is a wealthy laddie;  
 But Drums might hae chosen a higher  
 match  
 Than any shepherd's daughter.'



- 10 Then up bespake his brother John,  
Says, Brother you 've done us wrong;  
You 've married ane below our degree,  
A stain to a' our kin.
- 11 'Hold your tongue, my brother John,  
I have done you no wrong;  
For I 've married ane to wirk and win,  
And ye 've married ane to spend.
- 12 'The last time that I had a wife,  
She was above my degree;  
I durst not come in her presence  
But with my hat on my knee.'
- 13 There was four-and-twenty gentlemen  
Stood at the yetts o Drum;  
There was na ane amang them a'  
That welcomd his lady in.
- 14 He 's taen her by the milk-white hand  
And led her in himsell,  
And in thro ha's and in thro bowers,  
'And you're welcome, Lady o Drum.'
- 15 Thrice he kissd her cherry cheek,  
And thrice her cherry chin,  
And twenty times her comely mouth,  
'And you're welcome, Lady o Drum.'
- 16 'Ye shall be cook in my kitchen,  
Butler in my ha;  
Ye shall be lady at my command  
When I ride far awa.'
- 17 'But what will I do when auld Drum  
dies,  
When auld Drum dies and leaves me ?  
Then I 'll tak back my word again,  
And the Coutts will come and see me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

## 237

# THE DUKE OF GORDON'S DAUGHTER

Nothing in the story of the ballad is known  
to have even a shadow of foundation in fact.

a. 'The Duke of Gordon's Daughter,' The  
Duke of Gordon's Garland, Percy Papers, and  
another edition in a volume of garlands for-  
merly in Heber's library. b. 'The Duke of

Gordon's Daughters,' a stall-copy, printed for  
John Sinclair, Dumfries. c. 'The Duke of  
Gordon's Daughters,' Stirling, printed by M.  
Randall. d. 'The Duke of Gordon's Three  
Daughters,' Peterhead, printed by P. Buchan.  
e. 'The Duke of Gordon's Three Daughters,'  
Kinloch MSS., i, 125. f. 'The Duke o Gor-  
don's Daughters,' Murison MS., p. 90, Aber-  
deenshire. g. 'The Duke o Gordon's Daugh-  
ter,' Gibb MS., p. 13, No. 3, from the recitation  
of Mrs Gibb, senior. h. 'The Duke of Gor-  
don's Three Daughters,' Macmath MS., p. 31,  
a fragment recited by Mrs Macmath, senior, in  
1874, and learned by her fifty years before. i.  
Copy in a collection of folio sheet ballads, Brit-  
ish Museum, 1346, m. 8, September, 1775.

- 1 THE Duke of Gordon has three daugh-  
ters,  
Elizabeth, Margaret, and Jean;  
They would not stay in bonny Castle  
Gordon,  
But they would go to bonny Aber-  
deen.
- 2 They had not been in Aberdeen  
A twelvemonth and a day  
Till Lady Jean fell in love with Captain  
Ogilvie,  
And away with him she would gae.
- 3 Word came to the Duke of Gordon,  
In the chamber where he lay,  
Lady Jean has fell in love with Captain  
Ogilvie,  
And away with him she would gae.
- 4 'Go saddle me the black horse,  
And you 'll ride on the grey,  
And I will ride to bonny Aberdeen,  
Where I have been many a day.'
- 5 They were not a mile from Aberdeen,  
A mile but only three,  
Till he met with his two daughters walk-  
ing,  
But away was Lady Jean.
- 6 'Where is your sister, maidens ?  
Where is your sister now ?  
Where is your sister, maidens,  
That she is not walking with you ?'
- 7 'O pardon us, honoured father,  
O pardon us,' they did say;  
'Lady Jean is with Captain Ogilvie,  
And away with him she will gae.'

- 8 When he came to Aberdeen,  
And down upon the green,  
There did he see Captain Ogilvie,  
Training up his men.
- 9 'O wo to you, Captain Ogilvie,  
And an ill death thou shalt die;  
For taking to thee my daughter,  
Hanged thou shalt be.'
- 10 Duke Gordon has wrote a broad letter,  
And sent it to the king,  
To cause hang Captain Ogilvie  
If ever he hanged a man.
- 11 'I will not hang Captain Ogilvie,  
For no lord that I see;  
But I'll cause him to put off the lace  
and scarlet,  
And put on the single livery.'
- 12 Word came to Captain Ogilvie,  
In the chamber where he lay,  
To cast off the gold lace and scarlet,  
And put on the single livery.
- 13 'If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,  
This pennance I'll take wi;  
If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,  
All this I will dree.'
- 14 Lady Jean had not been married,  
Not a year but three,  
Till she had a babe in every arm,  
Another upon her knee.
- 15 'O but I'm weary of wandering!  
O but my fortune is bad!  
It sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter  
to follow a soldier-lad.
- 16 'O but I'm weary of wandering!  
O but I think lang!  
It sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter  
to follow a single man.'
- 17 When they came to the Highland hills,  
Cold was the frost and snow;  
Lady Jean's shoes they were all torn,  
No farther could she go.
- 18 'O wo to the hills and the mountains!  
Wo to the wind and the rain!
- My feet is sore with going barefoot,  
No further am I able to gang.
- 19 'Wo to the hills and the mountains!  
Wo to the frost and the snow!  
My feet is sore with going barefoot,  
No farther am I able for to go.
- 20 'O if I were at the glens of Foudlen,  
Where hunting I have been,  
I would find the way to bonny Castle  
Gordon,  
Without either stockings or shoon.'
- 21 When she came to Castle Gordon,  
And down upon the green,  
The porter gave out a loud shout,  
'O yonder comes Lady Jean!'
- 22 'O you are welcome, bonny Jeany Gordon,  
You are dear welcome to me;  
You are welcome, dear Jeany Gordon,  
But away with your Captain Ogilvie.'
- 23 Now over seas went the captain,  
As a soldier under command;  
A message soon followed after  
To come and heir his brother's land.
- 24 'Come home, you pretty Captain Ogilvie,  
And heir your brother's land;  
Come home, ye pretty Captain Ogilvie,  
Be Earl of Northumberland.'
- 25 'O what does this mean?' says the captain;  
'Where's my brother's children  
three?'  
'They are dead and buried,  
And the lands they are ready for  
thee.'
- 26 'Then hoist up your sails, brave captain,  
Let's be jovial and free;  
I'll to Northumberland and heir my  
estate,  
Then my dear Jeany I'll see.'
- 27 He soon came to Castle Gordon,  
And down upon the green;  
The porter gave out with a loud shout,  
'Here comes Captain Ogilvie!'

- 28 'You're welcome, pretty Captain Ogilvie,  
Your fortune's advanced I hear;  
No stranger can come unto my gates  
That I do love so dear.'
- 29 'Sir, the last time I was at your gates,  
You would not let me in;  
I'm come for my wife and children,  
No friendship else I claim.'
- 30 'Come in, pretty Captain Ogilvie,  
And drink of the beer and the wine;  
And thou shalt have gold and silver  
To count till the clock strike nine.'
- 31 'I'll have none of your gold or silver,  
Nor none of your white-money;  
But I'll have bonny Jeany Gordon,  
And she shall go now with me.'
- 32 Then she came tripping down the stair,  
With the tear into her eye;  
One babe was at her foot,  
Another upon her knee.
- 33 'You're welcome, bonny Jeany Gordon,  
With my young family;  
Mount and go to Northumberland,  
There a countess thou shall be.'

## 238

GLENLOGIE, OR, JEAN O  
BETHELNIE

The earliest copy taken down is among the Percy Papers (F), and was communicated to Percy by R. Lambe, 1768, but it is not unvarnished tradition.

## A

Skene MS., p. 13; taken down from recitation in the north of Scotland, 1802-3.

- 1 FOUR an twenty noblemen they rode  
thro Banchory fair,  
But bonnie Glenlogie was flower [of a']  
that was there.
- 2 Four and twenty noblemen rode from  
Banchory ha,  
But bonnie Glenlogie he was flower of  
them a'.

- 3 'O bonnie Glenlogie, be constant and  
kind,  
An, bonnie Glenlogie, I'll tell you my  
mind.
- 4 . . . so frank and so  
free,  
. . . and I get na Glenlogie,  
I'll die.'
- 5 'O bonnie Jeanie, your portion's but  
sma  
To lay your love on me, that's promist  
awa.'
- 6 Her cherry cheeks grew pale an wan;  
with the tear in her ee,  
'Gin I get na Glenlogie, I surely will  
die.'
- 7 Ben came her father, steps to her bowr:  
'Dear Jeanie, you'r acting the part of  
a [whore].
- 8 'You're seeking ane that cares na for  
thee;  
Ye's get Lord William, let Glenlogie  
be.'
- 9 'O had you still, father, let your folly  
be;  
Gin I get na Glenlogie, I surely will  
die.'
- 10 Ben came her mother, steps on the floor:  
'Dear daughter Jeanie, you're acting  
the [whore],
- 11 'Seeking of ane that cares na for  
thee;  
For ye'll get Lord William, let Glen-  
logie be.'
- 12 'O had your tongue, mother, and let me  
be;  
An I get na Glenlogie, I surely will die.'
- 13 O ben came her father's chaplain, a man  
of great skill,  
And he has written a broad letter, and  
he has pennd it well.
- 14 H'as pennd it well, an sent it awa  
To bonnie Glenlogie, the flower of them  
a'.

- 15 When he got the letter, his tears did  
down fa;  
'She's laid her love on me, that was  
promist awa.'
- 16 He call'd on his servant wi speed, and  
bade him saddle his horses, and bri-  
dle them a':  
'For she has laid her love on me, altho  
I was promist awa.'
- 17 The horses were saddled wi speed, but  
ere they came he was four mile awa,  
To Jean of Bethelny, the flowr of them a'.
- 18 But when he came to her bowr she was  
pale and wan,  
But she grew red and ruddy when Glen-  
logie came in.
- 19 'Cheer up, bonnie Jeannie, ye are flowr  
o them a';  
I have laid my love on you, altho I was  
promist awa.'
- 20 Her beauty was charming, her tocher  
down tauld;  
Bonnie Jean of Bethelny was scarce fif-  
teen year auld.

## B

'Glenlogie,' Sharpe's Ballad Book, p. 37, 1823.

- 1 FOUR and twenty nobles sits in the king's  
ha,  
Bonnie Glenlogie is the flower among  
them a'.
- 2 In came Lady Jean, skipping on the floor,  
And she has chosen Glenlogie 'mong a'  
that was there.
- 3 She turned to his footman, and thus she  
did say:  
Oh, what is his name? and where does  
he stay?
- 4 'His name is Glenlogie, when he is from  
home;  
He is of the gay Gordons, his name it is  
John.'
- 5 'Glenlogie, Glenlogie, an you will prove  
kind,  
My love is laid on you; I am telling my  
mind.'

- 6 He turned about lightly, as the Gordons  
does a':  
'I thank you, Lady Jean, my loves is  
promised awa.'
- 7 She called on her maidens her bed for  
to make,  
Her rings and her jewels all from her  
to take.
- 8 In came Jeanie's father, a wae man was  
he;  
Says, I'll wed you to Drumfendrich, he  
has mair gold than he.
- 9 Her father's own chaplain, being a man  
of great skill,  
He wrote him a letter, and indited it  
well.
- 10 The first lines he looked at, a light laugh  
laughed he;  
But ere he read through it the tears  
blinded his ee.
- 11 Oh, pale and wan looked she when Glen-  
logie cam in,  
But even rosy grew she when Glenlogie  
sat down.
- 12 'Turn round, Jeanie Melville, turn round  
to this side,  
And I'll be the bridegroom, and you'll  
be the bride.'
- 13 Oh, 't was a merry wedding, and the por-  
tion down told,  
Of bonnie Jeanie Melville, who was scarce  
sixteen years old.

239

LORD SALTOUN AND  
AUCHANACHIE

There can hardly be a doubt that this is one  
of five ballads mentioned by Mrs. Brown in a  
letter of Dec. 23, 1800, and called by her 'The  
Lass o Philorth.' Philorth is the seat of the  
Fraser of Saltoun, near Fraserburg, in the ex-  
treme northeast corner of Aberdeenshire.

## A

'Lord Salton and Auchanachie.' a. Bu-  
chan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II,

133, 1828. b. Maidment's North Country Garland, p. 10, 1824; Buchan's Gleanings, p. 161, 1825.

1 'AUCHANACHIE GORDON is bonny and braw,  
He would tempt any woman that ever he saw;  
He would tempt any woman, so has he tempted me,  
And I'll die if I getna my love Auchanachie.'

2 In came her father, tripping on the floor,  
Says, Jeanie, ye're trying the tricks o a whore;  
Ye're caring for them that cares little for thee;  
Ye must marry Salton, leave Auchanachie.

3 'Auchanachie Gordon, he is but a man;  
Altho he be pretty, where lies his free land?  
Salton's lands they lie broad, his towers they stand hie,  
Ye must marry Salton, leave Auchanachie.

4 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
'Salton will gar you wear silk gowns fring'd to thy knee,  
But ye'll never wear that wi your love Auchanachie.'

5 'Wi Auchanachie Gordon I would beg my bread  
Before that wi Salton I'd wear gowd on my head,  
Wear gowd on my head, or gowns fring'd to the knee;  
And I'll die if I getna my love Auchanachie.

6 'O Salton's [a] valley lies low by the sea,  
He's bowed on the back, and thrawin on the knee;'

. . . . .  
. . . . .

7 'O Salton's a valley lies low by the sea;  
Though he's bowed on the back and thrawin on the knee,

Though he's bowed on the back and thrawin on the knee,  
The bonny rigs of Salton they're nae thrawin tee.'

8 'O you that are my parents to church may me bring,  
But unto young Salton I'll never bear a son;  
For son or for daughter, I'll ne'er bow my knee,  
And I'll die if I getna my love Auchanachie.'

9 When Jeanie was married, from church was brought hame,  
When she wi her maidens sae merry shoud hae been,  
When she wi her maidens sae merry shoud hae been,  
She's called for a chamber, to weep there her lane.

10 'Come to your bed, Jeanie, my honey and my sweet,  
For to stile you mistress I do not think it meet;  
'Mistress or Jeanie, it is a' ane to me,  
It's in your bed, Salton, I never will be.'

11 Then out spake her father, he spake wi renown;  
Some of you that are maidens, ye'll loose aff her gown;  
Some of you that are maidens, ye'll loose aff her gown,  
And I'll mend the marriage wi ten thousand crowns.

12 Then ane of her maidens they loosed aff her gown,  
But bonny Jeanie Gordon she fell in a swoon;  
She fell in a swoon low down by their knee;  
Says, Look on, I die for my love Auchanachie!

13 That very same day Miss Jeanie did die,  
And hame came Auchanachie, hame frae the sea;  
Her father and mither welcomd him at the gate;  
He said, Where's Miss Jeanie, that she's nae here yet?



14 Then forth came her maidens, all wringing  
 their hands,  
 Saying, Alas for your staying sae lang  
 frae the land !  
 Sae lang frae the land, and sae lang on  
 the fleed !  
 They've wedded your Jeanie, and now  
 she is dead.

15 'Some of you, her maidens, take me by  
 the hand,  
 And show me the chamber Miss Jeanie  
 died in ;'  
 He kissd her cold lips, which were colder  
 than stane,  
 And he died in the chamber that Jeanie  
 died in.

240

## THE RANTIN LADDIE

The 'rantin' laddie' turns out to be the Earl  
 of Aboyne, who is also celebrated in No. 235.

A

a. 'The Rantin Laddie,' Johnson's Musical  
 Museum, No. 462, p. 474, communicated by  
 Robert Burns; 1797. b. 'Lord Aboyne,' Bu-  
 chan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 66,  
 1828.

1 'AFTEN hae I playd at the cards and  
 the dice,  
 For the love of a bonie rantin laddie,  
 But now I maun sit in my father's  
 kitchen-neuk  
 And balow a bastard babie.

2 'For my father he will not me own,  
 And my mother she neglects me,  
 And a' my friends hae lightlyed me,  
 And their servants they do slight  
 me.

3 'But had I a servant at my command,  
 As aft times I've had many,  
 That wad rin wi a letter to bonie Glens-  
 wood,  
 Wi a letter to my rantin laddie !'

4 'O is he either a laird or a lord,  
 Or is he but a cadie,  
 That ye do him ca sae aften by name  
 Your bonie, bonie rantin laddie ?'

5 'Indeed he is baith a laird and a lord,  
 And he never was a cadie,  
 But he is the Earl o bonie Aboyne,  
 And he is my rantin laddie.'

6 'O ye'se get a servant at your com-  
 mand,  
 As aft times ye've had many,  
 That sall rin wi a letter to bonie Glens-  
 wood,  
 A letter to your rantin laddie.'

7 When Lord Aboyne did the letter get,  
 O but he blinket bonie !  
 But or he had read three lines of it  
 I think his heart was sorry.

8 'O wha is [this] daur be sae bauld  
 Sae cruelly to use my lassie ?  
 . . . . .

9 'For her father he will not her know,  
 And her mother she does slight her,  
 And a' her friends hae lightlied her,  
 And their servants they neglect her.

10 'Go raise to me my five hundred men,  
 Make haste and make them ready,  
 With a milk-white steed under every  
 ane,  
 For to bring hame my lady.'

11 As they cam in thro Buchanshire,  
 They were a company bonie,  
 With a gude claymor in every hand,  
 And O but they shin'd bonie !

241

## THE BARON O LEYS

This ballad purports to relate an escapade  
 of one of the Burnetts of Leys, Kincardine-  
 shire.

A

Skene MS., p. 20; taken down in the north  
 of Scotland, 1802-3.

1 THE LAIRD of Leys is on to Edinbrugh,  
 To shaw a fit o his follie;  
 He drest himsel in the crimson-brown,  
 An he provd a rantin laddie.

2 Ben came a weel-faird lass,  
Says, Laddie, how do they ca ye?  
'They ca me this, an they ca me that,  
Ye wudna ken fat they ca me;  
But whan I'm at home on bonnie Deeside  
They ca me The Rantin Laddie.'

3 They sought her up, they sought her down,  
They sought her in the parlour;  
She coudna be got but whar she was,  
In the bed wi The Rantin Laddie.

4 'Tell me, tell me, Baron of Leys,  
Ye tell me how they ca ye!  
Your gentle blood moves in my side,  
An I dinna ken how they ca ye.'

5 'They ca me this, an they ca me that,  
Ye coudna ken how they ca me;  
But whan I'm at home on bonnie Deeside  
They ca me The Rantin Laddie.'

6 'Tell me, tell me, Baron of Leys,  
Ye tell me how they ca ye!  
Your gentle blood moves in my side,  
An I dinna ken how to ca ye.'

7 'Baron of Leys, it is my stile,  
Alexander Burnett they ca me;  
Whan I'm at hame on bonnie Deeside  
My name is The Rantin Laddie.'

8 'Gin your name be Alexander Burnett,  
Alas that ever I saw ye!  
For ye hae a wife and bairns at hame,  
An alas for lyin sae near ye!

9 'But I'se gar ye be headit or hangt,  
Or marry me the morn,  
Or else pay down ten thousand crowns  
For giein o me the scorn.'

10 'For my head, I canna want;  
I love my lady dearly;  
But some o my lands I maun lose in the case,  
Alas for lyin sae near ye!'

11 Word has gane to the Lady of Leys  
That the laird he had a bairn;  
The warst word she said to that was,  
'I wish I had it in my arms.'

12 'For I will sell my jointure-lands —  
I am broken an I'm sorry —  
An I'll sell a', to my silk gowns,  
An get hame my rantin laddie.'

242

## THE COBLE O CARGILL

Stobhall is on the left bank of the Tay, eight miles above Perth, in Cargill parish, and Cargill is a little farther up. Balathy is opposite Cargill, and Kercock is higher up the river on the right bank. The local tradition, as given by Motherwell in his manuscript and his book, is that the butler of Stobhall had a leman both at Kercock and at Balathy. Upon an occasion when the butler had goné to Kercock, the lass of Balathy scuttled the coble, which he had left below, "and waited his return, deeming that her suspicions of his infidelity would be well founded if he took the boat without visiting her in passing." The butler took the boat without stopping at Balathy, and in her sight the weary coble sank. Local tradition in such cases seldom means more than a theory which people have formed to explain a preëxisting ballad.

'The Coble o Cargill,' Motherwell's MS., p. 80; 'The Weary Coble o Cargill,' Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 230. Communicated to Motherwell by William George, tenant in Cambus Michael, Perthshire, who took it from the recitation of an old woman.

1 DAVID DRUMMOND's destinie,  
Gude man o appearance o Cargill;  
I wat his blude rins in the flude,  
Sae sair against his parents' will.

2 She was the lass of Balathy toun,  
And he the butler o Stobhall,  
And mony a time she wauked late  
To bore the coble o Cargill.

3 His bed was made in Kercock ha,  
Of gude clean sheets and of [the] hay;  
He wudna rest ae nicht therein,  
But on the prude waters he wud gae.

4 His bed was made in Balathy toun,  
Of the clean sheets and of the strae;  
But I wat it was far better made  
Into the bottom o bonnie Tay.

5 She bored the coble in seven pairs,  
I wat her heart might hae been fu  
sair;  
For there she got the bonnie lad lost  
Wi the curly locks and the yellow  
hair.

6 He put his foot into the boat,  
He little thocht o ony ill;  
But before that he was mid-waters,  
The weary coble began to fill.

7 'Woe be to the lass o Balathy toun,  
I wat an ill death may she die!  
For she bored the coble in seven pairs,  
And let the waters perish me.

8 'Oh, help, oh help, I can get nane,  
Nae help o man can to me come!'  
This was about his dying words,  
When he was choaked up to the  
chin.

9 'Gae tell my father and my mother  
It was naeboddy did me this ill;  
I was a-going my ain errands,  
Lost at the coble o bonnie Cargill.'

0 She bored the boat in seven pairs,  
I wat she bored it wi gude will;  
And there they got the bonnie lad's  
corpse,  
In the kirk-shot o bonnie Cargill.

1 Oh a' the keys o bonnie Stobha  
I wat they at his belt did hing;  
But a' the keys of bonnie Stobha  
They now ly low into the stream.

2 A braver page into his age  
Neer set a foot upon the plain;  
His father to his mother said,  
'Oh, sae soon as we've wanted him!

3 'I wat they had mair luve than this  
When they were young and at the  
scule;  
But for his sake she wauked late,  
And bored the coble o bonnie Cargill.'

4 'There's neer a clean sark gae on my  
back,  
Nor yet a kame gae in my hair;  
There's neither coal nor candle-light  
Shall shine in my bouir for evir mair.

15 'At kirk nor market I'se neer be at,  
Nor yet a blythe blink in my ee;  
There's neer a ane shall say to anither,  
That's the lassie gard the young man  
die.

16 'Between the yates o bonnie Stobha  
And the kirk-style o bonnie Cargill,  
There is mony a man and mother's son  
That was at my love's burial.'

243

### JAMES HARRIS (THE DÆMON LOVER)

There are several copies of the broadside version (A); that in the Pepys collection was printed for Thackeray and Passenger, and the ballad is No. 71 in Thackeray's list, printed 1685. 'The Dæmon Lover' was first published in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, 5th edition, 1812 (F). William Laidlaw, who furnished the copy, inserted four stanzas of his own (here omitted). D (probably by the fortunate accident of being a fragment) leaves us to put our own construction upon the weird seaman; and though it retains the homely ship-carpenter, is on the whole the most satisfactory of all the versions.

#### A

A Warning for Married Women, being an example of Mrs Jane Reynolds (a West-country woman), born near Plymouth, who, having plighted her troth to a Seaman, was afterwards married to a Carpenter, and at last carried away by a Spirit, the manner how shall presently be recited. To a West-country tune called 'The Fair Maid of Bristol,' 'Bateman,' or 'John True.' Pepys Ballads, iv, 101.

1 THERE dwelt a fair maid in the West,  
Of worthy birth and fame,  
Neer unto Plimouth, stately town,  
Jane Reynolds was her name.

2 This damsel dearly was belovd  
By many a proper youth,  
And what of her is to be said  
Is known for very truth.

3 Among the rest a seaman brave  
Unto her a wooing came;  
A comely proper youth he was,  
James Harris call'd by name.

- 4 The maid and young man was agreed,  
As time did them allow,  
And to each other secretly  
They made a solemn vow,
- 5 That they would ever faithfull be  
Whilst Heaven afforded life;  
He was to be her husband kind,  
And she his faithfull wife.
- 6 A day appointed was also  
When they was to be married;  
But before these things were brought to  
pass  
Matters were strangely carried.
- 7 All you that faithfull lovers be  
Give ear and hearken well,  
And what of them became at last  
I will directly tell.
- 8 The young man he was prest to sea,  
And forc'd was to go;  
His sweet-heart she must stay behind,  
Whether she would or no.
- 9 And after he was from her gone  
She three years for him staid,  
Expecting of his coming home,  
And kept herself a maid.
- 10 At last news came that he was dead  
Within a forraign land,  
And how that he was buried  
She well did understand,
- 11 For whose sweet sake the maiden she  
Lamented many a day,  
And never was she known at all  
The wanton for to play.
- 12 A carpenter that livd hard by,  
When he heard of the same,  
Like as the other had done before,  
To her a wooing came.
- 13 But when that he had gained her  
love  
They married were with speed,  
And four years space, being man and  
wife,  
They loveingly agreed.
- 14 Three pritty children in this time  
This loving couple had,  
Which made their father's heart re-  
joyce,  
And mother wondrous glad.
- 15 But as occasion servd, one time  
The good man took his way  
Some three days journey from his home,  
Intending not to stay.
- 16 But, whilst that he was gone away,  
A spirit in the night  
Came to the window of his wife,  
And did her sorely fright.
- 17 Which spirit spake like to a man,  
And unto her did say,  
'My dear and onely love,' quoth he,  
'Prepare and come away.
- 18 'James Harris is my name,' quoth he,  
'Whom thou didst love so dear,  
And I have traveld for thy sake  
At least this seven year.
- 19 'And now I am returnd again,  
To take thee to my wife,  
And thou with me shalt go to sea,  
To end all further strife.'
- 20 'O tempt me not, sweet James,' quoth  
she,  
'With thee away to go;  
If I should leave my children small,  
Alas! what would they do ?
- 21 'My husband is a carpenter,  
A carpenter of great fame;  
I would not for five hundred pounds  
That he should know the same.'
- 22 'I might have had a king's daughter,  
And she would have married me;  
But I forsook her golden crown,  
And for the love of thee.
- 23 'Therefore, if thou 'lt thy husband for-  
sake,  
And thy children three also,  
I will forgive the[e] what is past,  
If thou wilt with me go.'
- 24 'If I forsake my husband and  
My little children three,  
What means hast thou to bring me to,  
If I should go with thee ?'

- 25 'I have seven ships upon the sea;  
When they are come to land,  
Both marriners and marchandize  
Shall be at thy command.
- 26 'The ship wherein my love shall sail  
Is glorious to behold;  
The sails shall be of finest silk,  
And the mast of shining gold.'
- 27 When he had told her these fair tales,  
To love him she began,  
Because he was in human shape,  
Much like unto a man.
- 28 And so together away they went  
From off the English shore,  
And since that time the woman-kind  
Was never seen no more.
- 29 But when her husband he come home  
And found his wife was gone,  
And left her three sweet pretty babes  
Within the house alone,
- 30 He beat his breast, he tore his hair,  
The tears fell from his eyes,  
And in the open streets he run  
With heavy doleful cries.
- 31 And in this sad distracted case  
He hangd himself for woe  
Upon a tree near to the place;  
The truth of all is so.
- 32 The children now are fatherless,  
And left without a guide,  
But yet no doubt the heavenly powers  
Will for them well provide.

## D

'The Carpenter's Wife,' Kinloch MSS., i,  
297; from the recitation of T. Kinneear, Stone-  
haven.

- 1 'O WHARE hae ye been, my dearest dear,  
These seven lang years and more?'
- 'O I am come to seek my former vows,  
That ye promisd me before.'
- 2 'Awa wi your former vows,' she says,  
'Or else ye will breed strife;  
Awa wi your former vows,' she says,  
'For I'm become a wife.'

- 3 'I am married to a ship-carpenter,  
A ship-carpenter he's bound;  
I wadna he kend my mind this nicht  
For twice five hundred pound.'

\* \* \* \* \*

- 4 She has put her foot on gude ship-board,  
And on ship-board she's gane,  
And the veil that hung oure her face  
Was a' wi gowd begane.
- 5 She had na sailed a league, a league,  
A league but barely twa,  
Till she did mind on the husband she left,  
And her wee young son alsua.
- 6 'O hand your tongue, my dearest dear,  
Let all your follies abee;  
I'll show whare the white lillies grow,  
On the banks of Italie.'
- 7 She had na sailed a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
Till grim, grim grew his countenance,  
And gurlly grew the sea.
- 8 'O hand your tongue, my dearest dear,  
Let all your follies abee;  
I'll show whare the white lillies grow,  
In the bottom of the sea.'
- 9 He's tane her by the milk-white hand,  
And he's thrown her in the main;  
And full five-and-twenty hundred ships  
Perishd all on the coast of Spain.

## F

'The Dæmon Lover,' Minstrelsy of the Scot-  
tish Border, 5th edition, 1812, II, 427; taken  
down from the recitation of Walter Grieve by  
William Laidlaw.

- 1 'O WHERE have you been, my long, long  
love,  
This long seven years and mair?'
- 'O I'm come to seek my former vows  
Ye granted me before.'
- 2 'O hold your tongue of your former  
vows,  
For they will breed sad strife;  
O hold your tongue of your former  
vows,  
For I am become a wife.'



- 3 He turned him right and round about,  
And the tear blinded his ee:  
'I wad never hae trodden on Irish  
ground,  
If it had not been for thee.
- 4 'I might hae had a king's daughter,  
Far, far beyond the sea;  
I might have had a king's daughter,  
Had it not been for love o thee.'
- 5 'If ye might have had a king's daughter,  
Yer sel ye had to blame;  
Ye might have taken the king's daughter,  
For ye kend that I was nane.
- 6 'If I was to leave my husband dear,  
And my two babes also,  
O what have you to take me to,  
If with you I should go?'
- 7 'I hae seven ships upon the sea —  
The eighth brought me to land —  
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,  
And music on every hand.'
- 8 She has taken up her two little babes,  
Kissd them baith cheek and chin:  
'O fair ye weel, my ain two babes,  
For I 'll never see you again.'
- 9 She set her foot upon the ship,  
No mariners could she behold;  
But the sails were o the taffetie,  
And the masts o the beaten gold.
- 10 She had not sailed a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
When dismal grew his countenance,  
And drumlie grew his ee.
- 11 They had not saild a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
Until she espied his cloven foot,  
And she wept right bitterlie.
- 12 'O hold your tongue of your weeping,'  
says he,  
'Of your weeping now let me be;  
I will shew you how the lilies grow  
On the banks of Italy.'
- 13 'O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,  
That the sun shines sweetly on?'

'O yon are the hills of heaven,' he said,  
'Where you will never win.'

- 14 'O whaten a mountain is yon,' she said,  
'All so dreary wi frost and snow?'  
'O yon is the mountain of hell,' he cried,  
'Where you and I will go.'

- 15 He strack the tap-mast wi his hand,  
The fore-mast wi his knee,  
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,  
And sank her in the sea.

244

## JAMES HATLEY

In a version in Motherwell's MS. (C), Fenwick becomes Phenix and James Hatley becomes Jamie O'Lee.

## A

a. Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy, No. 35, MS. of Thomas Wilkie, p. 6, Abbotsford; "from Betty Hoyl, who learned it from her mother," Gattonside. b. 'James Hatley,' Campbell MSS., II, 289. c. 'James Hatelie,' R. Chambers, The Romantic Scottish Ballads, etc., 1859, p. 37; "taken down many years ago from the singing of an old man in the south of Scotland."

- 1 It happened once upon a time,  
When the king he was from home,  
Sir Fenwick he has stolen his jewels,  
And laid the blame on James Hatley.
- 2 James Hatley was in prison strong,  
A wait he was condemned to die;  
There was not one in all the court  
To speak one word for James Hatley.
- 3 No one but the king's daughter,  
A wait she loved him tenderlie;  
She's stolen the keys from her father's  
head,  
And gaed and conversed wi James  
Hatley.
- 4 'Come, tell to me now, James,' she said,  
'Come, tell to me if thou hast them  
stolen,  
And I'll make a vow, and I'll keep it  
true,  
Ye shall never be the worse of me.'

- 5 'I have not stolen them, lady,' he said,  
'Nor as little it was intended by me;  
Sir Fenwick he has stolen them himself;  
A wait he has laid the blame on me.'
- 6 'One asking, one asking, father dear,  
One asking, one asking grant to me,  
For I never asked one in my life;  
I am sure you cannot but grant it to me.'
- 7 'Weel ask it, weel ask it, daughter dear,  
Ask it, and it granted shall be;  
If it should be my hale estate,  
Naesaid, naesaid, it shall not be.'
- 8 'I want none of your gold, father,  
And I want none of your fee;  
All that I ask, father dear,  
It is the life of James Hatley.'
- 9 'Weel ask it, weel ask it, daughter dear,  
Weel ask it, and it answer'd shall be;  
For I'll make a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
James Hatley shall never hang'd be.'
- 10 'Another asking, father dear,  
Another asking grant to me;  
Let Fenwick and Hatley go [to] the sword,  
And let them try their verity.'
- 11 'Tis weel ask'd, daughter dear,  
'Tis weel asked, and it granted shall be;  
For eer the morn or twelve o'clock  
They both at the point of the sword shall be.'
- 12 James Hatley was fifteen years old,  
Sir Fenwick he was thirty three;  
But James lap about, and he struck about,  
Till he's gaen Sir Fenwick wounds three.
- 13 'Hold up, hold up, James Hatley,' he cry'd,  
'And let my breath go out and in;  
For I have stolen them myself,  
More shame and disgrace it is to me.'
- 14 Up and spake an English lord,  
And O but he spake haughtily!

'I would reather given my whole estates  
Before ye had not hanged James Hatley.'

- 15 But up and spake a Scottish lord,  
And O but he spake boldly!  
'I would reather hae foughten among  
blood to the knees  
Before ye had hanged James Hatley.'

- 16 Up and spake the king's eldest son,  
'Come hame, James Hatley, and dine wi me;  
For I've made a vow, I'll keep it true,  
Ye's be my captain by land and by sea.'

- 17 Up and spake the king's daughter,  
'Come hame, James Hatley, and dine wi me;  
For I've made a vow, I'll keep it true,  
I'll never marry a man but thee.'

245

## YOUNG ALLAN

This ballad is mixed with 'Sir Patrick Spens' (No. 58). By far the most interesting feature in it is Allan's addressing his ship and the ship's intelligent behavior. Such ships are known elsewhere in popular tradition. In one of the best of the Danish ballads (Grundtvig, No. 50), the Ox, when sailed by St Olav, responds to his commands as if fully endowed with consciousness; he thwacks it in the side and over the eye, and it goes faster and faster; but it is animate only for the nonce. The Phæacian ships have neither helmsman nor helm, and know men's minds and the way to all cities: Odyssey, viii, 557 ff. There is a magical self-moving ship in Marie de France's Guigemar, and elsewhere.

A\*

The Old Lady's Collection, MS., No. 4.

- 1 AA the skippers of bonny Lothen,  
As they sat att the wine,  
Ther fell a rosin them among,  
An it was in an unhappy time.
- 2 Some of them roused ther haks,  
An some of them ther bounds,  
An some of them ther gay ladys,  
Trood neat on the plain:

- Young Allan he roused his comely  
coug,  
That lay upon the strand.
- 3 'I haa as good a ship this day  
As ever sailed our seas,  
Except it be the Burges Black,  
Bat an the Small Cordvine,  
The comly coug of Dornisdall;  
We sall lay that three bay in time.'
- 4 Out spak a littel boy,  
Just att Young Allan's knee,  
'Ye lie, ye lie, ye Young Allan,  
Sae loud as I hear ye lie.
- 5 'For my master has a littel boat  
Will sail thris as well as thin;  
For she'll come in att your formast  
An gee out att yer forlee,  
An nine times in a winter night  
She'll take the wine fra the.
- 6 'O fatt will ye wade, ye Young Allan,  
Or fatt will ye wad we me?'  
'I ill wad my head agenst yer land,  
Till I gett more monie.'
- 7 They hed na sailed a legg, [a legg,]  
A legg bat bairly three,  
Till throug an throu ther bonny ship  
They saa the green wall sea.
- 8 They had na sailed a leag, [a leag,]  
A leag bat barly fave,  
Till through en throu ther bonny ship  
They saa the green wall wave.
- 9 He gied up to the tapmast,  
To see fat he could see,  
An ther he saa the Burges Black,  
Bat an the Small Cordvine,  
The comly coug of Dornasdell;  
The three was rent in nine.
- 10 Young Allan he grat, an he wrang his  
hans,  
An he kent na fat till dee:  
'The win is loud, an the waves is prood,  
An we will a' sink in the sea.
- 11 'Bat gin I cod gett a bonny boy  
To tak my healm in han,  
. . . that wad bring  
My bonny ship safe to lan,
- 12 'He sud gett the tua part of my  
goud,  
An the therd part of my lan,  
An gin we wine safe to shor  
He sud gett my daughter Ann.'
- 13 'Hear am I, a bonny boy  
That will take yer helm in han,  
. . . an will bring  
Your bonny ship safe to land.
- 14 'Ye take four-an-twenty fether-beds,  
An ye lay the bonny ship roun,  
An as much of the good cannis  
As make her hell an soun.'
- 15 They took four-an-tuenty fether-beds,  
An laid the bonny ship roun,  
An as much of the good canies  
As made her hell an soun.
- 16 'Spring up, my bony ship,  
An goud sall be yer hair!'  
Fan the bonny ship hard of that,  
Att goud sud be her hire,  
She sprang as fast fra the sate water  
As the spark dis frae the fire.
- 17 'Spring up, my bonny ship,  
An goud sall be yer fee!'  
An fan the bonny ship hard of that,  
Goud was to be her fee,  
She sprang as fast fra the sat water  
As the life dos fra the tree.
- 18 The salors stans on the shore-sid,  
We ther ill-bukled shen:  
'Thanks to God an our gued mas-  
ter  
That ever we came to land!'
- 19 'Far is the bonny boy  
That took my healm in hand?  
. . . that brought  
My bonny ship safe to land?
- 20 'He's gett the twa part of my goud,  
The therd part of my lan,  
An since we ha wone safe to shore  
He's gett my doughter Ann.'
- 21 'Hear am I, the bonny boy  
That took yer healm in han,  
That brought yer bonny ship,  
An brought her safe to lan.

22 'I winnè ha the tua part of yer goud,  
Nor the therd part of yer lan,  
Bat since we ha wine safe to shor  
I will wed yer daughter Ann.'

23 Fortey ships went to the sea,  
Forty ships an five,  
An ther came never on back  
Bat Young Allan alive.

## 246

REDESDALE AND WISE  
WILLIAM

This ballad may be an offshoot from a widely spread story which is tediously told further on in 'The Twa Knights' (No. 268). A, sts. 1, 2, 5, are substantially a repetition of No. 245, A, 1, 2, 6, etc.

## A

'Reedisdale and Wise William,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 701, written down from memory by Mr Nicol, Strichen, as learned in his earlier years from old people; Motherwell's MS., p. 452; Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 298.

- 1 WHEN Reedisdale and Wise William  
Were drinking at the wine,  
There fell a roosing them amang,  
On an unruly time.
- \*2 For some o them hae roosd their hawks,  
And other some their hounds,  
And other some their ladies fair,  
And their bowers whare they walkd in.
- 3 When out it spake him Reedisdale,  
And a rash word spake he;  
Says, There is not a lady fair,  
In bower wherever she be,  
But I could aye her favour win  
Wi ae blink o my ee.
- 4 Then out it spake him Wise William,  
And a rash word spake he;  
Says, I have a sister of my own,  
In bower where ever she be,  
And ye will not her favour win  
With three blinks of your ee.
- 5 'What will ye wager, Wise William?  
My lands I'll wad with thee;'

'I'll wad my head against your land,  
Till I get more monie.'

- 6 Then Reedisdale took Wise William,  
Laid him in prison strang,  
That he might neither gang nor ride,  
Nor ae word to her send.
- 7 But he has written a braid letter,  
Between the night and day,  
And sent it to his own sister  
By dun feather and gray.
- 8 When she had read Wise William's  
letter,  
She smilèd and she leugh;  
Said, Very well, my dear brother,  
Of this I have eneuch.
- 9 She looked out at her west window  
To see what she could see,  
And there she spied him Reedisdale  
Come riding ower the lea.
- 10 Says, Come to me, my maidens all,  
Come hitherward to me;  
For here it comes him Reedisdale,  
Who comes a-courting me.
- 11 'Come down, come down, my lady  
fair,  
A sight of you give me;'  
'Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,  
For me you will not see.'
- 12 'Come down, come down, my lady  
fair,  
A sight of you give me;  
And bonny are the gowns of silk  
That I will give to thee.'
- 13 'If you have bonny gowns of silk,  
O mine is bonny tee;  
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,  
For me you shall not see.'
- 14 'Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
A sight of you I'll see;  
And bonny jewels, brooches and rings  
I will give unto thee.'
- 15 'If you have bonny brooches and rings,  
O mine are bonny tee;  
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,  
For me you shall not see.'

- 16 'Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
One sight of you I'll see;  
And bonny are the ha's and bowers  
That I will give to thee.'
- 17 'If you have bonny ha's and bowers,  
O mine are bonny tee;  
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,  
For me you shall not see.'
- 18 'Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
A sight of you I'll see;  
And bonny are my lands so broad  
That I will give to thee.'
- 19 'If you have bonny lands so broad,  
O mine are bonny tee;  
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,  
For me ye will not see.'
- 20 'Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
A sight of you I'll see;  
And bonny are the bags of gold  
That I will give to thee.'
- 21 'If you have bonny bags of gold,  
I have bags of the same;  
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,  
For down I will not come.'
- 22 'Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
One sight of you I'll see;  
Or else I'll set your house on fire,  
If better cannot be.'
- 23 Then he has set the house on fire,  
And all the rest it tuke;  
He turned his wight horse head about,  
Said, Alas, they'll ne'er get out!
- 24 'Look out, look out, my maidens fair,  
And see what I do see,  
How Reedisdale has fired our house,  
And now rides oer the sea.'
- 25 'Come hitherwards, my maidens fair,  
Come hither unto me;  
For thro this reek, and thro this smeeke,  
O thro it we must be!'
- 26 They took wet mantles them about,  
Their coffers by the band,  
And thro the reek, and thro the flame,  
Alive they all have wan.

- 27 When they had got out thro the fire,  
And able all to stand,  
She sent a maid to Wise William,  
To bruik Reedisdale's land.
- 28 'Your lands is mine now, Reedisdale,  
For I have won them free;  
'If there is a gude woman in the world,  
Your one sister is she.'

## 247

## LADY ELSPAT

This ballad was No. 10 of the fifteen of Mrs Brown's which were obtained by William Tytler from Professor Thomas Gordon in 1783.

'Lady Elspat.' a. Jamieson-Brown MS., p. 19. Printed in Jamieson's Popular Ballads, II, 191. b. Scottish Songs, MS., fol. 30, Abbotsford Library, N. 3, in the handwriting of Walter Scott, about 1795.

- 1 'How brent is your brow, my Lady Elspat!  
How golden yallow is your hair!  
Of all the maids of fair Scotland,  
There's nane like Lady Elspat fair.'
- 2 'Perform your vows, Sweet William,'  
she says,  
'The vows which ye ha made to  
me,  
An at the back o my mother's castle  
This night I'll surely meet wi thee.'
- 3 But wae be to her brother's page,  
Who heard the words this twa die  
say!  
He's told them to her lady mother,  
Who wrought Sweet William mieckle  
wae.
- 4 For she has taen him Sweet William,  
An she's gard bind him wi his bow-  
string  
Till the red bluide o his fair body  
Frae ilka nail o his hand did spring.
- 5 O it fell once upon a time  
That the Lord Justice came to town;  
Out has she taen him Sweet William,  
Brought him before Lord Justice  
'boun.



- 6 'An what is the crime, now, madame,'  
he says,  
'Has been committed by this young  
man?'
- 'O he has broken my bonny castel,  
That was well biggit wi lime an stane.
- 7 'An he has broken my bonny coffers,  
That was well banded wi aiken ban,  
An he has stoln my rich jewels;  
I wot he has them every one.'
- 8 Then out it spake her Lady Elspat,  
As she sat by Lord Justice knee;  
'Now ye hae taul your tale, mother,  
I pray, Lord Justice, you 'l now hear  
me.
- 9 'He has na broken her bonny castel,  
That was well biggit wi lime an stane,  
Nor has he stoln her rich jewels,  
For I wot she has them every one.
- 10 'But tho he was my first true love,  
An tho I had sworn to be his bride,  
Cause he had not a great estate,  
She would this way our loves divide.'
- 11 An out it spake the Lord Justice,  
I wot the tear was in his ee;  
'I see nae fault in this young man,  
Sae loose his bans, an set him free.
- 12 'Take back your love, now, Lady Elspat,  
An my best blessing you baith upon!  
For gin he be your first true love,  
He is my eldest sister's son.
- 13 'There is a steed in my stable  
Cost me baith gold and white money;  
Ye's get as mieckle o my free lan  
As he 'll ride about in a summer's  
day.'

248

# THE GREY COCK, OR, SAW YOU MY FATHER?

This piece is a variety of the *aube* (concerning which species see Jeanroy, *Les Origines de la Poésie lyrique en France*, chapter 3), but is none the less quite modern. There are French and Italian ballads of the same general de-

scription. The treacherous or troublesome bird is in French the lark, in one case the cock; in Italian the swallow.

a. 'The Grey Cock,' Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scots Songs*, 1769, p. 324; Herd's *MSS.*, i, 4; Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*, 1776, ii, 208. b. 'Saw you my father?' Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 731.

- 1 'O saw ye my father? or saw ye my  
mother?  
Or saw ye my true-love John?'  
'I saw not your father, I saw not your  
mother,  
But I saw your true-love John.
- 2 'It's now ten at night, and the stars gie  
nae light,  
And the bells they ring ding, dang;  
He's met wi some delay that causeth  
him to stay,  
But he will be here ere lang.'
- 3 The surly auld carl did naething but  
snarl,  
And Johnny's face it grew red;  
Yet, tho he often sighd, he neer a word  
replied  
Till all were asleep in bed.
- 4 Up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,  
And gently tirl'd the pin;  
The lassie taking tent unto the door she  
went,  
And she opend and let him in.
- 5 'And are ye come at last? and do I  
hold ye fast?  
And is my Johnny true?'  
'I hae nae time to tell, but sae lang's.  
I like mysell  
Sae lang will I love you.'
- 6 'Flee, flee up, my bonny grey cock,  
And craw whan it is day;  
Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten  
gold,  
And your wings of the silver grey.'
- 7 The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,  
For he crew an hour oer soon;  
The lassie thought it day when she sent  
her love away,  
And it was but a blink of the moon.

## 249

## AULD MATRONS

This piece was made by some one who had acquaintance with the first fit of 'Adam Bell.' The anonymous 'old wife' becomes 'auld Matrons;' Inglewood, Ringlewood. The conclusion is in imitation of the rescues in Robin Hood ballads.

'Auld Matrons,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 238; Motherwell's MS., p. 585, with the title 'Love Annie.'

- 1 MY love she is a gentlewoman,  
Has her living by the seam;  
I kenna how she is provided  
This night for me and my foot-  
groom.
- 2 He is gane to Annie's bower-door,  
And gently tirl'd at the pin:  
'Ye sleep, ye wake, my love Annie,  
Ye'll rise and lat your true-love  
in.'
- 3 Wi her white fingers lang and sma  
She gently lifted up the pin;  
Wi her arms lang and bent  
She kindly caught sweet Willie in.
- 4 'O will ye go to cards or dice?  
Or will ye go to play?  
Or will ye go to a well made bed,  
And sleep a while till day?'
- 5 'I winna gang to cards nor dice,  
Nor yet will I to play;  
But I will gang to a well made bed,  
And sleep a while till day.
- 6 'My love Annie, my dear Annie,  
I would be at your desire;  
But wae mat fa the auld Matrons,  
As she sits by the kitchen fire!'
- 7 'Keep up your heart, Willie,' she said,  
'Keep up your heart, dinna fear;  
It's seven years, and some guid mair,  
Sin her foot did file the fear.'
- 8 They hadna kissd nor love clapped,  
As lovers when they meet,  
Till up it raise the auld Matrons,  
Sae well's she spread her feet.
- 9 O wae mat fa the auld Matrons,  
Sae clever's she took the gate!  
And she's gaen ower yon lang, lang hill,  
Knockd at the sheriff's yate.
- 10 'Ye sleep, ye wake, my lord?' she said:  
'Are ye not your bower within?  
There's a knight in bed wi your daugh-  
ter,  
I fear she's gotten wrang.'
- 11 'Ye'll do ye down thro Kelso town,  
Waken my wall-wight men;  
And gin ye hae your wark well dune  
I'll be there at command.'
- 12 She's done her down thro Kelso town,  
Wakend his wall-wight men;  
But gin she had her wark well done  
He was there at command.
- 13 He had his horse wi corn fodderd,  
His men armd in mail;  
He gae the Matrons half a merk  
To show them ower the hill.
- 14 Willie sleepd, but Annie waked  
Till she heard their bridles ring;  
Then tapped on her love's shoulder,  
And said, Ye've sleepit lang.
- 15 'O save me, save me, my blestd lady,  
Till I've on my shooting-gear;  
I dinna fear the king himsell,  
Tho he an's men were here.'
- 16 Then they shot in, and Willie out,  
The arrows graz'd his brow;  
The maid she wept and tore her hair,  
Says, This can never do.
- 17 Then they shot in, and he shot out,  
The bow brunt Willie's hand;  
But aye he kissd her ruby lips,  
Said, My dear, thinkna lang.
- 18 He set his horn to his mouth,  
And has blawn loud and shrill,  
And he's call'd on his brother John,  
In Ringlewood he lay still.
- 19 The first an shot that Lord John shot,  
He wound fifty and fifteen;  
The next an shot that Lord John shot,  
He ca'd out the sheriff's een.

20 'O some o you lend me an arm,  
Some o you lend me twa;  
And they that came for strife this day,  
Take horse, ride fast awa.

21 'But wae mat fa you, auld Matrons,  
An ill death mat ye die!  
I'll burn you on yon high hill-head,  
Blaw your ashes in the sea.'

## 250

## HENRY MARTYN

This ballad must have sprung from the ashes of 'Sir Andrew Barton' (No. 167). E comes nearer than the others to the original, but stts. 11-13 are derived from No. 287, stts. 8, 10. Only one copy (A a) preserves the trait of Barton's death, an incident not quite in keeping with the rest of the story of the new ballad.

## A

'Henry Martyn,' taken down by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. a. From Matthew Baker, an old cripple, Lew Down, Devon. b. From Roger Luxton, an old man at Halwell, North Devon.

1 IN merry Scotland, in merry Scotland  
There lived brothers three;  
They all did cast lots which of them  
should go  
A robbing upon the salt sea.

2 The lot it fell on Henry Martyn,  
The youngest of the three;  
That he should go rob on the salt, salt  
sea,  
To maintain his brothers and he.

3 He had not a sailed a long winter's  
night,  
Nor yet a short winter's day,  
Before that he met with a lofty old ship,  
Come sailing along that way.

4 O when she came by Henry Martyn,  
'I prithee now, let us go!'  
'O no! God wot, that, that will I not,  
O that will I never do.

5 'Stand off! stand off!' said Henry  
Martyn,  
'For you shall not pass by me;

For I am a robber all on the salt seas,  
To maintain us brothers three.

6 'How far, how far,' cries Henry Martyn,  
'How far do you make it?' said he;  
'For I am a robber all on the salt seas,  
To maintain us brothers three.'

7 For three long hours they merrily  
fought,  
For hours they fought full three;  
At last a deep wound got Henry Martyn,  
And down by the mast fell he.

8 'T was broadside to a broadside then,  
And a rain and hail of blows,  
But the salt sea ran in, ran in, ran in,  
To the bottom then she goes.

9 Bad news, bad news for old England,  
Bad news has come to the town,  
For a rich merchant's vessel is cast  
away,  
And all her brave seamen drown.

10 Bad news, bad news through London  
street,  
Bad news has come to the king,  
For all the brave lives of the mariners  
lost,  
That are sunk in the watery main.

## E

'Andrew Bartin,' communicated by Miss Louise Porter Haskell as derived from Gen. E. P. Alexander of South Carolina, and derived by him from the singing of a cadet at West Point Military Academy in the winter of 1856-7. Two or three slight corrections have been made by Mrs A. C. Haskell, sister of Gen. Alexander.

1 THREE bold brothers of merrie Scot-  
land,  
And three bold brothers were they,  
And they cast lots the one with the  
other,  
To see who should go robbing all oer  
the salt sea;  
And they cast lots the one with the  
other,  
To see who should go robbing all oer  
the salt sea.

2 The lot it fell on Andrew Bartin,  
The youngest of the three,

- That he should go robbing all oer the  
salt sea,  
To maintain his two brothers and  
he.
- 3 He had not sailed but one long summer  
night,  
When daylight did appear;  
He saw a ship sailing far off and far  
round,  
At last she came sailing quite near.
- 4 'Who art? who art?' says Andrew  
Bartin,  
'Who art thee comes sailing so  
nigh?'  
'We are the rich merchants of merrie  
England,  
Just please for to let us pass by.'
- 5 'Pass by? pass by?' says Andrew  
Bartin,  
'No, no, that never can be;  
Your ship and your cargo I will take  
away,  
And your brave men drown in the  
sea.'
- 6 Now when this news reached merrie  
England —  
King George he wore the crown —  
That his ship and his cargo were taken  
away,  
And his brave men they were all  
drowned.
- 7 'Go build me a ship,' says Captain  
Charles Stewart,  
'A ship both stout and sure,  
And if I dont fetch this Andrew Bartin,  
My life shall no longer endure.'
- 8 He had not sailed but one long summer  
night,  
When daylight did appear,  
He saw a ship sailing far off and far  
round,  
And then she came sailing quite near.
- 9 'Who art? who art?' says Captain  
Charles Stewart,  
'Who art comes sailing so nigh?'  
'We are the bold brothers of merrie  
Scotland,  
Just please for to let us pass by.'
- 10 'Pass by? pass by?' says Captain  
Charles Stewart,  
'No, no, that never can be;  
Your ship and your cargo I will take  
away,  
And your brave men carry with  
me.'
- 11 'Come on! come on!' says Andrew  
Bartin,  
'I value you not one pin;  
And though you are lined with good  
brass without,  
I'll show you I've fine steel within.'
- 12 Then they drew up a full broadside  
And each at other let pour;  
They had not fought for four hours or  
more,  
When Captain Charles Stewart gave  
oer.
- 13 'Go home! go home!' says Andrew  
Bartin,  
'And tell your king for me,  
That he may reign king of the merry  
dryland,  
But that I will be king of the sea.'

251

## LANG JOHNNY MORE

'Lang Johnny More' should be compared with 'Johnie Scot' (No. 99). It is perhaps an imitation, and in fact almost a parody of that ballad. There John is the little Scot; here he is the muckle Scot, stanza 6 (Gaelic *mor* = big), and his helpmates, as well as he, are of gigantic size. Except this and one other particular, the stories are materially the same.

'Lang Johnny Moir,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland,' I, 248.

- 1 THERE lives a man in Rynie's land,  
Anither in Auchindore,  
The bravest lad amo them a'  
Was lang Johnny Moir.
- 2 Young Johnny was an airy blade,  
Fu sturdy, stout, and strang;  
The sword that hang by Johnny's  
side  
Was just full ten feet lang.

- 3 Young Johnny was a clever youth,  
Fu sturdy, stout, and wight,  
Just full three yards around the waist,  
And fourteen feet in hight.
- 4 But if a' be true they tell me now,  
And a' be true I hear,  
Young Johnny's on to Lundan gane,  
The king's banner to bear.
- 5 He hadna been in fair Lundan  
But twalmonths twa or three  
Till the fairest lady in a' Lundan  
Fell in love wi young Johnny.
- 6 This news did sound thro Lundan town,  
Till it came to the king  
That the muckle Scot had fa'in in love  
Wi his daughter, Lady Jean.
- 7 Whan the king got word o that,  
A solemn oath sware he,  
This weighty Scot sall strait a rope,  
And hanged he shall be.
- 8 When Johnny heard the sentence past,  
A light laugh then gae he:  
'While I hae strength to wield my  
blade,  
Ye darena a' hang me.'
- 9 The English dogs were cunning rogues;  
About him they did creep,  
And gae him draps o lodomy  
That laid him fast asleep.
- 10 Whan Johnny wakend frae his sleep  
A sorry heart had he;  
His jaws and hands in iron bands,  
His feet in fetters three.
- 11 'O whar will I get a little wee boy  
Will work for meat and fee,  
That will rin on to my uncle,  
At the foot of Benachie?'
- 12 'Here am I, a little wee boy  
Will work for meat and fee,  
That will rin on to your uncle,  
At the foot of Benachie.'
- 13 'Whan ye come whar grass grows green,  
Slack your shoes and rin;  
And whan ye come whar water's strong,  
Ye'll bend your bow and swim.
- 14 'And whan ye come to Benachie  
Ye'll neither chap nor ca;  
Sae well's ye'll ken auld Johnny there,  
Three feet abeen them a'.
- 15 'Ye'll gie to him this braid letter,  
Seald wi my faith and troth,  
And ye'll bid him bring along wi him  
The body Jock o Noth.'
- 16 Whan he came whar grass grew green,  
He slackt his shoes and ran;  
And whan he came whar water's strong  
He bent his bow and swam.
- 17 And whan he came to Benachie  
Did neither chap nor ca;  
Sae well's he kent auld Johnny there,  
Three feet abeen them a'.
- 18 'What news, what news, my little wee  
boy?  
Ye never were here before;'  
'Nae news, nae news, but a letter from  
Your nephew, Johnny Moir.
- 19 'Ye'll take here this braid letter,  
Seald wi his faith and troth,  
And ye're bidden bring along wi you  
The body Jock o Noth.'
- 20 Benachie lyes very low,  
The tap o Noth lyes high;  
For a' the distance that's between,  
He heard auld Johnny cry.
- 21 Whan on the plain these champions  
met,  
Twa grizly ghosts to see,  
There were three feet between their  
brows,  
And shoulders were yards three.
- 22 These men they ran ower hills and dales,  
And ower mountains high,  
Till they came on to Lundan town,  
At the dawn o the third day.
- 23 And whan they came to Lundan town  
The yetts were lockit wi bands,  
And wha were there but a trumpeter,  
Wi trumpet in his hands?
- 24 'What is the matter, ye keepers all?  
Or what's the matter within



- That the drums do beat and bells do  
ring,  
And make sic dolefu din ?
- 25 'There 's naething the matter,' the  
keeper said,  
'There 's naething the matter to thee,  
But a weighty Scot to strait the rope,  
And the morn he maun die.'
- 26 'O open the yetts, ye proud keepers,  
Ye'll open without delay;  
The trembling keeper, smiling, said,  
'O I hae not the key.'
- 27 'Ye'll open the yetts, ye proud keepers,  
Ye'll open without delay,  
Or here is a body at my back  
Frae Scotland has brought the key.'
- 28 'Ye'll open the yetts,' says Jock o Noth,  
'Ye'll open them at my call;  
Then wi his foot he has drove in  
Three yards braid o the wall.
- 29 As they gaed in by Drury Lane,  
And down by the town's hall,  
And there they saw young Johnny Moir  
Stand on their English wall.
- 30 'Ye're welcome here, my uncle dear,  
Ye're welcome unto me;  
Ye'll loose the knot, and slack the  
rope,  
And set me frae the tree.'
- 31 'Is it for murder, or for theft ?  
Or is it for robberie ?  
If it is for ony heinous crime,  
There 's nae remeid for thee.'
- 32 'It's nae for murder, nor for theft,  
Nor yet for robberie;  
A' is for the loving a gay lady  
They're gaun to gar me die.'
- 33 'O whar 's thy sword,' says Jock o Noth,  
'Ye brought frae Scotland wi thee ?  
I never saw a Scotsman yet  
But coud wield a sword or tree.'
- 34 'A pox upo their lodomy,  
On me had sic a sway  
Four o their men, the bravest four,  
They bore my blade away.'
- 35 'Bring back his blade,' says Jock o Noth,  
'And freely to him it gie,  
Or I hae sworn a black Scot's oath  
I'll gar five million die.
- 36 'Now whar's the lady ?' says Jock o  
Noth,  
'Sae fain I woud her see;'  
'She's lockd up in her ain chamber,  
The king he keeps the key.'
- 37 So they hae gane before the king,  
With courage bauld and free;  
Their armour bright cast sic a light  
That almost dim'd his ee.
- 38 'O whar 's the lady ?' says Jock o Noth,  
'Sae fain as I woud her see;  
For we are come to her wedding,  
Frae the foot o Benachie.'
- 39 'O take the lady,' said the king,  
'Ye welcome are for me;  
I never thought to see sic men,  
Frae the foot o Benachie.'
- 40 'If I had kend,' said Jock o Noth,  
'Ye'd wonderd sae muckle at me,  
I woud hae brought ane larger far  
By sizes three times three.
- 41 'Likewise if I had thought I'd been  
Sic a great fright to thee,  
I'd brought Sir John o Erskine Park;  
He's thretty feet and three.'
- 42 'Wae to the little boy,' said the king,  
'Brought tidings unto thee !  
Let all England say what they will,  
High hangèd shall he be.'
- 43 'O if ye hang the little wee boy  
Brought tidings unto me,  
We shall attend his burial,  
And rewarded ye shall be.'
- 44 'O take the lady,' said the king,  
'And the boy shall be free;'  
'A priest, a priest,' then Johnny cried,  
'To join my love and me.'
- 45 'A clerk, a clerk,' the king replied,  
'To seal her tocher wi thee;'  
Out it speaks auld Johnny then,  
These words pronounced he:

- 46 'I want nae lands and rents at hame,  
I'll ask nae gowd frae thee;  
I am possessd o riches great,  
Hae fifty ploughs and three;  
Likewise fa's heir to ane estate  
At the foot o Benachie.
- 47 'Hae ye ony masons in this place,  
Or ony at your call,  
That ye may now send some o them  
To build your broken wall?'
- 48 'Yes, there are masons in this place,  
And plenty at my call;  
But ye may gang frae whence ye  
came,  
Never mind my broken wall.'
- 49 They've taen the lady by the hand  
And set her prison-free;  
Wi drums beating, and fifes playing,  
They spent the night wi glee.
- 50 Now auld Johnny Moir, and young  
Johnny Moir,  
And Jock o Noth, a' three,  
The English lady, and little wee boy,  
Went a' to Benachie.

252

## THE KITCHIE-BOY

This ballad is a modern adaptation of 'King Horn' (No. 17), from which some stanzas are taken outright.

A\*

The Old Lady's Collection, MS., No. 20.

- 1 **T**HER was a lady fair an rear,  
A lady of birth an fame,  
She loyed her father's kittchen-boy,  
The greater was her shame.
- 2 She coud never her love revell,  
Nor to him take,  
Bat in the forestes weed an brade,  
Far they wer wont to wake.
- 3 It fell ance upon a day  
Her father went fra home,  
An she sent for the kitchie-boy  
Into her room.

- 4 'Canna ye fancë me, Willie?  
Cannie ye fancë me?  
By a' the lords I ever seed,  
Ther is nane I cane loie bat ye.'
- 5 'O latt ne this be kent, lady,  
O lat ne this be knouen,  
For in yer father got word of this,  
I vou he wad gare me die.'
- 6 'Yer life sall na be tane, Willie,  
Yer life sall na be tean;  
I rader loss my ain heart-blead  
Or thy body gat wrang.'
- 7 We her mony fair spiches  
She made the boy bold,  
Till he began to kiss an clap,  
An on his love lay hold.
- 8 They hadne kissed an love-clapet,  
As lovers fan they meatt,  
. . . . .
- 9 'The master-cook he will on me call,  
An ansured he man be;  
In it war kent I war in bour we the,  
I fear they woud gar me diei.'
- 10 'The master-cook may on ye call,  
But ansured he will never be,  
For I haa thrie coffers fue of goud,  
Yer eyen did never see.
- 11 'An I will buld a bony ship for my  
love,  
An sett her to the seea,  
An sail she east, or sail she west,  
The ship sall be fair to see.'
- 12 She has buld a bonny ship,  
An sett her to the sea;  
The top-masts was of the read goud,  
The sail of taffety.
- 13 She gaie him a gay gold ring,  
To mind him on a gay lady  
That ance bair love to him.
- 14 The day was fair, the ship was rair,  
Fan that suan sett to sea;  
Fan that day tuall-month came an gade,  
Att London landed he.

- 15 A lady louted our castell-wa,  
Beheld the day gaa down,  
An she beheld that bonny ship,  
Came halling to the toun.
- 16 'Come hear, come hear, my mairës a',  
Ye see na fat I see;  
The bonnest ship is coming to land  
Yer eyen did ever see.
- 17 'Ye busk ye, busk ye, my marrës a',  
Ye busk ye unco fine,  
Till I gaa down to yon shore-side  
To invite yon squar to dine.
- 18 'O ye come up, ye gay young squar,  
An take we me a dine;  
Ye sall eatt of the gued white lofe,  
An drink the claret wine.'
- 19 'I thank ye for yer bread,  
I thank ye for yer wine,  
I thank ye for yer courtieë,  
Bat indeed I hanna time.'
- 20 'Canna ye fancë me?' she says,  
'Cannie ye fancë me?  
Bay a' the lords an lairds I see,  
Ther is nane I fancë bat ye.'
- 21 'They are farr awa fra me,' he says,  
'The'r farr ayont the sea,  
That has my heart an hand,  
An my love ay sall be.'
- 22 'Hear is a gued gould ring,  
It will mind ye on a gay lady  
That ance bare love to ye.'
- 23 'I haa a ring on my finger  
I lee thrice as well as thine,  
Tho yours war of the gued read goud,  
An mine bat simpell tin.'
- 24 The day was fair, the ship was rair,  
Fan that squar sett to sea;  
Fan that day tuall-month came an gaid,  
Att hame again landed he.
- 25 The lady's father louted ouer castell-  
wa,  
Beheld the day gaa down,  
An he beheld that bonny ship  
Come halling to the toun.
- 26 'Come hear, my a dother,  
Ye see na fat I see;  
The bonnest ship is coming to land  
My eyen did ever see.
- 27 'Ye busk ye, my dother,  
Ye busk ye unco fine,  
An I ill gai down to yon shore-side  
An invite yon squer to dine:  
I wad gie a' my reants  
To haa ye marrëd to him.'
- 28 'They ar farr awa fra me,' she says,  
'The'r far ayont the sea,  
That has my heart an hand,  
An my love ay sall be.'
- 29 'O will ye come, ye gay hine squar,  
An take we me a dine?  
Ye sall eat of the gued fait bread  
An drink the claret wine.'
- 30 'I thank ye for yer bread,  
I thank ye for your wine,  
I thank ye for your courtisy,  
For indeed I haa na grait time.'
- 31 'O cannie ye fancë me?' [he says,  
'Cannie ye fancë me?]  
By a' the ladys I eair did see,  
Ther is nain I lue bat ye.'
- 32 'They are farr awa fra me,' she says,  
'They are farr ayont the sea,  
That has my heart an han,  
An my love ay sall be.'
- 33 'Hear it is, a gay goud ring,  
It will mind ye on a gay hin chill  
That ance bare love to ye.'
- 34 'O gatt ye that ring on the sea sal-  
ing?  
Or gat ye it on the sand?  
Or gat ye it on the shore laying,  
On a drowned man's hand?'
- 35 'I got na it on the sea saling,  
I got na it on the sand,  
Bat I gat it on the shore laying,  
On a drowned man's hand.
- 36 'O bonny was his chike,  
And lovely was his face!'

'Alass' says she, 'it is my true-love  
Willie,

37 He turned him rond about,  
An suitly could he smill;  
She turned her round, says, My love  
Willie,  
Hou could ye me biggeall?

38 'A prist, a prist,' the old man crayed,  
'Latt this tua marrëd be:'  
Bat lettell did the old man keen  
It was his ain kittchen-boy.

## 253

## THOMAS O YONDERDALE

This looks like a recent piece, fabricated,  
with a certain amount of cheap mortar, from  
recollections of Nos. 62, 73, and 53.

a. Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scot-  
land, I, 221. b. Christie's Traditional Ballad  
Airs, I, 96.

1 LADY MAISRY lives intill a bower,  
She never wore but what she would;  
Her gowns were o the silks sae fine,  
Her coats stood up wi bolts o gold.

2 Mony a knight there courted her,  
And gentlemen o high degree,  
But it was Thomas o Yonderdale  
That gained the love o this ladie.

3 Now he has hunted her till her bower,  
Baith late at night and the mid day,  
But when he stole her virgin rose  
Nae mair this maid he would come  
nigh.

4 But it fell aince upon a time  
Thomas her bower he walkëd by;  
There he saw her Lady Maisry,  
Nursing her young son on her knee.

5 'O seal on you, my bonny babe,  
And lang may ye my comfort be!  
Your father passes by our bower,  
And now minds neither you nor me.'

6 Now when Thomas heard her speak,  
The saut tear tinkled frae his ee;

To Lady Maisry's bower he went,  
Says, Now I'm come to comfort thee.

7 'Is this the promise ye did make  
Last when I was in your companie?  
You said before nine months were gane  
Your wedded wife that I should be.'

8 'If Saturday be a bonny day,  
Then, my love, I maun sail the sea;  
But if I live for to return,  
O then, my love, I'll marry thee.'

9 'I wish Saturday a stormy day,  
High and stormy be the sea,  
Ships may not sail, nor boats row,  
But gar true Thomas stay wi me.'

10 Saturday was a bonny day,  
Fair and leesome blew the wind;  
Ships did sail, and boats did row,  
Which had true Thomas to unco  
ground.

11 He hadna been on unco ground  
A month, a month but barely three,  
Till he has courted anither maid,  
And quite forgotten Lady Maisry.

12 Ae night as he lay on his bed,  
In a dreary dream dreamed he  
That Maisry stood by his bedside,  
Upbraiding him for 's inconstancie.

13 He's calld upon his little boy,  
Says, Bring me candle, that I see;  
And ye maun gang this night, [my]  
boy,  
Wi a letter to a gay ladie.

14 'It is my duty you to serve,  
And bring you coal and candle-light,  
And I would rin your errand, master,  
If't were to Lady Maisry bright.

15 'Tho my legs were sair I coudna gang,  
Tho the night were dark I coudna  
see,  
Tho I should creep on hands and feet,  
I woud gae to Lady Maisry.'

16 'Win up, win up, my bonny boy,  
And at my bidding for to be;  
For ye maun quickly my errand rin,  
For it is to Lady Maisry.

- 17 'Ye'll bid her dress in the gowns o silk,  
Likewise in the coats o cramasie;  
Ye'll bid her come along wi you,  
True Thomas's wedding for to see.
- 18 'Ye'll bid her shoe her steed before,  
And a' gowd graithing him behind;  
On ilka tip o her horse mane,  
Twa bonny bells to loudly ring.
- 19 'And on the tor o her saddle  
A courtly bird to sweetly sing;  
Her bridle-reins o silver fine,  
And stirrups by her side to hing.'
- 20 She dresd her in the finest silk,  
Her coats were o the cramasie,  
And she's awa to unco land,  
True Thomas's wedding for to see.
- 21 At ilka tippet o her horse mane,  
Twa bonny bells did loudly ring,  
And on the tor o her saddle  
A courtly bird did sweetly sing.
- 22 The bells they rang, the bird he sang,  
As they rode in yon pleasant plain;  
Then soon she met true Thomas's bride,  
Wi a' her maidens and young men.
- 23 The bride she gazed round about,  
'I wonder,' said she, 'who this may be?  
It surely is our Scottish queen,  
Come here our wedding for to see.'
- 24 Out it speaks true Thomas's boy,  
'She maunna lift her head sae hie;  
But it's true Thomas's first love,  
Come here your wedding for to see.'
- 25 Then out bespake true Thomas's bride,  
I wyte the tear did blind her ee;  
If this be Thomas's first true-love,  
I'm sair afraid he'll neer hae me.
- 26 Then in it came her Lady Maisry,  
And aye as she trips in the fleer,  
'What is your will, Thomas?' she said,  
'This day, ye know, ye call'd me here.'
- 27 'Come hither by me, ye lily flower,  
Come hither and set ye down by  
me,  
For ye're the ane I've call'd upon,  
And ye my wedded wife maun be.'

- 28 Then in it came true Thomas's bride,  
And aye as she trippd on the stane,  
'What is your will, Thomas?' she said,  
'This day, ye know, ye call'd me hame.'
- 29 'Ye hae come on hired horseback,  
But ye'se gae hame in coach sae  
free;  
For here's the flower into my bower  
I mean my wedded wife shall be.'
- 30 'O ye will break your lands, Thomas,  
And part them in divisions three;  
Gie twa o them to your ae brother,  
And cause your brother marry me.'
- 31 'I winna break my lands,' he said,  
'For ony woman that I see;  
My brother's a knight o wealth and  
might,  
He'll wed nane but he will for me.'

## 254

LORD WILLIAM, OR, LORD  
LUNDY

For the story, compare 'Katharine Jaffray,'  
No. 221. In Buchan's version the lady's father  
is "Lord Lundie."

## A

Motherwell's MS., p. 361; from the recita-  
tion of Agnes Lyle, an old woman of Kilbar-  
chan. 'Sweet William,' Motherwell's Min-  
strelesy, p. 307.

- 1 SWEET WILLIAM's gone over seas,  
Some unco lair to learn,  
And our gude Bailie's ae dochter  
Is awa to learn the same.
- 2 In one broad buke they learned baith,  
In one broad bed they lay;  
But when her father came to know  
He gart her come away.
- 3 'It's you must marry that Southland  
lord,  
His lady for to be;  
It's ye maun marry that Southland lord,  
Or nocht ye'll get frae me.'
- 4 'I must marry that Southland lord,  
Father, an it be your will;



- But I rather it were my burial-day,  
My grave for to fill.'
- 5 She walked up, she walked down,  
Had none to make her moan,  
Nothing but the pretty bird  
Sat on the causey-stone.
- 6 'If thou could speak, wee bird,' she says,  
'As weel as thou can flee,  
I would write a long letter  
To Will ayont the sea.'
- 7 'What thou wants wi Will,' it says,  
'Thou'll seal it with thy ring,  
Tak a thread o silk and anither o twine,  
About my neck will hing.'
- 8 What she wanted wi Willie  
She sealed it wi a ring,  
Took a thread of silk, another o twine,  
About its neck did hing.
- 9 This bird flew high, this bird flew low,  
This bird flew owre the sea,  
Until it entered the same room  
Wherein was Sweet Willie.
- 10 This bird flew high, this bird flew low,  
Poor bird, it was mistaen!  
It let the letter fa on Baldie's breist,  
Instead of Sweet William.
- 11 'Here's a letter, William,' he says,  
I'm sure it's not to me;  
And gin the morn gin twelve o'clock  
Your love shall married be.'
- 12 'Come saddle to me my horse,' he said,  
'The brown and a' that's speedie,  
And I'll awa to Old England,  
To bring home my ladie.'
- 13 Awa he gaed, awa he rade,  
Awa wi mickle speed;  
He lichtit at every twa miles' end,  
Lichtit and changed his steed.
- 14 When she entered the church-style,  
The tear was in her ee;  
But when she entered the church-door  
A blythe sicht did she see.
- 15 'O hold your hand, you minister,  
Hold it a little wee,

Till I speak wi the bonnie bride,  
For she's a friend to me.

- 16 'Stand off, stand off, you braw bride-  
groom,  
Stand off a little wee;  
Stand off, stand off, you braw bride-  
groom,  
For the bride shall join wi me.'
- 17 Up and spak the bride's father,  
And an angry man was he;  
'If I had pistol, powther and lead,  
And all at my command,  
I would shoot thee stiff and dead  
In the place where thou dost stand.'
- 18 Up and spoke then Sweet William,  
And a blithe blink from his ee;  
'If ye neer be shot till I shoot you,  
Ye'se neer be shot for me.

- 19 'Come out, come out, my foremost  
man,  
And lift my lady on;  
Commend me all to my good-mother,  
At night when ye gang home.'

255

## WILLIE'S FATAL VISIT

The first half of this piece is a medley of  
'Sweet William's Ghost' (No. 77), 'Clerk Saun-  
ders' (No. 69) and 'The Grey Cock' (No. 248).  
St. 13 is caught, or taken from 'Clyde's Water'  
(No. 216), A. 7.

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland,  
II, 259.

- 1 'T WAS on an evening fair I went to take  
the air,  
I heard a maid making her moan;  
Said, Saw ye my father? Or saw ye my  
mother?  
Or saw ye my brother John?  
Or saw ye the lad that I love best,  
And his name it is Sweet William?
- 2 'I saw not your father, I saw not your  
mother,  
Nor saw I your brother John;  
But I saw the lad that ye love best,  
And his name it is Sweet William.'

- 3 'O was my love riding? or was he running?  
Or was he walking alone?  
Or says he that he will be here this night?  
O dear, but he tarries long!'
- 4 'Your love was not riding, nor yet was he running,  
But fast was he walking alone;  
He says that he will be here this night to thee,  
And forbids you to think long.'
- 5 Then Willie he has gane to his love's door,  
And gently tirl'd the pin:  
'O sleep ye, wake ye, my bonny Meggie,  
Ye'll rise, lat your true love in.'
- 6 The lassie being swack ran to the door fu snack,  
And gently she lifted the pin,  
Then into her arms sae large and sae lang  
She embraced her bonny love in.
- 7 'O will ye gang to the cards or the dice,  
Or to a table o wine?  
Or will ye gang to a well-made bed,  
Well coverd wi blankets fine?'
- 8 'O I winna gang to the cards nor the dice,  
Nor yet to a table o wine;  
But I'll rather gang to a well-made bed,  
Well coverd wi blankets fine.'
- 9 'My braw little cock, sits on the house tap,  
Ye'll craw not till it be day,  
And your kame shall be o the gude red gowd,  
And your wings o the siller grey.'
- 10 The cock being fause untrue he was,  
And he crew an hour ower seen;  
They thought it was the gude day-light,  
But it was but the light o the meen.
- 11 'Ohon, alas!' says bonny Meggie then,  
'This night we hae slept ower lang!'  
'O what is the matter?' then Willie replied,  
'The faster then I must gang.'
- 12 Then Sweet Willie raise, and put on his claise,  
And drew till him stockings and sheen  
And took by his side his berry-brown sword,  
And ower yon lang hill he's gane.
- 13 As he gaed ower yon high, high hill,  
And down yon dowie den,  
Great and grievous was the ghost he saw,  
Would fear ten thousand men.
- 14 As he gaed in by Mary kirk,  
And in by Mary stile,  
Wan and weary was the ghost  
Upon sweet Willie did smile.
- 15 'Aft hae ye travelld this road, Willie,  
Aft hae ye travelld in sin;  
Ye neer said sae muckle for your saul  
As My Maker bring me hame!
- 16 'Aft hae ye travelld this road, Willie,  
Your bonny love to see;  
But ye'll never travel this road again  
Till ye leave a token wi me.'
- 17 Then she has taen him Sweet Willie,  
Riven him frae gair to gair,  
And on ilka seat o Mary's kirk  
O Willie she hang a share;  
Even abeen his love Meggie's dice,  
Hang's head and yellow hair.
- 18 His father made moan, his mother made moan,  
But Meggie made muckle mair;  
His father made moan, his mother made moan,  
But Meggie reave her yellow hair.

256

## ALISON AND WILLIE

a. 'My luvie she lives in Lincolnshire.' Harris MS., fol. 18 b; Mrs Harris. b. 'Alison Buchan's MSS., I, 231.

- 1 'My luvie she lives in Lincolnshire,  
I wat she's neither black nor broun,  
But her hair is like the thread o gowd,  
Aye an it waur weel kaimed down.'

- 2 She's pued the black mask owre her face,  
An blinkit gaily wi her ee:  
'O will you to my weddin come,  
An will you bear me gude companie?'
- 3 'I winna to your weddin come,  
Nor [will] I bear you gude companie,  
Unless you be the bride yoursell,  
An me the bridegroom to be.'
- 4 'For me to be the bride mysel,  
An you the bonnie bridegroom to be—  
Cheer up your heart, Sweet Willie,' she said,  
'For that 's the day you 'll never see.
- 5 'Gin you waur on your saiddle set,  
An gaily ridin on the way,  
You 'll hae nae mair mind o Alison  
Than she waur dead an laid in clay.'
- 6 When he was on his saiddle set,  
An slowly ridin on the way,  
He had mair mind o Alison  
Than he had o the licht o day.
- 7 He saw a hart draw near a hare,  
An aye that hare drew near a toun,  
An that same hart did get a hare,  
But the gentle knight got neer a toun.
- 8 He leant him owre his saiddle-bow,  
An his heart did brak in pieces three;  
Wi sighen said him Sweet Willie,  
'The pains o luve hae taen hald o me.'
- 9 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
There cam a white horse an a letter,  
That stopped the weddin speidilie.
- 10 She leant her back on her bed-side,  
An her heart did brak in pieces three;  
She was buried an bemoaned,  
But the birds waur Willie's companie.

257

# BURD ISABEL AND EARL PATRICK

B (Buchan's Ballads) has nearly the same story as A, with additional circumstances.

Patrick wishes that eleven devils may attend his last day should he wed another woman. When he goes to inquire how Isabel came to refuse the request he had made through his aunt, he takes the opportunity to make over to her child the third part of his land. She has two clerks, her cousins, at her call, who see to the legal formalities pertaining to this transfer; she commits the boy to one of these, and herself goes to an unco land to drive love out of her mind. We hear of nothing worse happening to Earl Patrick for selling his precious soul than his never getting further ben than the church door. C (Motherwell's MS.) is a variety of B, but not half so long.

## A

'Burd Bell,' Kinloch MSS., I, 211; "obtained in the North Country, from the recitation of Mrs Charles."

- 1 THERE is a stane in yon water,  
It's lang or it grow green;  
It's a maid that maks her ain fortune,  
It 'll never end its leen.
- 2 Burd Bell was na full fyfteen  
Till to service she did gae;  
Burd Bell was na full sixteen  
Till big wi bairn was scho.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 3 'Burd Bell she is a gude woman,  
She bides at hame wi me;  
She never seeks to gang to church,  
But bides at hame wi me.'
- 4 It fell ance upon a day  
She fell in travail-pain;  
He is gane to the stair-head  
Some ladies to call in.
- 5 'O gin ye hae a lass-bairn, Burd Bell,  
A lass-bairn though it be,  
Twenty ploughs bot and a mill  
Will mak ye lady free.

- 6 'But gin ye hae a son, Burd Bell,  
Ye 'se be my wedded wife,  
. . . . .

- 7 The knights they knack their white fingers,  
The ladies sat and sang,

'T was a' to cheer bonnie Burd Bell,  
She was far sunk in pain.

\* \* \* \* \*

8 Earl Patrick is to his mither gane,  
As fast as he could hie:

'An askin, an askin, dear mither,  
An askin I want frae thee.

9 'Burd Bell has born to me a son;  
What sall I do her wi?'

'Gie her what ye like, Patrick,  
Mak na her your ladie.'

10 He has gane to bonnie Burd Bell,  
Hir heart was pressd wi care:

. . . . .

11 'My father will dee, bonnie Burd Bell,  
My mither will do the same,  
And whan ye hear that they are gane  
It's then I'll bring ye hame.'

12 Earl Patrick's bigget to her a bour,  
And strawn it round wi sand;  
He coverd it wi silver on the outside,  
Wi the red gowd within.

13 It happened ance upon a day  
She was kaiming his yellow hair,

. . . . .

14 'Your father is dead, Earl Patrick,  
Your mither is the same;  
And what is the reason, Earl Patrick,  
Ye winna tak me hame?'

15 'I've bigget to you a bonnie bour,  
I've strawn it round wi sand;  
I've coverd it wi silver on the out-  
side,  
Wi gude red gowd within.

16 'If eer I marry anither woman,  
Or bring anither hame,  
I wish a hundred evils may enter me,  
And may I fa oure the brim!'

17 It was na very lang after this  
That a duke's dochter he's wed,

Wi a waggon fu of gowd

. . . . .

18 Burd Bell lookit oure her castle-wa,  
And spied baith dale and down,  
And there she saw Earl Patrick's aunt  
Come riding to the town.

19 'What want ye here, Earl Patrick's  
aunt?  
What want ye here wi me?'  
'I want Earl Patrick's bonnie young  
son;  
His bride fain wad him see.'

20 'I wad like to see that woman or man,  
Of high or low degree,  
That wad tak the bairn frae my foot  
That I ance for bowd my knee.'

\* \* \* \* \*

21 'Burd Bell, she's the bauldest woman  
That ever I did see:  
'It's I'll gang to bonnie Burd Bell,  
She was never bauld to me.'

22 Burd Bell lookit oure her castle-wa,  
Behauding brave dale and down,  
And there she spied him Earl Patrick  
Slowly riding to the town.

23 'What said ye to my great-grand-aunt  
. . . . .  
'

24 'I said nathing to your great-grand-aunt  
But I will say to thee:  
I wad like to see the woman or man,  
Of high or low degree,  
That wad tak the bairn frae my foot  
I ance for bowd my knee.

25 'O dinna ye mind, Earl Patrick,  
The vows ye made to me,  
That a hundred evils wad enter you  
If ye provd fause to me?'

26 He's turnd him richt and round about,  
His horse head to the wind,  
The hundred evils enterd him,  
And he fell oure the brim.

258

## BROUGHTY WA'S

A young woman is carried off from Broughty Castle, near Dundee, by a body of armed Highlanders. Her lover, who is making her a visit at the time, is either taken along with her — an unnecessary incumbrance, one would think — or follows her. The pair go out to take the air; she throws herself into a river; her lover leaps in after her and is drowned. She kilts up her clothes and makes her way to Dundee, congratulating herself that she had learned to swim for liberty.

a. 'Helen,' Buchan's MSS., I, 233. b. 'Burd Hellen,' or 'Broughty Wa's,' Harris MS., fol. 17 b, from Mrs Harris.

- 1 BURD HELEN was her mother's dear,  
Her father's heir to be;  
He was the laird of Broughty Walls,  
And the provost o Dundee.
- 2 Burd Helen she was much admired  
By all that were round about;  
Unto Hazelan she was betrothed,  
Her virgin days were out.
- 3 Glenhazlen was a comely youth,  
And virtuous were his friends;  
He left the schools o bonny Dundee  
And on to Aberdeen.
- 4 It fell upon a Christmas Day  
Burd Helen was left alone  
For to keep her father's towers;  
They stand two miles from town.
- 5 Glenhazlen's on to Broughty Walls,  
Was thinking to win in;  
But the wind it blew, and the rain dang on  
And wat him to the skin.
- 6 He was very well entertaind,  
Baith for his bed and board,  
Till a band o men surrounded them,  
Well arm'd wi spear and sword.
- 7 They hurried her along wi them,  
Lockd up her maids behind;  
They threw the keys out-ower the walls,  
That none the plot might find.
- 8 They hurried her along wi them,  
Ower mony a rock and glen,

But, all that they could say or do,  
From weeping would not refrain.

- 9 'The Hiland hills are hie, hie hills,  
The Hiland hills are hie;  
They are no like the banks o Tay,  
Or bonny town o Dundee.'
- 10 It fell out ance upon a day  
They went to take the air;  
She threw hersell upon the stream,  
Against wind and despair.
- 11 It was sae deep he coudna wide,  
Boats werna to be found,  
But he leapt in after himsell,  
And sunk down like a stone.
- 12 She kilted up her green claiding  
A little below her knee,  
And never rest nor was undrest  
Till she reachd again Dundee.
- 13 'I learned this at Broughty Walls,  
At Broughty near Dundee,  
That if water were my prison strong  
I would swim for libertie.'

259

## LORD THOMAS STUART

Lord Thomas Stuart has married a young countess, and has given her Strathbegie and Aboyne for a morning-gift. The lady has a desire to see these places. As they are on their way thither (from Edinburgh), her husband is attacked with a pain which obliges him to turn back; he tells her to ride on, and she seems so to do. The pain proves to be beyond the skill of leeches. Lord Thomas begs his father to see that his wife gets what he has given her. He dies; the horses turn wild in the stables, the hounds howl on the leash. Lady Stuart has the usual dream (No. 74, A 8, B 11, etc.). She comes back wringing her hands; she knows by the horses that are standing about the house that the burial is preparing.

Maidment's North Countrie Garland, p. 1.

- 1 THOMAS STUART was a lord,  
A lord of mickle land;  
He used to wear a coat of gold,  
But now his grave is green.



- 2 Now he has wooed the young countess,  
The Countess of Balquhain,  
An given her for a morning-gift  
Strathboggie and Aboyne.
- 3 But women's wit is aye willful,  
Alas that ever it was sae !  
She longed to see the morning-gift  
That her gude lord to her gae.
- 4 When steeds were saddled an weel  
bridled,  
An ready for to ride,  
There came a pain on that gude lord,  
His back, likewise his side.
- 5 He said, Ride on, my lady fair,  
May goodness be your guide !  
For I'm sae sick an weary that  
No farther can I ride.
- 6 Now ben did come his father dear,  
Wearing a golden band;  
Says, Is there nae leech in Edinburgh  
Can cure my son from wrang ?
- 7 'O leech is come, an leech is gane,  
Yet, father, I'm aye waur;  
There's not a leech in Edinbro  
Can death from me debar.
- 8 'But be a friend to my wife, father,  
Restore to her her own;  
Restore to her my morning-gift,  
Strathboggie and Aboyne.
- 9 'It had been gude for my wife, father,  
To me she'd born a son;  
He would have got my land an rents,  
Where they lie out an in.
- 10 'It had been gude for my wife, father,  
To me she'd born an heir;  
He would have got my land an rents,  
Where they lie fine an fair.'
- 11 The steeds they strave into their stables,  
The boys could'nt get them bound;  
The hounds lay howling on the leech,  
Cause their master was behind.
- 12 'I dreamed a dream since late yestreen,  
I wish it may be good,  
That our chamber was full of swine,  
An our bed full of blood.'

- 13 I saw a woman come from the West,  
Full sore wringing her hands,  
And aye she cried, Ohon, alas !  
My good lord's broken bands.
- 14 As she came by my good lord's bower,  
Saw mony black steeds an brown:  
'I'm feared it be mony unco lords  
Havin my love from town !'
- 15 As she came by my gude lord's bower,  
Saw mony black steeds an grey:  
'I'm feared it's mony unco lords  
Havin my love to the clay !'

260

### LORD THOMAS AND LADY MARGARET

Christie, who gives B, "epitomized and slightly changed," under the title 'Clerk Tamas and Fair Annie,' Traditional Ballad Airs, II, 12, says that he can trace the ballad traditionally, far into the eighteenth century.

#### A

a. 'Lord Thomas,' Motherwell's MS., p. 407; from the recitation of Mrs Parkhill, Maxwelltown, 28 September, 1825 (with variations, furnished by another person of the same neighborhood, interlined). b. 'Lord Thomas and Lady Margaret,' Motherwell's MS., p. 71; from Miss —, Glasgow.

- 1 LORD THOMAS is to the hunting gone,  
To hunt the fallow deer;  
Lady Margaret's to the greenwood  
shaw,  
To see her lover hunt there.
- 2 He has looked over his left shoulder,  
To see what might be seen,  
And there he saw Lady Margaret,  
As she was riding her lane.
- 3 He called on his servants all,  
By one, by two, by three:  
'Go hunt, go hunt that wild woman,  
Go hunt her far from me !'
- 4 They hunted her high, they hunted her  
low,  
They hunted her over the plain,

- And the red scarlet robes Lady Margaret had on  
Would never be mended again.
- 5 They hunted her high, they hunted her low,  
They hunted her over the plain,  
Till at last she spy'd a tall young man,  
As he was riding alane.
- 6 'Some relief, some relief, thou tall young man!  
Some relief I pray thee grant me!  
For I am a lady deep wronged in love,  
And chased from my own countrie.'
- 7 'No relief, no relief, thou lady fair,  
No relief will I grant unto thee  
Till once thou renounce all the men in the world  
My wedded wife for to be.'
- 8 Then he set her on a milk-white steed,  
Himself upon a gray,  
And he has drawn his hat over his face,  
And chearfully they rode away.
- 9 Lady Margaret was at her bower-window,  
Sewing her silken seam,  
And there she spy'd, like a wandering bodie,  
Lord Thomas begging alane.
- 10 'Some relief, some relief, thou lady fair!  
Some relief, I pray thee grant me!  
For I am a pair auld doited carle,  
And banishd from my ain countrie.'
- 11 'No relief, no relief, thou perjured man,  
No relief will I grant unto thee;  
For oh, if I had thee within my bower,  
There hanged dead thou would be.'
- 12 'No such thing, Lady Margaret,' he said,  
'Such a thing would never be;  
For with my broadsword I would kill thy wedded lord,  
And carry thee far off with me.'
- 13 'Oh no, no! Lord Thomas,' she said,  
'Oh, no such things must be;  
For I have wine in my cellars,  
And you must drink with me.'

- 14 Lady Margaret then called her servants all,  
By one, by two, by three:  
'Go fetch me the bottles of blude-red wine,  
That Lord Thomas may drink with me.'
- 15 They brought her the bottles of blude-red wine,  
By one, by two, by three,  
And with her fingers long and small  
She poisons them all three.
- 16 She took the cup in her lilly-white hand,  
Betwixt her finger and her thumb,  
She put it to her red rosy lips,  
But never a drop went down.
- 17 Then he took the cup in his manly hand,  
Betwixt his finger and his thumb,  
He put it to his red rosy lips,  
And so merrily it ran down.
- 18 'Oh, I am wearied drinking with thee, Margaret!  
I am wearied drinking with thee!' 'And so was I,' Lady Margaret said,  
'When thou hunted thy hounds after me.'
- 19 'But I will bury thee, Lord Thomas,' she said,  
'Just as if thou wert one of my own;  
And when that my good lord comes home  
I will say thou's my sister's son.'

261

## LADY ISABEL

Sts. 20, 21 are a commonplace. St. 24, in various forms, not always well adapted to the particular circumstances, ends several ballads: as 'Lord Ingram and Chiel Wyet' (No. 66), A 29 (in this case it occurs shortly before the end); 'Glasgerion' (No. 67), B, etc.

'Lady Isabel,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 129.

- 1 'T WAS early on a May morning  
Lady Isabel combd her hair;  
But little kent she, or the morn  
She woud never comb it mair.

- 2 'T was early on a May morning  
Lady Isabel rang the keys;  
But little kent she, or the morn  
A fey woman she was.
- 3 Ben it came her step-mother,  
As white 's the lily flower:  
'It 's tauld me this day, Isabel,  
You are your father's whore.'
- 4 'O them that tauld you that, mother,  
I wish they neer drink wine;  
For if I be the same woman  
My ain sell drees the pine.
- 5 'And them that 's tauld you that, mother,  
I wish they neer drink ale;  
For if I be the same woman  
My ain sell drees the dail.'
- 6 'It may be very well seen, Isabel,  
It may be very well seen;  
He buys to you the damask gowns,  
To me the dowie green.'
- 7 'Ye are of age and I am young,  
And young amo my flowers;  
The fairer that my claiting be,  
The mair honour is yours.
- 8 'I hae a love beyond the sea,  
And far ayont the faem;  
For ilka gown my father buys me,  
My ain luv sends me ten.'
- 9 'Come ben, come ben now, Lady Isabel,  
And drink the wine wi me;  
I hae twa jewels in ae coffer,  
And ane o them I 'll gie [ye].'
- 10 'Stay still, stay still, my mother dear,  
Stay still a little while,  
Till I gang into Marykirk;  
It 's but a little mile.'
- 11 When she gaed on to Marykirk,  
And into Mary's quire,  
There she saw her ain mother  
Sit in a gowden chair.
- 12 'O will I leave the lands, mother?  
Or shall I sail the sea?  
Or shall I drink this dowie drink  
That is prepar'd for me?'
- 13 'Ye winna leave the lands, daughter,  
Nor will ye sail the sea,  
But ye will drink this dowie drink  
This woman 's prepar'd for thee.
- 14 'Your bed is made in a better place  
Than ever hers will be,  
And ere ye 're cauld into the room  
Ye will be there wi me.'
- 15 'Come in, come in now, Lady Isabel,  
And drink the wine wi me;  
I hae twa jewels in ae coffer,  
And ane o them I 'll gie [ye].'
- 16 'Stay still, stay still, my mother dear,  
Stay still a little wee,  
Till I gang to yon garden green,  
My Maries a' to see.'
- 17 To some she gae the broach, the brooch;  
To some she gae a ring;  
But wae befa her step-mother!  
To her she gae nae thing.
- 18 'Come in, come in now, Lady Isabel,  
And drink the wine wi me;  
I hae twa jewels in ae coffer,  
And ane o them I 'll gie [ye].'
- 19 Slowly to the bower she came,  
And slowly enterd in,  
And being full o courtesie,  
Says, Begin, mother, begin.
- 20 She put it till her cheek, her cheek,  
Sae did she till her chin,  
Sae did she till her fu fause lips,  
But never a drap gaed in.
- 21 Lady Isabel put it till her cheek,  
Sae did she till her chin,  
Sae did she till her rosy lips,  
And the rank poison gaed in.
- 22 'O take this cup frae me, mother,  
O take this cup frae me;  
My bed is made in a better place  
Than ever yours will be.
- 23 'My bed is in the heavens high,  
Amang the angels fine;  
But yours is in the lowest hell,  
To drie torment and pine.'

2 Nae moan was made for Lady Isabel  
 In bower where she lay dead,  
 But a' was for that ill woman,  
 In the fields mad she gaed.

## 262

## LORD LIVINGSTON

As far as can be made out, Livingston and Seaton engage themselves to play against one another at some game, the victor expecting to stand the better in the eyes of a lady. They then proceed to Edinburgh castle, where a lady, whose 'gowns seem like green,' marshals the company in pairs, and chooses Livingston for her own partner. This preference enrages Seaton, who challenges Livingston to fight with him the next day. Up to this point the pairing may have been for a dance, or what not, but now we are told that Livingston and the fair dame are laid in the same bed, and further on that they were wedded that same night. In the morning Livingston arms himself for his fight; he declines to let his lady dress herself in man's clothes and fight in his stead. On his way 'to plain fields' a witch warns him that she has had the dream which Sweet William dreams in No. 74, and others elsewhere. Livingston is slain,' but for all that stands presently bleeding by his lady's knee. She begs him to hold out but half an hour, and every leech in Edinburgh shall come to him (see No. 88, A 12, etc.). He orders his lands to be dealt as in 'Bonny Bee Hom' (No. 92). The lady will now do for his sake what other ladies would not be equal to (what nevertheless many other ballad-ladies have undertaken, as in No. 69 and elsewhere). When seven years are near an end her heart breaks.

This ballad, or something like it, was known at the end of the eighteenth century.

'Lord Livingston,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 39.

- 1 It fell about the Lammas time,  
 When wightsmen won their hay,  
 A' the squires in merry Linkum  
 Went a' forth till a play.
- 2 They playd until the evening tide,  
 The sun was gaeing down;  
 A lady thro plain fields was bound,  
 A lily leesome thing.
- 3 Two squires that for this lady pledged,  
 In hopes for a renown,  
 The one was call'd the proud Seaton,  
 The other Livingston.

- 4 'When will ye, Michael o Livingston,  
 Wad for this lady gay?'  
 'To-morrow, to-morrow,' said Livingston,  
 'To-morrow, if you may.'
- 5 Then they hae wadded their wagers,  
 And laid their pledges down;  
 To the high castle o Edinbro  
 They made them ready boun.
- 6 The chamber that they did gang in,  
 There it was daily dight;  
 The kipples were like the gude red gowd,  
 As they stood up in hight,  
 And the roof-tree like the siller white,  
 And shin'd like candles bright.
- 7 The lady fair into that ha  
 Was comely to be seen;  
 Her kirtle was made o the pa,  
 Her gowns seemd o the green.
- 8 Her gowns seemd like green, like green,  
 Her kirtle o the pa;  
 A siller wand intill her hand,  
 She marshalld ower them a'.
- 9 She gae every knight a lady bright,  
 And every squire a may;  
 Her own sell chose him Livingston,  
 They were a comely tway.
- 10 Then Seaton started till his foot,  
 The fierce flame in his ee:  
 'On the next day, wi sword in hand,  
 On plain fields meet ye me.'
- 11 When bells wererung, and mass wassung,  
 And a' man bound for bed,  
 Lord Livingston and his fair dame  
 In bed were sweetly laid.
- 12 The bed, the bed where they lay in  
 Was coverd wi the pa;  
 A covering o the gude red gowd  
 Lay nightly ower the twa.
- 13 So they lay there, till on the morn  
 The sun shone on their feet;  
 Then up it raise him Livingston  
 To draw to him a weed.
- 14 The first an weed that he drew on  
 Was o the linen clear;

- The next an weed that he drew on,  
It was a weed o weir.
- 15 The niest an weed that he drew on  
Was gude iron and steel;  
Twa gloves o plate, a gowden helmet,  
Became that hind chiel weel.
- 16 Then out it speaks that lady gay —  
A little forbye stood she —  
'I'll dress mysell in men's array,  
Gae to the fields for thee.'
- 17 'O God forbid,' said Livingston,  
'That eer I dree the shame;  
My lady slain in plain fields,  
And I coward knight at hame!'
- 18 He scarcely travelled frae the town  
A mile but barely twa  
Till he met wi a witch-woman,  
I pray to send her wae!
- 19 'This is too gude a day, my lord,  
To gang sae far frae town;  
This is too gude a day, my lord,  
On field to make you boun.
- 20 'I dreamd a dream concerning thee,  
O read ill dreams to guid!  
Your bower was full o milk-white  
swans,  
Your bride's bed full o bluid.'
- 21 'O bluid is gude,' said Livingston,  
'To bide it whoso may;  
If I be frae yon plain fields,  
Nane knew the plight I lay.'
- 22 Then he rade on to plain fields  
As swift's his horse coud hie,  
And there he met the proud Seaton,  
Come boldly ower the lee.
- 23 'Come on to me now, Livingston,  
Or then take foot and flee;  
This is the day that we must try  
Who gains the victorie.'
- 24 Then they fought with sword in hand  
Till they were bluidy men;  
But on the point o Seaton's sword  
Brave Livingston was slain.
- 25 His lady lay ower castle-wa,  
Beholding dale and down,
- When Blenchant brave, his gallant steed,  
Came prancing to the town.
- 26 'O where is now my ain gude lord  
He stays sae far frae me?'  
'O dinna ye see your ain gude lord  
Stand bleeding by your knee?'
- 27 'O live, O live, Lord Livingston,  
The space o ae half hour,  
There's nae a leech in Edinbro town  
But I'll bring to your door.'
- 28 'Awa wi your leeches, lady,' he said,  
'Of them I'll be the waur;  
There's nae a leech in Edinbro town  
That can strong death debar.
- 29 'Ye'll take the lands o Livingston  
And deal them liberallie,  
To the auld that may not, the young  
that cannot,  
And blind that does na see,  
And help young maidens' marriages,  
That has nae gear to gie.'
- 30 'My mother got it in a book,  
The first night I was born,  
I woud be wedded till a knight,  
And him slain on the morn.
- 31 'But I will do for my love's sake  
What ladies woudna thole;  
Ere seven years shall hae an end,  
Nae shoe's gang on my sole.
- 32 'There's never lint gang on my head,  
Nor kame gang in my hair,  
Nor ever coal nor candle-light  
Shine in my bower mair.'
- 33 When seven years were near an end,  
The lady she thought lang,  
And wi a crack her heart did brake,  
And sae this ends my sang.

## THE NEW-SLAIN KNIGHT

A large part of this piece is imitated or taken outright from very well known ballads (Nos. 76, 88, etc.). The ninth stanza is pretty, but not quite artless.

'The New-Slain Knight,' Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, I, 197.



- 1 My heart is lighter than the poll;  
My folly made me glad,  
As on my rambles I went out,  
Near by a garden-side.
- 2 I walked on, and farther on,  
Love did my heart engage;  
There I spied a well-faird maid,  
Lay sleeping near a hedge.
- 3 Then I kissd her with my lips  
And stroked her with my hand:  
'Win up, win up, ye well-faird maid,  
This day ye sleep oer lang.
- 4 'This dreary sight that I hae seen  
Unto my heart gives pain;  
At the south side o your father's garden,  
I see a knight lies slain.'
- 5 'O what like was his hawk, his hawk?  
Or what like was his hound?  
And what like was the trusty brand  
This new-slain knight had on?'
- 6 'His hawk and hound were from him  
gone,  
His steed tied to a tree;  
A bloody brand beneath his head,  
And on the ground lies he.'
- 7 'O what like was his hose, his hose?  
And what like were his shoon?  
And what like was the gay clothing  
This new-slain knight had on?'
- 8 'His coat was of the red scarlet,  
His waistcoat of the same;  
His hose were of the bonny black,  
And shoon laced with cordin.
- 9 'Bonny was his yellow hair,  
For it was new combd down;  
Then, sighing sair, said the lady fair,  
'I combd it late yestreen.
- 10 'O wha will shoe my fu fair foot?  
Or wha will glove my hand?  
Or wha will father my dear bairn,  
Since my love's dead and gane?'
- 11 'O I will shoe your fu fair foot,  
And I will glove your hand;  
And I'll be father to your bairn,  
Since your love's dead and gane.'

- 12 'I winna father my bairn,' she said,  
'Upon an unken't man;  
I'll father it on the King of Heaven,  
Since my love's dead and gane.'
- 13 The knight he knackd his white fingers,  
The lady tore her hair;  
He's drawn the mask from off his face,  
Says, Lady, mourn nae mair.
- 14 'For ye are mine, and I am thine,  
I see your love is true;  
And if I live and brook my life  
Ye'se never hae cause to rue.'

264

## THE WHITE FISHER

To make this story hang together at all, we must suppose that the third and fourth stanzas are tropical, and that Willie was the priest; or else that they are sarcastic, and are uttered in bitter resentment of Willie's suspicion, or affected suspicion.

'The White Fisher,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 200.

- 1 'It is a month, and isna mair,  
Love, sin I was at thee,  
But find a stirring in your side;  
Who may the father be?
- 2 'Is it to a lord of might,  
Or baron of high degree?  
Or is it to the little wee page  
That rode along wi me?'
- 3 'It is not to a man of might,  
Nor baron of high degree,  
But it is to a popish priest;  
My lord, I winna lie.
- 4 'He got me in my bower alone,  
As I sat pensively;  
He vowed he would forgive my sins,  
If I would him obey.'
- 5 Now it fell ance upon a day  
This young lord went from home,  
And great and heavy were the pains  
That came this lady on.
- 6 Then word has gane to her gude lord,  
As he sat at the wine,

- And when the tidings he did hear  
Then he came singing hame.
- 7 When he came to his own bower-door,  
He tirl'd at the pin:  
'Sleep ye, wake ye, my gay lady,  
Ye'll let your gude lord in.'
- 8 Huly, huly raise she up,  
And slowly put she on,  
And slowly came she to the door;  
She was a weary woman.
- 9 'Ye'll take up my son, Willie,  
That ye see here wi me,  
And hae him down to yon shore-side,  
And throw him in the sea.
- 10 'Gin he sink, ye'll let him sink,  
Gin he swim, ye'll let him swim;  
And never let him return again  
Till white fish he bring hame.'
- 11 Then he's taen up his little young son,  
And row'd him in a band,  
And he is on to his mother,  
As fast as he could gang.
- 12 'Ye'll open the door, my mother dear,  
Ye'll open, let me come in;  
My young son is in my arms twa,  
And shivering at the chin.'
- 13 'I tauld you true, my son Willie,  
When ye was gaun to ride,  
That lady was an ill woman  
That ye chose for your bride.'
- 14 'O hold your tongue, my mother dear,  
Let a' your folly be;  
I wat she is a king's daughter  
That's sent this son to thee.
- 15 'I wat she was a king's daughter  
I loved beyond the sea,  
And if my lady hear of this  
Right angry will she be.'
- 16 'If that be true, my son Willie —  
Your ain tongue winna lie —  
Nae waur to your son will be done  
Than what was done to thee.'
- 17 He's gane hame to his lady,  
And sair mourning was she:
- 'What ails you now, my lady gay,  
Ye weep sa bitterlie?'
- 18 'O bonny was the white fisher  
That I sent to the sea;  
But lang, lang will I look for fish  
Ere white fish he bring me !
- 19 'O bonny was the white fisher  
That ye kiest in the faem;  
But lang, lang will I look for fish  
Ere white fish he fetch hame !
- 20 'I fell a slumbering on my bed  
That time ye went frae me,  
And dream'd my young son fill'd my arms,  
But when waked, he's in the sea.'
- 21 'O hold your tongue, my gay lady,  
Let a' your mourning be,  
And I'll gie you some fine cordial,  
My love, to comfort thee.'
- 22 'I value not your fine cordial,  
Nor aught that ye can gie;  
Who could hae drownd my bonny young  
son  
Could as well poison me.'
- 23 'Cheer up your heart, my lily flower,  
Think nae sic ill o me;  
Your young son's in my mother's bower,  
Set on the nourice knee.
- 24 'Now, if ye'll be a gude woman,  
I'll neer mind this to thee;  
Nae waur is done to your young son  
Than what was done to me.'
- 25 'Well fells me now, my ain gude lord;  
These words do cherish me;  
If it hadna come o yoursell, my lord,  
'T would neer hae come o me.'

## THE KNIGHT'S GHOST

The piece has not a perceptible globule of old blood in it, yet it has had the distinction of being more than once translated as a specimen of Scottish popular ballads.

'The Knight's Ghost,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 227.

'THERE is a fashion in this land,  
And even come to this country,  
That every lady should meet her lord  
When he is newly come frae sea:

'Some wi hawks, and some wi hounds,  
And other some wi gay monie;  
But I will gae myself alone,  
And set his young son on his knee.'

She's taen her young son in her arms,  
And nimbly walkd by yon sea-strand,  
And there she spy'd her father's ship,  
As she was sailing to dry land.

'Where hae ye put my ain gude lord,  
This day he stays sae far frae me?'

'If ye be wanting your ain gude lord,  
A sight o him ye 'll never see.'

'Was he brunt? or was he shot?  
Or was he drowned in the sea?  
Or what's become o my ain gude lord,  
That he will neer appear to me?'

'He wasna brunt, nor was he shot,  
Nor was he drowned in the sea;  
He was slain in Dumfermling,  
A fatal day to you and me.'

'Come in, come in, my merry young  
men,  
Come in and drink the wine wi me;  
And a' the better ye shall fare  
For this gude news ye tell to me.'

She's brought them down to yon cellar,  
She brought them fifty steps and  
three;  
She birl'd wi them the beer and wine,  
Till they were as drunk as drunk  
could be.

Then she has lockd her cellar-door,  
For there were fifty steps and three:  
'Lie there, wi my sad malison,  
For this bad news ye've tauld to me.'

She's taen the keys intill her hand  
And threw them deep, deep in the sea:  
'Lie there, wi my sad malison,  
Till my gude lord return to me.'

Then she sat down in her own room,  
And sorrow luld her fast asleep,

And up it starts her own gude lord,  
And even at that lady's feet.

- 12 'Take here the keys, Janet,' he says,  
'That ye threw deep, deep in the sea;  
And ye'll relieve my merry young men,  
For they've nane o the swick o me.'
- 13 'They shot the shot, and drew the stroke,  
And wad in red bluid to the knee;  
Nae sailors mair for their lord coud do  
Nor my young men they did for me.'
- 14 'I hae a question at you to ask,  
Before that ye depart frae me;  
You'll tell to me what day I'll die,  
And what day will my burial be?'
- 15 'I hae nae mair o God's power  
Than he has granted unto me;  
But come to heaven when ye will,  
There porter to you I will be.'
- 16 'But ye'll be wed to a finer knight  
Than ever was in my degree;  
Unto him ye'll hae children nine,  
And six o them will be ladies free.'
- 17 'The other three will be bold young men,  
To fight for king and countrie;  
The ane a duke, the second a knight,  
And third a laird o lands sae free.'

266

JOHN THOMSON AND THE  
TURK

This ridiculous ballad is a seedling from the ancient and widespread story of King Solomon and his wife. A typical version, preserved in a Russian prose tale, may be summarized as follows: The wife of Solomon is stolen from him by his brother Kitovras, through the agency of a magician, who, in the character of a merchant, excites Solomon's admiration for a magnificent purple robe. Solomon buys the robe, and invites the seeming merchant to his table. During the repast the magician envelops the king and his people in darkness, brings a heavy slumber upon the queen and her people, and carries her off in his arms to his ship. Solomon proceeds against Kitovras with an army, which he orders to come to his help when they shall hear his horn sound the third time.

Clad as an old pilgrim or beggar, he enters Kitovras's garden, where he comes upon a girl with a gold cup, who is about to draw water. He asks to drink from the king's cup. The girl objects, but the gift of a gold ring induces her to consent. The queen sees the ring on the girl's hand, and asks who gave it to her. 'An old pilgrim,' she replies. 'No pilgrim,' says the queen, 'but my husband, Solomon.' Solomon is brought before the queen, and asked what he has come for. 'To take off your head,' he answers. 'To your own death!' rejoins the queen. 'You shall be hanged.' Kitovras is sent for, and pronounces this doom. Solomon reminds Kitovras that they are brothers, and asks that he may die in regal style; that Kitovras and the queen shall attend the execution, with all the people of the city; and that there shall be ample provision of food and drink: all which is granted. At the gallows he finds a noose of bast; he begs that two other nooses may be provided, one of red silk, one of yellow, so that he may have a choice, and this whim is complied with. Always urging their brotherhood, Solomon, at three successive stages, asks the privilege of blowing his horn. The army is at hand upon the third blast, and is ordered to kill everybody. Kitovras and the queen are hanged in the silken nooses, the magician in the bast. (Jagić, *Archiv für slavische Philologie*, I, 107 f.; Vesselofsky, the same, VI, 406.)

Other versions of the Solomon story are found in the old German poems of *Salman und Morolf*, *Salomon und Morolf*, and *König Rother*, in the *Cligès* of *Crestien de Troies*, in the romance of *Li Bastars de Buillon*, in the Portuguese legend of *Don Ramiro*, and elsewhere.

Two versions of the Scottish ballad are known, A and B, the latter a fragment of four stanzas. Leyden, to whom we owe B, says that he "had heard the whole song when very young."

## A

'John Thomson and the Turk,' Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, II, 159; Motherwell's MS., p. 615; Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, Appendix, p. ix.

1 JOHN THOMSON fought against the  
Turks

Three years into a far country,  
And all that time, and something more,  
Was absent from his gay lady.

2 But it fell ance upon a time,  
As this young chieftain sat alane,  
He spied his lady in rich array,  
As she walkd oer a rural plain.

3 'What brought you here, my lady gay,  
So far awa from your own coun-  
try?

I've thought lang, and very lang,  
And all for your fair face to see.'

4 For some days she did with him stay,  
Till it fell ance upon a day,  
'Farewell for a time,' she said,  
'For now I must bound home away.'

5 He's gien to her a jewel fine,  
Was set with pearl and precious stone  
Says, My love, beware of these savage  
bold,  
That's on your way as ye go home.

6 Ye'll take the road, my lady fair,  
That leads you faer across the lee;  
That keeps you from wild Hind Soldan  
And likewise from base Violentrie.

7 With heavy heart these two did part,  
And minted as she would go home;  
Hind Soldan by the Greeks was slain,  
But to base Violentrie she's gone.

8 When a twelvemonth had expired,  
John Thomson he thought wondrous  
lang,  
And he has written a broad letter,  
And seald it well with his own hand.

9 He sent it along with a small vessel  
That there was quickly going to  
sea,  
And sent it on to fair Scotland,  
To see about his gay ladie.

10 But the answer he received again,  
The lines did grieve his heart right  
sair;  
None of her friends there had her seen  
For a twelvemonth and something  
mair.

11 Then he put on a palmer's weed,  
And took a pikestaff in his hand;  
To Violentrie's castle he hied,  
But slowly, slowly he did gang.

12 When within the hall he came,  
He joukd and couchd out-oor his tree  
'If ye be lady of this hall,  
Some of your good bountieth give me.

- 3 'What news, what news, palmer?' she said,  
'And from what countrie came ye?'  
'I'm lately come from Grecian plains,  
Where lys some of the Scots army.'
- 4 'If ye be come from Grecian plains,  
Some more news I will ask of thee;  
Of one of the chieftains that lies there,  
If he have lately seen his gay ladie.'
- 5 'It is twelve months and something  
more  
Since we did part in yonder plain;  
And now this knight has begun to fear  
One of his foes he has her taen.'
- 6 'He has not taen me by force nor  
might,  
It was all by my own free will;  
He may tarry in the fight,  
For here I mean to tarry still.
- 7 'And if John Thomson ye do see,  
Tell him I wish him silent sleep;  
His head was not so cozelie  
Nor yet so well as lies at my feet.'
- 8 With that he threw [aff] his strange dis-  
guise,  
Laid by the mask that he had on;  
Said, Hide me now, my ladie fair,  
For Violentrie will soon be home.
- 9 'For the love I bare thee once,  
I'll strive to hide you if I can;'  
Then put him down to a dark cellar,  
Where there lay mony a new slain  
man.
- 10 But he hadna in the cellar been  
Not an hour but barely three,  
Till hideous was the sound he heard;  
Then in at the gates came Violentrie.
- 11 Says, I wish you well, my lady fair,  
It's time for us to sit and dine;  
Come, serve me with the good white  
bread,  
And likewise with the claret wine.
- 12 'That Scots chieftain, our mortal foe,  
So oft from field has made us flee,  
Ten thousand sequins this day I'd give  
That I his face could only see.'
- 23 'Of that same gift would ye give me,  
If I could bring him unto thee?  
I fairly hold you at your word;  
Come ben, John Thomson, to my lord.'
- 24 Then from the vault John Thomson  
came,  
Wringing his hands most piteouslie;  
'What would ye do,' the Turk he cried,  
'If ye had me, as I have thee?'
- 25 'If I had you, as ye have me,  
I'll tell you what I'd do to thee;  
I'd hang you up in good greenwood,  
And cause your own hand wile the  
tree.
- 26 'I meant to stick you with my knife,  
For kissing my beloved wife;'  
'But that same weed ye've shaped for  
me,  
It quickly shall be sewed for thee.'
- 27 Then to the wood they both are gone,  
John Thomson clamb from tree to  
tree;  
And aye he sighd, and said, Ohon!  
Here comes the day that I must die!
- 28 He tied a ribbon on every branch,  
Put up a flag his men might see;  
But little did his false foe ken  
He meant them any injurie.
- 29 He set his horn to his mouth,  
And he has blawn baith loud and  
shrill;  
And then three thousand armed men  
Came tripping all out-oer the hill.
- 30 'Deliver us our chief!' they all did cry,  
'It's by our hand that ye must die!'  
'Here is your chief,' the Turk replied,  
With that fell on his bended knee.
- 31 'O mercy, mercy, good fellows all,  
Mercy I pray you'll grant to me!'  
'Such mercy as ye meant to give,  
Such mercy we shall give to thee.'
- 32 This Turk they in his castle burnt,  
That stood upon yon hill so hie;  
John Thomson's gay lady they took,  
And handg her on yon greenwood  
tree.



## B

Leyden's Glossary to The Complaynt of Scotland, p. 371.

- 1 O CAM ye in by the House o Rodes,  
Or cam ye there away?  
Or have [ye] seen Johne Tamson?  
They say his wife has run away.

\* \* \* \*

- 2 'O what wad ye do, Johne Tamson,  
Gin ye had me as I hae thee?'  
'I wad tak ye to the gude green-wood,  
And gar your ain hand weil the tree.'

\* \* \* \*

- 3 Johne Tamson peeped and poorly spake  
Untill he did his ain men see;  
'O by my sooth,' quo Johne Tamson,  
'Methinks I see a coming tree.'

\* \* \* \*

- 4 And they hae hanged that grim Soudan  
For a' his mirth and meikle pride,  
And sae hae they that ill woman,  
Upon a scrogg-bush him beside.

## 267

## THE HEIR OF LINNE

Percy, Reliques, 1765, II, 309 (1794, II, 128), revised and completed A by "the insertion of supplemental stanzas," "suggested by a modern ballad on a similar subject." In fact, Percy made a new ballad, and a very good one, which since his day has passed for 'The Heir of Linne.' The modern ballad on a similar subject used by Percy was 'The Drunkard's Legacy,' an inexpressibly pitiable ditty, from which Percy did not and could not take a line, but only, as he says, a suggestion for the improvement of the story.

There are several Oriental stories which closely resemble that of 'The Drunkard's Legacy,' or of Percy's 'Heir of Linne.' Such are the tale of Sinadab (Gueulette, Contes Tartares, Cabinet des Fées, XXI, 66 ff., 89 ff.); The Forty Vezirs, Gibb, p. 244; Arabian Nights. Habicht, von der Hagen u. Schall, 1840, XIV, 65 ff., etc. Cf. also the Greek Anthology, ix, 44, 45 (translated by Ausonius, Epigrammata, 22, 23); Giraldu Cinthio, Hecatomimithi, 1565, II, 563; the Greek Syntipas, Æsop. ed. Coray, p. 246, No. 384; Anvar-i Suhaili, Eastwick, p. 74.

## A

'The Heir of Lin,' Percy MS., p. 71; Hales and Furnivall, I, 174.

- 1 OFF all the lords in faire Scotland  
A song I will begin;  
Amongst them all there dweld a lord  
Which was the vuthrifty lord of Linne

- 2 His father and mother were dead him  
fro, e,  
And soe was the head of all his  
kinne;  
To the cards and dice *that* he did run  
He did neither cease nor bl[i]nne.

- 3 To drinke the wine that was soe cleere  
With euery man he wold make merry  
And then bespake him Iohn of the  
Scales,  
Vnto the heire of Linne said hee.

- 4 Sayes, How dost thou, Lord of Linne?  
Doeest either want gold or fee?  
Wilt thou not sell thy lands soe brode  
To such a good fellow as me?

- 5 'Ffor . . . I . . .' he said,  
'My land, take it vnto thee;'  
'I draw you to record, my lord[è]  
all;'  
With *that* he cast him a god's peny.

- 6 He told him the gold vpon the bord,  
It wanted neuer a bare penny:  
'*That* gold is thine, the land is mine,  
The heire of Linne I wilbee.'

- 7 'Heere's gold inoughe,' saithe the heire  
of Linne,  
'Both for me and my company.'  
He drunke the wine *that* was soe cleere  
And with euery man he made merry

- 8 With-in three quarters of a yeere  
His gold and fee it waxed thiinne,  
His merry men were from him gone,  
And left him himselfe all alone.

- 9 He had neuer a penny left in his purse.  
Neuer a penny [left] but three,  
And one was brasse, and another wa  
lead,  
And another was white mony.

- 10 'Now well-aday!' said the heire of Linne,  
'Now welladay, and woe is mee!  
For when I was the lord of Linne,  
I neither wanted gold nor fee.
- 11 'For I haue sold my lands soe broad,  
And haue not left me one penny;  
I must goe now and take some read  
Vnto Edenborrow, and begg my bread.'
- 12 He had not beene in Edenborrow  
Not three quarters of a yeere,  
But some did giue him, and some said nay,  
And some bid 'to the deelee gang yee!
- 13 'For if we shold hang any landles feer,  
The first we wold begin with thee.'  
'Now welladay!' said the heire of Linne,  
'No[w] welladay, and woe is mee!
- 14 'For now I have sold my lands soe broad,  
*That* mery man is irke with mee;  
But when *that* I was the lord of Linne,  
Then on my land I liued merrily.
- 15 'And now I have sold my land soe broad  
*That* I haue not left me one pennye!  
God be with my father!' he said,  
'On his land he liued merrily.'
- 16 Still in a study there as he stood,  
He vnethought him of [a] bill;  
He vnethought him of [a] bill  
Which his father had left with him.
- 17 Bade him he shold neuer on it looke  
Till he was in extreame neede,  
'And by my faith,' said the heire of Linne,  
'Then now I had neuer more neede.'
- 18 He tooke the bill, and looked it on,  
Good comfort *that* he found there;  
Itt told him of a castle wall  
Where there stood three chests in feare.
- 19 Two were full of the beaten gold,  
The third was full of white mony;  
He turned then downe his baggs of bread,  
And filled them full of gold soe red.
- 20 Then he did neuer cease nor blinne  
Till Iohn of the Scales house he did winne.  
When *that* he came to Iohn of the Scales,  
Vpp at the speere he looked then.
- 21 There sate three lords vpon a rowe,  
And Iohn o the Scales sate at the bord's head,  
And Iohn o the Scales sate at the bord's head,  
Because he was the lord of Linne.
- 22 And then bespake the heire of Linne,  
To Iohn o the Scales' wiffe thus sayd hee:  
Sayd, Dame, wilt thou not trust me one shott  
*That* I may sitt downe in this company?
- 23 'Now, Christ's curse on my head,' shee said,  
'If I doe trust thee one pennye;'  
Then be-spake a good fellowe,  
Which sate by Iohn o the Scales his knee.
- 24 Said, Haue thou here, thou heire of Linne,  
Forty pence I will lend thee;  
Some time a good fellow thou hast beene;  
And other forty if needs bee.
- 25 Thé dru[n]ken wine *that* was soe cleere,  
And euery man thé made merry;  
And then bespake him Iohn o the Scales,  
Vnto the lord of Linne said hee.
- 26 Said, How doest thou, heire of Linne,  
Since I did buy thy lands of thee?  
I will sell it to thee twenty pound better cheepe  
Nor euer I did buy it of thee.
- 27 'I draw you to recorde, lord[ē]s all,'  
With that he cast him [a] god's penny;  
Then he tooke to his baggs of bread,  
And they were full of the gold soe redd.
- 28 He told him the gold then over the borde,  
It wanted neuer a broad pennye:

- 'That gold is thine, the land is mine,  
And the heire of Linne againe I wil-  
bee.'
- 29 'Now welladay !' said Iohn o the Scales'  
wife,  
'Welladay, and woe is me !  
Yesterday I was the lady of Linne,  
And now I am but Iohn o the Scales'  
wiffe !'
- 30 Saies, Haue thou heere, thou good fel-  
low,  
Forty pence thou did lend me,  
Forty pence thou did lend me,  
And forty pound I will giue thee.
- 31 'He make thee keeper of my forrest  
Both of the wild deere and the  
tame,'  
. . . . .  
. . . . .
- 32 But then bespake the heire of Linne,  
These were the words, and thus said  
hee,  
Christs curse light vpon my crowne  
If ere my land stand in any ieopardye !
- B**
- a. 'The Heir of Linne,' Buchan's MSS., I,  
40; Motherwell's MS., p. 630; Dixon, Scottish  
Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads, p. 30,  
Percy Society, vol. xvii. b. 'The Weary Heir  
of Linne,' Buchan's MSS., II, 114. c. 'The  
Laird o Linne,' Christie's Traditional Ballad  
Airs, I, 112.
- 1 'The bonny heir, and the well-faird  
heir,  
And the weary heir o Linne,  
Yonder he stands at his father's yetts,  
And naebody bids him come in.
- 2 'O see for he gangs, an see for he  
stands,  
The weary heir o Linne !  
O see for he stands on the cauld  
casey,  
And nae an bids him come in !
- 3 'But if he had been his father's heir,  
Or yet the heir o Linne,  
He wadna stand on the cauld casey,  
Some an woud taen him in.'
- 4 'Sing ower again that sang, nourice,  
The sang ye sung just now ;'  
'I never sung a sang in my life  
But I woud sing ower to you.
- 5 'O see for he gangs, an see for he  
stands,  
The weary heir o Linne !  
O see for he stands on the cauld casey,  
An nae an bids him come in !
- 6 'But if he had been his father's heir,  
Or yet the heir o Linne,  
He woudna stand on the cauld casey,  
Some an woud taen him in.
- 7 'When his father's lands a selling were,  
His claise lay well in fauld,  
But now he wanders on the shore,  
Baith hungry, weet, and cauld.'
- 8 As Willie he gaed down the town,  
The gentlemen were drinking;  
Some bade gie Willie a glass, a glass,  
And some bade him gie nane,  
Some bade gie Willie a glass, a glass,  
The weary heir o Linne.
- 9 As Willie he came up the town,  
The fishers were a' sitting;  
Some bade gie Willie a fish, a fish,  
Some bade gie him a fin,  
Some bade gie him a fish, a fish,  
And lat the palmer gang.
- 10 He turned him right and round about,  
As will as a woman's son,  
And taen his cane into his hand,  
And on his way to Linne.
- 11 His nourice at her window lookd,  
Beholding dale and down,  
And she beheld this distressd young man  
Come walking to the town.
- 12 'Come here, come here, Willie,' she  
said,  
'And rest yoursel wi me;  
I hae seen you in better days,  
And in jovial companie.'
- 13 'Gie me a sheave o your bread, nourice  
And a bottle o your wine,  
And I'll pay you it a' ower again,  
When I'm the laird o Linne.'

14 'Ye'se get a sheave o my bread, Willie,  
And a bottle o my wine,  
But ye'll pay me when the seas gang  
dry,  
For ye'll neer be heir o Linne.'

15 Then he turnd him right and round  
about,  
As will as woman's son,  
And aff he set, and bent his way,  
And straightway came to Linne.

16 But when he came to that castle,  
They were set down to dine;  
A score o nobles there he saw,  
Sat drinking at the wine.

17 Then some bade gie him beef, the beef,  
And some bade gie him the bane;  
And some bade gie him naething at a',  
But lat the palmer gang.

18 Then out it speaks the new-come laird,  
A saucy word spake hee;  
'Put round the cup, gie my rival a sup,  
Let him fare on his way.'

19 Then out it speaks Sir Ned Magnew,  
Ane o young Willie's kin;  
'This youth was ance a sprightly boy  
As ever lived in Linne.'

20 He turned him right and round about,  
As will as woman's son,  
Then minded him on a little wee key,  
That his mother left to him.

21 His mother left [him] this little wee  
key  
A little before she died;  
And bade him keep this little wee key  
Till he was in maist need.

22 Then forth he went, these nobles left,  
All drinkin' in the room,  
Wi walking rod intill his hand,  
He walked the castle roun.

23 There he found out a little door,  
For there the key slipped in,  
And there [he] got as muckle red gowd  
As freed the lands o Linne.

24 Back through the nobles then he went,  
A saucy man was then:

'I'll take the cup frae this new-come  
laird,  
For he neer bade me sit down.'

25 Then out it speaks the new-come laird,  
He spake wi mock an jeer;  
'I'd gie a seat to the laird o Linne,  
Sae be that he were here.

26 'When the lands o Linne a selling were,  
A' men said they were free;  
This lad shall hae them frae me this  
day,  
If he'll gie the third pennie.'

27 'I take ye witness, nobles a',  
Guide witnesses ye'll be;  
I'm promisd the lands o Linne this  
day,  
If I gie the third pennie.'

28 'Ye've taen us witness, Willie,' they  
said,  
'Guide witnesses we'll be;'  
'Buy the lands o Linne who likes,  
They'll neer be bought by thee.'

29 He's done him to a gaming-table,  
For it stood fair and clean;  
There he tauld down as much rich gowd  
As freed the lands o Linne.

30 Thus having done, he turnd about,  
A saucy man was he;  
'Take up your monie, my lad,' he says,  
'Take up your third pennie.'

31 'Aft hae I gane wi barefeet cauld,  
Likewise wi legs full bare,  
An mony days walkd at these yetts  
Wi muckle dool and care.

32 'But now my sorrow's past and gane,  
And joy's returned to me,  
And here I've gowd enough forbye,  
Ahin this third pennie.'

33 As Willie he gaed down the town,  
There he crawd wonderous crouse;  
He calld the may afore them a',  
The nourice o the house,

34 'Come here, come here, my nurse,' he  
says,  
'I'll pay your bread and wine;

Seas ebb and flow [as] they wont to do,  
Yet I 'm the laird o Linne.'

- 35 As he gaed up the Gallowgate port,  
His hose abeen his sheen;  
But lang ere he came down again  
Was conveyed by lords fifteen.

## 268

## THE TWA KNIGHTS

This ballad can have had no currency in Scotland, and perhaps was known only through print. A similar one is strictly traditional in Greece, and widely dispersed, both on the mainland and among the islands. There are numerous tales in which a man wagers heavily upon a woman's (generally his wife's) constancy, and, upon plausible evidence, which in the end proves to be nugatory, is adjudged to have lost. Such are the Old French Roman de la Violette and Flore et Jehane; Decameron, ii, 9 (repeated in Shakspeare's Cymbeline), etc. Only a small section of these stories, however, has the distinctive traits of the Scottish and Romaic ballads. Examples are the thirteenth-century rhymed tale 'Von zwein Kaufmannen' (von der Hagen, Gesammtabenteuer, III, 357) and the Welsh tale of 'Taliesin' in the so-called Mabinogian.

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 271.

- 1 THERE were twa knights in fair Scotland,  
And they were brothers sworn;  
They made a vow to be as true  
As if they 'd been brothers born.
- 2 The one he was a wealthy knight,  
Had lands and buildings free;  
The other was a young hynde squire,  
In rank of lower degree.
- 3 But it fell ance upon a day  
These squires they walkd alone,  
And to each other they did talk  
About the fair women.
- 4 'O wed a may,' the knight did say,  
'For your credit and fame;  
Lay never your love on lemanry,  
Bring nae gude woman to shame.'

- 5 'There 's nae gude women,' the squire  
did say,  
'Into this place but nine;'  
'O well falls me,' the knight replied,  
'For ane o them is mine.'
- 6 'Ye say your lady 's a gude woman,  
But I say she is nane;  
I think that I could gain her love  
Ere six months they are gane.
- 7 'If ye will gang six months away,  
And sail upon the faem,  
Then I will gain your lady's love  
Before that ye come hame.'
- 8 'O I 'll gang till a far countrie,  
And far beyond the faem,  
And ye winna gain my lady's love  
Whan nine lang months are gane.'
- 9 When the evening sun did set,  
And day came to an end,  
In then came the lady's gude lord,  
Just in at yon town's end.
- 10 'O comely are ye, my lady gay,  
Sae fair and rare to see;  
I wish whan I am gane away  
Ye keep your mind to me.'
- 11 She gae 'm a bason to wash in,  
It shin'd thro a' the ha;  
But aye as she gaed but and ben  
She loot the saut tears fa.
- 12 'I wonder what ails my gude lord  
He has sic jealousy;  
Never when we parted before,  
He spak sic words to me.'
- 13 When cocks did craw, and day did daw,  
This knight was fair at sea;  
Then in it came the young hynde squire,  
To work him villanie.
- 14 'I hae a coffer o gude red gowd,  
Another o white monie;  
I woud gie you 't a', my gay lady,  
To lye this night wi me.'
- 15 'If ye warna my lord's brother,  
And him sae far frae hame,  
Even before my ain bower-door  
I 'd gar hang you on a pin.'



- 6 He's gane frae the lady's bower,  
Wi the saut tear in his ee,  
And he is to his foster-mother  
As fast as gane coud he.
- 7 'There is a fancy in my head  
That I'll reveal to thee,  
And your assistance I will crave  
If ye will grant it me.
- 8 'I've fifty guineas in my pocket,  
I've fifty o them and three,  
And if ye'll grant what I request  
Ye'se hae them for your fee.'
- 9 'Speak on, speak on, ye gude hynde  
squire,  
What may your asking be?  
I kenna wha woud be sae base  
As nae serve for sic a fee.'
- 10 'O I hae wagerd wi my brother,  
When he went to the faem,  
That I woud gain his lady's love  
Ere six months they were gane.
- 11 'To me he laid his lands at stake  
Tho he were on the faem,  
I wudna gain his lady's love  
Whan nine lang months were gane.
- 12 'Now I hae tried to gain her love,  
But finds it winna do;  
And here I'm come, as ye her know,  
To seek some help frae you.
- 13 'For I did lay my life at stake,  
Whan my brother went frae hame,  
That I woud gain his lady's love  
Whan he was on the faem.'
- 14 But when the evening sun was set,  
And day came to an end,  
In it came that fause carline,  
Just in at yon town's end.
- 15 'O comely are ye, my gay lady,  
Your lord is on the faem;  
Yon unco squire will gain your love,  
Before that he come hame.'
- 16 'Forbid it,' said the lady fair,  
'That eer the like shoud be,  
That I woud wrang my ain gude lord,  
And him sae far at sea.'
- 17 'O comely are ye, my gay lady,  
Stately is your fair bodie;  
Your lovely visage is far chang'd,  
That is best known to me.
- 18 'You're sair dune out for want o sleep  
Sin your lord went to sea;  
Unless that ye do cease your grief,  
It will your ruin be.
- 19 'You'll send your maids unto the hay,  
Your young men unto the corn;  
I'll gar ye sleep as soun a sleep  
As the night that ye were born.'
- 20 She sent her maids to ted the hay,  
Her men to shear the corn,  
And she gard her sleep as soun a sleep  
As the night that she was born.
- 21 She rowd that lady in the silk,  
Laid her on holland sheets;  
Wi fine enchanting melodie  
She lulld her fast asleep.
- 22 She lockd the yetts o that castle  
Wi thirty locks and three,  
Then went to meet the young hynde  
squire,  
To him the keys gae she.
- 23 He's opend the locks o that castle,  
Were thirty and were three,  
And he's gane where that lady lay,  
And thus to her said he.
- 24 'O wake, O wake, ye gay lady,  
O wake and speak to me;  
I hae it fully in my power  
To come to bed to thee.'
- 25 'For to defile my husband's bed,  
I woud think that a sin;  
As soon as this lang day is gane,  
Then I shall come to thine.'
- 26 Then she has call'd her niece Maisry,  
Says, An asking ye'll grant me,  
For to gang to yon unco squire  
And sleep this night for me.
- 27 'The gude red gowd shall be your hire,  
And siller's be your fee;  
Five hundred pounds o pennies round,  
Your tocher it shall be.'

- 38 She turnd her right and round about,  
And thus to her did say;  
O there was never a time on earth  
So fain 's I woud say nay.
- 39 But when the evening sun was set,  
And day drawn to an end,  
Then Lady Maisry she is gane,  
Fair out at yon town-end.
- 40 Then she is to yon hynde squire's yates,  
And tirl'd at the pin;  
Wha was sae busy as the hynde squire  
To lat that lady in!
- 41 He 's taen her in his arms twa,  
He was a joyfu man;  
He neither bade her meat nor drink,  
But to the bed he ran.
- 42 When he had got his will o her,  
His will as he lang sought,  
Her ring but and her ring-finger  
Away frae her he brought.
- 43 With discontent straight home she went  
And thus lamented she;  
Says, Wae be to yon young hynde squire!  
Sae ill as he 's used me.
- 44 When the maids came frae the hay,  
The young men frae the corn,  
Ben it came that lady gay,  
Who thought lang for their return.
- 45 'Where hae ye been, my maidens a',  
Sae far awa frae me?  
My foster-mother and lord's brother  
Thought to hae beguiled me.
- 46 'Had not she been my foster-mother,  
I suck'd at her breast-bane,  
Even before my ain bower-door,  
She in a gleed shoud burn.
- 47 'The squire he thought to gain my  
love,  
He 's got but Lady Maisry;  
He 's cutt'd her ring and her ring-finger,  
A love-token for to be.
- 48 'I 'll tie my finger in the dark,  
Where nae ane shall me see;  
I hope to loose it in the light,  
Amang gude companie.
- 49 When night was gane, and birds did sing  
And day began to peep,  
The hynde squire walk'd along the shore  
His brother for to meet.
- 50 'Ye are welcome, welcome, landless  
lord,  
To my ha's and my bowers;  
Ye are welcome hame, ye landless lord  
To my lady white like flowers.'
- 51 'Ye say I am a landless lord,  
But I think I am nane,  
Without ye show some love-token  
Awa frae her ye 've tane.'
- 52 He drew the strings then o his purse,  
And they were a' bludie;  
The ring but and the ring-finger  
Sae soon as he lat him see.
- 53 'O wae be to you, fause hynde squire,  
Ane ill death mat ye dee!  
It was too sair a love-token  
To take frae my ladie.
- 54 'But ae asking of you, hynde squire,  
In your won bowers to dine;  
'With a' my heart, my brother dear,  
Tho ye had asked nine.'
- 55 Then he is to his lady's father,  
And a sorrow man was he:  
'O judge, O judge, my father dear,  
This judgment pass for me.
- 56 'What is the thing that shoud be done  
Unto that gay lady  
Who woud gar her lord gae landless,  
And children bastards to be?'
- 57 'She shoud be brunt upon a hill,  
Or hang'd upon a tree,  
That woud gar her lord gang landless,  
And children bastards be.'
- 58 'Your judgment is too rash, father;  
Your ain daughter is she  
That this day has made me landless;  
Your squire gain'd it frae me.
- 59 'Yet nevertheless, my parents dear,  
Ae favour ye 'll grant me,  
And gang along to my lost ha's,  
And take your dine wi me.'

30 He threw the charters ower the table,  
And kissd the yates o tree;  
Says, Fare ye well, my lady gay,  
Your face I'll never see.

31 Then his lady calld out to him,  
'Come here, my lord, and dine;  
There's nae a smith in a' the land  
That can ae finger join.

32 'I tied my finger in the dark,  
Whan nae ane did me see;  
But now I'll loose it in the light,  
Amang gude companie.

33 'Even my niece, Lady Maisry,  
The same woman was she;  
The gude red gowd shall be her hire,  
And likewise white monie.

34 'Five hundred pounds o pennies round  
Her tocher then shall be,  
Because she did my wills obey,  
Beguild the squire for me.'

35 Then they did call this young hynde  
squire  
To come right speedilie,  
Likeways they calld young Lady Maisry  
To pay her down her fee.

36 Then they laid down to Lady Maisry  
The brand but and the ring;  
It was to stick him wi the brand,  
Or wed him wi the ring.

37 Thrice she minted to the brand,  
But she took up the ring;  
And a' the ladies who heard o it  
Said she was a wise woman.

269

## LADY DIAMOND

The source of this ballad is Boccaccio's tale of Guiscardo and Ghismonda in the *Decameron*, iv, 1. Guiscardo has sunk to the rank of kitchen-boy. An echo of Guismonda's name is heard in *Dysmal, Diamond*, the name of the heroine in C, D; in A she is called Daisy; in B, Dayesie; in E, Dysie. Boccaccio's story belongs to a large and complicated group of popular and romantic fictions (see Child, v, 29 ff.).

## A

'Lady Daisy,' Aytoun's Ballads of Scotland, II, 173, 1859, from the recollection of a lady residing at Kirkaldy.

1 THERE was a king, and a very great king,  
And a king of meikle fame;  
He had not a child in the world but ane,  
Lady Daisy was her name.

2 He had a very bonnie kitchen-boy,  
And William was his name;  
He never lay out o Lady Daisy's bower,  
Till he brought her body to shame.

3 Wheneen-birds sung, and een-bells rung,  
And a' men were boune to rest,  
The king went on to Lady Daisy's bower,  
Just like a wandering ghaist.

4 He has drawn the curtains round and round,  
And there he has sat him down;  
'To whom is this, Lady Daisy,' he says,  
'That now you go sae round ?'

5 'Is it to a laird ? or is it to a lord ?  
Or a baron of high degree ?  
Or is it William, my bonnie kitchen-boy ?  
Tell now the truth to me.'

6 'It's no to a laird, and it's no to a lord,  
Nor a baron of high degree:  
But it's to William, your bonnie kitchen-boy:  
What cause hae I to lee ?'

7 'O where is all my merry, merry men,  
That I pay meat and fee,  
That they will not take out this kitchen-boy,  
And kill him presentlie ?'

8 They hae taen out this bonnie kitchen-boy,  
And killd him on the plain;  
His hair was like the threads o gold,  
His een like crystal stane;  
His hair was like the threads o gold,  
His teeth like ivory bane.

9 They hae taen out this bonnie boy's heart,  
Put it in a cup o gold;  
'Take that to Lady Daisy,' he said,  
'For she's impudent and bold;'

And she washd it with the tears that ran  
from her eye  
Into the cup of gold.

10 'Now fare ye weel, my father the king !  
You hae taen my earthly joy;  
Since he's died for me, I'll die for him,  
My bonnie kitchen-boy.'

11 'O where is all my merry, merry men,  
That I pay meat and wage,  
That they could not withold my cruel  
hand,  
When I was mad with rage ?

12 'I think nae wonder, Lady Daisy,' he  
said,  
'That he brought your body to shame;  
For there never was man of woman born  
Sae fair as him that is slain.'

## 270

THE EARL OF MAR'S  
DAUGHTER

The lover in bird-shape is a very familiar  
trait in fiction, particularly in popular tales.  
So in Marie de France's *Lai d'Yonec*, and in the  
Scandinavian ballad '*Ridderen i Fugleham*'  
(Grundtvig, No. 68).

'The Earl of Mar's Daughter,' Buchan's  
Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 49; Moth-  
erwell's MS., p. 565.

1 It was intill a pleasant time,  
Upon a simmer's day,  
The noble Earl of Mar's daughter  
Went forth to sport and play.

2 As thus she did amuse hersell,  
Below a green aik tree,  
There she saw a sprightly doo  
Set on a tower sae hie.

3 'O Cow-me-doo, my love sae true,  
If ye'll come down to me,  
Ye'se hae a cage o guid red gowd  
Instead o simple tree:

4 'I'll put gowd hingers roun your cage,  
And siller roun your wa;  
I'll gar ye shine as fair a bird  
As ony o them a'.'

5 But she hadnae these words well spoke,  
Nor yet these words well said,  
Till Cow-me-doo flew frae the tower  
And lighted on her head.

6 Then she has brought this pretty bird  
Hame to her bowers and ha,  
And made him shine as fair a bird  
As ony o them a'.

7 When day was gane, and night was come,  
About the evening tide,  
This lady spied a sprightly yonth  
Stand straight up by her side.

8 'From whence came ye, young man ?'  
she said;  
'That does surprise me sair;  
My door was bolted right secure,  
What way hae ye come here ?'

9 'O had your tongue, ye lady fair,  
Lat a' your folly be;  
Mind ye not on your turtle-doo  
Last day ye brought wi thee ?'

10 'O tell me mair, young man,' she said,  
'This does surprise me now;  
What country hae ye come frae ?  
What pedigree are you ?'

11 'My mither lives on foreign isles,  
She has nae mair but me;  
She is a queen o wealth and state,  
And birth and high degree.

12 'Likewise well skilld in magic spells,  
As ye may plainly see,  
And she transformd me to yon shape,  
To charm such maids as thee.

13 'I am a doo the live-lang day,  
A sprightly youth at night;  
This aye gars me appear mair fair  
In a fair maiden's sight.

14 'And it was but this verra day  
That I came ower the sea;  
Your lovely face did me enchant;  
I'll live and dee wi thee.'

15 'O Cow-me-doo, my luvie sae true,  
Nae mair frae me ye'se gae;  
That's never my intent, my luvie,  
As ye said, it shall be sae.'

- 5 'O Cow-me-doo, my luvæ sae true,  
It's time to gae to bed;'  
6 'Wi a' my heart, my dear marrow,  
It's be as ye hæ said.'
- 7 Then he has staid in bower wi her  
For sax lang years and ane,  
Till sax young sons to him she bare,  
And the seventh she's brought hame.
- 8 But aye as ever a child was born  
He carried them away,  
And brought them to his mither's  
care,  
As fast as he coud fly.
- 9 Thus he has staid in bower wi her  
For twenty years and three;  
There came a lord o high renown  
To court this fair ladie.
- 0 But still his proffer she refused,  
And a' his presents too;  
Says, I'm content to live alane  
Wi my bird, Cow-me-doo.
- 1 Her father sware a solemn oath  
Among the nobles all,  
'The morn, or ere I eat or drink,  
This bird I will gar kill.'
- 2 The bird was sitting in his cage,  
And heard what they did say;  
And when he found they were dismiss,  
Says, Wæ's me for this day!
- 3 'Before that I do langer stay,  
And thus to be forlorn,  
I'll gang unto my mither's bower,  
Where I was bred and born.'
- 4 Then Cow-me-doo took flight and flew  
Beyond the raging sea,  
And lighted near his mither's castle,  
On a tower o gowd sæ hie.
- 5 As his mither was wauking out,  
To see what she coud see,  
And there she saw her little son,  
Set on the tower sæ hie.
- 6 'Get dancers here to dance,' she said,  
'And minstrells for to play;  
For here's my young son, Florentine,  
Come here wi me to stay.'
- 27 'Get nae dancers to dance, mither,  
Nor minstrells for to play,  
For the mither o my seven sons,  
The morn's her wedding-day.'
- 28 'O tell me, tell me, Florentine,  
Tell me, and tell me true,  
Tell me this day without a flaw,  
What I will do for you.'
- 29 'Instead of dancers to dance, mither,  
Or minstrells for to play,  
Turn four-and-twenty wall-wight men  
Like storks in feathers gray;
- 30 'My seven sons in seven swans,  
Aboon their heads to flee;  
And I mysell a gay gos-hawk,  
A bird o high degree.'
- 31 Then sichin said the queen hersell,  
'That thing's too high for me;'  
But she applied to an auld woman,  
Who had mair skill than she.
- 32 Instead o dancers to dance a dance,  
Or minstrells for to play,  
Four-and-twenty wall-wight men  
Turnd birds o feathers gray;
- 33 Her seven sons in seven swans,  
Aboon their heads to flee;  
And he himsell a gay gos-hawk,  
A bird o high degree.
- 34 This flock o birds took flight and flew  
Beyond the raging sea,  
And landed near the Earl Mar's castle,  
Took shelter in every tree.
- 35 They were a flock o pretty birds,  
Right comely to be seen;  
The people viewd them wi surprise,  
As they dancd on the green.
- 36 These birds ascended frae the tree  
And lighted on the hæ,  
And at the last wi force did flee  
Among the nobles a'.
- 37 The storks there seized some o the men,  
They coud neither fight nor flee;  
The swans they bound the bride's best  
man  
Below a green aik tree.



- 38 They lighted next on maidens fair,  
Then on the bride's own head,  
And wi the twinkling o an ee  
The bride and them were fled.
- 39 There's ancient men at weddings been  
For sixty years or more,  
But sic a curious wedding-day  
They never saw before.
- 40 For naething coud the companie do,  
Nor naething coud they say  
But they saw a flock o pretty birds  
That took their bride away.
- 41 When that Earl Mar he came to know  
Where his dochter did stay,  
He signd a bond o unity,  
And visits now they pay.

## 271

THE LORD OF LORNE AND  
THE FALSE STEWARD

'The Lord of Lorne and the false Steward' was entered in the Stationers' Registers, with two other ballads, to Master Walley, 6 October, 1580; 'Lord of Lorne' to Master Pavier and others (among 128 pieces), 14 December, 1624. There are several broadsides of the second half of the seventeenth century, affording version B, which is an abridgement of an old copy. The story of B is the same as that of A in all material particulars.

'The Lord of Lorne' is apparently founded on the romance of Roswall and Lillian, which itself belongs with a well-known group of popular tales, represented by the Grimms' 'Goose-girl' (No. 89).

## A

'Lord of Learne,' Percy MS., p. 73; Hales and Furnivall, I, 180.

- 1 It was the worthy Lord of Learen,  
He was a lord of a hie degree;  
He had noe more children but one sonne,  
He sett him to schoole to learne curtesie.
- 2 Lear[n]ing did soe proceed with that  
child,  
I tell you all in veretie,  
He learned more vpon one day  
Then other children did on three,

- 3 And then bespake the schoole-master,  
Vnto the Lord of Learne said hee,  
I thinke thou be some stranger borne,  
For the holy gost remaines with thee.
- 4 He said, I am noe stranger borne,  
Forsooth, master, I tell it to thee;  
It is a gift of Almighty God  
Which he hath giuen vnto mee.
- 5 The schoole-master turnd him round  
about,  
His angry mind he thought to asswage  
For the child cold answer him soe  
quicklie,  
And was of soe tender yeere of age.
- 6 The child he caused a steed to be  
brought,  
A golden bridle done him vpon;  
He tooke his leaue of his schoolfellows  
And home the child that he is gone.
- 7 And when he came before his father,  
He fell low downe vpon his knee:  
'My blessing, father, I wold aske,  
If Christ wold grant you wold giue  
it me.'
- 8 'Now God thee blesse, my sonne and  
my heire,  
His servant in heauen that thou may  
bee!  
What tydings hast thou brought me  
child,  
Thou art comen home so soone to  
mee?'
- 9 'Good tydings, father, I haue you  
brought,  
Goo[d tydings] I hope it is to thee;  
The booke is not in all S[c]ottlande  
But I can reade it before your eye.'
- 10 A ioyed man his father was,  
Euen the worthy Lord of Learne:  
'Thou shalt goe into Ffrance, my child  
The speeches of all strange lands to  
learne.'
- 11 But then bespake the child his mother,  
The Lady of Learne and then was shee  
Saies, Who must be his well good guide  
When he goes into that strange coun-  
try?

12 And then bespake that bonnie child,  
 Vntill his father tenderlie;  
 Saies, Father, I'le haue the hend stew-  
 ard,  
 For he hath beene true to you and  
 mee.

13 The lady to concell the steward did  
 take,  
 And counted downe a hundred pound  
 there;  
 Saies, Steward, be true to my sonne and  
 my heire,  
 And I will giue thee mickle mere.

14 'If I be not true to my master,' he said,  
 'Christ himselfe be not trew to mee!  
 If I be not true to my lord and master,  
 An ill death *that* I may die!'

15 The Lord of Learne did apparell his child  
 With bruche, and ringe, and many a  
 thinge;  
 The apparrell he had his body vppon,  
 Thé say was worth a squier's liuinge.

16 The parting of the younge Lord of  
 Learne  
 With his ffather, his mother, his ffel-  
 lows deere,  
 Wold haue made a manis bart for to  
 change,  
 If a few borne that he were.

17 The wind did serue, and thé did sayle  
 Over the sea into Ffrance land;  
 He vsed the child soe hardlie,  
 He wold let him haue neuer a penny  
 to spend.

18 And meate he wold let the child haue  
 none,  
 Nor mony to buy none, trulie;  
 The boy was hungry and thirstie both;  
 Alas! it was the more pittie.

19 He laid him downe to drinke the water  
 That was soe low beneath the brime;  
 He [that] was wont to haue drunke both  
 ale and wine  
 Then was faine of the water soe  
 thinne.

20 And as he was drinking of the water  
 That ran soe low beneath the brime,

Soe ready was the false steward  
 To drowne the bonny boy therin.

21 'Haue mercy on me, worthy steward!  
 My life,' he said, 'lend it to mee,  
 And all *that* I am heire vpon,'  
 Saies, 'I will giue vnto thee.'

22 Mercy to him the steward did take,  
 And pulld the child out of the brime;  
 Euer alacke, the more pittie!  
 He tooke his clothes euen from him.

23 Saies, 'Doe thou me of that veluett  
 gowne,  
 The crimson hose beneath thy knee,  
 And doe me of thy cordinant shoone,  
 Are buckled with the gold soe free.

24 'Doe thou me off thy sattin doublett,  
 Thy shirtband wrought with glister-  
 ing gold,  
 And doe mee off thy golden chaine,  
 About thy necke soe many a fold.

25 'Doe thou me off thy veluett hat,  
 With fether in *that* is soe ffine;  
 All vnto thy silken shirt,  
 That's wrought with many a golden  
 seam.'

26 The child before him naked stood,  
 With skin as white as lilly flower;  
 For [t]his worthy lords bewtie  
 He might haue beene a ladye's para-  
 moure.

27 He put vpon him a lether cote,  
 And breeches of the same beneath  
 the knee,  
 And sent that bony child him froe,  
 Service for to craue, truly.

28 He pulld then forth a naked sword  
 That hange full low then by his  
 side;  
 'Turne thy name, thou villaine,' he said,  
 'Or else this sword shall be thy  
 guide.'

29 'What must be my name, worthy stew-  
 ard?  
 I pray thee now tell it me.'  
 'Thy name shalbe Pore Disaware,  
 To tend sheepe on a lonely lee.'

- 30 The bonny child he went him froe,  
And looked to himselfe, truly;  
Saw his apparrell soe simple vpon;  
O Lord! he weeped tenderlye.
- 31 Vnto a shepard's house *that* childe did  
goe,  
And said, Sir, God you saue and see!  
Doe you not want a servant-boy,  
To tend your sheepe on a lonelie lee?
- 32 'Where was thou borne?' the shepard  
said,  
'Where, my boy, or in what country?'  
'Sir,' he said, 'I was borne in fayre  
Scotland,  
*That* is soe farr beyond the sea.'
- 33 'I haue noe child,' the shepard sayd;  
'My boy, thoust tarry and dwell with  
mee;  
My liuinge,' he sayd, 'and all my goods,  
I'll make thee heire [of] after mee.'
- 34 And then bespake the shepard's wife,  
To the Lord of Learne thus did she say;  
'Goe thy way to our sheepe,' she said,  
'And tend them well both night and  
day.'
- 35 It was a sore office, O Lord, for him  
*That* was a lord borne of a great  
degree!  
As he was tending his sheepe alone,  
Neither sport nor play cold hee.
- 36 Let vs leaue talking of the Lord of  
Learne,  
And let all such talking goe;  
Let vs talke more of the false steward,  
That caused the child all this woe.
- 37 He sold this Lord of Learne's his clothes  
'For fve hundred pound to his pay  
[there],  
And bought himselfe a suite of apparrell  
Might well beseeeme a lord to weare.
- 38 When he *that* gorgeous apparrell bought,  
That did soe finelie his body vpon,  
He laughed the bony child to scorne  
*That* was the bonny Lord of Learne.
- 39 He laughed *that* bonny boy to scorne;  
Lord! pittie it was to heare;
- I haue herd them say, and soe haue you  
too,  
*That* a man may buy gold to deere.
- 40 When *that* he had all *that* gorgeous ap-  
parrell,  
*That* did soe finelie his body vpon,  
He went a woiing to the Duke's daugh-  
ter of France,  
And called himselfe the Lord of  
Learne.
- 41 The Duke of Ffrance heard tell of this,  
To his place *that* worthy lord was  
come, truly;  
He entertaind him with a quart of red  
Renish wi[ne],  
Saies, Lord of Learne, thou art wel-  
come to me.
- 42 Then to supper *that* they were sett,  
Lords and ladyes in their degree;  
The steward was sett next the Duke of  
France;  
An vnseemlye sight it was to see.
- 43 Then bespake the Duke of Ffrance,  
Vnto the Lord of Leeorne said hee there,  
Sayes, Lord of Learne, if thou 'le marry  
my daught[er],  
I'll mend thy liuing fve hundred  
pound a yeere.
- 44 Then bespake *that* lady fayre,  
Answered her ffather soe alone,  
*That* shee would be his marryed wiffe  
If he wold make her lady of Learne.
- 45 Then hand in hand the steward her he  
tooke,  
And plight *that* lady his troth alone,  
*That* she shold be his marryed wiffe,  
And he wold make her the ladie of  
Learne.
- 46 Thus *that* night it was gone,  
The other day was come, truly;  
The lady wold see the robucke run,  
Vp hills and dales and forrest free.
- 47 Then shee was ware of the younge Lord  
of Learne  
Tending sheepe vnder a bryar, trulye.  
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- 48 And thus shee called vnto her maids,  
And held her hands vp thus an hie;  
Sayes, Feitch me yound shepard's boy,  
I'le know why he doth mourne, trulye.
- 49 When he came before *that* lady fayer,  
He fell downe vpon his knee;  
He had beene so well brought vpp  
He needed not to learne curtesie.
- 50 'Where wast thou borne, thou bonny boy?  
Where or in what cuntrye?'  
'Madam, I was borne in faire Scott-  
land,  
*That* is soe farr beyond the sea.'
- 51 'What is thy name, thou bonny boy?  
I pray thee tell it vnto mee;'  
'My name,' he sayes, 'is Poore Disa-  
ware,  
That tends sheepe on a lonely lee.'
- 52 'One thing thou must tell mee, bonny boy,  
Which I must needs aske of thee,  
Dost not thou know the young Lord of  
Learne?  
He is comen a woing into France to  
me.'
- 53 'Yes, *that* I doe, madam,' he said,  
And then he wept most tenderlie;  
'The Lord of Learne is a worthy lord,  
If he were at home in his oune coun-  
try.'
- 54 'What ayles thee to weepe, my bonny boy?  
Tell me or ere I part thee froe:'  
'Nothing but for a freind, madam,  
*That's* dead from me many a yeere  
agoe.'
- 55 A loud laughter the ladie lought,  
O Lord! shee smiled wonderous hie:  
'I haue dwelled in France since I was  
borne;  
Such a shepard's boy I did neuer see.
- 56 'Wilt thou not leaue thy sheepe, my  
child,  
And come vnto service vnto mee?  
And I will giue thee meate and fee,  
And my chamberlaine thou shalt bee.'
- 57 'Then I will leaue my sheepe, madam,'  
he said,  
'And come into service vnto thee,  
If you will giue me meate and fee,  
*Your* chamberlaine *that* I may bee.'
- 58 When the lady came before her father,  
Shee fell low downe vpon her knee;  
'Grant me, father,' the lady said,  
'This boy my chamberlaine to be.'
- 59 'But O nay, nay,' the duke did say,  
'Soe my daughter it may not bee;  
The lord *that* is come a woing to you  
Will be offended with you and mee.'
- 60 Then came downe the false steward,  
Which called himselfe the Lord of  
Learne, trulie;  
When he looked that bonny boy vpon,  
An angry man i-wis was hee.
- 61 'Where was thou borne, thou vagabond?  
Where?' he said, 'and in what coun-  
try?'  
Says, I was borne in fayre Scotland,  
*That* is soe far beyond the sea.
- 62 'What is thy name, thou vagabond?  
Haue done qu[i]cklie, and tell it to  
me,'  
'My name,' he sayes, 'is Poore Disa-  
ware,  
I tend sheep on the lonelie lee.'
- 63 'Thou art a theefe,' the steward said,  
'And soe in the end I will prooue thee;'  
. . . . .  
. . . . .
- 64 Then be-spake the ladie fayre,  
'Peace, Lord of Learne! I doe pray  
thee;  
Ffor if noe loue you show this child,  
Noe favor can you haue of mee.'
- 65 'Will you beleeeue me, lady faire,  
When the truth I doe tell yee?  
Att Aberdonie, beyond the sea,  
His father he robbed a hundred three.'
- 66 But then bespake the Duke of France  
Vnto the boy soe tenderlie;  
Saies, Boy, if thou loue harsses well,  
My stable-groome I will make thee.

- 67 And thus *that that* did passe vpon  
Till the twelve monthes did draw to  
an ende;  
The boy applyed his office soe well  
Euery man became his freind.
- 68 He went forth earlye one morning  
To water a gelding at the water soe free;  
The gelding vp, and with his head  
He hitt the child aboue his eye.
- 69 'Woe be to thee, thou gelding,' he sayd,  
'And to the mare *that* foled thee !  
Thou hast striken the Lord of Learne  
A litle tynye aboue the eye.
- 70 'First night after I was borne, a lord I  
was,  
An earle after my father doth die;  
My father is the worthy Lord of Learne,  
And child he hath noe more but mee;  
He sent me over the sea with the false  
steward,  
And thus that he hath beguiled mee.'
- 71 The lady [wa]s in her garden greene,  
Walking with her mayds, trulye,  
And heard the boy this mourning make,  
And went to weeping, trulie.
- 72 'Sing on thy song, thou stable groome,  
I pray thee doe not let for mee,  
And as I am a true ladie  
I wilbe trew vnto thee.'
- 73 'But nay, now nay, madam !' he sayd,  
'Soe *that* it may not bee;  
I am tane sworne vpon a booke,  
And forsworne I will not bee.'
- 74 'Sing on thy song to thy gelding,  
And thou doest not sing to mee;  
And as I am a true ladie  
I will euer be true vnto thee.'
- 75 He sayd, Woe be to thee, gelding,  
And to the mare *that* foled thee !  
For thou hast stricken the Lord of  
Learne  
A litle aboue mine eye.
- 76 First night I was borne, a lord I was,  
An earle after my father doth dye;  
My father is the good Lord of Learne,  
And child he hath noe other but mee;
- My father sent me over [the sea] with  
the false steward,  
And thus *that* he hath beguiled mee.
- 77 'Woe be to the steward, lady,' he sayd,  
'Woe be to him verrily !  
He hath beene about this twelve months  
day  
For to deceiue both thee and mee.
- 78 'If you doe not my counsell keepe,  
*That* I haue told you with good in-  
tent,  
And if you doe it not well keepe,  
Ffarwell ! my life is at an ende.'
- 79 'I wil be true to thee, Lord of Learne,  
Or else Christ be not soe vnto me;  
And as I am a trew ladye,  
I 'le neuer marry none but thee.'
- 80 Shee sent in for her father, the Duke,  
In all the speed *that* ere might bee;  
'Put of my wedding, father,' shee said,  
'For the loue of God, this monthes  
three.
- 81 'Sicke I am,' the ladye said,  
'O sicke, and verry like to die !  
Put of my wedding, father Duke,  
Ffor the loue of God, this monthes  
three.'
- 82 The Duke of France put of this wedding  
Of the steward and the lady monthes  
three,  
For the ladie sicke shee was,  
Sicke, sicke, and like to die.
- 83 Shee wrote a letter with her owne hand,  
In all the speede *that* euer might bee;  
Shee sent [it] over into Scotland,  
*That* is soe ffar beyond the sea.
- 84 When the messenger came beffore the  
old Lord of Learne,  
He kneeled low downe on his knee,  
And he deliuered the letter vnto him,  
In all the speed *that* euer might bee.
- 85 [The] first looke he looked the letter  
vpon,  
Lo ! he wept full bitterly;  
The second looke he looked it vpon,  
Said, False steward, woe be to thee !



36 When the Ladye of Learne these tydings heard,  
 O Lord ! shee wept soe biterlye:  
 ‘I told you of this, now good my lord,  
 When I sent my child into that wild  
 country.’

37 ‘Peace, Lady of Learne,’ the lord did say,  
 ‘For Christ his loue I doe pray thee;  
 And as I am a christian man,  
 Wroken vpon him *that* I wilbe.’

38 He wrote a letter with his owne hand,  
 In all the speede *that* ere might  
 bee;  
 He sent it into the lords in Scotland,  
*That* were borne of a great degree.

39 He sent for lords, he sent for *knights*,  
 The best that were in the countrye,  
 To go with him into the land of France,  
 To seeke his sonne in *that* strange  
 country.

40 The wind was good, and they did sayle,  
 Fieue hundred men into France land,  
 There to seeke *that* bonny boy  
*That* was the worthy Lord of Learne.

41 They sought the country through and  
 through,  
 Soe farr to the Duke’s place of Ffrance  
 land;  
 There they were ware of *that* bonny  
 boy,  
 Standing with a porter’s staffe in his  
 hand.

42 Then the worshippingfull, *thé* did bowe,  
 The serving-men fell on their knee,  
 They cast their hatts vp into the ayre  
 For ioy *that* boy *that* they had seene.

43 The Lord of Learne then he light downe,  
 And kist his child both cheeke and  
 chinne,  
 And said, God blesse thee, my sonne and  
 my heire !  
 The blisse of heauen *that* thou may  
 winne !

44 The false steward and the Duke of  
 France  
 Were in a castle-topp, *trulie*;

‘What fooles are yond,’ says the false  
 steward,  
 ‘To the porter makes soe lowe curte-  
 sie ?’

95 Then bespake the Duke of Ffrance,  
 Calling my Lord of Learne, *trulie*;  
 He sayd, I doubt the day be come  
*That* either you or I must die.

96 *Thé* sett the castle round about,  
 A swallow cold not haue flone away;  
 And there *thé* tooke the false steward  
*That* the Lord of Learne did betray.

97 And when they had taken the false  
 steward,  
 He fell lowe downe vpon his knee,  
 And craued mercy of the Lord of  
 Learne  
 For the villanous dedd he had done,  
*trulie*.

98 ‘Thou shalt haue mercy,’ said the Lord  
 of Learne,  
 ‘Thou vile traitor, I tell to thee,  
 As the lawes of the realme they will  
 thee beare,  
 Wether it bee for thee to liue or  
 dye.’

99 A quest of lords *that* there was chosen,  
 To goe vppon his death, *trulie*;  
 There *thé* iudged the false steward,  
 Whether he was guiltie, and for to  
 dye.

100 The forman of the iury he came in,  
 He spake his words full lowd and hie;  
 Said, Make thee ready, thou false stew-  
 ard,  
 For now thy death it drawes full nie.

101 Sayd he, If my death it doth draw nie,  
 God forgiue me all I haue done  
 amisse !  
 Where is *that* lady I haue loued soe  
 longe ?  
 Before my death to giue me a kisse.

102 ‘Away, thou traitor !’ the lady said,  
 ‘Auoyd out of my company !  
 For thy vild treason thou hast wrought,  
 Thou had need to cry to God for mer-  
 cye.’

- 103 First they tooke him and h[a]ngd him  
halfe,  
And let him downe before he was  
dead,  
And quartered him in quarters many,  
And sodde him in a boyling lead.
- 104 And then they tooke him out againe,  
And cutten all his ioynts in sunder,  
And burnte him eke vpon a hyll;  
I-wis the did him curstlye cumber.
- 105 A loud laughter the lady laught,  
O Lord ! she smiled merrylic;  
She said, I may praise my heauenly  
king  
That euer I seene this vile traytor die.
- 106 Then bespake the Duke of France,  
Vnto the right Lord of Learne sayd  
he there;  
Says, Lord of Learne, if thou wilt marry  
my daught[er]  
I'll mend thy liuing fife hundred a  
yeere.
- 107 But then bespake *that* bonie boy,  
And answered the Duke quicklie,  
I had rather marry your daughter with  
a ring of go[ld]  
Then all the gold *that* ere I blinket on  
with mine eye.
- 108 But then bespake the old Lord of  
Learne,  
To the Duke of France thus he did  
say,  
Seeing our children doe soe well agree,  
They shalbe married ere wee goe  
away.
- 109 The Lady of Learne shew was sent for  
Throughout Scotland soe speedilie,  
To see these two children sett vpp  
In their seats of gold full royallye.

272

## THE SUFFOLK MIRACLE

This ballad is, in a blurred, enfeebled, and disfigured shape, the representative in England of one of the most remarkable tales and one of the most impressive and beautiful ballads of the

European continent. The relationship is put beyond doubt by the existence of a story in Cornwall which comes much nearer to the Continental tale.

Long, long ago, Frank, a farmer's son, was in love with Nancy, a very attractive girl, who lived in the condition of a superior servant in his mother's house. Frank's parents opposed their matching, and sent the girl home to her mother; but the young pair continued to meet, and they bound themselves to each other for life or for death. To part them effectually, Frank was shipped for an India voyage. He could not write, and nothing was heard of him for nearly three years. On All-hallows-Eve Nancy went out with two companions to sow hemp-seed. Nancy began the rite, saying :

Hemp-seed, I sow thee,  
Hemp-seed, grow thee !  
And he who will my true-love be  
Come after me  
And shaw thee.

This she said three times, and then, looking back over her left shoulder, she saw Frank indeed, but he looked so angry that she shrieked, and so broke the spell. One night in November a ship was wrecked on the coast, and Frank was cast ashore, with just enough life in him to ask that he might be married to Nancy before he died, a wish which was not to be fulfilled. On the night of his funeral, as Nancy was about to lock the house-door, a horseman rode up. His face was deadly pale, but Nancy knew him to be her lover. He told her that he had just arrived home, and had come to fetch her and make her his bride. Nancy was easily induced to spring on the horse behind him. When she clasped Frank's waist, her arm became stiff as ice. The horse went at a furious pace; the moon came out in full splendor. Nancy saw that the rider was in grave-clothes. She had lost the power of speech, but, passing a blacksmith's shop, where the smith was still at work, she recovered voice and cried, Save me ! with all her might. The smith ran out with a hot iron in his hand, and, as the horse was rushing by, caught the girl's dress and pulled her to the ground. But the rider held on to the gown, and both Nancy and the smith were dragged on till they came near the churchyard. There the horse stopped for a moment, and the smith seized his chance to burn away the gown with his iron and free the girl. The horseman passed over the wall of the churchyard, and vanished at the grave in which the young man had been laid a few hours before. A piece of Nancy's dress was found on the grave. Nancy died before morning. It was said that one or two of the sailors who survived the wreck testified that Frank, on

Halloween, was like one mad, and, after great excitement, lay for hours as if dead, and that when he came to himself he declared that if he ever married the woman who had cast the spell, he would make her suffer for drawing his soul out of his body. (Popular Romances of the West of England, collected and edited by Robert Hunt, First Series, pp. 265-72, dating from about 1830.) A tale of a dead man coming on horseback to his inconsolable love, and carrying her to his grave, is widely spread among the Slavic people and the Austrian Germans, was well known a century ago among the northern Germans, and has lately been recovered in the Netherlands, Denmark, Iceland, and Brittany. Besides the tale in its integrity, certain verses which occur in it, and which are of a kind sure to impress the memory, are very frequent, and these give evidence of a very extensive distribution. The verses are to this effect:

The moon shines bright in the lift,  
The dead, they ride so swift,  
Love, art thou not afraid?

to which the lovelorn maid answers,

How fear, when I am with thee?

A portion (or portions) of a Low German tale of this class, the verses and a little more, was the basis of Bürger's 'Lenore,' composed in 1773. There are also ballads with the same story, one in German, several in Slavie, but these have not so original a stamp as the tale, and have perhaps sprung from it.

In marked and pleasing contrast with most of the versions of this tale, in so many copies grotesque and ferocious, is a dignified and tender ballad, in which the lovers are replaced by brother and sister. This ballad is found among the Servians, Bulgarians, Greeks, Albanians, and Roumanians. Professor Schischmánov (Indogermanische Forschungen, iv, 412-48, 1894) makes out a very strong probability of the derivation of all the ballads of 'The Dead Brother' from the Greek.

'The Suffolk Miracle,' broadsides. a. Wood, E. 25, fol. 83 [1689]. b. Roxburghe, II, 240; Moore's Pictorial Book of Ancient Ballad Poetry, p. 463.

1 A WONDER stranger ne'r was known  
Then what I now shall treat upon.  
In Suffolk there did lately dwell  
A farmer rich and known full well.

2 He had a daughter fair and bright,  
On whom he plac'd his chief delight.  
Her beauty was beyond compare,  
She was both virtuous and fair.

3 A young man there was living by,  
Who was so charmed with her eye  
That he could never be at rest,  
He was with love so much possess.

4 He made address to her, and she  
Did grant him love immediately;  
Which when her father came to hear,  
He parted her and her poor dear.

5 Forty miles distant was she sent,  
Unto his brother's, with intent  
That she should there so long remain  
Till she had chang'd her mind again.

6 Hereat this young man sadly grievd,  
But knew not how to be reliev'd;  
He sighd and sobd continually  
That his true love he could not see.

7 She by no means could to him send  
Who was her heart's espous'd friend;  
He sighd, she grievd, but all in vain,  
For she confin'd must still remain.

8 He mournd so much that doctor's art  
Could give no ease unto his heart;  
Who was so strang[e]ly terrified,  
That in short time for love he dyed.

9 She that from him was sent away  
Knew nothing of his dying-day,  
But constant still she did remain;  
To love the dead was then in vain.

10 After he had in grave been laid  
A month or more, unto this maid  
He comes about middle of the night,  
Who joyd to see her heart's delight.

11 Her father's horse, which well she  
knew,  
Her mother's hood and safeguard too,  
He brought with him to testifie  
Her parents' order he came by.

12 Which when her unckle understood,  
He hop't it would be for her good,  
And gave consent to her straightway  
That with him she should come away.

13 When she was got her love behind,  
They passd as swift as any wind,  
That in two hours, or little more,  
He brought her to her father's door.

- 14 But as they did this great haste make,  
He did complain his head did ake;  
Her handkerchief she then took out,  
And tyed the same his head about.
- 15 And unto him she thus did say:  
'Thou art as cold as any clay;  
When we come home, a fire wee 'l have;'  
But little dreamt he went to grave.
- 16 Soon were they at her father's door,  
And after she ne'r see him more;  
'I 'le set the horse up,' then he said,  
And there he left this harmless maid.
- 17 She knockt, and strait a man he cryed,  
'Who's there?' 'T is I,' she then re-  
plied;  
Who wondred much her voice to hear,  
And was possest with dread and fear.
- 18 Her father he did tell, and then  
He stared like an affrighted man:  
Down stairs he ran, and when he see  
her,  
Cry'd out, My child, how cam'st thou  
here?
- 19 'Pray, sir, did you not send for me,  
By such a messenger?' said she:  
Which made his hair stare on his head,  
As knowing well that he was dead.
- 20 'Where is he?' then to her he said;  
'He's in the stable,' quoth the maid.  
'Go in,' said he, 'and go to bed;  
I 'le see the horse well littered.'
- 21 He stared about, and there could hee  
No shape of any mankind see,  
But found his horse all on a sweat;  
Which made him in a deadly fret.
- 22 His daughter he said nothing to,  
Nor no one else, though well they knew  
That he was dead a month before,  
For fear of grieveing her full sore.
- 23 Her father to his father went  
Who was decesad, with this intent,  
To tell him what his daughter said;  
So both came back unto this maid.
- 24 They askd her, and she still did say  
'T was he that then brought her away;

Which when they heard they were amaz'd,  
And on each other strang[e]ly gaz'd.

- 25 A handkerchief she said she tyed  
About his head, and that they tryed;  
The sexton they did speak unto,  
That he the grave would then undo.
- 26 Affrighted then they did behold  
His body turning into mould,  
And though he had a month been dead,  
This kercheif was about his head.
- 27 This thing unto her then they told,  
And the whole truth they did unfold;  
She was thereat so terrified  
And grievd, she quickly after dyed.
- 28 Part not true love, you rich men, then;  
But, if they be right honest men  
Your daughters love, give them their  
way,  
For force oft breeds their lives' decay.

## 273

### KING EDWARD THE FOURTH AND A TANNER OF TAM- WORTH

In the Stationers' Registers, Oct. 6, 1600, there was entered to William White, by the consent of Widow Danter, 'A merye, pleasant and delectable history betwene Kinge Edward the IIIJ<sup>th</sup> and a Tanner of Tamworthe,' and, by like consent of the Widow Danter, "the bal-[l]ad of the same matter that was printed by her husband John Danter." Arber, III, 173. The ballad mentioned in this entry is unquestionably our ballad, or an earlier form of it. No copy from the first half of the seventeenth century is known to be preserved. The "delectable history" entered under the same date is extant in an edition of 1596, printed by John Danter, and in one of 1613, printed by William White (both edited in Child, v, 81 ff.). The ballad, as we have it, was made by abridging the fifty-six stanzas of the history to thirty-nine, with other changes. The history itself has its undoubted original in 'The King and the Barker' (printed in Child, v, 73 ff.), between which and the history, though the former has come down to us in a sadly mutilated condition, and has been freely treated in the remodelling, there still remain a few verbal correspondences. Several good points are added in the history, and one or two dropped.



Other similar rhymed tales in English are John the Reeve (Percy MS.), Rauf Coilyear, King Edward III and the Shepherd (Hartshorne's Ancient Metrical Tales), King Henry II and the Miller of Mansfield (Child, v, 84 ff.), etc.

a. Wood, 401, fol. 44. b. Douce, i, 109.  
c. Roxburghe, i, 176, 177; Chappell, Roxburghe Ballads, i, 529.

1 In summer time, when leaves grew green,  
and birds were singing on every tree,  
King Edward would a hunting ride,  
some pastime for to see.

2 Our king he would a hunting ride,  
by eight a clock of the day,  
And well was he ware of a bold tanner,  
came riding on the way.

3 A good russet coat the tanner had on,  
fast buttoned under his chin,  
And under him a good cow-hide,  
and a mare of four shilling.

4 'Now stand you here, my good lords all,  
under this trusty tree,  
And I will wend to yonder fellow,  
to know from whence came he.

5 'God speed, God speed,' then said our king;  
'thou art welcome, good fellow,' quoth he;  
'Which is the way to Drayton Basset  
I pray thee shew to me.'

6 'The ready way to Drayton Basset,  
from this place as thou dost stand,  
The next pair of gallows thou comst to  
thou must turn up [on] thy right hand.'

7 'That is not the way,' then said our king,  
'the ready way I pray thee shew me;'  
'Whether thou be thief or true man,'  
quoth the tanner,  
'I'm weary of thy company.'

8 'Away, with a vengeance,' quoth the tanner,  
'I hold thee out of thy wit,  
For all this day have I ridden and gone,  
And I am fasting yet.'

9 'Go with me to Drayton Basset,' said our king,  
'no dainties we will lack;  
We'll have meat and drink of the best,  
And I will pay the shot.'

10 'Godamercy for nothing,' said the tanner,  
'thou shalt pay for no dinner of mine;  
I have more groats and nobles in my purse  
then thou hast pence in thine.'

11 'God save your goods,' then said the king,  
'and send them well to thee!'  
'Be thou thief or true man,' quoth the tanner,  
'I am weary of thy company.'

12 'Away, with a vengeance,' quoth the tanner,  
'of thee I stand in fear;  
The apparel thou wearst on thy back  
May seem a good lord to wear.'

13 'I never stole them,' said our king,  
'I swear to thee by the rood;'  
'Thou art some ruffian of the country,  
thou rid'st in the midst of thy good.'

14 'What news dost thou hear?' then said our king,  
'I pray what news do you hear?'  
'I hear no news,' answered the tanner,  
'but that cow-hides be dear.'

15 'Cow-hides? cow-hides?' then said our king,  
'I marvel what they be;'  
'Why, art thou a fool?' quoth the tanner,  
'look, I have one under me.'

16 'Yet one thing now I would thee pray,  
so that thou wouldst not be strange;  
If thy mare be better then my steed,  
I pray thee let us change.'

17 'But if you needs with me will change,  
As change full well may ye,  
By the faith of my body,' quoth the tanner,  
'I look to have boot of thee.'



- 18 'What boot wilt thou ask?' then said  
our king,  
'what boot dost thou ask on this  
ground?'
- 'No pence nor half-pence,' said the tan-  
ner,  
'but a noble in gold so round.'
- 19 'Here's twenty good groats,' then said  
the king,  
'so well paid see you be;'  
'I love thee better then I did before,  
I thought thou hadst nere a penny.'
- 20 'But if so be we needs must change,  
as change thou must abide,  
Though thou hast gotten Brock my  
mare,  
thou shalt not have my cow-hide.'
- 21 The tanner took the good cow-hide,  
that of the cow was hilt,  
And threw it upon the king's saddle,  
that was so fairly guilt.
- 22 'Now help me, help me,' quoth the tan-  
ner,  
'Full quickly that I were gone,  
For when I come home to Gillian my  
wife  
she'll say I'm a gentleman.'
- 23 The king took the tanner by the leg,  
he girded a fart so round;  
'You'r very homely,' said the king,  
'were I aware, I'd laid you o th'  
ground.'
- 24 But when the tanner was in the king's  
saddle  
aston'd then he was;  
He knew not the stirrups that he did  
wear,  
whether they were gold or brass.
- 25 But when the steed saw the black cow-  
tale wag,  
for and the black cow-horn,  
The steed began to run away,  
as the divel the tanner had born.
- 26 Untill he came unto a nook,  
a little beside an ash;  
The steed gave the tanner such a fall  
his neck was almost brast.
- 27 'Take thy horse again, with a ven-  
geance,' he said,  
'with me he shall not abide;'  
'It is no marvell,' said the king, and  
laught,  
'he knew not your cow-hide.'
- 28 'But if that we needs now must change,  
as change that well we mought,  
I'll swear to you plain, if you have  
your mare,  
I look to have some boot.'
- 29 'What boot will you ask?' quoth the  
tanner,  
'What boot will you ask on this  
ground?'
- 'No pence nor half-pence,' said our king,  
'but a noble in gold so round.'
- 30 'Here's twenty [good] groats,' said the  
tanner,  
'and twenty more I have of thine;  
I have ten groats more in my purse,  
we'll drink five of them at the wine.'
- 31 The king set a bugle-horne to his  
mouth,  
that blew both loud and shrill,  
And five hundred lords and knights  
came riding over a hill.
- 32 'Away, with a vengeance,' quoth the  
tanner,  
'with thee I'll no longer abide;  
Thou art a strong thief, yonder be thy  
fellows,  
they will steal away my cow-hide.'
- 33 'No, I protest,' then said our king,  
'for so it may not be;  
They be the lords of Drayton Basset,  
come out of the North Country.'
- 34 But when they came before the king  
full low they fell on their knee;  
The tanner had rather then a thousand  
pound  
he had been out of his company.
- 35 'A collar! a collar!' then said the king,  
'a collar!' then did he cry;  
Then would he have given a thousand  
pound  
he had not been so nigh.

‘A collar? a collar?’ then quoth the tanner,  
 ‘it is a thing which will breed sorrow;  
 For after a collar commeth a halter,  
 and I shall be hanged tomorrow.’

‘No, do not fear,’ the king did say;  
 ‘for pastime thou hast shown me,  
 No collar nor halter thou shalt have,  
 but I will give thee a fee.

‘For Plompton Park I will give thee,  
 with tenements three beside,  
 Which is worth three hundred pound a  
 year,  
 to maintain thy good cow-hide.’

‘Godamercy, Godamercy,’ quoth the tanner;  
 ‘for this good deed thou hast done,  
 If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth,  
 thou shalt have clouting-leather for  
 thy shone.’

## 274

## OUR GOODMAN

THIS is a broadside version which has had an interesting history on the Continent. It was translated into German by Friedrich Wilhelm Meyer, in 1789, in very happy style, with a *nouveau* in which the man gives his wife a beating and explains his cuffs as caresses which her mother has sent her. Meyer's ballad was printed in 1790. It had great and immediate success, was circulated as a broadside, and was taken up by the people, in whose mouth it underwent the usual treatment of ballads traditionally propagated. From Germany it spread to Scandinavia and Hungary, and perhaps elsewhere.

A similar ballad, ‘Marion’ or ‘Le Jaloux,’ is common in France, especially in the south. For a serious ballad exhibiting similar questions and evasions, see ‘Clerk Saunders’ (No. 9 F).

## A

Herd's MSS., I, 140; Herd's Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, 1776, II, 172.

HAME came our goodman,  
 And hame came he,  
 And then he saw a saddle-horse,  
 Where nae horse should be.

2 ‘What's this now, goodwife?  
 What's this I see?  
 How came this horse here,  
 Without the leave o me?’

*Recitative.* ‘A horse?’ quo she.  
 ‘Ay, a horse,’ quo he.

3 ‘Shame fa your cuckold face,  
 Ill mat ye see!  
 ‘Tis naething but a broad sow,  
 My minnie sent to me.’

‘A broad sow?’ quo he.  
 ‘Ay, a sow,’ quo shee.

4 ‘Far hae I ridden,  
 And farer hae I gane,  
 But a saddle on a sow's back  
 I never saw nane.’

5 Hame came our goodman,  
 And hame came he;  
 He spy'd a pair of jack-boots,  
 Where nae boots should be.

6 ‘What's this now, goodwife?  
 What's this I see?  
 How came these boots here,  
 Without the leave o me?’

‘Boots?’ quo she.  
 ‘Ay, boots,’ quo he.

7 ‘Shame fa your cuckold face,  
 And ill mat ye see!  
 It's but a pair of water-stoups,  
 My minnie sent to me.’

‘Water-stoups?’ quo he.  
 ‘Ay, water-stoups,’ quo she.

8 ‘Far hae I ridden,  
 And farer hae I gane,  
 But siller spurs on water-stoups  
 I saw never nane.’

9 Hame came our goodman,  
 And hame came he,  
 And he saw a sword,  
 Where a sword should na be.

10 ‘What's this now, goodwife?  
 What's this I see?  
 How came this sword here,  
 Without the leave o me?’

- 'A sword?' quo she.  
'Ay, a sword,' quo he.
- 11 'Shame fa your cuckold face,  
Ill mat ye see!  
It's but a porridge-spurtle,  
My minnie sent to me.'
- 'A spurtle?' quo he.  
'Ay, a spurtle,' quo she.
- 12 'Far hae I ridden,  
And farer hae I gane,  
But siller-handed spurtles  
I saw never nane.'
- 13 Hame came our goodman,  
And hame came he;  
There he spy'd a powderd wig,  
Where nae wig shoud be.
- 14 'What's this now, goodwife?  
What's this I see?  
How came this wig here,  
Without the leave o me?'
- 'A wig?' quo she.  
'Ay, a wig,' quo he.
- 15 'Shame fa your cuckold face,  
And ill mat you see!  
'Tis naething but a clocken-hen,  
My minnie sent to me.'
- 'Clocken hen?' quo he.  
'Ay, clocken hen,' quo she.
- 16 'Far hae I ridden,  
And farer hae I gane,  
But powder on a clocken-hen  
I saw never nane.'
- 17 Hame came our goodman,  
And hame came he,  
And there he saw a muckle coat,  
Where nae coat shoud be.
- 18 'What's this now, goodwife?  
What's this I see?  
How came this coat here,  
Without the leave o me?'
- 'A coat?' quo she.  
'Ay, a coat,' quo he.

- 19 'Shame fa your cuckold face,  
Ill mat ye see!  
It's but a pair o blankets,  
My minnie sent to me.'
- 'Blankets?' quo he.  
'Ay, blankets,' quo she.
- 20 'Far hae I ridden,  
And farer hae I gane,  
But buttons upon blankets  
I saw never nane.'
- 21 Ben went our goodman,  
And ben went he,  
And there he spy'd a sturdy man,  
Where nae man shoud be.
- 22 'What's this now, goodwife?  
What's this I see?  
How came this man here,  
Without the leave o me?'
- 'A man?' quo she.  
'Ay, a man,' quo he.
- 23 'Poor blind body,  
And blinder mat ye be!  
It's a new milking-maid,  
My mither sent to me.'
- 'A maid?' quo he.  
'Ay, a maid,' quo she.
- 24 'Far hae I ridden,  
And farer hae I gane,  
But lang-bearded maidens  
I saw never nane.'

## B

'The Merry Cuckold and Kind Wife,'  
broadside: Printed and Sold at the Printing  
Office in Bow Church-Yard, London.

- 1 O I WENT into the stable,  
and there for to see,  
And there I saw three horses stand,  
by one, by two, and by three.
- 2 O I calld to my loving wife,  
and 'Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
'O what do these three horses here,  
without the leave of me?'
- 3 'Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
can't you very well see?

These are three milking-cows,  
my mother sent to me.'

4 'Heyday! Godzounds! Milking-cows  
with bridles and saddles on!  
the like was never known!'

Old Wichet a cuckold went out,  
and a cuckold he came home.

5 O I went into the kitchen,  
and there for to see,  
And there I saw three swords hang,  
by one, by two, and by three.

6 O I calld to my loving wife,  
and 'Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
'O what do these three swords do here,  
without the leave of me?'

7 'Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
can't you very well see?  
They are three roasting-spits,  
my mother sent to me.'

8 'Heyday! Godzounds! Roasting spits  
with scabbards on!  
the like was never known!'  
Old Wichet a cuckold went out,  
and a cuckold he came home.

9 O I went into the parlour,  
and there for to see,  
And there I saw three cloaks hang,  
by one, by two, and by three.

10 O I calld to my loving wife,  
and 'Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
'O what do these three cloaks do here,  
without the leave of me?'

11 'Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
can't you very well see?  
These are three mantuas,  
my mother sent to me.'

12 'Heyday! Godzounds! Mantuas with  
capes on!  
the like was never known!'  
Old Wichet a cuckold went out,  
and a cuckold he came home.

13 I went into the pantry,  
and there for to see,  
And there I saw three pair of boots hang,  
by one, by two, and by three.

14 O I called to my loving wife,  
and 'Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
'O what do these three pair of boots do  
here,  
without the leave of me?'

15 'Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
can't you very well see?  
These are three pudding-bags,  
my mother sent to me.'

16 'Heyday! Godzounds! Pudding-bags  
with spurs on!  
the like was never known!'  
Old Wichet a cuckold went out,  
and a cuckold he came home.

17 I went into my closet,  
and there for to see,  
And there I saw three pair of breeches  
lie,  
by one, by two, and by three.

18 O I calld to my loving wife,  
and 'Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
'O what do these three pair of breeches  
do here,  
without the leave of me?'

19 'Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
can't you very well see?  
These are three petticoats,  
my mother sent to me.'

20 'Heyday! Godzounds! Petticoats with  
waistbands on!  
the like was never known!'  
Old Wichet a cuckold went out,  
and a cuckold he came home.

21 I went into the dairy,  
and there for to see,  
And there I saw three hats hang,  
by one, by two, and by three.

22 I calld to my loving wife,  
and 'Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
'Pray what do these three hats do  
here,  
without the leave of me?'

23 'Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
can't you very well see?  
They are three skimming-dishes,  
my mother sent to me.'

24 'Heyday; Godzounds! Skimming-dishes with hat-bands on!  
the like was never known!' Old Wichet a cuckold went out,  
and a cuckold he came home.

25 I went into the chamber,  
and there for to see,  
And there I saw three men in bed lie,  
by one, by two, and by three.

26 I called to my loving wife,  
and 'Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
'O what do these three men in bed,  
without the leave of me?'

27 'Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
don't you very well see?  
They are three milking-maids,  
my mother sent to me.'

28 'Heyday! Godzounds! Milking-maids  
with beards on!  
the like was never known!' Old Wichet a cuckold went out,  
and a cuckold he came home.

## 275

## GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR

This tale is one of a group which may or may not have had a single archetype. Of the varieties, that which comes nearest is the first story in Straparola's *Eighth Day*. The story is well known in the East (see, for example, *Forty Vezirs*, Gibb, p. 171) and elsewhere (see Crane, *Italian Popular Tales*, p. 284).

## A

a. Herd, 'Get up and bar the Door,' *The Ancient and Modern Scots Songs*, 1769, p. 330; *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*, 1776, II, 159. b. [Pinkerton], *Select Scottish Ballads*, 1788, II, 150.

1 It fell about the Martinmas time,  
And a gay time it was then,  
When our goodwife got puddings to make,  
And she's boild them in the pan.

2 The wind sae cauld blew south and north,  
And blew into the floor;  
Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,  
'Gae out and bar the door.'

3 'My hand is in my hussyfskap,  
Goodman, as ye may see;  
An it shoud nae be barrd this hundred year,  
It's no be barrd for me.'

4 They made a paction tween them twa,  
They made it firm and sure,  
That the first word whaeer shoud speak  
Shoud rise and bar the door.

5 Then by there came two gentlemen,  
At twelve o'clock at night,  
And they could neither see house nor hall,  
Nor coal nor candle-light.

6 'Now whether is this a rich man's house  
Or whether is it a poor?'  
But neer a word wad ane o them speak  
For barring of the door.

7 And first they ate the white puddings,  
And then they ate the black;  
Tho muckle thought the goodwife to hersel,  
Yet neer a word she spake.

8 Then said the one unto the other,  
'Here, man, tak ye my knife;  
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,  
And I'll kiss the goodwife.'

9 'But there's nae water in the house,  
And what shall we do than?'  
'What ails ye at the pudding-broo,  
That boils into the pan?'

10 O up then started our goodman,  
An angry man was he:  
'Will ye kiss my wife before my een,  
And scad me wi pudding-bree?'

11 Then up and started our goodwife,  
Gied three skips on the floor:  
'Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word,  
Get up and bar the door.'

## B

'John Blunt,' Macmath MS., p. 74. "From the singing of Miss Jane Webster, 15th October, 1886, and 20th August, 1887, who learned it at Airds of Kells, Kirkcubrightshire, many years ago, from James McJannet."



1 THERE leaved a wee man at the fit o  
yon hill,  
John Blunt it was his name, O  
And he sell'd liquor and ale o the best,  
And bears a wondrous fame. O  
Tal lara ta lilt, tal lare a lilt,  
Tal lara ta lilt, tal lara

2 The win it blew frae north to south,  
It blew into the floor;  
Says auld John Blunt to Janet the wife,  
Ye maun rise up and bar the door.

3 'My hans are in my husseyskep,  
I canna weel get them free,  
And if ye dinna bar it yersel  
It'll never be barred by me.'

4 They made it up atween them twa,  
They made it unco sure,  
That the ane that spoke the foremost word  
Was to rise and bar the door.

5 There was twa travellers travelling late,  
Was travelling cross the muir,  
And they cam unto wee John Blunt's,  
Just by the light o the door.

6 'O whether is this a rich man's house,  
Or whether is it a puir?'  
But never a word would the auld bodies  
speak,  
For the barring o the door.

7 First they bad good een to them,  
And syne they bad good morrow;  
But never a word would the auld bodies  
speak,  
For the barring o the door, O.

8 First they ate the white puddin,  
And syne they ate the black,  
And aye the auld wife said to hersel,  
May the deil slip down wi that!

9 And next they drank o the liquor sae  
strong,  
And syne they drank o the yill:  
'Now since we hae got a house o our ain  
I'm sure we may tak our fill.'

0 It's says the ane unto the ither,  
Here, man, tak ye my knife,  
An ye'll scrape aff the auld man's beard,  
While I kiss the gudewife.

11 'Ye hae eaten my meat, ye hae drucken  
my drink,  
Ye'd make my auld wife a whore!'  
'John Blunt, ye hae spoken the fore-  
most word,  
Ye maun rise up and bar the door.'

276

## THE FRIAR IN THE WELL

A reference of Skelton's in his *Colyn Cloute* (vv. 879 ff.) carries the story, and almost certainly the ballad, back to the first quarter of the sixteenth century. The Scottish ballad (B) is an improvement on the English. The tale appears to be of Oriental origin. It is also represented in English by 'The Wright's Chaste Wife,' by Adam of Cobsam.

## A

a. 'The Fryer well fitted,' etc., Rawlinson Ballads, 566, fol. 63, 4°. b. 'The Fryer well fitted,' etc., Roxburghe Ballads, II, 172; Ebsworth, Roxburghe Ballads, VII, 222. c. 'The Fryer and the Maid,' D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, ed. 1719, III, 325.

1 As I lay musing all alone,  
fa, la, la, la, la  
A pretty jeast I thought upon;  
fa, la, la, la, la  
Then listen a while, and I will you tell  
Of a fryer that loved a bonny lass well.  
fa, la, la, la, la  
fa, la, la, lang-tre-down-dilly

2 He came to the maid when she went to  
bed,  
Desiring to have her maidenhead,  
But she deny'd his desire,  
And told him that she feard hell-fire.

3 'Tush,' quoth the fryer, 'thou needst  
not doubt  
If thou wert in hell I could sing thee  
out;'  
'Then,' quoth the maid, 'thou shalt have  
thy request;'  
The fryer was glad as a fox in his nest.

4 'But one thing,' quoth she, 'I do desire,  
Before you have what you require;  
Before that you shall do the thing.  
An angel of mony thou shalt me bring.'

- 5 'Tush,' quoth the fryer, 'we shall agree,  
No mony shall part my love and me;  
Before that I will see thee lack,  
I 'le pawn the grey gown from my back.'
- 6 The maid bethought her of a wile  
How she the fryer might beguile;  
While he was gone, the truth to tell,  
She hung a cloth before the well.
- 7 The fryer came, as his covenant was,  
With money to his bonny lass;  
'Good morrow, fair maid!' 'Good  
morrow!' quoth she.  
'Here is the mony I promised thee.'
- 8 She thankt the man, and she took his  
mony:  
'Now let us go to 't,' quoth he, 'sweet  
hony:'  
'O stay,' quoth she, 'some respite make,  
My father comes, he will me take.'
- 9 'Alas!' quoth the fryer, 'where shall I  
run,  
To hide me till that he be gone?'  
'Behinde the cloath run thou,' quoth she,  
'And there my father cannot thee see.'
- 10 Behind the cloath the fryer crept,  
And into the well on the sudden he  
leapt;  
'Alas,' quoth he, 'I am in the well!'  
'No matter,' quoth she, 'if thou wert in  
hell.'
- 11 'Thou sayst thou couldst sing me out of  
hell,  
Now prithee sing thy self out of the  
well:'  
The fryer sung with a pittiful sound,  
Oh help me out, or I shall be dround!
- 12 'I trow,' quoth she, 'your courage is  
coold.'  
Quoth the fryer, I was never so foold,  
I never was servèd so before.  
'Then take heed,' quoth she, 'thou  
comst there ne more.'
- 13 Quoth he, For sweet Saint Francis sake  
On his disciple some pitty take:  
Quoth she, Saint Francis never taught  
His scholars to tempt young maids to  
nought.

- 14 The fryer did entreat her still  
That she should help him out of the well;  
She heard him make such pittious moan  
She helpd him out, and bid him be gone.
- 15 Quoth he, Shall I have my mony again,  
Which thou from me hast beforehand  
tane?  
Good sir,' said she, 'there's no such  
matter;  
I 'le make you pay for fouling my  
water.'
- 16 The fryer went all along the street,  
Dropping wet, like a new-washd sheep;  
Both old and young commended the  
maid  
That such a witty prank had plaid.

## B

a. 'The Friar and Fair Maid,' Buchan's MSS., II, 351. b. 'The Friar,' Kinloch MSS., VI, 97, in Kinloch's handwriting. c. Kinloch MSS., V, 60, in the handwriting of James Beattie.

- 1 O HEARKEN and hear, and I will you tell  
Sing, Faldidae, faldidadi  
Of a friar that loved a fair maiden well.  
Sing, Faldi dadi di di (*bis*)
- 2 The friar he came to this maiden's bed-  
side,  
And asking for her maidenhead.
- 3 'O I would grant you your desire,  
If't werena for fear o hell's burning fire.'
- 4 'O hell's burning fire ye need have no  
doubt;  
Altho you were in, I could whistle you  
out.'
- 5 'O if I grant to you this thing,  
Some money you unto me must bring.'
- 6 He brought her the money, and did it  
down tell;  
She had a white cloth spread over the  
well.
- 7 Then the fair maid cried out that her  
master was come;  
'O,' said the friar, 'then where shall I  
run?'

- 8 'O ye will go in behind yon screen,  
And then by my master ye winna be seen.'
- 9 Then in behind the screen she him sent,  
But he fell into the well by accident.
- 10 Then the friar cried out with a piteous  
moan,  
O help! O help me! or else I am gone.
- 11 'Ye said ye wad whistle me out o hell;  
Now whistle your ain sel out o the well.'
- 12 She helped him out and bade him be gone;  
The friar he asked his money again.
- 13 'As for your money, there is no much  
matter  
To make you pay more for jumblin' our  
water.'
- 14 Then all who hear it commend this fair  
maid  
For the nimble trick to the friar she  
played.
- 15 The friar he walked on the street,  
And shaking his lugs like a well-washen  
sheep.

## 277

THE WIFE WRAPT IN  
WETHER'S SKIN

The story of the ballad was in all likelihood traditionally derived from the good old tale of the Wife Lapped in Morrel's Skin (Hazlitt's *Early Popular Poetry*, iv, 179). Here a husband, who has put up with a great deal from an excessively restive wife, flays his old horse Morrell and salts the hide, takes the shrew down cellar, and, after a sharp contest for mastery, beats her with birchen rods till she swoons, then wraps her in the salted hide: by which process the woman is perfectly reformed.

## A

a. 'Sweet Robin,' Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, i, 319. "From the recitation of a friend of the editor's in Morayshire."

- 1 SHE wadna bake, she wadna brew,  
Hollin, green hollin  
For spoiling o her comely hue.  
Bend your bow, Robin

- 2 She wadna wash, she wadna wring,  
For spoiling o her gay goud ring.
- 3 Robin he's gane to the fald  
And caught a weather by the spauld.
- 4 And he has killed his weather black  
And laid the skin upon her back.
- 5 'I darena pay you, for your kin,  
But I can pay my weather's skin.
- 6 'I darena pay my lady's back,  
But I can pay my weather black.'
- 7 'O Robin, Robin, lat me be,  
And I'll a good wife be to thee.
- 8 'It's I will wash, and I will wring,  
And never mind my gay goud ring.
- 9 'It's I will bake, and I will brew,  
And never mind my comely hue.
- 10 'And gin ye thinkna that enugh,  
I'se tak the goad and I'se ca the pleugh.
- 11 'Gin ye ca for mair whan that is doon,  
I'll sit i the neuk and I'll dight your  
shoon.'

## B

'Robin he's gane to the wude,' Harris MS.,  
fol. 26 b, No. 25, from Miss Harris.

- 1 ROBIN he's gane to the wast,  
Hollin, green hollin  
He's waled a wife amang the warst.  
Bend your bows, Robin
- 2 She could neither bake nor brew,  
For spoilin o her bonnie hue.
- 3 She could neither spin nor caird,  
But fill the cup, an sair the laird.
- 4 She could neither wash nor wring,  
For spoilin o her gay goud ring.
- 5 Robin's sworn by the rude  
That he wald mak an ill wife gude.
- 6 Robin he's gaun to the fauld,  
An taen his blaik [wither] by the  
spauld.

- 7 He's taen aff his wither's skin  
An he has preened his ain wife in.
- 8 'I daurna beat my wife, for a' her kin,  
But I may beat my wither's skin.'
- 9 'I can baith bake an brew;  
What care I for my bonnie hue ?
- 10 'I can baith wash an wring;  
What care I for my gay gowd ring ?
- 11 'I can baith spin an caird;  
Lat onybody sair the laird.'
- 12 Robin's sworn by the rude  
That he has made an ill wife gude.

## D

Jamieson-Brown MS., Appendix, p. iii, letter  
of R. Scott to Jamieson, June 9, 1805.

- 1 THERE livd a laird down into Fife,  
Riftly, raftly, now, now, now  
An he has married a bonny young  
wife.  
Hey Jock Simpleton, Jenny['s] white  
petticoat,  
Robin a Rashes, now, now, now
- 2 Hecourted her and he brought her hame,  
An thought she would prove a thrifty  
dame.
- 3 She could neither spin nor caird,  
But sit in her chair and dawt the laird.
- 4 She wadna bake and she wadna brew,  
An a' was for spoiling her delicate hue.
- 5 She wadna wash nor wad she wring,  
For spoiling o her gay gowd ring.
- 6 But he has taen him to his sheep-fauld,  
An taen the best weather by the spauld.
- 7 Aff o the weather he took the skin,  
An rowt his bonny lady in.
- 8 'I dare na thump you, for your proud  
kin,  
But well sall I lay to my ain weather's  
skin.'

\* \* \* \* \*

## F

From the recitation of Miss Lydia R. Nichols,  
Salem, Massachusetts, as heard in the early  
years of the nineteenth century; sung by a  
New England country fellow on ship-board:  
*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vii, 253 ff.,  
1894.

- 1 SWEET WILLIAM he married a wife,  
Gentle Jenny cried rosemaree  
To be the sweet comfort of his life.  
As the dew flies over the mulberry  
tree.
- 2 Jenny couldnt in the kitchen to go,  
For fear of dirting her white-heeled  
shoes.
- 3 Jenny couldnt wash, and Jenny couldnt  
bake,  
For fear of dirting her white apurn tape.
- 4 Jenny couldnt card, and Jenny couldnt  
spin,  
For fear of hurting her gay gold ring.
- 5 Sweet William came whistling in from  
plaow,  
Says, 'O my dear wife, is my dinner  
ready naow ?'
- 6 She called him a dirty paltry whelp:  
'If you want any dinner, go get it your-  
self.'
- 7 Sweet William went aout unto the sheep-  
fold,  
And aout a fat wether he did pull.
- 8 And daown on his knees he began for  
to stick,  
And quicklie its skin he thereof did strip.
- 9 He took the skin and laid on his wife's  
back,  
And with a good stick went whikety  
whack.
- 10 'I'll tell my father and all my kin  
How still a quarrel you've begun.'
- 11 'You may tell your father and all your  
kin  
How I have thrashed my fat wether's  
skin.'

- 12 Sweet William came whistling in from  
plaow,  
Says, 'O my dear wife, is my dinner  
ready naow?'
- 13 She drew her table and spread her board,  
And, 'Oh my dear husband,' was every  
word.
- 14 And naow they live free from all care  
and strife,  
And naow she makes William a very  
good wife.

## 278

## THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE

A curst wife who was a terror to demons is a feature in a widely spread and highly humorous tale, Oriental and European. See Benfey, *Pantschatantra*, I, 519-34; and, for a variety which is, at the beginning, quite close to our ballad, Ralston, *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 39.

## A

'The Farmer's Old Wife,' Dixon, *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs*, p. 210, Percy Society, vol. XVII.

- 1 THERE was an old farmer in Sussex did  
dwell,  
(*Chorus of whistlers*)  
There was an old farmer in Sussex did  
dwell,  
And he had a bad wife, as many knew  
well.  
(*Chorus of whistlers*)
- 2 Then Satan came to the old man at the  
plough:  
'One of your family I must have now.
- 3 'It is not your eldest son that I crave,  
But it is your old wife, and she I will  
have.'
- 4 'O welcome, good Satan, with all my  
heart!  
I hope you and she will never more part.'
- 5 Now Satan has got the old wife on his  
back,  
And he lugged her along, like a pedlar's  
pack.

- 6 He trudged away till they came to his  
hall-gate;  
Says he, Here, take in an old Sussex  
chap's mate.
- 7 O then she did kick the young imps  
about;  
Says one to the other, Let's try turn  
her out.
- 8 She spied thirteen imps all dancing in  
chains,  
She up with her pattens and beat out  
their brains.
- 9 She knocked the old Satan against the  
wall:  
'Let's turn her out, or she'll murder  
us all.'
- 10 Now he's bundled her up on his back  
amain,  
And to her old husband he took her again.
- 11 'I have been a tormentor the whole of  
my life,  
But I neer was tormented so as with  
your wife.'

## B

Macmath MS., p. 96. Taken down by Mr Macmath from the recitation of his aunt, Miss Jane Webster, Crossmichael, Kirkcudbrightshire, August 27th, 1892; learned many years ago, at Airds of Kells, from the singing of Samuel Galloway.

- 1 THE auld Deil cam to the man at the  
pleugh,  
Rumchy ae de aidie  
Saying, I wish ye gude luck at the mak-  
ing o yer sheugh.  
Mushy toorin an ant tan aira.
- 2 'It's neither your oxen nor you that I  
crave;  
It's that old scolding woman, it's her  
I must have.'
- 3 'Ye're welcome to her wi a' my gude  
heart;  
I wish you and her it's never may part.'
- 4 She jumpet on to the auld Deil's back,  
And he carried her awa like a pedlar's  
pack.



5 He carried her on till he cam to hell's  
door,  
He gaed her a kick till she landed in  
the floor.

6 She saw seven wee deils a' sitting in a  
raw,  
She took up a mell and she murdered  
them a'.

7 A wee reekit deil lookit owre the wa:  
'O tak her awa, or she 'll ruin us a'.'

8 'O what to do wi her I canna weel tell;  
She 's no fit for heaven, and she 'll no  
bide in hell.'

\* \* \* \* \*

9 She jumpit on to the auld Deil's back,  
And he carried her back like a pedlar's  
pack.

\* \* \* \* \*

10 She was seven year gaun, and seven  
year comin,  
And she cried for the sowens she left in  
the pot.

280

## THE BEGGAR-LADDIE

This resembles the well-known rhymed tale  
of The Gaberlunzie-Man, but has a romantic  
conclusion, resembling that of 'Lizie Lindsay'  
(No. 226).

A

'The Shiperd Boy,' Old Lady's Collection,  
No. 35; north of Scotland.

1 SHIPERD-BOY, what is yer trade ?  
Or what way do ye wine yer bread ?  
Or what way do ye wine yer bread,  
Fan the kipeng nout gies over ?

2 'Spindels an forls it is my trade,  
An bits of sticks to them who nead,  
Whelk is a gentell trade indeed;  
Bony lassie, cane ye lea me ?'

3 'I lea you as I supos  
Rachell loued Jacob of old,  
As Jason loied his flice of gould,  
Sae dearly do I lea ye.

4 'Ye cast off yer clouty coat,  
An ye pitt one my scarlett cloke,  
An I will follou you just att the back,  
Becass ye are a bonny laddie.'

5 He cust off his cloutty coat,  
An he patt on her scarlet cloke,  
An she folloued him just att the back,  
Becaus he was a bonny laddie.

6 They gaed on, an forder on,  
Till they came to yon borrous-toun;  
She bought a loaf an they both satt  
doun,  
Bat she ate no we her laddie.

7 They gaed on, an forder one,  
Till they came to the nest borrous-toun;  
I wat the lassie louked doun,  
For the follouing of her laddie.

8 'O if I wer on the head of yon hill,  
There I wad greet my fill,  
For the follouing of my laddie.'

9 'O had yer tounge, my dearest dear,  
I ill ha ye back as I brought ye hear,  
For I canna bear yer morning.'

10 'O had yer tounge, my dearest dear,  
I will gae throu the warld baith far an  
near,  
Becaus ye 'r a bonny ladie.'

11 They gad on, an forder on,  
Till they came to his father's' haa,  
An he knoked ther fue loudly.

12 'O had yer hand, my dear[est] dear,  
An dou not knoke sae loudly,  
For fear they sud be angry.'

13 Four-an-tuenty gentilmen  
They conved the beager ben,  
An as mony gay ladès  
Conved the beager's lassie.

14 His brother lead her throu the haa:  
'I wis, brother, we had beagged a',  
For sick a bonny lassie.'

15 That same night she was bedded,  
An the nist morning she was wedded;  
She came to gued by grait misgiding,  
By the follouing of her laddie.

282

JOCK THE LEG AND THE  
MERRY MERCHANT

This piece, but for names (and Jock the Leg is only a thin shrouding for Little John), might have gone with the Robin Hood ballads. It was composed, probably, in the last half of the eighteenth century, and for hawker's purposes, but it is a better ballad, imitation as it is, than some of the seventeenth-century broadsides of the same class (which is indeed saying very little). The fight for the pack we have in 'The Bold Pedlar and Robin Hood' (No. 132); the "asking" of a blast on the horn and the scornful reply, in 'Robin Hood and the Shepherd' (No. 135).

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland,  
II, 165.

- 1 As Jock the Leg and the merry merchant  
Came from yon borrow's town,  
They took their budgets on their backs,  
And fieldert they were boun.
- 2 But they came to a tavern-house,  
Where chapmen used to be:  
'Provide, provide,' said Jock the Leg,  
'A good supper for me.
- 3 'For the merry merchant shall pay it a',  
Tho it were good merks three;  
'But never a penny,' said the merry  
merchant,  
'But shot, as it fa's me.
- 4 'A bed, a bed,' said the merry merchant,  
'It's time to go to rest;'  
'And that ye shall,' said the good good-  
wife,  
'And your covrings o the best.'
- 5 Then Jock the Leg in one chamber was  
laid,  
The merchant in another,  
And lockfast door atween them twa,  
That the one might not see the other.
- 6 But the merchant was not well lain down,  
Nor yet well fa'en asleep,  
Till up it starts him Jock the Leg,  
Just at the merchant's feet.
- 7 'Win up, win up,' said Jock the Leg,  
'We might hae been miles three;'

'But never a foot,' said the merry mer-  
chant,  
'Till day that I do see.

- 8 'For I cannot go by Barnisdale,  
Nor yet by Coventry;  
For Jock the Leg, that common thief,  
Would take my pack from me.'
- 9 'I'll hae you in by Barnisdale,  
And down by Coventry,  
And I'll guard you frae Jock the Leg  
Till day that ye do see.'
- 10 When they were in by Barnisdale,  
And in by Coventry,  
'Repeat, repeat,' said Jock the Leg,  
'The words ye ance tauld me.'
- 11 'I never said aught behind your back  
But what I'll say to thee;  
Are ye that robber, Jock the Leg,  
Will take my pack frae me?'
- 12 'O by my sooth,' said Jock the Leg,  
'You'll find that man I be;  
Surrender that pack that's on your back,  
Or then be slain by me.'
- 13 He's ta'en his pack down frae his back,  
Set it below yon tree;  
Says, I will fight for my good pack  
Till day that I may see.
- 14 Then they fought there in good green-  
wood  
Till they were bloody men;  
The robber on his knees did fall,  
Said, Merchant, hold your hand.
- 15 'An asking, asking,' said Jock the Leg,  
'An asking ye'll grant me;'  
'Ask on, ask on,' said the merry mer-  
chant,  
'For men to asking are free.'
- 16 'I've dune little harm to you,' he said,  
'More than you'd been my brother;  
Give me a blast o my little wee horn,  
And I'll give you another.'
- 17 'A blast o your little wee horn,' he said,  
'Of this I take no doubt;  
I hope you will take such a blast  
Ere both your eyes fly out.'

- 18 He set his horn to his mouth,  
And he blew loud and shrill,  
And four-and-twenty bauld bowmen  
Came Jock the Leg until.
- 19 'Ohon, alas !' said the merry merchant,  
'Alas ! and woe is me !  
Sae many, a party o common thieves,  
But nane to party me !
- 20 'Ye'll wile out six o your best bowmen,  
Yourself the seventh to be,  
And, put me one foot frae my pack,  
My pack ye shall have free.'
- 21 He wiled six o his best bowmen,  
Himself the seventh to be,  
But [him] frae his pack they couldna get,  
For all that they could dee.
- 22 He's taen his pack into one hand,  
His broadsword in the other,  
And he slew five o the best bowmen,  
And the sixth he has dung over.
- 23 Then all the rest they gae a shout,  
As they stood by the tree;  
Some said they would this merchant head,  
Some said they'd let him be.
- 24 But Jock the Leg he then replied,  
To this I'll not agree;  
He is the boldest broadsword-man  
That ever I fought wi.
- 25 'If ye could wield the bow, the bow  
As ye can do the brand,  
I would hae you to good greenwood,  
To be my master's man.'
- 26 'Tho I could wield the bow, the bow  
As I can do the brand,  
I would not gang to good greenwood,  
To join a robber-band.'
- 27 'O give me some of your fine linen,  
To cleathe my men and me,  
And ye'se hae some of my dun deers'  
skins,  
Below yon greenwood-tree.'
- 28 'Ye'se hae nane o my fine linen,  
To cleathe your men and thee,  
And I'll hae nane o your stown deers'  
skins,  
Below yon greenwood-tree.'

29 'Ye'll take your pack upon your back,  
And travel by land or sea;  
In brough or land, wherever we meet,  
Good billies we shall be.'

30 'I'll take my pack upon my back,  
And go by land or sea;  
In brough or land, wherever we meet,  
A rank thief I'll call thee.'

## 283

## THE CRAFTY FARMER

This very ordinary ballad has enjoyed great popularity, and is given for that reason and as a specimen of its class.

a. 'The Crafty Farmer,' Logan, *A Pedlar's Pack*, p. 126, from a chap-book of 1796; 'The Crafty Miller,' Maidment, *Scottish Ballads and Songs*, 1850, p. 208, from a Glasgow stall-copy; a stall-copy, printed by M. Randall, Stirling.

- 1 THE song that I'm going to sing,  
I hope it will give you content,  
Concerning a silly old man,  
That was going to pay his rent.
- 2 As he was riding along,  
Along all on the highway,  
A gentleman-thief overtook him,  
And thus to him did say.
- 3 'Well overtaken !' said the thief,  
'Well overtaken !' said he;  
And 'Well overtaken !' said the old  
man,  
'If thou be good company.'
- 4 'How far are you going this way ?'  
Which made the old man for to smile;  
'By my faith,' said the old man,  
'I'm just going two mile.
- 5 'I am a poor farmer,' he said,  
'And I farm a piece of ground,  
And my half-year's rent, kind sir,  
Just comes to forty pound.
- 6 'And my landlord has not been at home,  
I've not seen him this twelvemonth or  
more,  
Which makes my rent be large;  
I've to pay him just fourscore.'

- 7 'Thou shouldst not have told any body,  
For thieves there 's ganging many;  
If any should light on thee,  
They'll rob thee of thy money.'
- 8 'O never mind,' said the old man,  
'Thieves I fear on no side,  
For the money is safe in my bags,  
On the saddle on which I ride.'
- 9 As they were riding along,  
The old man was thinking no ill,  
The thief he pulled out a pistol  
And bid the old man stand still.
- 10 But the old man provd crafty,  
As in the world there 's many;  
He threw his saddle oer the hedge,  
Saying, Fetch it, if thou 'lt have any.
- 11 The thief got off his horse,  
With courage stout and bold,  
To search for the old man's bag,  
And gave him his horse to hold.
- 12 The old man put 's foot i the stirrup  
And he got on astride;  
To its side he clapt his spur up,  
You need not bid the old man ride.
- 13 'O stay !' said the thief, 'O stay !  
And half the share thou shalt have;'  
'Nay, by my faith,' said the old man,  
'For once I have bitten a knave.'
- 14 The thief he was not content,  
But he thought there must be bags;  
He out with his rusty old sword  
And chopt the old saddle in rags.
- 15 When he came to the landlord's house,  
This old man he was almost spent;  
Saying, Come, show me a private room  
And I'll pay you a whole year's rent.
- 16 'I've met a fond fool by the way,  
I swapt horses and gave him no boot;  
But never mind,' said the old man,  
'For I got the fond fool by the foot.'
- 17 He opend this rogue's portmantle,  
It was glorious to behold;  
There were three hundred pounds in  
silver,  
And three hundred pounds in gold.

- 18 And as he was riding home,  
And down a narrow lane,  
He espied his mare tied to a hedge,  
Saying, Prithee, Tib, wilt thou gang  
hame ?
- 19 When he got home to his wife  
And told her what he had done,  
Up she rose and put on her clothes,  
And about the house did run.
- 20 She sung, and she sung, and she sung,  
She sung with a merry devotion,  
Saying, If ever our daughter gets wed,  
It will help to enlarge her portion.

284

## JOHN DORY

This ballad had a remarkable popularity in the seventeenth century, as is evinced by the numerous cases of its being cited which Chap-pell has collected (*Popular Music*, p. 67 f.). As to the history of the transactions set forth in the ballad, an account of them was given by Carew in his *Survey of Cornwall*, 1602, p. 135, an account which is likely to have been taken from the ballad, with the specification from tradition that Nicholl was "son to a widow near Foy." The king in the ballad would be John II, the Good, who was taken prisoner at Poitiers, and died in 1364. No John Doria is mentioned as being in his service.

Ravenscroft's *Deuteromelia*, London, 1609;  
No. 1 of *Freemen's Songs*, sig. B.

- 1 As it fell on a holy-day,  
And vpon an holy-tide-a,  
John Dory bought him an ambling nag,  
To Paris for to ride-a.
- 2 And when John Dory to Paris was come,  
A little before the gate-a,  
John Dory was fitted, the porter was  
witted  
To let him in thereat-a.
- 3 The first man that John Dory did meet  
Was good king John of France-a;  
John Dory could well of his courtesie,  
But fell downe in a trance-a.
- 4 'A pardon, a pardon, my liege and my  
king,  
For my merie men and for me-a,

And all the churles in merie England,  
I 'le bring them all bound to thee-a.'

5 And Nicholl was then a Cornish man,  
A little beside Bohide-a,  
And he mande forth a good blacke barke,  
With fiftie good oares on a side-a.

6 'Run vp, my boy, vnto the maine top,  
And looke what thou canst spie-a:.'  
'Who ho! who ho! a goodly ship I do  
see,  
I trow it be John Dory[-a].'

7 They hoist their sailes, both top and  
top,  
The meisseine and all was tride-a,  
And euery man stood to his lot,  
What euer should betide-a.

8 The roring cannons then were plide,  
And dub-a-dub went the drumme-a;  
The braying trumpets lowde they cride  
To courage both all and some-a.

9 The grappling-hooks were brought at  
length,  
The browne bill and the sword-a,  
John Dory at length, for all his strength,  
Was clapt fast vnder board-a.

## 285

THE GEORGE ALOE AND THE  
SWEEPSTAKE

In 1611 there were entered to Richard Jones, "Captayne Jennings his songe, which he made in the Marshalsey," etc., and "the second parte of the George Aloe and the Swiftestake, beinge both ballades" (Arber, III, 456). The second part of the George Aloe must needs mean a second ballad, not the printers' second half (which begins in c with st. 14). In *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, printed in 1634, or earlier, the Jailer's Daughter sings:

The George Aloe came from the south,  
From the coast of Barbary-a,  
And there he met with brave gallants of war,  
By one, by two, by three-a.

Well haild, well haild, you jolly gallants,  
And whither now are you bound-a?  
Oh, let me have your company  
Till [I] come to the sound-a.

These verses certainly seem to belong to another ballad. 'The Swepestacke' was a king's ship in 1545, and 'The Sweepstakes' apparently again in 1666.

a. Percy Papers, "from an ancient black-letter copy in Ballard's collection." b. Rawlinson, 566, fol. 183, 4°. c. Roxburghe, III, 204, in Ebsworth, *Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 408.

1 THE George Aloe and the Sweepstakes  
too,  
With hey, with ho, for and a nony no  
They were two merchant-men, a sailing  
for Safee.  
And along the course of Barbary

2 [The George Aloe to anchor came,  
But the jolly Sweepstake kept on her  
way.]

3 They had not sayled leagues two or  
three  
Before they spyed a sail upon the sea.

4 'O hail, O hail, you lusty gallants,  
From whence is your good ship, and  
whither is she bound?'

5 'O we are some merchant-men, sailing  
for Safee:.'  
'And we be French rebels, a roving on  
the sea.

6 'O hail, O hail, you English dogs,  
[hail!]'  
'The[n] come aboard, you French dogs,  
and strike down your sail'

7 'Amain, amain, you gallant English-  
men!'  
'Come, you French swades, and strike  
down your sails!'

8 They laid us aboard on the starboard  
side,  
And they overthrew us into the sea so  
wide.

9 When tidings to the George Aloe came  
That the jolly Sweepstakes by a French-  
man was tane,

10 'To top, to top, thou little ship-boy,  
And see if this French man-of-war thou  
canst descry.'



- 11 'A sail, a sail, under your lee,  
Yea, and another under her bough.'
- 12 'Weigh anchor, weigh anchor, O jolly  
boatswain,  
We will take this Frenchman if we can.'
- 13 We had not sailed leagues two or three  
But we met the French man-of-war  
upon the sea.
- 14 'All hail, all hail, you lusty gallants,  
Of whence is your fair ship, and whither  
is she bound?'
- 15 'O we are merchant-men, and bound  
for Safee;'  
'And we are Frenchmen, roving upon  
the sea.'
- 16 'Amain, amain, you English dogs!'  
'Come aboard, you French rogues, and  
strike your sails!'
- 17 The first good shot the George Aloe shot,  
It made the Frenchmen's hearts sore  
afraid.
- 18 The second shot the George Aloe did  
afford,  
He struck the main-mast over the board.
- 19 'Have mercy, have mercy, you brave  
English[men].'  
'O what have you done with our brethren  
on [shore]?'  
As they sail[ed].
- 20 'We laid them aboard on the starboard  
side,  
And we threw them into the sea so wide.'
- 21 'Such mercy as you have shewed unto  
them,  
Even the like mercy shall you have  
again.'
- 22 We laid them aboard on the larboard  
side,  
And we threw them into the sea so  
wide.
- 23 Lord, how it grieved our hearts full sore  
To see the drowned Frenchmen float  
along the shore!

- 24 Now, gallant seamen all, adieu,  
With hey, with ho, for and a nony no  
This is the last news that I can write  
to you.  
To England's coast from Barbary

## 286

THE SWEET TRINITY (THE  
GOLDEN VANITY)

B is probably a traditional variation of the broadside A. The conclusion of the broadside is sufficiently inadequate to impel almost any singer to attempt an improvement, and a rather more effective catastrophe is the only signal difference besides names. It is, however, not quite impossible that the ultimate source of the traditional copies may be as old as the broadside.

## A

'Sir Walter Raleigh sailing in the Low-lands,' etc., Pepys Ballads, iv, 196, No. 189 (1682-85).

- 1 SIR WALTER RAWLEIGH has built a ship,  
In the Neatherlands  
Sir Walter Rawleigh has built a ship,  
In the Neather-lands  
And it is called The Sweet Trinity,  
And was taken by the false gallaly.  
Sailing in the Low-lands
- 2 'Is there never a seaman bold  
In the Neather-lands  
Is there never a seaman bold  
In the Neather-lands  
That will go take this false gallaly,  
And to redeem The Sweet Trinity?'  
Sailing, etc.
- 3 Then spoke the little ship-boy;  
In the Neather-lands  
Then spoke the little ship-boy;  
In the Neather-lands  
'Master, master, what will you give me  
'And I will take this false gallaly,  
And release The Sweet Trinity?'  
Sailing, etc.
- 4 'I'll give thee gold, and I'll give thee  
fee,  
In the Neather-lands  
I'll give thee gold and I'll give thee fee,  
In the Neather-lands

And my eldest daughter thy wife shall  
be.'

Sailing, etc.

- 5 He set his breast, and away he did swim,  
Until he came to the false gallaly.
- 6 He had an augor fit for the [n]once,  
The which will bore fifteen good holes at  
once.
- 7 Some ware at cards, and some at dice,  
Until the salt water flashd in their eyes.
- 8 Some cut their hats, and some cut their  
caps,  
For to stop the salt-water gaps.
- 9 He set his breast, and away did swim,  
Until he came to his own ship again.
- 10 'I have done the work I promised to do,  
For I have sunk the false gallaly,  
And released The Sweet Trinity.
- 11 'You promised me gold, and you pro-  
mised me fee,  
Your eldest daughter my wife she must  
be.'
- 12 'You shall have gold, and you shall have  
fee,  
But my eldest daughter your wife shall  
never be.'  
For sailing, etc.
- 13 'Then fare you well, you cozening lord,  
Seeing you are not so good as your word.'  
For sailing, etc.
- 14 And thus I shall conclude my song,  
Of the sailing in the Low-lands  
Wishing all happiness to all seamen both  
old and young.  
In their sailing in the Low-lands

# B

a. 'The Goulden Vanitie,' Logan's Pedlar's  
Pack, p. 42, as sung about 1840 by Mr P. S.  
Fraser, of Edinburgh, and obtained by him  
orally. b. As sung by Mr George Du Maurier  
to Mr J. R. Lowell, 1884. c. 'The French Gal-  
ley,' Motherwell's MS., p. 420; from Mr John  
Cleland, marble-cutter, Glasgow, who had it of  
Mr Forrester, Stirling. d. Communicated by

Mrs Moncrieff, as taught to a relative of hers by  
an old Scottish lady about 1830. e. 'The Low-  
lands Low,' Findlay MSS., I, 161, "from Straug,  
Divinity Student, 1868." f. Sharpe's Ballad  
Book, 1880, p. 160, note by Sir Walter Scott.

- 1 THERE was a gallant ship, and a gallant  
ship was she  
Eck iddle du, and the Lowlands low  
And she was called The Goulden Vanitie.  
As she sailed to the Lowlands low
- 2 She had not sailed a league, a league  
but only three,  
Eck, etc.  
When she came up with a French gallee.  
As she sailed, etc.
- 3 Out spoke the little cabin-boy, out spoke  
he;  
'What will you give me if I sink that  
French gallee?'  
As ye sail, etc.
- 4 Out spoke the captain, out spoke he;  
'We'll gie ye an estate in the North  
Countrie.'  
As we sail, etc.
- 5 'Then row me up ticht in a black bull's  
skin,  
And throw me oer deck-buird, sink I or  
swim.'  
As ye sail, etc.
- 6 So they've rowed him up ticht in a black  
bull's skin,  
And have thrown him oer deck-buird,  
sink he or soom.  
As they sail, etc.
- 7 About, and about, and about went he,  
Until he cam up with the French gallee.  
As they sailed, etc.
- 8 O some were playing cards, and some  
were playing dice,  
When he took out an instrument, bored  
thirty holes at twice.  
As they sailed, etc.
- 9 Then some they ran with cloaks, and  
some they ran with caps,  
To try if they could stap the sant-water  
draps.  
As they sailed, etc.

10 About, and about, and about went he,  
Until he came back to The Goulden Van-  
itie.  
As they sailed, etc.

11 'Now throw me oer a rope and pu me  
up on buird,  
And prove unto me as guid as your  
word.  
As ye sail, etc.

12 'We'll no throw you oer a rope, nor pu  
you up on buird,  
Nor prove unto you as guid as our  
word.'  
As we sail, etc.

13 Out spoke the little cabin-boy, out spoke  
he;  
Then hang me, I'll sink ye as I sunk the  
French gallee.  
As ye sail, etc.

14 But they've thrown him oer a rope, and  
have pu'd him up on buird,  
And have proved unto him far better  
than their word.  
As they sailed, etc.

## 287

CAPTAIN WARD AND THE  
RAINBOW

The Rainbow was the name of one of Drake's four ships in his expedition against Cadiz in 1587; it is mentioned very often from 1589. John Ward, an Englishman of Kent, is said to have commenced 'rover' about 1604, by inducing the crew of a king's ship in which he had some place to turn pirates under his command. His race, though eventful, was, naturally enough, not long. He seems not to be heard of after 1609, in which year Ward and his colleague, Dansekar, are spoken of as the "two late famous pirates." (See Mr Ebsworth's preface in Bagford Ballads, Ballad Society, vi, 123 ff.) George Clifford (Earl of Cumberland), Charles Blount (Lord Mountjoy), and Robert Devereux (Earl of Essex), died, respectively, in 1605, 1606, and 1601.

'The Famous Sea-Fight between Captain Ward and the Rainbow,' London, Printed by and for W. Onley, Bagford Ballads, i, 65. Date, 1680 at the earliest.

1 STRIKE up, you lusty gallants, with  
musick and sound of drum,  
For we have deseryed a rover, upon the  
sea is come;  
His name is Captain Ward, right well  
it doth appear,  
There has not been such a rover found  
out this thousand year.

2 For he hath sent unto our king, the sixth  
of January,  
Desiring that he might come in, with all  
his company:  
'And if your king will let me come till  
I my tale have told,  
I will bestow for my ransome full thirty  
tun of gold.'

3 'O nay! O nay!' then said our king,  
'O nay! this may not be,  
To yield to such a rover my self will  
not agree;  
He hath deceivd the French-man, like-  
wise the King of Spain,  
And how can he be true to me that hath  
been false to twain?'

4 With that our king provided a ship of  
worthy fame,  
Rainbow she is called, if you would  
know her name;  
Now the gallant Rainbow she rowes  
upon the sea,  
Five hundred gallant seamen to bear her  
company.

5 The Dutch-man and the Spaniard she  
made them for to flye,  
Also the bonny French-man, as she met  
him on the sea:  
When as this gallant Rainbow did come  
where Ward did lye,  
'Where is the captain of this ship?'  
this gallant Rainbow did cry.

6 'O that am I,' says Captain Ward,  
'there's no man bids me lye,  
And if thou art the king's fair ship, thou  
art welcome unto me:'  
'I'll tell thee what,' says Rainbow,  
'our king is in great grief  
That thou shouldst lye upon the sea and  
play the arrant thief,

7 'And will not let our merchants ships  
pass as they did before;  
Such tydings to our king is come, which  
grieves his heart full sore.'  
With that this gallant Rainbow she shot,  
out of her pride,  
Full fifty gallant brass pieces, charged  
on every side.

8 And yet these gallant shooters prevailed  
not a pin,  
Though they were brass on the out-side,  
brave Ward was steel within;  
'Shoot on, shoot on,' says Captain Ward,  
'your sport well pleaseth me,  
And he that first gives over shall yield  
unto the sea.

9 'I never wrongd an English ship, but  
Turk and King of Spain,  
For and the jovial Dutch-man as I met  
on the main.  
If I had known your king but one two  
years before,  
I would have savd brave Essex life,  
whose death did grieve me sore.

10 'Go tell the King of England, go tell  
him thus from me,  
If he reign king of all the land, I will  
reign king at sea.'  
With that the gallant Rainbow shot,  
and shot, and shot in vain,  
And left the rover's company, and re-  
turnd home again.

11 'Our royal king of England, your ship's  
returnd again,  
For Ward's ship is so strong it never  
will be tane.'  
'O everlasting!' says our king, 'I have  
lost jewels three,  
Which would have gone unto the seas  
and brought proud Ward to me.

12 'The first was Lord Clifford, Earl of  
Cumberland;  
The second was the lord Mountjoy, as  
you shall understand;  
The third was brave Essex, from field  
would never flee;  
Which would a gone unto the seas and  
brought proud Ward to me.'

## THE YOUNG EARL OF ESSEX'S VICTORY OVER THE EM- PEROR OF GERMANY

This ballad belongs undoubtedly to the eighteenth century, when High Germany had become familiar to the humble English. The ballad-maker's independence, in fact unconsciousness, of history and common sense, beginning with the title, in which young Essex is made Queen Elizabeth's champion, is amusing and not unpleasing. A version (B) from recitation begins with a prologue which must be derived from some other ballad or song.

### A

Queen Elizabeth's Champion, or, Great Britain's Glory,' etc. a. Douce Ballads, III, fol. 80 b. b. Roxburghe, III, 416, in Ebsworth's Roxburghe Ballads, VI, 405.

1 COME, sound up your trumpets and beat  
up your drums,  
And let's go to sea with a valiant  
good cheer,  
In search of a mighty vast navy of  
ships,  
The like has not been for these fifty  
long year.  
Raderer two, tandaro te,  
Raderer, tandorer, tan do re.

2 The queen she provided a navy of ships,  
With sweet flying streamers, so glo-  
rious to see,  
Rich top and top-gallants, captains and  
lieutenants,  
Some forty, some fifty, brass-pieces  
and three.

3 They had not saild past a week on the  
seas,  
Not passing a week and days two or  
three,  
But they were aware of the proud em-  
peror,  
Both him and all his proud company.

4 When he beheld our powerful fleet,  
Sailing along in their glory and pride,  
He was amazed at their valour and  
fame,  
Then to his warlike command[er]s he  
cry'd.

- 5 These were the words of the old emperor:  
Pray who is this that is sailing to me?  
If he be king that weareth a crown,  
Yet I am a better man than he.
- 6 'It is not a king, nor lord of a crown,  
Which now to the seas with his navy  
is come,  
But the young Earl of Essex, the Queen's  
lieutenant,  
Who fears no foes in Christendom.'
- 7 'Oh! is that lord then come to the seas?  
Let us tack about and be steering  
away;  
I have heard so much of his father  
before  
That I will not fight with young Essex  
today.'
- 8 O then bespoke the emperor's son,  
As they were tacking and steering  
away,  
'Give me, royal father, this navy of  
s[h]ips,  
And I will go fight with Essex today.'
- 9 'Take them with all my heart, loving  
son,  
Most of them are of a capital size;  
But should he do as his father has done,  
Farewel thine honour and mine like-  
wise.'
- 10 With cannons hot and thundering shot,  
These two gallants fought on the  
main,  
And as it was young Essex's lot,  
The emperor's son by him was taen.
- 11 'Give me my son,' the emperor cry'd,  
'Who you this day have taken from  
me,  
And I'll give to the[e] three keys of  
gold,  
The one shall be of High Germany.'
- 12 'I care not for thy three keys of gold,  
Which thou hast profferd to set him  
free,  
But thy son he shall to England sail,  
And go before the queen with me.'
- 13 'Then have I fifty good ships of the best,  
As good as ever were sent to the sea,

And eer my son into England sail,  
They shall go all for good company.'

- 14 They had not fought this famous battle,  
They had not fought it hours three,  
But some lost legs, and some lost arms,  
And some lay tumbling in the sea.
- 15 Essex he got this battle likewise,  
Tho't was the hottest that ever was  
seen;  
Home he returnd with a wonderful prize,  
And brought the emperor's son to the  
queen.
- 16 O then bespoke the prentices all,  
Living in London, both proper and tall,  
In a kind letter, sent straight to the  
queen,  
For Essex's sake they would fight all.

289

## THE MERMAID

This is the ballad referred to under 'Sir  
Patrick Spens' (No. 58). It is still common as  
a broadside.

## A

'The Seamen's Distress,' the second piece in  
The Glasgow Lasses Garland, British Museum,  
11621, c. 3 (68). "Newcastle, 1765?"

- 1 As we lay musing in our beds,  
So well and so warm at ease,  
I thought upon those lodging-beds  
Poor seamen have at seas.
- 2 Last Easter day, in the morning fair,  
We was not far from land,  
Where we spied a mermaid on the rock,  
With comb and glass in hand.
- 3 The first came up the mate of our ship,  
With lead and line in hand,  
To sound and see how deep we was  
From any rock or sand.
- 4 The next came up the boatswain of our  
ship,  
With courage stout and bold:  
'Stand fast, stand fast, my brave lively  
lads,  
Stand fast, my brave hearts of gold!'



- 5 Our gallant ship is gone to wreck,  
Which was so lately trimmd;  
The raging seas has sprung a leak,  
And the salt water does run in.
- 6 Our gold and silver, and all our cloths,  
And all that ever we had,  
We forced was to heave them overboard,  
Thinking our lives to save.
- 7 In all, the number that was on board  
Was five hundred and sixty-four,  
And all that ever came alive on shore  
There was but poor ninety-five.
- 8 The first bespoke the captain of our ship,  
And a well-spoke man was he;  
'I have a wife in fair Plymouth town,  
And a widow I fear she must be.'
- 9 The next bespoke the mate of our ship,  
And a well-bespoke man was he;  
'I have a wife in fair Portsmouth,  
And a widow I fear she must be.'
- 10 The next bespoke the boatswain of our ship,  
And a well-bespoke man was he;  
'I have a wife in fair Exeter,  
And a widow I fear she must be.'
- 11 The next bespoke the little cabin-boy,  
And a well-bespoke boy was he;  
'I am as sorry for my mother dear  
As you are for your wives all three.
- 12 'Last night, when the moon shin'd  
bright,  
My mother had sons five,  
But now she may look in the salt seas  
And find but one alive.'
- 13 'Call a boat, call a boat, you little Plym-  
outh boys,  
Don't you hear how the trumpet[s]  
sound?  
[For] the want of our boat our gallant  
ship is lost,  
And the most of our merry men is  
drown'd.'
- 14 Whilst the raging seas do roar,  
And the lofty winds do blow,  
And we poor seamen do lie on the top,  
Whilst the landmen lies below.

## B

a. 'The stormy winds do blow,' Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 742. b. The same, p. 743, one stanza and the burden contributed by Mr Charles Sloman, in 1840. c. Notes and Queries, 6th Series, vii, 276, communicated from memory by Mr Thomas Bayne Helensburgh, N. B., stanzas 1, 6.

- 1 ONE Friday morn when we set sail,  
Not very far from land,  
We there did espy a fair pretty maid  
With a comb and a glass in her hand  
her hand, her hand,  
With a comb and a glass in her hand  
While the raging seas did roar,  
And the stormy winds did blow,  
While we jolly sailor-boys were up  
into the top,  
And the land-lubbers lying down  
below, below, below,  
And the land-lubbers lying down  
below.
- 2 Then up starts the captain of our gallant  
ship,  
And a brave young man was he:  
'I've a wife and a child in fair Bristol  
town,  
But a widow I fear she will be.'  
For the raging seas, etc.
- 3 Then up starts the mate of our gallant  
ship,  
And a bold young man was he:  
'Oh! I have a wife in fair Portsmouth  
town,  
But a widow I fear she will be.'  
For the raging seas, etc.
- 4 Then up starts the cook of our gallant  
ship,  
And a gruff old soul was he:  
Oh! I have a wife in fair Plymouth town  
But a widow I fear she will be.'
- 5 And then up spoke the little cabin-boy,  
And a pretty little boy was he;  
'Oh! I am more griev'd for my daddy  
and my mammy'  
Than you for your wives all three.'
- 6 Then three times round went our gal-  
lant ship,  
And three times round went she;

For the want of a life-boat they all went  
down,  
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

## 291

## CHILD OWLET

The chain of gold in the first stanza and the penknife below the bed in the fourth have a false ring. The ballad seems at best to be a late one, and is perhaps mere imitation, but, for an imitation, the last two stanzas are unusually successful.

'Childe Owlet,' Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, I, 27; Motherwell's MS., p. 572.

- 1 LADY ERSKINE sits in her chamber,  
Sewing at her silken seam,  
A chain of gold for Childe Owlet,  
As he goes out and in.
- 2 But it fell aince upon a day  
She unto him did say,  
Ye must cuckold Lord Ronald,  
For a' his lands and ley.
- 3 'O cease ! forbid, madam,' he says,  
'That this shoud eer be done !  
How would I cuckold Lord Ronald,  
And me his sister's son ?'
- 4 Then she's ta'en out a little penknife,  
That lay below her bed,  
Put it below her green stay's cord,  
Which made her body bleed.
- 5 Then in it came him Lord Ronald,  
Hearing his lady's moan;  
'What blood is this, my dear,' he says,  
'That sparks on the fire-stone ?'
- 6 'Young Childe Owlet, your sister's son,  
Is now gane frae my bower;  
If I hadna been a good woman,  
I'd been Childe Owlet's whore.'
- 7 Then he has taen him Childe Owlet,  
Laid him in prison strong,  
And all his men a council held  
How they woud work him wrong.
- 8 Some said they woud Childe Owlet hang,  
Some said they woud him burn;

Some said they woud have Childe Owlet  
Between wild horses torn.

- 9 'There are horses in your stables stand  
Can run right speedilie,  
And ye will to your stable go,  
And wile out four for me.'
- 10 They put a foal to ilka foot,  
And ane to ilka hand,  
And sent them down to Darling muir,  
As fast as they coud gang.
- 11 There was not a kow in Darling muir,  
Nor ae piece o a rind,  
But drappit o Childe Owlet's blude  
And pieces o his skin.
- 12 There was not a kow in Darling muir,  
Nor ae piece o a rash,  
But drappit o Childe Owlet's blude  
And pieces o his flesh.

## 292

## THE WEST-COUNTRY DAMOSEL'S COMPLAINT

The first eleven stanzas are in a fairly popular tone. It will be observed that the first and third verses rhyme in 12-24, but not in 1-11. The whole may be one man's work, who may have thought that an elegy should properly be more artificial, both in form and in style, than a story, but it is more likely that the lament is a later attachment.

a. Douce *Ballads*, II, fol. 254; Roxburghe *Ballads*, II, 499, Ebsworth, VI, 635. b. Douce *Ballads*, II, 245 b. All three, Printed for P. Brooksby (1672-95).

- 1 'WHEN will you marry me, William,  
And make me your wedded wife ?  
Or take you your keen bright sword  
And rid me out of my life.'
- 2 'Say no more so then, lady,  
Say you no more then so,  
For you shall into the wild forrest,  
And amongst the buck and doe.
- 3 'Where thou shalt eat of the hips and  
haws,  
And the roots that are so sweet,

- And thou shalt drink of the cold water,  
That runs underneath [thy] feet.'
- 4 Now she had not been in the wild forrest  
Passing three months and a day  
But with hunger and cold she had her  
fill,  
Till she was quite worn away.
- 5 At last she saw a fair tyl'd-house,  
And there she swore by the rood  
That she would to that fair tyl'd-house,  
There for to get her some food.
- 6 But when she came unto the gates,  
Aloud, aloud she cry'd,  
An alms, an alms, my own sister !  
I ask you for no pride.
- 7 Her sister call'd up her merry men all,  
By one, by two, and by three,  
And bid them hunt away that wild doe,  
As far as ere they could see.
- 8 They hunted her ore hill and dale,  
And they hunted her so sore  
That they hunted her into the forrest,  
Where her sorrows grew more and  
more.
- 9 She laid a stone all at her head,  
And another all at her feet,  
And down she lay between these two,  
Till death had lulld her asleep.
- 10 When sweet Will came and stood at  
her head,  
And likewise stood at her feet,  
A thousand times he kist he[r] cold lips,  
Her body being fast asleep.
- 11 Yea, seven times he stood at her feet,  
And seven times at her head,  
A thousand times he shook her hand,  
Although her body was dead.
- 12 'Ah wretched me !' he loudly cry'd,  
'What is it that I have done ?  
O woud to the powers above I'de dy'd,  
When thus I left her alone !
- 13 'Come, come, you gentle red-breast now,  
And prepare for us a tomb,  
Whilst unto cruel Death I bow,  
And sing like a swan my doom.
- 14 'Why could I ever cruel be  
Unto so fair a creature ?  
Alas ! she dy'd for love of me,  
The loveliest she in nature !
- 15 'For me she left her home so fair  
To wander in this wild grove,  
And there with sighs and pensive care  
She ended her life for love.
- 16 'O constancy, in her thou 'rt lost !  
Now let women boast no more ;  
She 's fled unto the Elizium coast,  
And with her carryd the store.
- 17 'O break, my heart, with sorrow filld,  
Come, swell, you strong tides of grief !  
You that my dear love have killd,  
Come, yield in death to me relief.
- 18 'Cruel her sister, was 't for me  
That to her she was unkind ?  
Her husband I will never be,  
But with this my love be joynd.
- 19 'Grim Death shall tye the marriage-  
bands,  
Which jealousy shan't divide ;  
Together shall tye our cold hands,  
Whilst here we lye side by side.
- 20 'Witness, ye groves, and chrystial  
streams,  
How faithless I late have been,  
But do repent with dying leaves  
Of that my ungrateful sin ;
- 21 'And wish a thousand times that I  
Had been but to her more kind,  
And not have let a virgin dye  
Whose equal there 's none can find.
- 22 'Now heaps of sorrow press my soul ;  
Now, now 't is she takes her way ;  
I come, my love, without controule,  
Nor from thee will longer stay.'
- 23 With that he fetchd a heavy groan  
Which rent his tender breast,  
And then by her he laid him down,  
When as death did give him rest.
- 24 Whilst mournful birds, with leavy  
boughs,  
To them a kind burial gave,

And warbled out their love-sick vows,  
 Whilst they both slept in their grave.

## 293

## JOHN OF HAZELGREEN

Upon the first stanza of E was built Scott's  
 'Jock of Hazeldean,' first printed in Camp-  
 bell's *Albyn's Anthology*, 1816, i, 18.

## A

Elizabeth Cochrane's MS., p. 126.

- 1 INTO a sweet May morning,  
 As the sun clearly shone,  
 I heard a proper damsell  
 Making a heavy moan;  
 Making a heavy moan,  
 I marvelled what she did mean,  
 And it was for a gentleman,  
 Sir John of Hasilgreen.
- 2 'What aileth thee now, bony maid,  
 To mourn so sore into the tide?  
 O happy were the man,' he says,  
 'That had thee to his bride,  
 To ly down by his side;  
 Then he were not to mean;'  
 But still she let the tears down fall  
 For pleasant Hasilgreen.
- 3 'Oh what for a man is Hasilgreen?  
 Sweet heart, pray tell to me.'  
 'He is a proper gentleman,  
 Dwels in the South Countrie;  
 With shoulders broad and arms long,  
 And comely to be seen;  
 His hairs are like the threads of gold,  
 My pleasant Hasilgreen.'
- 4 'Now Hasilgreen is married,  
 Let all this talking be.'  
 'If Hasilgreen be married,  
 This day then woe to me;  
 For I may sigh and sob no more,  
 But close my weeping een,  
 And hold my peace and cry no more,  
 But dy for Hasilgreen.'
- 5 'Will you let Hasilgreen alone,  
 And go along with me?  
 I'll marry you on my eldest son,  
 Make you a gay lady.'

'Make me a gay lady?' she says,  
 'I am a maid too mean;  
 I'll rather stay at home,' she cries,  
 'And dy for Hasilgreen.'

- 6 He takes this pretty maid him behind  
 And fast he spurred the horse,  
 And they're away to Bigger toun,  
 Then in to Biggar Cross.  
 Their lodging was far sought,  
 And so was it foreseen;  
 But still she let the tears down fall  
 For pleasant Hasilgreen.
- 7 He's ta'en this pretty maid by the hand,  
 And he is down the toun;  
 He bought for her a pettycoat,  
 Yea, and a trailing gown;  
 A silken kell fitt for her head,  
 Laid oer with silver sheen;  
 But still she let the tears down fall  
 For pleasant Hasilgreen.
- 8 He's taen this bony mey him behind,  
 And he is to the Place,  
 Where there was mirth and merryness,  
 And ladyes fair of face;  
 And ladyes fair of face,  
 Right seemly to be seen,  
 But still she let the tears down fall  
 For pleasant Hasilgreen.
- 9 Young Hasilgreen ran hastilie  
 To welcome his father dear;  
 He's ta'en that pretty maid in his arms,  
 And kist off her falling tear:  
 'O bony mey, now for thy sake  
 I would be rent and rien;  
 I would give all my father's lands  
 To have thee in Hasilgreen.'
- 10 'O hold your tongue now, son,' he says,  
 'Let no more talking be;  
 This maid has come right far from home  
 This day to visit thee.  
 This day should been your wedding-  
 day,  
 It shall be thy bridall-een,  
 And thou's get all thy father's lands,  
 And dwell in Hasilgreen.'

## E

a. "Got in the South County by Mr Prin-  
 gle:" Kinloch's MSS., i, 321. b. Kinloch's  
 MSS., vii, 2.

- 1 'WHY weep ye by the tide, ladye ?  
Why weep ye by the tide ?  
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,  
And ye sall be his bride.  
And ye sall be his bride, ladye,  
Sae comely to be seen ;'  
But aye she loot the tears down fa  
For John o Hazelgreen.
- 2 'O whaten a man is Hazelgreen ?  
I pray thee tell to me.'  
'O there's not a handsomer gentleman  
In a' the South Countrie.  
His arms are long, his shoulders broad,  
Sae comely to be seen !'  
And aye she loot the tears down fa  
For John o Hazelgreen.

## 294

## DUGALL QUIN

B, though corrupted at the end, removes the chief verbal difficulties of A. The conclusion of B is borrowed mostly from 'The Gypsy Laddie' (No. 200).

'Dugall Quin,' The Old Lady's MS. Collection, No. 27.

- 1 DUGALL QUIN came to the toun,  
An he's ben lang awaa,  
An he is one to Lissie's bed,  
Tartan-trues, an a'.
- 2 'Hou wad ye leak me, Lisie,' he says,  
'Gin that I war yer ain,  
We ragged cot apon my back,  
An singel-soled sheen,  
A littel we bonnet on my head,  
An tua merry wenking ean ?'
- 3 'Well wad I leak ye, Dugall,' she says,  
'Gin that ye war my ain,  
We ragged coat upon yer back,  
An singel-soled sheen,  
A littel we bonnet on yer head,  
An tua merry wenking eyn.
- 4 'Hou wad ye leak me, Dugall,' she says,  
'Gin I wer yer ain,  
We silken sneed upon my head,  
An gold fann in my hand,  
An madins ning, a' clead in green,  
To be att my comand ?'

- 5 'Well wad I leak ye, Lisie,' he says,  
'Gin ye wer my ain,  
We silken sneed upon yer head,  
An a goud fan in yer hand,  
An madins nine, a' clad in green,  
To be att yer command.
- 6 'Follou me nou, Lisie,' he says,  
'Follou me throu Farie,  
An reap the boddoms of my pakets,  
An ye'll gett tempeng chiss of farei.'
- 7 Outspak her father, says,  
Lissie, I widna wish ye,  
For gin ye gay we this young man  
They will say I ha bat lost ye.
- 8 'O had yer toun, my father dear,  
For a' that winne brake me;  
For I will gaa we this young man,  
Since it's his will to take me.'
- 9 'Follou me nou, Lissie,' he says,  
'An follou me throu Farie,  
An reap the boddom of my poket,  
An ye'll gett tempeng chess of farie.'
- 10 'Wea matt worth yer well-fared face,  
Alas that ever I saa ye!  
The first an thing that ever ye gaa to  
me  
Was the tempen chess of farie.'
- 11 Dugall Quin read doun the toun,  
Upon Dumfarling's horses,  
An Lisie Meanes folloued him,  
For a' her father's forces.
- 12 'Follou me nou, Lisie,' he says,  
'An follou me our Boggie;  
I ill make ye lady of ning mills,  
An lady of bonny Garlogè.'
- 13 She has folloued her trou-love  
[An folloued him] our Boggie,  
An she has marred Dugall Quin,  
An lives belou Strathbogy.

## B

'Donald M'Queen's Flight wi Lizie Menzie,'  
Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II,  
117.

- 1 DONALD, he's come to this town,  
And he's been lang awa,



And he is on to Lizie's bedside,  
Wi his tartan trews and a'.

2 'How woud you like me, Lizie,' he said,  
'An I ware a' your ain,  
Wi tartan coat upo my back,  
And single-soled sheen,  
A blue bonnetie on my head,  
And my twa winking een?'

3 'Weel woud I like you, Donald,' she said,  
'An ye ware a' my ain,  
Wi tartan coat upon your back,  
And single-soled sheen,  
And little blue bonnetie on your head,  
And blessings on your een.

4 'But how woud ye like me, Donald,' she said,  
'An I ware a' your ain,  
Wi a siller snood into my head,  
A gowd fan in my hand,  
And maidens clad in green satins,  
To be at my command?'

5 'Weal woud I like you, Lizie,' he said,  
'And ye ware a' my ain,  
Wi a siller snood into your head,  
A gowd fan in your hand,  
But nane o your maidens clad in green,  
To be at your command.'

6 Then but it speaks her mither dear,  
Says, 'Lizie, I maun cross you;  
To gang alang wi this young man,  
We'd think we had but lost you.'

7 'O had your tongue, my mither dear,  
And dinna think to break me,  
For I will gang wi this young man,  
If it is his will to take me.'

8 Donald M'Queen rade up the green,  
On ane o Dumfermline's horses,  
And Lizie Menzie followed him,  
Thro a' her father's forces.

9 'O follow me, Lizie, my heart's delight,  
And follow me for you please;  
Rype well the grounds o my pouches,  
And ye 'll get tempting cheese.'

10 'O wae mat worth you, Donald M'Queen!  
Alas, that ever I saw thee!  
The first love-token ye gae me  
Was the tempting cheese o Fyvie.

11 'O wae be to the tempting cheese,  
The tempting cheese o Fyvie,  
Gart me forsake my ain gudeman  
And follow a footman-laddie!

12 'But lat me drink a hearty browst,  
Just sic as I did brew!  
On Seton brave I turnd my back,  
A' for the sake o you.'

13 She didna wear the silken gowns  
Were made into Dumbarton,  
But she is to the Highlands gane,  
To wear the weeds o tartan.

14 She's casten aff the high-heeld sheen,  
Made o the Turkey leather,  
And she's put on the single brogues,  
To skip amo the heather.

15 Well can Donald hunt the buck,  
And well can Lizie sew;  
Whan ither trades begin to fail,  
They can take their bowies and brow.

295

## THE BROWN GIRL

This little ballad recalls Nos. 69, 73, 77, 78, 84, and has something of them all. Still it is not deliberately and mechanically patched together, and in the point of the proud and unrelenting character of the Brown Girl it is original.

A

'The bonny Brown Girl,' 'The Brown Girl,'  
The Brown Girl's Garland, British Museum  
11621. c. 3 (10), n. d., before 1788.

1 'I AM as brown as brown can be,  
My eyes as black as a sloe;  
I am as brisk as a nightingale,  
And as wilde as any doe.

2 'My love has sent me a love-letter,  
Not far from yonder town,  
That he could not fancy me,  
Because I was so brown.

3 'I sent him his letter back again,  
For his love I valu'd not,  
Whether that he could fancy me  
Or whether he could not.

- 4 'He sent me his letter back again,  
That he lay dangerous sick,  
That I might then go speedily  
To give him up his faith.'
- 5 Now you shall hear what love she had  
Then for this love-sick man;  
She was a whole long summer's day  
In a mile a going on.
- 6 When she came to her love's bed-side,  
Where he lay dangerous sick,  
She could not for laughing stand  
Upright upon her feet.
- 7 She had a white wand all in her hand,  
And smoothd it all on his breast;  
'In faith and troth come pardon me,  
I hope your soul's at rest.
- 8 'I'll do as much for my true-love  
As other maidens may;  
I'll dance and sing on my love's grave  
A whole twelvemonth and a day.'

## B

Taken down about 1894 by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould from a blacksmith, parish of Thrushle-ton, Devon.

- 1 'I AM as brown as brown can be,  
And my eyes as black as sloe;  
I am as brisk as brisk can be,  
And wild as forest doe.
- 2 'My love he was so high and proud,  
His fortune too so high,  
He for another fair pretty maid  
Me left and passed me by.
- 3 'Me did he send a love-letter,  
He sent it from the town,  
Saying no more he loved me,  
For that I was so brown.
- 4 'I sent his letter back again,  
Saying his love I valued not,  
Whether that he would fancy me,  
Whether that he would not.
- 5 'When that six months were overpassd,  
Were overpassd and gone,  
Then did my lover, once so bold,  
Lie on his bed and groan.

- 6 'When that six months were overpassd,  
Were gone and overpassd,  
O then my lover, once so bold,  
With love was sick at last.
- 7 'First sent he for the doctor-man:  
'You, doctor, me must cure;  
The pains that now do torture me  
I can not long endure.'
- 8 'Next did he send from out the town,  
O next did send for me;  
He sent for me, the brown, brown girl  
Who once his wife should be.
- 9 'O neer a bit the doctor-man  
His sufferings could relieve;  
O never an one but the brown, brown  
girl  
Who could his life reprieve.'
- 10 Now you shall hear what love she had  
For this poor love-sick man,  
How all one day, a summer's day,  
She walked and never ran.
- 11 When that she came to his bedside,  
Where he lay sick and weak,  
O then for laughing she could not stand  
Upright upon her feet.
- 12 'You flouted me, you scouted me,  
And many another one;  
Now the reward is come at last,  
For all that you have done.'
- 13 The rings she took from off her hands,  
The rings by two and three:  
'O take, O take these golden rings,  
By them remember me.'
- 14 She had a white wand in her hand,  
She strake him on the breast:  
'My faith and troth I give back to thee,  
So may thy soul have rest.'
- 15 'Prithee,' said he, 'forget, forget,  
Prithee forget, forgive;  
O grant me yet a little space,  
That I may be well and live.'
- 16 'O never will I forget, forgive,  
So long as I have breath;  
I'll dance above your green, green grave  
Where you do lie beneath.'

296

## WALTER LESLY

A late, but life-like and spirited ballad.

'Walter Lesly,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 139.

- 1 ON the second of October, a Monday at noon,  
In came Walter Lesly, to see his proper one;  
He set a chair down by her side, and gently sat her by,  
Says, Will ye go to Conland, this winter-time to lye?
- 2 He's taen a glass into his hand, inviting her to drink,  
But little knew she his meaning, or what the rogue did think;  
Nor what the rogue did think, to steal the maid away;  
'Will ye go to Conland, this winter-time to lye?'
- 3 When they had taen a glass or two, and all were making merry,  
In came Geordy Lesly, and forth he did her carry;  
Then upon high horseback sae hard's he did her tye,  
'Will ye go to Conland, this winter-time to lye?'
- 4 Her mother she came to the door, the saut tears on her cheek,  
She coudna see her daughter, it was for dust and reek;  
It was for dust and reek, the swords they glaned sae high;  
'And will ye go to Conland, this winter-time to lye?'
- 5 When they came to the ale-house, the people there were busy;  
A bridal-bed it was well made, and supper well made ready;  
When the supper down was set, baith plum-pudding and pie,  
'And will ye go to Conland, this winter-time to lye?'
- 6 When they had eaten and well drunken, and a' man bound for bed,  
The laddie and the lassie in ae chamber were laid;  
He quickly stript her to the smock, and gently laid her bye,  
Says, Will ye go to Conland, this winter-time to lye?
- 7 But Walter being weary, he fell fast asleep,  
And then the lassie thought it fit to start up till her feet;  
To start up till her feet, and her petticoats to tye,  
'We'll go no more to Conland, the winter-time to lye.'
- 8 Then over moss and over muir sae cleverly she ran,  
And over hill and over dale, without stockings or shoon;  
The men pursued her full fast, wi mony shout and cry,  
Says, Will ye go to Conland, the winter-time to lye.
- 9 'Wae to the dubs o Duffus land, that eer they were sae deep;  
They've trachled a' our horsemen and gart our captain sleep;  
And gart our captain sleep, and the lassie win away,  
And she'll go no more to Conland, the winter-time to lye.'
- 10 'I'd rather be in Duffus land, selling at the ale,  
Before I was wi Lesly, for a' his auld meal;  
For a' his auld meal, and sae mony comes to buy;  
I'll go no more to Conland the winter-time to lye.
- 11 'I'd rather be in Duffus land, dragging at the ware,  
Before I was wi Lesly, for a' his yellow hair;  
For a' his yellow hair, and sae well's he can it tye;  
I'll go no more to Conland, this winter-time to lye.'
- 12 It was not for her beauty, nor yet her gentle bluid,  
But for her mither's dollars, of them he had great need;

Of them he had great need, now he maun  
do them by,  
For she'll go no more to Conland, this  
winter-time to lye.

## 297

## EARL ROTHES

'Earl Rothes,' Kinloch MSS., I, 333.

- 1 'O EARL ROTHES, an thou wert mine,  
And I were to be thy ladie,  
I wad drink at the beer, and tippie at  
the wine,  
And be my bottle with any.'
- 2 'Hold thy tongue, sister Ann,' he says,  
'Thy words they are too many;  
What wad ye do wi sae noble a lord,  
When he has so noble a ladie ?'
- 3 'O I'll pay you your tocher, Lady Ann,  
Both in gear and money,  
If ye'll forsake Earl Rothes's companie,  
And mind that he has a ladie.'
- 4 'I do not value your gold,' she says,  
'Your gear it's no sae readie;  
I'll neer forsake Earl Rothes's companie,  
And I don't gie a fig for his ladie.'
- 5 'I'll keep ye i the castle, Lady Ann,  
O servants ye shall hae monie;  
I'll keep ye till ye're safely brocht to  
bed,  
And I'll mak you a marquis's ladie.'
- 6 'I do not value your castle,' she says,  
'Your servants are no sae readie;  
Earl Rothes will keep me till I'm brocht  
to bed,  
And he'll mak me a marquis's ladie.'
- 7 'Woe be to thee, Earl Rothes,' he says,  
'And the mark o the judge be upon  
thee,  
For the using o this poor thing sae,  
For the using my sister so badly.'
- 8 'When I'm come to the years of a man,  
And able a sword to carry,  
I'll thrust it thro Earl Rothes' bodie  
For the using my sister sae basely.'

9 'Fare thee well, Lady Ann,' he says,  
'No longer will I tarry;  
You and I will never meet again,  
Till we meet at the bonny town o  
Torry.'

## 298

## YOUNG PEGGY

'Young Peggy,' Kinloch's Ancient Scottish  
Ballads, p. 153.

- 1 'O WHARE hae ye been, Peggy ?  
O whare hae ye been ?'  
'I the garden amang the gilly-flowrs,  
Atween twal hours and een.'
- 2 'Ye've na been there your leen, Peggy,  
Ye've na been there your leen;  
Your father saw you in Jamie's arms,  
Atween twal hours and een.'
- 3 'Tho my father saw me in Jamie's arms,  
He'll see me there again;  
For I will sleep in Jamie's arms  
When his grave's growin green.'
- 4 'Your Jamie is a rogue, Peggy,  
Your Jamie is a loun,  
For trysting out our ae dochter,  
And her sae very young.'
- 5 'Lay no the wyte on Jamie, mither,  
The blame a' lies on me;  
For I will sleep in Jamie's arms  
When your een winna see.'
- 6 Now she has to her ain bouer gane;  
He was waiting there him leen:  
'I'm blythe to see ye, Jamie, here,  
For we maunna meet again.'
- 7 She's tane the wine-glass in her hand,  
Poured out the wine sae clear;  
Says, Here's your health and mine, Jamie,  
And we maun meet na mair.
- 8 She has tane him in her arms twa,  
And gien him kisses five;  
Says, Here's your health and mine, Jamie,  
I wish weel mote ye thrive.
- 9 'Your father has a bonnie cock,  
Divides the nicht and day,

- And at the middle watch o the nicht  
In greenwud yè'll meet me.'
- 10 Whan bells war rung, and mass was sung,  
And a' men boun for bed,  
She's kilted up her green claitthing,  
And met Jamie in the wud.
- 11 Whan bells war rung, and mass was sung  
About the hour o twa,  
It's up bespak her auld father,  
Says, Peggy is awa !
- 12 'Ga saddle to me the black, the black,  
Ga saddle to me the grey ;'  
But ere they wan to the tap o the hill  
The wedding was a' bye.

## 300

BLANCHEFLOUR AND  
JELLYFLORICE

Buchan suspects that some "poetaster" has remodelled the story of the romance of Florice and Blanchefflour, "modernizing it to suit the climate of his time," that is, perhaps, turning a princess into a sempstress. The only thing in the romance that is even remotely like what we find in the ballad is that Florice saves Blanchefflour from the death which his father had contrived for her in order to part the lovers, and this passage does not occur in the English versions of the romance.

'Blanchefflour and Jellyflorice,' Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, I, 125 ; Motherwell's MS., p. 588.

- 1 THERE was a maid, richly arrayd,  
In'robes were rare to see,  
For seven years and something mair  
She servd a gay ladie.
- 2 But being fond o a higher place,  
In service she thought lang;  
She took her mantle her about,  
Her coffer by the band.
- 3 And as she walkd by the shore-side,  
As blythe's a bird on tree,  
Yet still she gaz'd her round about,  
To see what she could see.
- 4 At last she spied a little castle,  
That stood near by the sea;  
She spied it far and drew it near,  
To that castle went she.

- 5 And when she came to that castle  
She tirl'd at the pin,  
And ready stood a little wee boy  
To lat this fair maid in.
- 6 'O who's the owner of this place,  
O porter-boy, tell me ;'  
'This place belongs unto a queen  
O birth and high degree.'
- 7 She put her hand in her pocket,  
And gae him shillings three:  
'O porter, bear my message well  
Unto the queen frae me.'
- 8 The porter's gane before the queen,  
Fell low down on his knee:  
'Win up, win up, my porter-boy,  
What makes this courtesie ?'
- 9 'I hae been porter at your yetts,  
My dame, these years full three,  
But see a ladie at your yetts  
The fairest my eyes did see.'
- 10 'Cast up my yetts baith wide and  
braid,  
Lat her come in to me,  
And I'll know by her courtesie  
Lord's daughter if she be.'
- 11 When she came in before the queen,  
Fell low down on her knee:  
'Service frae you, my dame the queen,  
I pray you grant it me.'
- 12 'If that service ye now do want,  
What station will ye be ?  
Can ye card wool, or spin, fair maid,  
Or milk the cows to me ?'
- 13 'No, I can neither card nor spin,  
Nor cows I canno milk,  
But sit into a lady's bower  
And sew the seams o silk.'
- 14 'What is your name, ye comely dame ?  
Pray tell this unto me :'  
'O Blanchefflour, that is my name,  
Born in a strange countrie.'
- 15 'O keep ye well frae Jellyflorice —  
My ain dear son is he —  
When other ladies get a gift,  
O that ye shall get three.'



- 16 It wasna tald into the bower  
Till it went thro the ha,  
That Jellyflorice and Blancheflour  
Were grown ower great witha.
- 17 When the queen's maids their visits paid,  
Upo the gude Yule-day,  
When other ladies got horse to ride,  
She boud take foot and gae.
- 18 The queen she calld her stable-groom,  
To come to her right seen;  
Says, 'Ye'll take out yon wild waithsteed  
And bring him to the green.
- 19 'Ye'll take the bridle frae his head,  
The lighters frae his een;  
Ere she ride three times roun the cross,  
Her weel-days will be dune.'
- 20 Jellyflorice his true-love spy'd  
As she rade roun the cross,  
And thrice he kissd her lovely lips,  
And took her frae her horse.
- 21 'Gang to your bower, my lily-flower,  
For a' my mother's spite;  
There's nae other amang her maids,  
In whom I take delight.
- 22 'Ye are my jewel, and only ane,  
Nane's do you injury;  
For ere this-day-month come and gang  
My wedded wife ye'se be.'

## 301

## THE QUEEN OF SCOTLAND

On the resemblance of this ballad to the story of Caradoc and his love, see Miss C. A. Harper's article in *Modern Language Notes*, XIII, 417, and cf. G. Paris, *Romania*, xxviii, 214.

'The Queen of Scotland,' Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, I, 46; Motherwell's *MS.*, p. 577.

- 1 'O TROY MUIR, my lily-flower,  
An asking I'll ask thee;  
Will ye come to my bigley bower  
And drink the wine wi me?'
- 2 'My dame, this is too much honour  
You have conferrd on me;
- I'm sure it's mair than I've deservd  
Frae sic a one as thee.'
- 3 'In Reekie's towers I hae a bower,  
And pictures round it set;  
There is a bed that is well made,  
Where you and I shall sleep.'
- 4 'O God forbid,' this youth then said,  
'That ever I drie sic blame  
As ever to touch the queen's bodie,  
Altho the king's frae hame.'
- 5 When that he had these words spoken,  
She secretly did say,  
Some evil I shall work this man,  
Before that it be day.
- 6 Whan a' her maids were gane to bed,  
And knights were gane frae hame,  
She calld upon young Troy Muir,  
To put fire in her room.
- 7 'An asking, asking, Troy Muir,  
An asking ye'll grant me;  
'O, if it be a lawful thing,  
My dame it's granted be.'
- 8 'There is a stane in yon garden;  
Nae ane lifts it for me;  
But if that ye woud lift the same,  
A brave man I'll ca thee.
- 9 'Under yon stane there is a pit,  
Most dreary for to see,  
And in it there's as much red gowd  
As buy a dukedom to thee.'
- 10 'O if I had ae sleep in bed,  
And saw the morning sun,  
As soon's I rise and see the skies,  
Your will it shall be done.'
- 11 When birds did sing, and sun did rise,  
And sweetly sang the lark,  
Troy Muir to the garden went,  
To work this dreary wark.
- 12 He's taen the stane then by a ring,  
And lifted manfullie;  
A serpent that lang wanted meat  
Round Troy Muir's middle did flee.
- 13 'How shall I get rid o this foul beast?  
It's by it I must dee;

- I never thought the queen, my friend,  
Woud work this mischief to me.'
- 14 But by there came a weelfaird may,  
As Troy Muir did tauk,  
The serpent's, furious rage to lay,  
Cut aff her fair white pap.
- 15 As soon as she the same had done,  
Young Troy Muir was set free,  
And in ane hour the wound was heald,  
That nae mair pain had she.
- 16 Says Troy Muir, My lily-flower,  
Ye hae releasèd me;  
But before I see another day,  
My wedded wife ye 'se be.
- 17 He married her on that same day,  
Brought her to his ain hame;  
A lovely son to him she bare,  
When full nine months were gane.
- 18 As heaven was pleasd, in a short time,  
To ease her first sad pain,  
Sae was it pleasd, when she 'd a son,  
To hae a pap again.

302

## YOUNG BEARWELL

This is one of half a dozen pieces sent Buchan by Mr Nicol of Strichen, "who wrote them from memory as he had learned them in his earlier years from old people." It is also one of not a few flimsy and unjointed ballads found in Buchan's volumes, the like of which is hardly to be found elsewhere, that require a respectable voucher, such as Mr Nicol undoubtedly was, for the other five pieces communicated by him were all above suspicion, and have a considerable value. It will not, however, help the ballad much that it was not palmed off on Buchan in jest or otherwise, or even if it was learned from an old person by Mr Nicol in his youth. The intrinsic character of the ballad remains, and old people have sometimes burdened their memory with worthless things.

'Young Bearwell,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 75; Motherwell's MS., p. 456, derived from Buchan; Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 345.

- 1 WHEN two lovers love each other well,  
Great sin it were them to twinn;

And this I speak from Young Bearwell;  
He loved a lady young,  
The Mayor's daughter of Birktown-brae,  
That lovely, leesome thing.

- 2 One day when she was looking out,  
When washing her milk-white hands,  
That she beheld him Young Bearwell,  
As he came in the sands.
- 3 Says, Wae's me for you, Young Bearwell,  
Such tales of you are tauld;  
They 'll cause you sail the salt sea so far  
As beyond Yorkisfauld.

- 4 . . . . .  
'O shall I bide in good greenwood,  
Or stay in bower with thee?'

- 5 'The leaves are thick in good green-  
wood,  
Would hold you from the rain;  
And if you stay in bower with me  
You will be taken and slain.

- 6 'But I caused build a ship for you  
Upon Saint Innocent's day;  
I'll bid Saint Innocent be your guide,  
And Our Lady, that meikle may.  
You are a lady's first true-love,  
God carry you well away!'

- 7 Then he sailed east, and he sailed west,  
By many a comely strand;  
At length a puff of northern wind  
Did blow him to the land.

- 8 When he did see the king and court,  
Were playing at the ba;  
Gave him a harp into his hand,  
Says, Stay, Bearwell, and play.

- 9 He had not been in the king's court  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
Till there came lairds and lords anew  
To court that lady gay.

- 10 They wooed her with brooch and ring,  
They nothing could keep back;  
The very charters of their lands  
Into her hands they pat.

- 11 She's done her down to Heyvalin,  
With the light of the moon;

Says, 'Will ye do this deed for me,  
And will ye do it soon?'

12 'Will ye go seek him Young Bearwell,  
On seas wherever he be?  
And if I live and bruik my life  
Rewarded ye shall be.'

13 'Alas, I am too young a skipper,  
So far to sail the faem;  
But if I live and bruik my life  
I'll strive to bring him hame.'

14 So he has saild east and then saild west,  
By many a comely strand,  
Till there came a blast of northern wind  
And blew him to the land.

15 And there the king and all his court  
Were playing at the ba;  
Gave him a harp into his hand,  
Says, Stay, Heyvalin, and play.

16 He has tane up the harp in hand,  
And unto play went he,  
And Young Bearwell was the first man  
In all that companie.

\* \* \* \*

### 303

#### THE HOLY NUNNERY

'The Holy Nunnery,' Buchan's Ballads of  
the North of Scotland, i, 193.

1 FAIR ANNIE had a costly bower,  
Well built wi lime and stane,  
And Willie came to visit her,  
Wi the light o the meen.

2 When he came to Annie's bower-door,  
He tirl'd at the pin:  
'Ye sleep, ye wake, ye Fair Annie,  
'Ye'll open, lat me come in.'

3 'O never a fit,' says Fair Annie,  
'Till I your errand ken;'  
'My father's vow'd a vow, Annie,  
I'll tell you when I'm in.

4 'My father's vow'd a rash vow,  
I darena marry thee;  
My mither's vow'd anither vow,  
My bride ye 'se never be.'

5 'If ye had tauld me that, Willie,  
When we began to woo,  
There was naithing in this warld wide  
Shoud drawn my love to you.

6 'A nun, a nun,' said Fair Annie,  
'A nun will I be then;'  
'A priest, a priest,' said Sweet Willie,  
'A priest will I be syne.'

7 She is gane to her father,  
For mither she had nane;  
And she is on to her father,  
To see if she'd be a nun.

8 'An asking, asking, father dear,  
An asking ye'll grant me;  
That's to get to the holy nunnery,  
And there to live or die.'

9 'Your asking's nae sae great, daugh-  
ter,  
But granted it shall be;  
For ye 'se won to the holy nunnery,  
There to live or die.'

10 Then they gaed on, and farther on,  
Till they came to the yate;  
And there they spied a maiden porter,  
Wi' gowd upon her hat.

11 'An asking, asking, maiden porter,  
An asking ye'll grant me;  
If I'll won to the holy nunnery,  
There to live or die.'

12 'Your asking's nae sae great, lady,  
But granted it shall be;  
For ye 'se won to the holy nunnery,  
There to live or die.

13 'But ye maun vow a vow, lady,  
Before that ye seek in;  
Never to kiss a young man's mouth  
That goes upon the grun.

14 'And ye must vow anither vow,  
Severely ye must work;  
The well-warst vow that ye're to vow,  
Is never to gang to kirk.'

15 'I will vow a vow,' she said,  
'Before that I seek in;  
I neer shall kiss a young man's mouth  
That goes upon the grun.

- 16 'And I will vow anither vow,  
Severely I will work;  
The well-warst vow that I'm to vow  
Is never to gang to kirk.'
- 17 For seven years now Fair Annie,  
In the holy nunnery lay she,  
And seven years Sweet Willie lay,  
In languish like to die.
- 18 'Is there nae duke nor lord's daughter,  
My son, can comfort thee,  
And save thee frae the gates o' death?  
Is there nae remedie?'
- 19 'There is nae duke nor lord's daughter,  
Mother, can comfort me,  
Except it be my love, Annie,  
In the holy nunnery lies she.'
- 20 They've dressd Sweet Willie up in silk,  
Wi gowd his gown did shine,  
And nane coud ken by his pale face  
But he was a lady fine.
- 21 So they gaed on, and farther on,  
Till they came to the yate,  
And there they spied a maiden porter,  
Wi gowd upon her hat.
- 22 'An asking, an asking, maiden porter,  
An asking ye'll grant me;  
For to win in to the holy nunnery,  
Fair Annie for to see.'
- 23 'Your asking's nae sae great, lady,  
But granted it shall be;  
Ye'se won into the holy nunnery,  
Fair Annie for to see.
- 24 'Be she duke's or lord's daughter,  
It's lang sin she came here.'  
Fair Annie kent her true love's face;  
Says, Come up, my sister dear.
- 25 Sweet Willie went to kiss her lips,  
As he had wont to do;  
But she softly whispered him,  
I darena this avow.

304

## YOUNG RONALD

Professor Child observes: "If any lover of ballads should feel his understanding insulted

by the presentation of such a piece as this, I can have no quarrel with him. There is certainly much in it that is exasperating, — the greeters in the school, the lifting of the hat, and, most of all, perhaps, the mint in meadows. These are, however, the writer's own property; the nicking with nay and the giant are borrowed from romances. In this and not a very few other cases, I have suppressed disgust, and admitted an actually worthless and a manifestly — at least in part — spurious ballad, because of a remote possibility that it might contain relics, or be a debased representative, of something genuine and better. Such was the advice of my lamented friend, Grundtvig, in more instances than those in which I have brought myself to defer to his judgment."

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 282; Motherwell's MS., p. 601, derived from Buchan.

- 1 It fell upon the Lammas time,  
When flowers were fresh and green,  
And craig and cleugh was covered ower  
With cloathing that was clean.
- 2 'T was at that time a noble squire,  
Sprung from an ancient line,  
Laid his love on a lady fair,  
The king's daughter o' Linne.
- 3 When cocks did crow, and day did daw,  
And mint in meadows sprang,  
Young Ronald and his little wee boy  
They rode the way along.
- 4 So they rode on, and farther on,  
To yonder pleasant green,  
And there he spied that lady fair,  
In her garden alane.
- 5 These two together lang they stood,  
And love's tale there they taul;  
The glancing o' her fair color  
Did Ronald's own impale.
- 6 He lifted 's hat, and thus he spake;  
O pity have on me!  
For I could pledge what is my right,  
All for the sake of thee.
- 7 'Ye're young amo your mirth, kind  
sir,  
And fair o' your dull hours;  
There's nae a lady in a' London  
But might be your paramour.

- 8 'But I'm too young to wed, kind sir,  
You must not take it ill;  
Whate'er my father bids me do,  
I maun be at his will.'
- 9 He kissd her then and took his leave,  
His heart was all in pride,  
And he is on to Windsor gone,  
And his boy by his side.
- 10 And when he unto Windsor came,  
And lighted on the green,  
There he spied his mother dear,  
Was walking there alane.
- 11 'Where have ye been, my son, Ronald,  
From gude school-house, this day?'  
'I hae been at Linne, mother,  
Seeing you bonny may.'
- 12 'O wae's me for you now, Ronald,  
For she will not you hae;  
For mony a knight and bauld baron  
She's nickd them a' wi nae.'
- 13 Young Ronald's done him to his bower,  
And he took bed and lay;  
Nae woman could come in his sight,  
For the thoughts o this well-fard may.
- 14 Then in it came his father dear,  
Well belted in a brand;  
The tears ran frae his twa gray eyes,  
All for his lovely son.
- 15 Then Ronald calld his stable-groom  
To come right speedilie;  
Says, Ye'll gang to yon stable, boy  
And saddle a steed for me.
- 16 'His saddle o the guid red gowd,  
His bits be o the steel,  
His bridle o a glittering hue;  
See that ye saddle him weel.
- 17 'For I've heard greeters at your school-  
house,  
Near thirty in a day;  
But for to hear an auld man greet,  
It passes bairns' play.'
- 18 When cocks did crow, and day did daw,  
And mint in meadows sprang,  
Young Ronald and his little wee boy  
The way they rode alang.
- 19 So they rode on, and further on,  
To yonder pleasant green,  
And there they saw that lady fair,  
In her garden alane.
- 20 And twenty times before he ceasd  
He kissd her lips sae clear,  
And said, Dear lady, for your sake,  
I'll fight fell lang and sair.
- 21 'Full haste, nae speed, for me, kind  
sir,'  
Replied the lady clear;  
'Far better bucklings ye maun bide  
Or ye gain my love by weir.
- 22 'King Honour is my father's name,  
The morn to war maun fare,  
And that's to fight a proud giant,  
That's wrought him muckle care.
- 23 'Along wi him he is to take  
Baith noble knights and squires;  
I woud wish you as well-dressd a knight  
As ony will be there.
- 24 'And I'll gie you a thousand crowns,  
To part amang your men;  
A robe upon your ain body,  
Weel sewd wi my ain hand.
- 25 'Likewise a ring, a royal thing,  
The virtue it is gude;  
If ony o your men be hurt,  
It soon will stem their blude.
- 26 'Another ring, a royal thing,  
Whose virtue is well known;  
As lang's this ring your body's on,  
Your bluid shall neer be drawn.'
- 27 He kissd her then, and took his leave,  
His heart was all in pride,  
And he is on to Windsor gone,  
And his boy by his side.
- 28 And when he unto Windsor came,  
And lighted on the green,  
There he saw his auld father,  
Was walking him alane.
- 29 'Where hae ye been, my son, Ronald,  
From gude school-house the day?'  
'O I hae been at Linne, father,  
Seeking you bonny may.'



- 30 'O wae's me for you now, Ronald,  
For she will not you hae;  
Mony a' knight and bauld baron  
She's nicked them a' wi nay.'
- 31 'O had your tongue, my father dear,  
Lat a your folly be;  
The last words that I wi her spake,  
Her love was granted me.
- 32 'King Honour is her father's name,  
The morn to war maun fare,  
And that's to fight a proud giant,  
That's wrought him muckle care.
- 33 'Alang wi him he means to take  
Baith knights and noble squires;  
And she wishes me as well drest a  
knight  
As ony will be there.
- 34 'And she's gaen me a thousand crowns,  
To part amang my men;  
A robe upon my ain body,  
Weel sewd wi her ain hand.
- 35 'Likewise a ring, a royal thing,  
The virtue it is gude;  
If ony o my men be hurt,  
It soon will stem their blude.
- 36 'Another ring, a royal thing,  
Whose virtue is unknown;  
As lang's this ring my body's on,  
My blude will neer be drawn.'
- 37 'If that be true, my son, Ronald,  
That ye hae tauld to me,  
I'll gie to you an hundred men,  
To bear you companie.
- 38 'Besides as muckle gude harness  
As carry them on the lee;  
It is a company gude enough  
For sic a squire as thee.'
- 39 When cocks did crawl, and day did daw,  
And mint in meadows spread,  
Young Ronald and his merry young men  
Were ready for to ride.
- 40 So they rode on, and farther on,  
To yonder pleasant green,  
And there they spied that lady fair,  
In her garden, sair mourning.

- 41 These twa together lang they stood,  
And love's tale there they taul,  
Till her father and his merry young men  
Had ridden seven mile.
- 42 He kisssd her then, and took his leave,  
His heart was all in pride,  
And then he sprang alang the road  
As sparks do frae the gleed.
- 43 Then to his great steed he set spur;  
He being swift o feet,  
They soon arrived on the plain,  
Where all the rest did meet.
- 44 Then flew the foul thief frae the west,  
His make was never seen;  
He had three heads upon ae hause,  
Three heads on ae breast-bane.
- 45 He bauldly stept up to the king,  
Seiz'd's steed in his right hand;  
Says, Here I am, a valiant man,  
Fight me now if ye can.
- 46 'Where is the man in a' my train  
Will take this deed in hand?  
And he shall hae my daughter dear,  
And third part o my land.'
- 47 'O here am I,' said young Ronald,  
'Will take the deed in hand;  
And ye'll gie me your daughter dear,  
I'll seek nane o your land.'
- 48 'I woudna for my life, Ronald,  
This day I left you here;  
Remember ye yon lady gay  
For you shed mony a tear.'
- 49 Fan he did mind on that lady  
That he left him behind,  
He hadna mair fear to fight  
Nor a lion frae a chain.
- 50 Then he cut aff the giant's heads  
Wi ae sweep o his hand,  
Gaed hame and married that lady,  
And heird her father's land.

tained. There is, however, nothing in the language of the piece as it stands which obliges us to assign it a much higher antiquity. It is here given according to the copy in Herd's MSS. (A a), which he received in 1795 from Andrew Plummer. Scott's version in the Minstrelsy agrees substantially, except for his interpolations. B (from Glenriddell's MSS.) is defective and corrupt, and C (from an Abbotsford MS.) is a fragment. Various attempts have been made to find an historical foundation for 'The Outlaw Murray,' but the ballad corresponds to nothing that is known, or even probably surmised, in the relations between the Murrays and the Scottish kings.

## A

a. 'The Song of the Outlaw Murray,' Herd's MSS., II, fol. 76; 'The Outlaw Murray,' I, 255, 1795. b. 'The Song of the Outlaw Murray,' Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, 1803, I, 1; principally from a copy found among the papers of the late Mrs. Cockburn, of Edinburgh. c. 'The Song of the Outlaw Murray,' Aytoun's Ballads of Scotland, 1859, II, 131; "from an old manuscript in the Philiphaugh charter-chest," now not accessible. d. 'The Sang of the Outlaw Murray,' a copy among the Philiphaugh papers, transcribed not earlier than 1848.

- 1 ETRICK forest is a fair foreste,  
In it grows manie a semelie trie;  
The hart, the hynd, the dae, the rae,  
And of a' [wylde] beastis grete plen-  
tie.
- 2 There's a castell biggit with lime and  
stane,  
O gin it stands not pleasantlie!  
In the fore front o that castell fair  
Twa unicorns are bra to see.
- 3 There's the picture of a knight and a  
ladye bright,  
And the grene hollin aboon their brie;  
There an Outlaw keepis five hundred  
men,  
He keepis a royalle companie.
- 4 His merrie men are in [ae] liverie clad,  
Of the Lincoln grene so fair to see;  
He and his ladie in purple clad,  
O if they live not royallie!
- 5 Word is gane to our nobell king,  
In Edinburgh where that he lay,

That there was an Outlaw in Etterick  
forest  
Counted him nought and all his cour-  
trie gay.

- 6 'I mak a vowe,' then the goode king said,  
'Unto the man that dear bought me,  
I'se either be king of Etrick forest,  
Or king of Scotland that Outlaw's bee.'
- 7 Then spak the erle hight Hamilton,  
And to the noble king said he;  
My sovereign prince, sum counsell tak,  
First of your nobles, syne of me.
- 8 'I redd you send yon bra Outlaw till  
And see gif your man cum will he;  
Desire him cum and be your man,  
And hald of you yon forest frie.
- 9 'And gif he refuses to do that,  
We'll conquess both his lands and he,  
Or else we'll throw his castell down,  
And mak a widowe of his gaye ladie.'
- 10 The king called on a gentleman,  
James Boyd, Erle of Arran, his brother  
was he;  
When James he came before the king  
He fell before him on his knie.
- 11 'Welcum, James Boyd,' said our nobil  
king,  
'A message ye maun gang for me;  
Ye maun hie to Etrick forrest,  
To yon Outlaw, where dwelleth he.
- 12 'Ask hym of quhom he haldis his lands,  
Or, man, wha may his master be;  
Desyre him come and be my man,  
And hald of me yon forrest frie.
- 13 'To Edinburgh to cum and gang  
His safe-warrant I sall be;  
And, gif he refuses to do that,  
We'll conquess baith his lands and he.
- 14 'Thou mayst vow I'll cast his castell down,  
And mak a widow of his gay ladie;  
I'll hang his merrie men pair by pair  
In ony frith where I may them see.'
- 15 James Boyd took his leave of the nobill  
king,  
To Etrick forrest fair came he;

- Down Birkendale brae when that he cam,  
He saw the fair forest with his ee.
- 16 Baith dae and rae and hart and hynd,  
And of all wyld beastis grete plentie;  
He heard the bows that bauldly ring,  
And arrows whidderand near him by.
- 17 Of the fair castell he got a sight,  
The like he nere saw with his ee;  
On the fore front of that castell  
Twa unicorns were bra to see.
- 18 The picture of a knight and a ladie bright,  
And the grene hollin aboon their brie;  
Thereat he spy'd five hundred men,  
Shuting with bows upon the lee.
- 19 They a' were in ae liverie clad,  
Of the Lincoln grene, sae fair to see;  
The knight and his ladye in purple clad;  
O gif they lived right royallie!  
Therefore he kend he was master-man,  
And served him in his ain degree.
- 20 'God mot thee save, brave Outlaw Mur-  
ray,  
Thy ladie and a' thy chivalrie!  
'Marry, thou's wellcum, gentleman,  
Sum king's-messenger thou seems to  
be.'
- 21 'The King of Scotland sent me hier,  
And, gude Outlaw, I'm sent to thee;  
I wad wat of whom ye hald your lands,  
Or, man, wha may thy master be.'
- 22 'Thir landis are mine,' the Outlaw said,  
'I own na king in Christentie;  
Frae Soudron I this forest wan,  
When the king nor's knights were not  
to see.'
- 23 'He desires you'l come to Edinburgh,  
And hald of him this forest frie;  
And gif you refuse to do this,  
He'll conquest both thy landis and  
thee;  
He has vovd to cast thy castell down,  
And make a widow of thy gaye ladie.
- 24 'He'll hang thy merrie men pair by pair,  
In ony frith where he may them finde;'  
'Aye, by my troth,' the Outlaw said,  
'Then wad I think me far behinde.
- 25 'Eere the king my fair countrie get,  
This land that's nativest to me,  
Mony of his nobils sall be cauld,  
Their ladies sall be right wearie.'
- 26 Then spak his ladye fair of face,  
She said, Without consent of me  
That an outlaw shuld come before the  
king:  
I am right rad of treasonrie.
- 27 'Bid him be gude to his lordis at hame,  
For Edinburgh my lord sall never see.'  
James tuke his leave of the Outlaw keene,  
To Edinburgh boun is he.
- 28 And when he came before the king,  
He fell before him on his knie:  
'Wellcum, James Boyd,' said the nobil  
king,  
'What foreste is Etrick forest frie?'
- 29 'Etrick forest is the fairest forest  
That ever man saw with his ee;  
There's the dae, the rae, the hart, the  
hynde,  
And of all wild beastis great plentie.
- 30 'There's a prittie castell of lime and  
stone,  
O gif it stands not pleasauntlie!  
There's on the fore side of that castell  
Twa unicorns sae bra to see.
- 31 'There's the picture of a knight and [a]  
ladie bright,  
And the grene hollin aboon their brie;  
There the Outlaw keeps five hundred  
men,  
O gif they live not royallie!
- 32 'His merry men in [ae] liverie clad,  
O the Lincoln grene, so fair to see;  
He and his ladye in purple clad,  
O gif they live not royallie!
- 33 'He says yon forest is his ain,  
He wan it from the Soudronie;  
Sae as he won it, sae will he keep it,  
Contrair all kings in Christentie.'
- 34 'Gar ray my horse,' said the nobil king,  
'To Etrick [forest] hie will I me;'  
Then he gard graith five thousand men,  
And sent them on for the forest frie.

- 35 Then word is gane the Outlaw till,  
In Etrick forest where dwelleth he,  
That the king was cumand to his cuntrie,  
To conqness baith his lands and he.
- 36 'I mak a vow,' the Outlaw said,  
'I mak a vow, and that trulie,  
Were there but three men to tak my part,  
Yon king's cuming full deir suld be.'
- 37 Then messengers he called forth,  
And bade them baste them speedilie:  
'Ane of you go to Halliday,  
The laird of the Corehead is he.
- 38 'He certain is my sister's son,  
Bid him cum quick and succour me;  
Tell Halliday with thee to cum,  
And shaw him a' the veritie.'
- 39 'What news? what news,' said Halliday,  
'Man, frae thy master unto me?'  
'Not as ye wad; seeking your aid;  
The king's his mortal enemye.'
- 40 'Aye, by my troth,' quoth Halliday,  
'Even for that it repenteth me;  
For, gif he lose fair Etrick forest,  
He'll take fair Moffatdale frae me.
- 41 'I'll meet him wi five hundred men,  
And surely mae, if mae may be:'  
[The Outlaw call'd a messenger,  
And bid him hie him speedily.]
- 42 'To Andrew Murray of Cockpool,  
That man's a deir cousin to me;  
Desire him cum and make me aid,  
With all the power that he may be.
- 43 'The king has vovd to cast my castell  
down,  
And mak a widow of my gay ladye;  
He'll hang my merry men pair by pair  
I[n] any place where he may them see.'
- 44 'It stands me hard,' quoth Andrew Murray,  
'Judge if it stands not hard with me,  
To enter against a king with crown,  
And put my lands in jeopardie.
- 45 'Yet, gif I cum not on the daye,  
Surelie at night he sall me see:'
- To Sir James Murray, laird of Traquair,  
A message came right speedilie.
- 46 'What news? what news,' James Murray said,  
'Man, frae thy master unto me?'  
'What needs I tell? for well ye ken  
The king's his mortal enemye.
- 47 'He desires ye'll cum and make him  
aid,  
With all the powers that ye may be:'  
'And, by my troth,' James Murray said,  
'With that Outlaw I'll live and die.
- 48 'The king has gifted my lands lang  
syne,  
It can not be nae war with me;'  
. . . . .
- 49 The king was cumand thro Cadden ford,  
And fiftene thousand men was he;  
They saw the forest them before,  
They thought it awsome for to see.
- 50 Then spak the erle hight Hamilton,  
And to the nobil king said he,  
My sovereign prince, sum counsell take,  
First at your nobles, syne at me.
- 51 'Desyre him meet you at Penman's  
Core,  
And bring four in his cumpanie;  
Fyve erles sall gang yoursell before,  
Gude cause that you suld honord be.
- 52 'And, if he refuses to do that,  
Wi fire and sword we'll follow thee;  
There sall never a Murray after him  
Have land in Etrick forest frie.'
- 53 The king then called a gentleman,  
Royal-banner-bearer then was he,  
James Hope Pringle of Torsonse by  
name;  
He came and knelit upon his knie.
- 54 'Welcum,' James Pringle of Torsonse;  
Ye man a message gae for me;  
Ye man gae to yon Outlaw Murray,  
Surely where bauldly bideth he.
- 55 'Bid him meet me at Penman's Core,  
And bring four of his companye;

- Five erles sall cum wi mysell,  
Gude reason I suld honord be.
- 56 'And if he refuses to do that,  
Bid him look for nae gude o me;  
There sall never a Murray after him  
Have land in Etric forest frie.'
- 57 James came before the Outlaw keene,  
And served him in his ain degree:  
'Wellecum, James Pringle of Torsonse,  
What tidings frae the king to me?'
- 58 'He bids you meet him at Penman's  
Core,  
And bring four of your companie;  
Five erles will cum with the king,  
Nae more in number will he be.
- 59 'And gif you refuse to do that,  
I freely here upgive with thee,  
There will never a Murray after thee  
Have land in Etrick forest frie.
- 60 'He'll cast your bonny castell down,  
And make a widow of your gay ladie,  
He'll hang your merry men pair by  
pair  
In ony place where he may them see.'
- 61 'It stands me hard,' the Outlaw said,  
'Judge if it stands not hard with me;  
I reck not of losing of mysell,  
But all my offspring after me.
- 62 'Auld Haliday, young Haliday,  
Ye sall be twa to gang wi me;  
Andrew Murray and Sir James Murray,  
We'll be nae mae in cumpanie.'
- 63 When that they came before the king,  
They fell before him on their knee:  
'Grant mercy, mercy, royal king,  
Een for his sake who died on tre!'
- 64 'Sicken-like mercy sall ye have,  
On gallows ye sall hangit be;'  
'God forbid!' quo the Outlaw then,  
'I hope your Grace will better be.
- 65 'These lands of Etrick forest fair,  
I wan them frae the enemie;  
Like as I wan them, sae will I keep  
them,  
Contrair all kings in Christentie.'
- 66 All the nobilis said, the king about,  
Pitye it were to see him die:  
'Yet graunt me merceye, sovereign  
prince,  
Extend your favour unto me!
- 67 'I'll give you the keys of my castell,  
With the blessing of my fair ladie;  
Mak me the sheriff of the forest,  
And all my offspring after me.'
- 68 'Wilt thou give me the keys of thy cas-  
tell,  
With the blessing of thy fair ladye?  
I'll mak the[e] shiryff of the forest,  
Surely while upwards grows the trie;  
If you be not traytour to the king,  
Forfaulted sall ye never be.'
- 69 'But, prince, what sall cum o my men?  
When I go back, traitour they'll ca  
me;  
I had rather lose my life and land,  
Eer my merry men rebuked me.'
- 70 'Will your merry men amend their  
lives  
And all their pardouns I grant thee:  
Now name thy landes whe're they be,  
And here I render them to thee.'
- 71 'Fair Philiphaugh, prince, is my awin,  
I biggit it wi lime and stane;  
The Tinnies and the Hangingshaw,  
My leige, are native steeds of mine.
- 72 '. . . . .  
. . . . .  
I have mony steeds in the forest shaw,  
But them by name I dinna knaw.'
- 73 The keys of the castell he gave the  
king,  
With the blessing of his fair ladye;  
He was made sheryff of Etrick forest,  
Surely while upward grows the trie;  
And, if he was not traytour to the  
king,  
Forfaulted he suld never be.
- 74 Wha ever heard, in ony tymes,  
Sicken an outlaw in his degree  
Sic favour get before a king  
As did the Outlaw Murray of the for-  
est frie?



## FRAGMENTS

"DISPERSED thro Shakspeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered," says Bishop Percy in his preface to 'The Friar of Orders Gray.' What he says of Shakspeare is equally true of Beaumont and Fletcher, but it is not true, in either case, that there are many fragments of popular traditional ballads. Portions of ballads of one kind or another, and still more of songs, are introduced into the plays of these authors, though not so frequently as one would suppose from Percy's words. Ten of the twenty-eight stanzas of 'The Friar of Orders Gray' are taken, mostly in part only, from Shakspeare and Fletcher,<sup>1</sup> but the original verses are from songs, not properly from ballads. It is not, however, always easy to say whether an isolated stanza belonged to a ballad or a song. Some snatches from familiar ballads, which occur in Beaumont and Fletcher, have already been given at the proper places. A few bits from unknown pieces, which occur in Shakspeare, or Beaumont and Fletcher (strictly, perhaps, Fletcher), will be given here. It is surprising that other dramatists have not furnished something.

A very meagre gathering of fragments from other sources follows those which have been gleaned from the dramatists, but it must be once more said that there is not an absolute certainty that all of these belong to ballads.

Some popular tales are interspersed with verses of a ballad character, and one or two cases have been incidentally noted already. Examples are 'The Paddo,' Chambers's Popular Rhymes of Scotland, 1870, p. 87;<sup>2</sup> 'The Red Etin,' *ib.* p. 89; 'The Black Bull of Norroway,' *ib.* p. 95; 'Child Rowland and Burd Eilen,' Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, p. 397;<sup>3</sup> 'The Golden Ball,' see No. 95, H, Child, II, 353-55.

<sup>1</sup> Stanza 11,<sup>2</sup> of Percy's ballad is from The Taming of the Shrew, iv, 1; 3, 5, 7, are, wholly or in part, from Hamlet, iv, 5; 12, 13, from Fletcher's Queen of Corinth, iii, 2; 15 from Hamlet, as before; 17, 18, from Much Ado about Nothing, ii, 3; one line of 22 from King Lear, iii, 4.

<sup>2</sup> The verses from this tale are printed separately in Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 117, 'The Maid and Fairy.'

<sup>3</sup> But Jamieson confesses: "Of the verses which have been introduced I cannot answer for the exactness of any, except the stanza put into the mouth of the king of Eifland, which was indelibly impressed upon my memory [though J. was only seven or eight years old] long before I knew anything of Shakspeare." The stanza is: [in came the king of Eifland,]

'With fi, fi, fo and fum!

I smell the blood of a Christian man;

Be he dead, be he living, wi my brand

I'll clash his harns frae his harn-pan.'

## SHAKSPERE

From King Lear, Act iii, sc. 4, printed 1608

Child Rowland to the darke tower came,  
His word was still, *Fy, fo, and fumme!*  
I smell the bloud of a British man.

1. *So 1623: both quartos, darke towne come*

Act iii, sc. 6.

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepheard?  
Thy sheepe bee in the corne;  
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth  
Thy sheepe shall take no harme.

From The Taming of the Shrew, Act iv, sc. I  
printed 1623, I, 221.

It was the friar of orders gray,  
As he forth walked on his way.

## BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

From The Knight of the Burning Pestle  
produced apparently in 1611, Act ii, sc. 8  
Dyce, II, 173.

She cares not for her daddy,  
Nor she cares not for her mammy,  
For she is, she is, she is, she is  
My lord of Lowgave's lassy.

(Perhaps only a song.)

Give him flowers enow, palmer, give him  
flowers enow,  
Give him red and white, and blue, green  
and yellow.

Act v, sc. 3; Dyce, p. 226.

With that came out his paramour,  
She was as white as the lily-flower.  
Hey, troul, troly, loly

With that came out her own dear knight  
He was as true as ever did fight.

From Bonduca, produced before March  
1619: Act v, sc. 2, Dyce, v, 88.

It was an old tale, ten thousand times told  
Of a young lady was turnd into mould,  
Her life it was lovely, her death it was bold

From *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, printed in 1634, Act iii, sc. 4; Dyce, xi, 383.

For I'll cut my green coat a foot above my knee,  
And I'll clip my yellow locks an inch below mine ee.

Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny

He's buy me a white cut, forth for to ride,  
And I'll go seek him through the world that is so wide.

Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny

The *Complaynt of Scotland*, 1549, gives two lines of a song on the murder, in 1517, of the *Sieur de la Bastie*, a distinguished knight in the service of the Regent, Duke of Albany. The song may, or may not, have been a ballad.

God sen the Duc hed byddin in France,  
And Delabautë hed neuyr cum hame.

Ed. Leyden, p. 100.

The *History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus*, written by Master David Hume of Godscroft, p. 155, Edinburgh, 1644.

Of the treacherous execution of William, sixth Earl of Douglas, at the castle of Edinburgh, in 1440, Hume of Godscroft says: "It is sure the people did abhorre it, execrating the very place where it was done; in detestation of the fact of which the memory remaineth yet to our dayes in these words." Since Hume mentions no ballad, it is not likely that he knew of more than this single stanza, or that more existed. (Sir Walter Scott, however, confidently assumes that there was a ballad. *Minstrelsy*, 1833, i, 221 f.)

Edinburgh castle, towne, and tower,  
God grant thou sinke for sinne!  
And that even for the black dinner  
Earle Douglas got therein.

Written on the fly-leaf of a little volume printed at Edinburgh about 1670 (*Quevedo's Novels*), Laing MSS., University of Edinburgh, Div. II, 358. (Communicated by Mr Macmath.)

'He steps full statly on y° stre[et],  
He hads y° charters of him sell,  
In his cloathing he is compl[ete],  
In Craford's mure he bears y° bell.

'I wish I had died my own fai[r] death,  
In tender age, q° I was young;

I would never have broke my heart  
For y° love of any churl's son.

'Wo be to my parents all,  
Y° lives so farr beyond y° sea!  
I might have lived a noble life,  
And wedded in my own countrë.'

Finlay's *Scottish Ballads*, I, xxxii.

A "romantic ballad, of which, unfortunately, one stanza only has been preserved. The tradition bears that a young lady was carried away by the fairies, and that, although invisible to her friends who were in search of her, she was sometimes heard by them lamenting her destiny in a pathetic song, of which the stanza just mentioned runs nearly thus:—"

O Alva hills is bonny,  
Dalycountry hills is fair,  
But to think on the braes of Menstrie  
It maks my heart fu sair.

The following variant was communicated (with a story of a wife carried off by fairies) by J. C. to *The Scottish Journal*, II, 275, 1848 (Macmath):—

O Alva woods are bonnie,  
Tillycountry hills are fair,  
But when I think on the braes o Menstrie  
It maks my heart aye sair.

## KING EDELBRODE

Sent by Motherwell to C. K. Sharpe, with a letter dated October 8, 1825. Also entered in Motherwell's *Note-Book*, p. 53 (excepting the second line of the first stanza).

King Edelbrode cam owre the sea,  
Fa la lilly  
All for to marry a gay ladye.  
Fa la lilly.

(Then follows the description of a queen, jimp and sma, not remembered.)

Her lilly hands, sae white and sma,  
Fa la lilly  
Wi gouden rings were buskit braw.  
Fa la lilly

"I cannot get any precise account of its subject, but it related somehow to a most magnificent marriage. The old lady who sung it died some years ago." (Letter to Sharpe.)

"It may be the same ballad as the scrap I have, with something of a similar chorus." (Note-Book, where the "chorus" is Fa fa lilly.)

The reference seems to be to 'The Whum-mil Bore,' No. 27.

C. K. Sharpe's Letters, ed. Allardyce, II, 106 (1813).

'O come you from the earth?' she said,

'Or come you from the skye?'

'Oh, I am from yonder churchyard,  
Where my crumblin' relicks lie.'

Sharpe somewhere asks, Where does this belong?

Possibly in some version of 'Proud Lady Margaret,' No. 47.

MS. of Thomas Wilkie, p. 80, Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy, No. 73 C, Abbotsford.

The great bull of Bendy-law  
Has broken his band and run awa,  
And the king and a' his court  
Canna turn that bull about.

Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy, No. 86 a, Abbotsford, in the handwriting of Thomas Wilkie.

Red-Cap he was there,  
And he was there indeed,  
And he was standing by,  
With a red cap on his head.

Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy, No. 73a; MS. of Thomas Wilkie, Abbotsford, derived by Wilkie from his father, "who heard a Lady Briggs sing this when he was a boy."

He took a sword in every hand  
And on the house did venture,  
And swore if they wad not gee her up  
He would make all their doors play clatter.

Her angry father, when he saw this,  
That he would lose his ae daughter,  
He swore if he had not been gude at the sword  
He durst not come to make his door clatter.

## NOTES





## NOTES

[The references are to page, stanza, and verse.]

### 1

Six versions.

2. *A* a was "printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and I. Clarke;" *b* "for W. Thackeray, E. M. and A. M.;" *c* "by Tho. Norris."  
2. *A* 5<sup>1</sup>. *a*, *b*, *c*, *d* read *youngest*.

### 2

Nineteen versions (some of them fragmentary).

3. *A* 3<sup>2</sup>. *B* reads: Yea, and the knight in my arms niest [i. e. next].  
3. *A* 9. *C* (Kinloch's Ballads) adds:—  
And ye maun wash it in yon cistran,  
Whare water never stood nor ran.  
And ye maun dry it on yon hawthorn,  
Whare the sun neer shon sin man was born.  
3. *A* 9<sup>1</sup>. The broadside reads: needle and heerless. But cf. *C*: knife-, sheer-less.  
4. *A* 11<sup>2</sup>. Atween the saut sea and the and *C*.  
4. *A* 12<sup>2</sup>. Some versions have "with one peppercorn"; *F* (Kinloch MSS.) reads "with a peck o corn."  
4. Sts. 18-19 are not appropriate. They perhaps belong to some lost ballad, of which sts. 1-4 may also have formed a part. Cf. No. 4.

### 3

Two versions and a fragment.

### 4

Nine versions.

6. *H* 1. Defective in the MS. *A* related version (*C*) begins thus (Herd's MSS., I, 166):—  
False Sir John a wooing came  
To a maid of beauty fair;  
May Colven was this lady's name,  
Her father's only heir.  
7. *H* 15. *A* related version (*C*) has:—  
'O hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,  
Lay not the blame upon me;  
Your cup shall be of the flowered gold,  
Your cage of the root of the tree.'  
Up then spake the king himself,  
In the bed-chamber where he lay:  
'What ails the pretty parrot,  
That prattles so long or day?'  
'There came a cat to my cage door,  
It almost a worried me,  
And I was calling on May Colven  
To take the cat from me.'

### 5

Eight versions and a fragment.

7. *A* 8, 9. Sir Walter Scott's version (*B*) has:—  
And she was clad in the finest pall,  
But aye she let the tears down fall.  
'O is your saddle set awrye?  
Or rides your steed for you owre high?'

8. 24. In a Galloway version (*C*) the "Billie Blin" (cf. Nos. 6, 30, 53) plays an important part. Contrary to the page's warning, the bride sits down in the magic chair before she is bidden:—

Out then spake the lord's mother;  
Says, 'This is not a maiden fair.  
'In that chair nae leal maiden  
Eer sits down till they be bidden.'  
The Billie Blin then outspake he,  
As he stood by the fair ladie.  
'The bonnie may is tired wi riding,  
Gaurd her sit down ere she was bidden.'

The lady persuades her waiting-maid to play the part of bride for her; and when

Childe Branton and the waiting-maid  
Into the bridal bed were laid,

Childe Branton says:—

'Now tell to me, ye Billie Blin,  
If this fair dame be a leal maiden.'  
'I wat she is as leal a wight  
As the moon shines on in a simmer night.  
'I wat she is as leal a may  
As the sun shines on in a simmer day.  
'But your bonnie bride's in her bower,  
Dreeing the mither's trying hour.'

### 6

One version.

10. 33. Between sts. 33 and 34, *b* has eight verses which narrate the carrying out of the Belly Blind's directions: "He did him to the market place," etc. They are, of course, practically a repetition of sts. 30-33.

### 7

Eleven versions.

11. 1. The name Earl o Bran (otherwise, Earl Bran or Brand) is probably a modification of the *Hildebrand* found in several Danish versions.

11. 2. This stanza can hardly be the right-

ful property of 'Earl Brand.' Something very similar is met with in 'Leesome Brand' (No. 15) and is not much in place there.

11. 7. Version *A* has:—

Until they meet with old Carl Hood;  
He comes for ill, but never for good.

11. 13<sup>2</sup>. *A* has *Winchester*.

12. 18. In *A*:—

'Ha, ha, ha! ye are a' mistaen:  
Gae count your maidens oer again.'

**B**

Three versions.

15. *A*\* 14<sup>4</sup>. Another copy reads: 'I'll serve you till my days be near.'

15. *B* 1<sup>2</sup>. If *A*\* be right, gross injustice is done to the father by changing 'I trow he's weind her' into 'An he wad wed her.' One of the two is a singular corruption.

**9**

Seven versions.

16. 1. The burden varies. Thus in *B* (Kinloch MSS.) we have:—

The provost's daughter went out a walking,  
*A may's love whiles is easy won*  
She heard a poor prisoner making his moan,  
And she was the fair flower of Northumberland.

18. *B* has a more elaborate ending. The lady's father reproves her, but—

Her mother she gently on her did smile,  
O that her love was so easy won!  
'She is not the first that the Scotts have beguiled,  
But she's still the fair flower of Northumberland.

'She shanna want gold, she shanna want fee,  
Altho that her love was so easy won,  
She shanna want gold to gain a man wi,  
And she's still the fair flower of Northumberland.'

**10**

Twenty-seven versions.

19. 10. There are three strings made from the girl's hair in the two Icelandic versions, and in the English version *B*, and the three tets or links in five of the English versions were no doubt taken to make three strings originally. Corresponding to this are three enunciations of the instrument in some of the English and in some of the Scandinavian versions. In those English copies in which the instrument speaks but once, it expresses a desire for vengeance. This is found in no Norse ballad, neither is it found in the earliest English versions. These, and the better forms of the Norse, reveal the awful secret, directly or indirectly, and, in the latter case, sometimes note the effect on the bride. Most impressive of all, with its terse, short lines, is an Icelandic version taken down in the seventeenth century (Grundtvig and Sigurðsson, *Íslensk Fornkvæði*, No. 13):—

The first string made response:  
'The bride was my sister once.'

The bride on the bench, she spake:  
'The harp much trouble doth make.'  
The second string answered the other:  
'She is parting me and my lover.'  
Answered the bride, red as gore:  
'The harp is vexing us sore.'  
The canny third string replied:  
'I owe my death to the bride.'  
He made all the harp-strings clang;  
The bride's heart burst with the pang.

19. *B* 1. The 'Binnorie' burden, which Scott says was "the most common and popular," runs as follows in his version (*C*):—

There were two sisters sat in a bower;  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie*  
There came a knight to be their wooer.  
*By the bonny mill-dams of Binnorie.*

**11**

Fifteen versions:

21. 26. The cause of the bride's enmity for her brother's wife is, in true ballad style, left to be inferred by the hearer.

22. 15, 16. Cf. 'Gil Brenton' (No. 5), *A* 9-11

**12**

Twenty-five versions.

23. 7. For the testament, see 'The Cruel Brother' (No. 11); 'Edward' (No. 13).

**13**

Three versions (one a fragment).

25. 7. Alexander Laing's MS., 1829, p. 25 has the following stanza (*C*):—

'O what did the fray begin about?  
My son, come tell to me.'  
'It began about the breaking o the bonny haze wand,  
And a penny wad hae bought the tree.'

25. 10. For the testament, see 'The Cruel Brother' (No. 11), 'Lord Randal' (No. 12).

25. *B*. Initial *qu* for *w* and *z* for *y* have been changed throughout to *w* and *y*.

**14**

Six versions.

26. 1. The burden differs in different versions. In *B* (Herd's MSS.) the stanza runs:—

There wond three ladies in a bower,  
Annet and Margaret and Marjorie  
And they have gane out to pu a flower.  
And the dew it lyes on the wood, gay ladie.

In *C* (Motherwell's MS.) it is as follows:—

There were three sisters on a road,  
Gilly flower gentle rosemary  
And there they met a banished lord.  
And the dew it hings over the mulberry tree.

26. 2. In some of the versions the three sisters go to the wood separately. Thus in *A* (Motherwell's MS.):—

The oldest of them she's to the wood gane,  
To seek a braw leaf and to bring it hame.  
There she met with an outlyer bold,  
Lies many long nights in the woods so cold.

## 15

Two versions.

28. *A*. The mixture of four-line with two-line stanzas of course comes from different ballads having been blended, but for all that, these ballads might have had the same theme. Sts. 33-35, however, are such as we meet with in ballads of the 'Earl Brand' class (No. 7), but not in those of the class to which 'Leesome Brand' belongs, and st. 4 of 'Leesome Brand' closely resembles st. 2 of 'Earl Brand,' *A*\*.

28. 1. The "unco land" is at least a reminiscence of the paradise depicted in the beginning of many of the versions of the Danish 'Ribold and Guldberg' (Grundtvig, No. 82): see p. 11, above.

28. 28-30. The white hind is met with in no other ballad of this class.

29. 36-41. Stanzas similar to these (and to B 12-16) occur in 'Sheath and Knife' (No. 16), so which they are especially suited by their riddling character. Probably that is where they belong. It is worthy of remark, too, that there is a *hind* in another ballad, closely related to No. 16 ('The Bonny Hind,' No. 50), and that the hind in 'Leesome Brand' may have come from this.

29. 44-47. These are in no kind of keeping with what goes before, since they speak of the 'young son' as having been brought home at some previous time.

29. 3. The "auld son" here, like the first bringing home of the young son in *A* 45, 47, shows how completely the proper story has been lost sight of. There should be no son of any description at the point at which this stanza comes in. The best we can do, to make sense of st. 3, is to put it after st. 8, with the understanding that woman and child are carried off for burial; though really there is no need to move them on that account. The shooting of the child is unintelligible in the mutilated state of the ballad. It is apparently meant to be an accident. Nothing of the kind occurs in other ballads of the class, and the divergence is probably a simple corruption.

## 16

Six versions.

30. 3, 4. Cf. 'Robin Hood's Death,' No. 120, *B* 16.

30. 6. *F* inserts this stanza:—

It was nae wonder his heart was sair,  
When he shoold the mools on her yellow hair.

30. 8. Cf. 'Leesome Brand' (No. 15), sts. 36-41, and 'The Squire of Low Degree,' vv. 117 ff., Percy Folio, Hales and Furnivall, III, 267.

## 17

Nine versions.

31. 3. *B* and *F* have "three singing lav-

rocks" (i. e. larks). These are to be taken as curiosities of art. Such birds are often mentioned (Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 85 f.).

31. 6. The king's daughter was faithful to Horn, and they were marrying her against her will. The contingency seems not to have been foreseen when the ring was given; but it was better for the ring to change, to the temporary clouding of the lady's character, than to have Horn stay away and the forced marriage go on.

## 18

Six versions.

34. 1. For the burden, cf. a song of the time of Henry VIII (see Flügel, *Anglia*, XII, 233).

## 19

37. The history of the romance is discussed by Kittredge, *American Journal of Philology*, VII, 176 ff.; Bugge, *Arkiv för nordisk Filologi*, VII, 97 ff. (especially with reference to its relation to the Danish ballad of 'The Might of the Harp'), and Hertz, *Spielmannsbuch*, 2d ed., pp. 356 ff.

37. 1. The burden is Scandinavian and was perhaps no more intelligible to the singer than "Hey non nonny" is to us. For the first line the Danish "Skoven ärle grön (Early green's the wood)" has been suggested by Grundtvig; for the second "Hvor hjorten han går årlig (where the hart goes yearly)." Dr. Axel Olrik prefers "Skoven [er] herlig grön (The wood is magnificently green)" or "Skoven herlig grönes (The wood grows splendidly green);" and "Hvor urten hun grönnnes herlig (Where the plants grow splendidly green)."

## 20

Nineteen versions.

37. The Danish ballad is thus translated by Professor Child, *Ballads*, I, 219, from Kristensen, *Jydske Folkeviser*, I, 329.

Little Kirsten took with her the bower-women  
five,

And with them she went to the wood belive.

She spread her cloak down on the earth,

And on it to two little twins gave birth.

She laid them under a turf so green,  
Nor suffered for them a sorrow unseen.

She laid them under so broad a stone,  
Suffered sorrow nor harm for what she had done.

Eight years it was, and the children twain

Would fain go home to their mother again.

They went and before Our Lord they stood:  
'Might we go home to our mother, we would.'

'Ye may go to your mother, if ye will,  
But ye may not contrive any ill.'

They knocked at the door, they made no din:  
'Rise up, our mother, and let us in.'

By life and by death hath she cursed and sworn  
That never a child in the world hath she borne.

'Stop, stop, dear mother, and swear not so fast,  
We shall recount to you what has passed.'

'You took with you the bower-women five,  
And with them went to the wood belive.  
'You spread your cloak down on the earth,  
And on it to two little twins gave birth.  
'You laid us under a turf so green,  
Nor suffered for us a sorrow unseen.  
'You laid us under so broad a stone,  
Suffered sorrow nor harm for what you had done.'  
'Nay, my dear bairns, but stay with me;  
And four barrels of gold shall be your fee.'  
'You may give us four, or five, if you choose,  
But not for all that, heaven will we lose.  
'You may give us eight, you may give us nine,  
But not for all these, heaven will we tine.  
'Our seat is made ready in heavenly light,  
But for you a seat in hell is dight.'

39. 23-25. These three stanzas are of course an addition of the broadside hack writer.

## 21

Two versions.

## 23

41. The MS. is not divided into stanzas. At the end of vv. 8, 25, 30, the MS. has .ff. This appears to indicate that this line is to be repeated, and we have so printed the text. It will be observed that this makes the stanzas regular throughout.

42. 15<sup>1</sup>. The insertion of *frek* ('man') is suggested by Skeat. The MS. has a blank.

## 24

Three versions.

42. 2. *A* may exhibit the original plot; but it is just as likely that the captain was substituted for a passenger, under the influence of 'Brown Robyn's Confession' (No. 57). A third version, from South Devon, agrees with *A* in this point.

## 25

Six versions.

44. 1. A preceding stanza may be supplied from *B* (Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 185):—

'O Willie my son, what makes you sae sad?'  
As the sun shines over the valley  
'I lye sarely sick for the love of a maid.'  
Among the blue flowers and the yellow

Four versions have this stanza.

## 26

Two versions.

45. 1. Another version begins—  
As I cam by yon auld house end,  
I saw twa corbies sittin thereon.

## 29

48. 28-30. There is something like this in the Gaelic ballad. When MacKeith's wife tried

on the mantle, it fitted her "as far as the tips of her little fingers and toes." She explains this failure of the mantle to cover her completely: "I once had a kiss in secret from O'Duibhne's son Diarmaid; the mantel would reach the ground, were it not for that."

48. 37<sup>2</sup>. Perhaps, as Percy suggested, two lines have dropped out after this, and the two which follow belong with the next stanza.

## 30

51. 31<sup>2</sup>. The rub-chadler for *thrub chadler* of the MS. The fiend is certainly closed under a barrel or tub, probably a rubbish barrel or tub.

52. 43<sup>2</sup>. The MS. has: of the trubchandler.

54. 69. In the part that is lost, the Burlow-beanie explains the use of the powder in blowing the horn.

## 31

55. 3. What is lost between sts. 3 and 4 may fortunately be supplied from Arthur's narrative in sts. 9-13.

57. 32. Sir Banier is perhaps a mistake for Beduer (Bedivere), Arthur's constable. Sir Bore and Sir Garrett are Sir Bors de Gauves, brother of Lionel, and Gareth (Gaheriet), the younger brother of Gawain.

## 32

58. 1<sup>4</sup>. And fu o courtesey (Scott).

58. 4. For this Scott has:—

He's taen him to his hunting ha,  
For to make buirly cheir;  
When loud the wind was heard to sound,  
And an earthquake rocked the floor.

And darkness covered a' the hall,  
Where they sat at their meat;  
The gray dogs, yowling, left their food,  
And crept to Henrie's feet.

And louder howled the rising wind  
And burst the fastned door;

And in there came a griesly ghost,  
Stood stamping on the floor.

59. 14. Not in the MS. Here given from Jamieson, II, 94, who may have obtained it from Mrs Brown. Scott has it, with some verbal variation.

59. 15. Between vv. 2 and 3 Scott has:—

And what's the bed i this house, ladye,  
That ye're nae wellcum tee?

59. 15<sup>3</sup>. O ye maun pu the green heather (Scott).

59. 20. Scott has:—

For I was witched to a ghastly shape,  
All by my stepdame's skill,  
Till I should meet wi a courteous knight  
Wad gie me a' my will.

## 34

Three versions.

60. 24. A variant is "craig of sea."



61. 184. Scott's version adds:—

And sighing said that weary wight,  
I doubt that day I'll never see.

### 36

63. 3. Maisry's services in washing and combing are more conceivable when rendered by a maid in her proper shape, as in 'Allison Gross' (No. 35), than when attributed to a machrel of the sea; and it is likely that the machrel returned to her own figure every Saturday, and that this is one of the points lost from the story. It is said here, as in 'Allison Gross' (No. 35), that Maisry kames the laily head on her knee.

### 37

Five versions.

64. 7. Stands as 15 in the MS.

64. 112.<sup>3</sup> are 113.<sup>2</sup> in the MS. The order of words is still not simple enough for a ballad.

### 38

Seven versions.

### 39

Fifteen versions.

67. 31. The Museum text reads *has belted*.

67. 7. After this, in *L* (MS. at Abbotsford):—

He's tean her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,  
And laid her lo at the foot of the tree,  
At her he askt no leave.

68. 17. Before this, in *L*:—

There grows a flower in Charters Woods,  
It grows on gravel greay,  
It ould destroy the boney young bern  
That ye got in your play.

68. 20. After this, in *L*:—

If it were to an earthly man,  
As [it is] to an elphan knight,  
I ould walk [wake?] for my true-love's sake  
All the long winter's night.

68. 23 ff. Cf. *D* (Motherwell's MS.):—

But it fell once upon a day,  
As hunting I did ride,  
As I rode east and west yon hill  
There woe did me betide.  
O drowsy, drowsy as I was!  
Dead sleep upon me fell;  
The Queen of Fairies she was there,  
And took me to hersell.

Cf. *L*:—

When I was a boy of eleven years old,  
And much was made of me,  
I went out to my father's garden,  
Fell asleep at yon aple tree:  
The queen of Elphan [she] came by,  
And laid on her hands on me.

68. 26. *B* (Glenriddell's MSS.) is simpler and more genuine:—

The night it is gude Halloween,  
The fairie folk do ride.

69. 34. Cf. *B* 34:—

First dip me in a stand o milk,  
And then a stand o water;  
Haud me fast, let me na gae,  
I'll be your bairnie's father.

The well-water has an occult and very important significance which modern reciters had completely lost knowledge of, as appears by the disorder into which the stanzas have fallen. Immersion in a liquid, generally water, but sometimes milk, is a process requisite for passing from a non-human shape, produced by enchantment or original. Judging by analogy, the naked man should issue from the bath of milk or water, into which he should have gone in one of his non-human shapes, a dove, swan, or snake; but *A* is the only version which has preserved an essentially correct process: Tam Lin, when a burning gleed, is to be thrown into well-water, from which he will step forth a naked knight.

69. 342. Johnson's Museum has *burning lead*.

69. 41, 42. Cf. *B* 40, 41:—

'Had I kend, Thomas,' she says,  
'A lady wad hae borrowd thee,  
I wad hae taen out thy twa grey een,  
Put in twa een o tree.

'Had I but kend, Thomas,' she says,  
'Before I came frae hame,  
I had taen out that heart o flesh,  
Put in a heart o stane.'

### 41

Three versions.

71. 1. Cf. 'Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight' (No. 4), st. 1. *Elmond* is perhaps a corruption of *Elf-man*.

71. 3. With this and the following stanzas cf. 'Tam Lin' (No. 39), *A* 5-7. A rose, as in Tam Lin, would be more ballad-like for Margaret to be plucking.

71. 6. *Akin* is a corruption for *Etin*, i.e. "giant." Version *B* has *Etin*.

71. 15. The lines about the cupbearer are absurd. *Etin* was no cupbearer and he is not meant to lie to his son. The "misty night," however, may be significant. In one version there is a magic mist (a common phenomenon) which facilitates the lady's abduction.

73. 18. *Nuts* is clearly a mistake for the elfin note of *A* 1.

74. 11. Version *C* (in Buchan's Ballads) has:

And seven bairns, fair and fine,  
There has she born to him,  
And never was in gude church-door,  
Nor ever got gude kirk'ing.

Ance she took harp into her hand,  
'And harped them a' asleep,  
Then she sat down at their couch-side,  
And bitterly did weep.

Said, Seven bairns hae I born now  
To my lord in the ha;  
I wish they were seven greedy rats,  
To run upon the wa,  
And I mysel a great grey cat,  
To eat them ane and a'.

Cf. 'Fair Annie' (No. 62), *A* 23.



## 42

Three versions.

74. 1. *Colvill* (as in *B*) is the correct form and *Colven* a vulgarized one.

75. 14. *C* (from Forfarshire) has these stanzas which do not occur in *A* or *B*: —

He wasna weel laid in his bed,  
Nor yet well fa'en asleep,  
When up an started the mermaid,  
Just at Clerk Colin's feet.

'Will ye lie there an die, Clerk Colin,  
Will ye lie there an die?

Or will ye gang to Clyde's water,  
To fish in flood wi me?'

'I will lie here an die,' he said,

'I will lie here an die;  
In spite o' a' the deils in hell  
I will lie here an die.'

## 43

Six versions.

76. 8. St. 8 of *C* (Buchan's version) throws light on the magic means employed. The witch-wife says: —

Ye'll pu the bloom frae aff the broom,  
'Strew't at his head and feet,  
And aye the thicker that ye do strew,  
The sounder he will sleep.

76. 13-14. These are in no other version, like "Hive Hill" in st. 8. Kinloch's version (*D*), however, ends savagely with a stanza (addressed to the hawk) which has some resemblance to st. 13: —

Then be it sae, my wager gane,  
'T will skaith frae meikle ill,  
For gif I had found her in bonnie broom-fields,  
O her heart's blude ye'd drunken your fill.

*C* has a similar, but more cynical, stanza.

77. 1. In all versions except *A* the tryst is the result of a wager. *F*, a broadside version, is distinctly jocular.

77. 2. The gap after this stanza may be filled from *D* 3-5; or from *E* (Robertson's Note-Book) as follows: —

But when she cam to the bonnie green bower,  
Her true-love was fast asleep;  
Suntimes she kist his rosie, rosie lips,  
And his breath was wondrous sweet.

77. 4. In *C* there are similar questions, addressed to hound, hawk, and merry men; in *D*, to hound and hawk; in *E*, to merry men and hawk; in *F*, to hawk, hound, and serving-man.

## 45

Two versions.

80. 25-27. Of the Egyptian questions only one is at all like the English. "The king proceeded: 'How much does the sun earn each day by his work for each son of Adam?' [The potter] replied, 'One qirāt; for the day-laborer who works from sunrise to sunset receives that amount.'"

## 46

Three versions.

84. 8. For two of the three dishes cf. the following song, from a MS. assigned to the fif-

teenth century (Sloane MS. 2593, British Museum), — Wright's Songs and Carols, 1836, No. 8; as printed for the Warton Club, 1856, No. 29, p. 33: —

I have a 3ong suster fer beyondyn the se,  
May be the drowrys that che sente me.

Che sente me the cherye withoutyn ony ston;  
And so che dede [the] dowe withoutyn ony bon;

Che sente me the brere withoutyn ony rynde,  
Sche bad me love my lemman withoute longgyng,

How xuld ony cherye be withoute ston?

And how xuld ony dowe ben withoute bon?

How xuld ony brere ben withoute rynde?

How xuld y love myn lemman without longyng?

Quan the cherye was a flour, than hadde it non ston;

Quan the dowe was an ey, than hadde it non bon;

Quan the brere was onbred, than hadde it non rynd;

Quan the maydyn haȝt that che lovit, che is without longyng.

## 47

Five versions.

87. 6. Cf. *C*, st. 6 (Buchan's MSS.): —

'An asking, asking, sir,' she said,

'An asking ye'll grant me:'

'Ask on, ask on, lady,' he said,

'What may your asking be?'

87. 7-8. Version *D* (Harris MS.) has the following: —

'What gaes in a speal?' she said,

'What in a horn green?

An what gaes on a lady's head,

When it is washen clean?'

'Ale gaes in a speal,' he said,

'Wine in a horn green;

An silk gaes on a lady's head,

When it is washen clean.'

87. 9. In *C* there is a third question in this stanza, and a third answer in the next: —

'Or what is the finest thing,' she says,

'That king or queen can wile?'

'And yellow gold is the finest thing,' etc.

87. 10-11. Cf. *C* 9-10: —

'You have asked many questions, lady,

I've you as many told;'

'But how many pennies round

Make a hundred pounds in gold?

'How many small fishes

Do swim the salt seas round?

Or what's the seemliest sight you'll see

Into a May morning?'

## 49

Nine versions.

91. 1. Cf. *D* (Jamieson) 1-2: —

'O will ye gae to the school, brother?

Or will ye gae to the ba?

Or will ye gae to the wood a-warslin,

To see whilk o's maun fa?'

'It's I winna gae to the school, brother,

Nor will I gae to the ba;

But I will gae to the wood a-warslin,

And it is you maun fa.'

91. 6 ff. *D* reads:—

Ye'll lift me up upon your back  
Tak me to Kirkland fair;  
Ye'll mak my greaf baith braid and lang,  
And lay my body there.

Ye'll lay my arrows at my head,  
My bent bow at my feet,  
My sword and buckler at my side,  
As I was wont to sleep.

Whan ye gae hame to your father,  
He'll speer for his son John:  
Say, ye left him into Kirkland fair,  
Learning the school alone.

Whan ye gae hame to my sister,  
She'll speer for her brother John:  
Ye'll say, ye left him in Kirkland fair,  
The green grass growin aboon.

Whan ye gae hame to my true-love,  
She'll speer for her lord John:  
Ye'll say, ye left him in Kirkland fair,  
But hame ye fear he'll never come.

91. 10. Some versions supplement the story with more or less of the ballad of 'Edward' (No. 13).

## 50

92. 3<sup>2</sup>. Should be 'It's not for you a weed' (Motherwell).

92. 5-7. A commonplace that may be expected to recur under the same or analogous circumstances, as it does in 'Tam Lin' (No. 39) *D*, 'The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter' (No. 110), 'Crow and Pie' (No. 111), and in one version of 'The Broom of Cowdenknows' (No. 217). These are much less serious ballads, and the tone of st. 5, which so ill befits the distressful situation, is perhaps owing to that stanza's having been transferred from some copy of one of these. It might well change places with this, from 'The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter,' *A*:—

Now you have had your wil, good sir,  
And put my body thus to shame,  
Even as you are a courteous knight,  
Tel me what is your name.

Much better with this in 'Ebbe Galt,' *Danske Viser*, No. 63, 8:—

Now you have had your will of me,  
To both of us small gain,  
By the God that is above all things,  
I beg you tell your name.

## 51

Two versions.

94. 11-12. Cf. the conclusion of No. 49, *A*.

## 52

Four versions.

94. 4. Cf. *B* (Motherwell's MS.), st. 4:—

'How dare ye shake the leaves?' he said,  
'How dare ye break the tree?  
How dare ye pluck the nuts,' he said,  
'Without the leave of me?'

Cf. also 'Tam Lin' (No. 39), *A* 6.

95. 18. *C* (Buchan's Ballads) has the following stanza after this:—

'Win up, and see your ae brother,  
That's new come ower the sea;  
'Ohon, alas!' says fair Annie,  
'He spake ower soon wi me.'

## 53

Fifteen versions.

95. 5. The hero's name is mostly *Beichan*, with slight modifications like *Bekie*, *Bichan*, *Bichet*, *Brechin*, *Bateman* and *Bondwell* also occur. The heroine is usually *Susan Pye*.

95. 2<sup>4</sup>. *B* (Glenriddell MSS.) reads: Which horse and owen were wont to drie.

96. 9. The following stanzas are from *F* (Pitcairn's MSS.):—

O she's gaen murning up and down,  
And she's gaen murnin to the sea,  
Then to her father she has gane in,  
Wha spak to her right angrily.

'O do ye mourn for the goud, daughter,  
Or do ye mourn for the whyte monie?  
Or do ye mourn for the English squire?  
I wat I will gar hang him hie.'

'I neither mourn for the goud, father,  
Nor do I for the whyte monie,  
Nor do I for the English squire;  
And I care na tho ye hang him hie.

'But I hae promised an errand to go,  
Seven lang miles ayont the sea,  
And blythe and merry I never will be  
Untill that errand you let me.'

'That errand, daughter, you may gang,  
Seven long miles beyond the sea,  
Since blythe and merry you'll neer be  
Untill that errand I'll let thee.'

O she has built a bonny ship,  
And she has set it in the sea,  
And she has built a bonny ship,  
It's all for to tak her a long journie.

96. 16. Cf. *F*, st. 21:—

I hae been porter at your yett,  
I'm sure this therty lang years and three,  
But the fairest lady stands thereat  
That evir my twa eyes did see.

96. 17. The next stanzas in *F* are:—

'She bids you send a bite of bread,  
It's and a glass of your gude red wine,  
Nor to forget the lady's love  
That let you out of prison strong.'

It's up and spak the bride's mother,  
A weight of goud hung at her chin:  
'There is no one so fair without  
But there are, I wat, as fair within.'

It's up and spak the bride herself,  
As she sat by the gude lord's knee:  
'Awa, awa, ye proud porter,  
This day ye might hae excepted me.'

96. 3. "The prisoner's mane" in *H* (Kinloch's Ballads) is as follows (st. 9):—

My hounds they all go masterless,  
My hawks they flee frae tree to tree,  
My youngest brother will heir my lands,  
My native land I'll never see.

97. 14. The important figure of the Billy Blin is lacking in all other versions except *M* (Buchan's MSS.), which substitutes "a woman clad in green," obviously a fairy. On the Billy Blin, see note to No. 8 (p. 641, above).

## 54

Four versions.

98. 3. The tree is a palm in the apocryphal Gospel. In England it is always a cherry, as in the fifteenth of the so-called Coventry Mysteries.

99. B 9-13. These sometimes occur, with variations and additions, as an independent carol, 'Joseph and the Angel.' See Chappell's Christmas Carols, ed. by Rimbault, p. 22, where forst. 11 we have:—

He neither shall be clothed  
in purple nor in pall,  
But in the fair white linen  
that usen babies all.

100. 18. This suspiciously modern stanza is wanting in *b*, *c*, *d*.

## 55

100. 22. Sure all the world will turn, *b*.

101. 20<sup>3</sup>, 4.

And made a lowly reverence  
To Jesus Christ his grace. *b*.

## 56

Two versions.

102. 1. The rich man's name is *Diverus* in a version (*B*) in Notes and Queries, 4th Ser., III, 76.

102. 13. In *B* (with which *A b* practically agrees):—

Rise up, rise up, brother Diverus,  
And come along with me;  
There is a place prepared in hell,  
For to sit upon a serpent's knee.

## 58

Eighteen versions, several of them small fragments.

104. 11<sup>1</sup>. So in *C* (*Aberdour* also in *F*). The water at St Johnston's wall *B*; Nore-east, nore-west frae Aberdeen *D*; There's a brig at the back o Sanct John's town *E*; It's forty miles to Aberdeen, And fifty fathoms deep *G*; O forty miles off Aberdeen *H*; It's even ower by Aberdour *I*; It's och, och ower to Aberdour *J*; Atween Leith an Aberdeen *K*; Down below D inbarton castle *P*. We may fairly say,—somewhere off the coast of Aberdeen. The southern Aberdour, in the Firth of Forth, cannot be meant.

104. 10. In *C* and *E* (both in Motherwell's MS.), Sir Patrick sends the boy aloft and sticks to the rudder himself. Thus in *C*:—

'Wha will come,' the captain says,  
'And take my helm in hand?  
Or wha'll gae up to my topmast,  
And look for some dry land?

'Mount up, mount up, my pretty boy,  
See what you can spy;  
Mount up, mount up, my pretty boy,  
See if any land we're nigh.'

'We're fifty miles from shore to shore,  
And fifty banks of sand;  
And we have all that for to sail  
Or we come to dry land.'

'Come down, come down, my pretty boy,  
I think you tarry lang;  
For the saut sea's in at our coat-neck  
And out at our left arm.

'Come down, come down, my pretty boy,  
I fear we here maun die;  
For thro and thro my goodly ship  
I see the green-waved sea.'

105. *G*. Scott's version, *H* (in the Border Minstrelsy, ed. 1803, III, 64), was made up from two versions, the better of which was *G*, and five stanzas recited by Mr. Hamilton, sheriff of Lanarkshire, who is said to have got them from an old nurse in the middle of the eighteenth century. These are the stanzas:—

'O where will I get a gude sailor,  
To take my helm in hand,  
Till I get up to the tall topmast,  
To see if I can spy land?'

'O here am I, a sailor gude,  
To take the helm in hand,  
Till you go up to the tall topmast;  
But I fear you'll neer spy land.'

He hadna gane a step, a step,  
A step but barely ane,  
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,  
And the salt sea it came in.

'Gae fetch a web o the silken claith,  
Another o the twine,  
And wap them into our ship's side,  
And letna the sea come in.'

They fetched a web o the silken claith,  
Another o the twine,  
And they wapped them roun that gude ship's side,  
But still the sea came in.

105. 3. *H* gives the letter as follows:—

To Noroway, to Noroway,  
To Noroway oer the faem;  
The king's daughter of Noroway,  
'T is thou maun bring her hame.

Cf. *I* (Buchan's Ballads), st. 9:—

But I maun sail the seas, the morn,  
And likewise sae maun you;  
To Noroway, wi our king's daughter,  
A chosen queen she's now.

And the first stanza of *J* (Harris MS.):—

Hie sits oor king in Dumfermline,  
Sits birlin at the wine;  
Says, Whare will I get a bonnie boy  
That will sail the saut seas fine?  
That will hie ower to Norraway,  
To bring my dear dochter hame?

105. 12. In *J* a mermaid appears (st. 18):—  
Then up it raise the mermaiden,  
Wi the comb an glass in her hand:  
'Here's a health to you, my merrie young men  
For you never will see dry land.'

So in some other versions. Cf. 'The Mermaid,' No. 289.

105. 14. Cf. *J*, st. 20 :—

There was Saturday, an Sabbath day,  
And Monndunday at morn,  
That feather-beds an silken sheets  
Cam floatin to Kinghorn.

## 59

Three versions.

106. 1. *Ravengaard, Røngård, and Ronnevaar*, — found, with variations, in the Scandinavian ballads, — and *Rodingar (Roddyngar)* — found in Anglo-Latin texts of the story of Gunild — are the forerunners of the English *Sir Aldingar* (for *Sir Ralddingar*) and *Roddyngam*.

107. 12. The lady is *Gunild* in Scandinavian. The English *Elinor* is probably a later substitution. She may have been meant for the wife of the English King Henry II, less probably for the wife of Henry III.

107. 28. The diminutive size of the champion is emphasized in Scandinavian as well as in the story of Gunild in a thirteenth-century French metrical life of Edward the Confessor (Luard, *Lives of Edward*, p. 39 f., vii). In the latter he is called *Mimecan* (in the Scandinavian ballad, *Memering*). There is perhaps a trace of his tawarishness in the tale of the Lombard queen Gundeberg.

## 60

113. 42<sup>2</sup>. On tow good renish (Percy).

114. 59<sup>3</sup>, 60<sup>1</sup>. The words printed in smaller type are acknowledged changes or additions of Percy's.

114. 63. "Some liberties have been taken in the following stanzas" (Percy).

## 61

115. The first two stanzas in the MS. have been omitted as belonging to another ballad. They are as follows :—

Jesus, lord, mickle of might,  
That dyed ffor vs on the roode,  
To maintaine vs in all our right  
That loues true English blood.

Ffor by a knight I say my song,  
Was bold and full hardye;  
Sir Robert Briuse wold forth to flight,  
In-to Ireland ouer the sea.

116. 29. This unintelligible stanza seems to preserve a trace of an adventure lost in our defective text.

## 62

Ten versions.

118. 11. The name Lord Thomas was probably suggested by 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet' (No. 73). The first line of st. 12 reads in *D* (Herd's fragment, which supplied Scott with sts. 2-6, 12, 17, 19): 'You're welcome to your house, master.'

## 63

Eleven versions.

124. 1. *C* (Kinloch's MSS.) begins thus :—

'The corn is turning ripe, Lord John,  
The nuts are growing fu,  
And ye are bound for your ain countrie,  
Fain wad I go wi you.'

'Wi me, Margret, wi me, Margret,  
What wad ye do wi me?  
I've mair need o a pretty little boy,  
To wait upon my steed.'

'It's I will be your pretty little boy,  
To wait upon your steed;  
And ilka town that we come to,  
A pack of hounds I'll lead.'

'My hounds will eat o the bread o wheat,  
And ye of the bread of bran;  
And then you will sit and sigh,  
That eer ye loed a man.'

124. 11. *C* has the following stanzas (sts. 10-15) :—

It's whan she cam to the other side,  
She sat down on a stane;  
Says, Them that made me, help me now,  
For I am far frae hame.

'How far is it frae your mither's bouer,  
Gude Lord John tell to me?'

'It's thirty miles, Lady Margaret,  
It's thirty miles and three;  
And yese be wed to ane o her serving men,  
For yese get na mair o me.'

Then up bespak the wylie parrot,  
As it sat on the tree,

'Ye lee, ye lee, Lord John,' it said,  
'Sae loud as I hear ye lee.

'Ye say it's thirty miles frae your mither's bouer,  
Whan it's but barely three;  
And she'll neer be wed to a serving man,  
For she'll be your ain ladie.'

['O dinna ye see yon bonnie castle,  
Lies on yon sunny lea?  
And yese get ane o my mither's men,  
For yese get na mair o me.']

['Well see I yon bonnie castle,  
Lies on yon sunny lea,  
But Ise neer hae nane o your mither's men,  
Tho I never gat mair o thee.']

The stanzas bracketed are inserted by Kinloch in his later copy. In *H* (Motherwell's MS.) there is a corresponding passage (sts. 2-6), in which Lord John informs his love that he has 'a wife and seven bairns' and is contradicted by a 'wild parrot.' *G* (Buchan's MSS.) has a stanza (10) similar to *C* 14.

124. 14.

Atho there be a ladie there,  
Should sunder you and me,  
Betide my life, betide my death,  
I will go thither and see. *B b*.

125. 26.

He has looked oer his left shoulder,  
And a loud laugh laughed he;  
Says, He's a squire's ae dear son,  
I got in the north countrie. *B b*.



## 125. 282-4.

And the corn in her right hand,  
And she's bled her to the stable-door,  
As fast as she could gang. *B b.*

## 125. 301, 2.

She has leand her to the manger side  
And gien a grievous groan. *B b.*

125. 31, 32. One stanza in *b* : —

Then out it spake Lord John's mother,  
As she stood on the stair,  
'I think I hear a woman groan,  
And a bairn greeting sair.'

125. 34. Two stanzas in *b* : —

'Now open the door, Bird Ellen,' he says,  
'O open and let me in,  
Or baith the door and the door cheeks  
Into the floor I'll fling.'

He is struck the door wi his right foot,  
And pushd it wi his knee,  
Till iron bolts and iron bars  
In flinders he has gard flee:  
'Be not afraid, Bird Ellen,' he says,  
'For there's nane win in but me.'

Then follows in *b* : —

The never a word spake that ladie,  
As on the floor she lay,  
But hushd her young son in her arms  
And turnd his face away.

125. 36. Two stanzas in *b* : —

'And smile on me now, Bird Ellen,  
And cast awa your care,  
For I'll make you ladie of a' my lands,  
And your son shall be my heir.'

'Blessd be the day,' sayd Bird Ellen,  
'That I followd you frae the town,  
For I'd rather far be your foot-page  
Than the queen that wears the crown.'

## 64

Eight versions.

126. *A* is confused at the beginning. The following stanzas from a MS. at Abbotsford (Child, iv, 464) are clearer : —

Young Janet sits in her garden,  
Makin a heavie maen,  
Whan by cam her father dear,  
Walkin himself alane.

'It's telld me in my bower, Janet,  
It's telld me in my bed,  
That ye're in love wi Sweet Willie;  
But a French lord ye maun wed.'

'In it be telld ye in yer bower, father,  
In it be telld ye in your bed,  
That me an Willie bears a love,  
Yet a French lord I maun wed,  
But here I mak a leel, leel vow  
He's neer come in my bed.

'An for to please my father dear  
A French lord I will wed;  
But I hae sworn a solemn oth  
He's neer come in my bed.'

Young Janet's away to her bower-door,  
As fast as she can hie,  
An Willie he has followd her,  
He's followd speedilie.

An whan he cam to her bowr-door

He tirlt at the pin:  
'O open, open, Janet love,  
Open an let me in.'

'It was never my mother's custm, Willie,  
It never sal be mine,  
For a man to come the bower within  
When a woman's travelin.

'Gae yer ways to my sisters' bower,  
Crie, Meg, Marion an Jean,  
Ye maun come to yer sister Janet,  
For fear that she be gane.'

127. 30. See No. 7 for the plants from graves. The version mentioned in the first note (above) adds : —

Thae twae met, an thae twae plaet,  
An ay they knitit near,  
An ilka ane that cam thereby  
Said, There lies twa lovers dear.

128. 13-14. Cf. *E* (Kinloch MSS.), sts. 9-10 : —

'Now chuse, now chuse now, Fair Janet,  
What man you'll ride behind :'  
'O wha sae fitting as Sweet Willie?  
He'll fit my saddle fine.'

O they rode on, and they rode on,  
Till they cam to Merrytown green;  
But Sweet Willie and Fair Janet  
Cam aye hoolie ahin.

The version mentioned in the first note above has (sts. 14-18) : —

'But I hae sorn a solemn oath,  
Afore a companie,  
That ye sal ride this day, Janet,  
This day an ye soud die.

'Whae'll horse ye to the kirk, Janet?  
An whae will horse ye best?'  
'Whae but Willie, my true-love?  
He kens my mister best.'

'Whae'll horse ye to the kirk, Janet?  
An whae will horse ye there?'  
'Whae but Willie, my true-love?  
He neer will doo'd nae maer.

'Ye may saddle a steed, Willie,  
An see that ye saddle't soft;  
Ye may saddle a steed, Willie,  
For ye winna saddle't oft.

'Ye may saddle a steed, Willie,  
An see that ye saddle't side;  
Ye may saddle a steed, Willie,  
But I thought to have been yer bride.'

## 65

Eleven versions.

130. 25. *K* (from a MS. at Abbotsford) adds : —

He's burstit the black unto the slack,  
The grey unto the brae,  
An ay the page that ran before  
Cried, 'Ride, sir, an ye may.'

130. 29. In *G*, Margery (as she is called) blesses her lover most touchingly, with almost her last words (st. 13) : —

She turned her head on her left shoulder,  
Saw her girdle hang on the tree :  
'O God bless them that gave me that!  
They'll never give more to me.'



## 66

Five versions.

131. 14. Sharpe's MS. has *their bonheur*.  
133. 26. In *D* (Kinloch MSS.) and *E* (Buchan) one of the brothers (Childe Vyvet *E*) gives the other a choice of swords:—

'There 's two swords in one scabbard,  
They cost me many a pound;  
Take you the best, leave me the worst,  
We 's fight till they be done.' *D*.

Cf. 'Little Musgrave' (No. 81), *A* 22.

133. 28-31. There is a confusion of two accounts: in one, Lady Maisery does penance by begging; in the other she goes mad (probably a later modification). With st. 28 cf., for example, No. 70, *B* 25.

## 67

Three versions.

137. 5. In *C* (Kinloch's MSS.):—

He harpit i the king's palace,  
He harpit them a' asleep,  
Unless it were Burd Bell alone,  
And she stud on her feet.

138. 25.

Ye shall na hae to say, Glenkindie,  
When you sit at the wine,  
That once you loved a queen's daughter,  
And she was your footman's quean. *C*.

## 68

Eleven versions.

139. 18. *Garlick's Wells*. Scott (*J*) has *Garloch Wells*.

139. 8. Scott has:—

thy clattering tounge,  
That rattles in thy head.

139. 15. Before this Scott has the following stanzas:—

She hadna crossd a rigg o land,  
A rigg but barely ane,  
When she met wi his auld father,  
Came riding all alane.

'Where hae ye been, now, ladye fair,  
Where hae ye been sae late?  
We hae been seeking Erl Richard,  
But him we canna get.'

'Erl Richard kens a' the fords in Clyde,  
He 'll ride them ane by ane;  
And though the night was neer sae mirk,  
Erl Richard will be hame.'

140. 19. Before this Scott has:—

'Gar douk, gar douk,' the king he cried,  
'Gar douk for gold and fee;  
O wha will douk for Erl Richard's sake,  
Or wha will douk for me?'

141. 10. *D* (Motherwell's MS.) has:—

They turnd down his yellow hair,  
Turnd up his milk-white feet:  
'Lye thou there, Earl Richard,' she said,  
'Till the blood seep from thy bane;  
That fairer maid than ten of me  
Will look lang or thou come hame.'

141. 23. Scott's copy (*J*) has:—

The maiden touchd the clay-cauld corpse,  
A drop it never bled;  
The ladye laid her hand on him,  
And soon the ground was red.

Cf. *B* (Kinloch's MSS.):—

O white, white war his wounds washen,  
As white as a linen clout;  
But as the traitor she cam near,  
His wounds they gushit out.

'It's surely been my bouer-woman,  
O ill may her betide!  
I neer wad slain him Young Redin,  
And thrown him in the Clyde.'

## 69

Eight versions.

143. 26. *D* (Motherwell's MS.) ends as follows:—

It's I will do for my love's sake  
What many ladies would think lang;  
Seven years shall come and go  
Before a glove go on my hand.

And I will do for my love's sake  
What many ladies would not do;  
Seven years shall come and go  
Before I wear stocking or shoe.

There 'll neer a shirt go on my back,  
There 'll neer a kame go in my hair,  
There 'll never coal nor candle-light  
Shine in my bower nae mair.

Cf. note to p. 173, 29, and see No. 92, *A* 3, 4.

## 70

Two versions.

## 71

149. 25, 26. These stanzas are remarkably like *F* 3, 5 of 'Earl Brand' (No. 7), the Percy copy, and may have served in some Scottish version of 'The Douglas Tragedy.'

150. 36-41. These stanzas are borrowed from 'The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter' (No. 110). Folly could not go further than in making the mother clip her locks and kilt her clothes, as in 36; unless it be in making a boat of a coat and a topmast of a cane, as in 3, 4.

## 72

Four versions.

151. *A*, as sung, had a sequel of six stanzas, which is found separately and belongs with 'The Wife of Usher's Well' (No. 79); see p. 168, version *B*.

## 73

Ten versions.

153. 25. In some versions of the Scandinavian ballad, little Kerstin, the forsaken mistress, sets fire to the bride-house:—

Sir Peter awakes, but he wakes not ere  
The flame is playing in the young bride's hair.

Sir Peter springs from his bed, oer late;  
He saw Little Kersti go out through the gate.

'Ah, dear Little Kersti, now help thou me!  
Another time shall I help thee.'  
And it was Little Kersti, her laugh he heard:  
'I wot how well you keep your word.'

## 74

Four versions.

157. The fragments in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* are:—

When it was grown to dark midnight,  
And all were fast asleep,  
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet. (Act ii, sc. 8.)

You are no love for me, Margaret,  
I am no love for you. (Act iii, sc. 5.)

157. 14. The brown girl, characteristic of No. 73, has slipped in from that ballad.

## 75

Ten versions.

## 76

Thirteen versions.

163. 3-4. In *E* (A. Fraser Tytler's *Brown MS.*), these stanzas are in the direct discourse:—

Your father will shoe your fu fair foot,  
Your mother will glove your hand;  
Your sister will lace your middle jimp  
Wi the new made London band.

Your brother will kaim your yellow hair,  
Wi the new made silver kaim;  
And the king of heaven will father your bairn,  
Till Love Gregor come hain.

164. 28 ff. *E* ends as follows:—

The wind blew loud, the sea grew rough,  
And dashed the boat on shore;  
Fair Annie floats on the raging sea,  
But her young son raise no more.

Love Gregor tare his yellow hair,  
And made a heavy moan;  
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,  
But his bonny young son was gone.

O cherry, cherry was her cheek,  
And gowden was her hair,  
But clay cold were her rosey lips,  
Nae spark of life was there.

And first he's kiss'd her cherry cheek,  
And neist he's kissed her chin;  
And saftly press'd her rosey lips,  
But there was nae breath within.

'O wae betide my cruel mother,  
And an ill dead may she die!  
For she turnd my true-love frae my door,  
When she came sae far to me.'

## 77

Seven versions.

165. 8. In three versions (*BDE*) Margaret will not give William back his faith and troth unless he resolves certain questions about the state of the dead. Thus in *D* (from Dr Joseph Robertson's *Note-Book*):—

'Yere faith and troth ye 'se never get,  
Till ye tell me this ane;  
Till ye tell me where the women go  
That hang themself for sin.'

'O they gang till the low, low hell,  
Just by the devil's knee;  
It's a' clad ower wi burnin pitch,  
A dreadful sight to see.'

'But your faith and troth ye 'se never get,  
Till ye tell me again;  
Till ye tell me where the children go  
That die without a name.'

'O they gang till the high, high heaven,  
Just by our Saviour's knee,  
And it's a' clad ower wi roses red,  
A lovelie sight to see.'

'But gie me my faith and troth, Margrat,  
And let me pass on my way;  
For the psalms o heaven will be sung,  
An I'll be mist away.'

'But your faith and troth yese never get,  
Till ye tell me again;  
Till ye tell me where the women go  
That die in child-beddin.'

'O they gang till the hie, hie heaven,  
Just by our Saviour's knee,  
And every day at twal o'clock  
They're dipped oer the head.'

165. 11. In *C* (Motherwell's *MS.*) there an impressive scene at the grave:—

She followed him high, she followed him low,  
Till she came to you church-yard;  
O there the grave did open up,  
And young William he lay down.

'What three things are these, Sweet William,' s  
says,

'That stands here at your head?'

'It's three maidens, Marjorie,' he says,  
'That I promised once to wed.'

'What three things are these, Sweet William,' s  
says,

'That stands here at your side?'

'It's three babes, Marjorie,' he says,  
'That these three maidens had.'

'What three things are these, Sweet William,' s  
says,

'That stands here at your feet?'

'It is three hell-hounds, Marjorie,' he says,  
'That's waiting my soul to keep.'

She took up her white, white hand,  
And she struck him in the breast,  
Saying, Have there again your faith and troth,  
And I wish your soul good rest.

165. 15, 16. These are clearly modern, b  
very likely represent original stanzas not r  
membered in form.

166. 8. *C* (Motherwell's *MS.*) has:—

'The cocks they are crowing, Marjory,' he say  
'The cocks they are crawling again;  
It's time the deid should part the quick,  
Marjorie, I must be gane.'

166. *F*. The first part of this version w  
evidently derived from No. 47.

## 78

Eight versions.

167. 1. Version *C* (from Suffolk) reads:

Cold blows the wind oer my true-love,  
Cold blow the drops of rain;  
I never, never had but one sweetheart,  
In the greenwood he was slain.

Similarly in some other versions. A fragment (C. K. Sharpe's papers) is: —

O wet and weary is the night,  
And evendown pours the rain,  
And he that was sae true to me  
Lies in the greenwood slain.

167. 3. A stanza in *H* expresses the common belief that the tears of the living wet the shroud of the dead: —

What is it that you want of me  
And will not let me sleep?  
Your salten tears they trickle down  
And wet my winding-sheet.

167. 5. After this the ghost says, in *H*: —

If you were not my own sweet-heart,  
As now I know you be,  
I'd tear you as the withered leaves  
That grew on yonder tree.

## 79

Four versions.

168. 42. *Fashes* is Scott's emendation for *fishes* of the MS.; Aytoun reads *fresches*.

168. *B*. This version, as sung, formed the conclusion of No. 72 *A*.

169. *C* should be compared with *D*. It is given in order that no text may be omitted which can throw light on this ballad.

170. 48. Perhaps *lovely*; the MS. is not clear.

170. 94. Read, probably, "They wet our winding sheet." Cf. No. 78, *A* 3.

## 80

171. 152. *Cooke* seems wrongly repeated.

171. 261. For *light* read *fyre* (?).

## 81

Fifteen versions.

172. 8. In *C* and several other versions the lovers try a bribe, a threat, or both, to make the page keep counsel.

173. 29. *L* (Buchan's MSS.) ends with a vow of penance (cf. note to p. 143, 26).

Ye'll darken my windows up secure,  
Wi' stauchions round about,  
And there is not a living man  
Shall eer see me walk out.

Nae mair fine clothes my body deck,  
Nor kame gang in my hair,  
Nor burning coal nor candle light  
Shine in my bower mair.

Cf. note to p. 143, 26, and see No. 92, *A* 3, 4.

## 83

Seven versions.

177. 1. *C* (Motherwell's MS.) reads: —

Bob Norice is to the grein-wude gane,  
He is awa wi' the wind.

178. 6.

'Do I nae pay you gowd?' he said,  
'Do I nae pay you fee?  
How daur you stand my bidding, Sir,  
Whan I bid you to flee?' *C*.

178. 7. These stanzas follow in *C*: —

'What news, what news, my bonnie wee boy?  
'What news hae ye to me?'

'Nae news, nae news, Lord Barnet,' he said,  
'But your ladie I fain would see.

'Here is a pair o' gloves to her,  
Thay'r o' the silver gray;  
And tell her to cum to the merrie green-wud,  
And speik to Bob Norice.

'Here is a gay gowd ring to her,  
It's aw gowd but the stane;  
And she maun cum to the merrie green-wud,  
And speir the leive o' nane.

'Here is a gay mantel to her,  
It's aw silk but the sleive;  
And she maun cum to the merrie grein-wud,  
And ask not bauld Barnet's leive.'

Then out bespake the yellow nurse,  
Wi' the bable on her knee,  
Sayand, Gif thay be cum frae Bob Norice,  
They are welcum to me.

'O hand your tung, ye yellow nurse,  
Aloud an I heir ye lie;  
For they're to Lord Barnet's lady,  
I trew that this be she.'

Lord Barnet's to a dressing-room,  
And buskt him in woman's array,  
And he's awa to the merrie green-wud,  
To speik to Bob Norrice,

## 84

Three versions.

180. *B* a was "printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, J. Back."

## 85

Five versions.

## 86

Three versions.

183. Scott's version (*A*) begins with the following stanzas, which are intended to extenuate young Benje's guilt: —

Of a' the maids o' fair Scotland  
The fairest was Marjorie,  
And Young Benjie was her ae true-love,  
And a dear true-love was he.

And wow! but they were lovers dear,  
And loved fu' constantlie;  
But ay the mair, when they fell out,  
The saier was their plea.

And they hae quarrelled on a day,  
Till Marjorie's heart grew wae,  
And she said she'd chuse another luvie  
And let Young Benjie gae.

And he was stout, and proud-hearted,  
And thought o't bitterlie,  
And he's gaen by the wan moon-light  
To meet his Marjorie.

183. 5. St. 4 should probably follow st. 5. Scott has: —

Then saft she smiled, and said to him,  
O what ill hae I done?  
He took her in his armis twa,  
And threw her oer the linn.

183. 8. Scott's copy introduces this stanza with the following:—

Then they've taen up the comely corpse,  
And laid it on the grund;  
'O wha has killed our ae sister,  
And how can he be found?  
'The night it is her low lykewake,  
The morn her burial day,  
And we maun watch at mirk midnight,  
And hear what she will say.'  
Wi' doors ajar, and candle-light,  
And torches burning clear,  
The streikit corpse, till still midnight,  
They waked, but naething hear.

183. 9. In Scott's copy —

O wha has done the wrang, sister,  
Or dared the deadly sin?  
Wha was sae stout, and feared nae dout,  
As thraw ye oer the linn?

183. 13. Scott's version ends:—

Tie a green gravat round his neck,  
And lead him out and in,  
And the best ae servant about your house  
To wait Young Benjie on.  
And ay, at every seven year's end,  
Ye'll tak him to the linn;  
For that's the penance he maun drie,  
To scug his deadly sin.

Cf. Buchan's version (*B*):—

'Ye winna Bondsey head, brothers,  
Nor will ye Bondsey lang;  
But ye'll take out his twa grey een,  
Make Bondsey blind to gang.  
'Ye'll put to the gate a chain o' gold,  
A rose garland gar make,  
And ye'll put that in Bondsey's head,  
A' for your sister's sake.'

### 87

Four versions.

184. 2. The defective version *D* (Harris MS.) contains the following mutilated stanza:—

It is the fashion in oor countrie, mither,  
I diinna ken what it is here,  
To like your wife better than your mither,  
That . . . bought you sae dear.

### 88

Six versions.

186. *Introduction*. A similar turn is given to the act in *E* (Buchan's Ballads):—

Ohon, alas, my lady gay,  
To come sae hastille!  
I thought it was my deadly foe,  
Ye had trysted into me.

But *E* seems to be *A* altered, or imperfectly remembered, with the addition of a few stanzas.

### 89

Three versions.

190. 4<sup>1</sup>. In the MS. *feet* is corrected to *head*, but *sleep* is not changed to *bed*. Clearly we should read either *sleep* and *feet*, or *bed* and *head*.

### 90

Four versions and a variant.

191. 1. Cf. 'Child Maurice,' No. 83, *A* 1.  
193. 15<sup>3</sup>, 4. A faint trace of an old feature that comes out clearly in *C* (Buchan's Ballads):

Then brought to the next borough's town,  
And gae him nurses three;  
He grew as big in ae year auld  
As some boys would in three.  
Then he was sent to guid squeel-house,  
To learn how to thrive;  
He learned as muckle in ae year's time  
As some boys would in five.

This extraordinary growth of heroes is a widespread idea, and examples occur in the popular literature of many peoples.

### 91

Seven versions.

193. 6<sup>2</sup>. Read, perhaps, *towers*,  
193. 2-4. Cf. *B* (Herd's MSS.):—

But there came knights, and there came squiers,  
An knights of high degree;  
She pleased hersel in Levieston,  
They wear a comly twa.

He has bought her rings for her fingers,  
And garlands for her hair,  
The broochis till her bosome braid;  
What wad my love ha mair?  
And he has brought her on to Livingston,  
And made her lady thear.

194. 19<sup>4</sup>. Read, perhaps, *weary* for *merry*.

### 92

Two versions.

195. The following stanzas of 'The Lowlands of Holland' occur in Herd's MSS. and are all that here concern us:—

'My love hath built a bony ship, and set her on  
the sea,  
With seven score good mariners to bear her company;  
There's three score is sunk, and three score dead  
at sea,  
And the Lowlands of Holland has twin'd my love  
and me.

'My love he built another ship, and set her on  
the main,  
And nane but twenty mariners for to bring her  
hame;  
But the weary wind began to rise, and the sea  
began to rout,  
My love then and his bonny ship turnd wither-  
shins about.

'Then shall neither colf come on my head nor  
comb come in my hair;  
Then shall neither coal nor candle-light shine in  
my bower mair;  
Nor will I love another one until the day I die,  
For I never lovd a love but one, and he's drowned  
in the sea.'

'O had your tongue, my daughter dear, be still  
and be content;  
There are mair lads in Galloway, ye neen nae  
sair lament:'



'O there is none in Gallow, there's none at a' for me,  
For I never lovd a love but one, and he's drowned  
in the sea.'

195. A 3, 4. See note to p. 173, 29.

196. 5<sup>2</sup>. *Bahome* in *B* (Buchan's Ballads.)

## 93

Twenty-six versions (including fragments).

## 94

200. 3<sup>3</sup>. *And* is corrected to *Ane* in the second edition of Percy's Reliques.

## 95

Thirteen versions.

200. One version of this ballad has become a children's game (Notes and Queries, 6th Ser., vi, 476). In others the verses are set in a popular tale, and a characteristic explanation is furnished of the heroine's danger: she has lost a golden key, or a golden ball, which had been entrusted to her.

## 96

Eight versions.

203. 21. In some versions hot lead or gold is dropped on the maiden to make sure whether she is really dead. Thus in *C* (Motherwell's MS.):—

Then down as dead that lady drapd,  
Beside her mother's knee;  
Then out it spoke an auld witch-wife,  
By the fire-side sat she.

Says, Drap the hot lead on her cheek,  
And drop it on her chin,  
And drop it on her rose-red lips,  
And she will speak again:  
For much a lady young will do,  
To her true-love to win.

They drapd the het lead on her cheek,  
So did they on her chin;  
They drapd it on her red-rose lips,  
But they breathed none again.

## 97

Three versions.

205. *C* (Buchan's Ballads) has a feeble sequel intended to complicate the plot. It is not beyond the invention of the blind beggar who collected ballads for Buchan.

## 98

Three versions.

## 99

Twenty versions.

209. 15. Cf. *B* (Glenriddell MSS.):—

The fetters they are on my feet,  
And O but they are cauld!  
My bracelets they are sturdy steel,  
Instead of beaten gold.

But I will write a lang letter,  
And seal it tenderlie,  
And I will send to my true-love,  
Before that I do die.

209. 26<sup>4</sup>. *McNaughtan* in *C* (Motherwell's MS.). Other versions give other names.

209. 29<sup>8</sup>. In *B* I have a champion in my court.

210. 31<sup>2</sup>. In *H* (Kinloch MSS.) the champion is described as a "greecy [frightful] ghost;" in *L* (Campbell MSS.) he is a "fear-some sight," with three women's spans between his brows and three yards between his shoulders; in *R* (MS. at Abbotsford) he is "a gurrly fellow, with twa lang scelaps between his eyes," and so on. These points are probably taken from another and a later ballad, which is perhaps an imitation, and might almost be called a parody of Johnnie Scot, 'Lang Johnny More' (No. 251).

210. 31. Cf. *B*, sts. 24, 25:—

The king but and his nobles a'  
Went out into the plain,  
The queen but and her maidens a',  
To see young Johnny slain.

The first wound that Johnny gae the champion  
Was a deep wound and sair;  
The next wound that he gae the champion,  
He never spak mair.

In *D* (Motherwell's MS.) we have:—

Lords and ladies flocked all,  
They flocked all amain,  
They flocked all to the green wood,  
To see poor Johnnie slain.

This Talliant he could find no way  
To be poor Johnnie's dead,  
But, like unto a swallow swift,  
He jumped oer Johnnie's head.

But Johnnie was a clever man,  
Cunning and crafty withal,  
And up on the top of his braid sword  
He made this Talliant fall.

This fatal jump of the Italian occurs in some other versions.

## 100

Eleven versions.

210. 13. *C* (Kinloch MSS.) ends thus:—

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
Himself on a dapple-grey,  
And made her a lady of as much land  
She could ride in a whole summer day.

211. 6. This stanza occurs in No. 110, A 15.

## 101

Four versions.

211. 1. *B*, *C*, and *D* have a more elaborate beginning. Thus in *B* (Buchan MSS.):—

Willie was an earl's ae son,  
And an earl's ae son was he,  
But he thought his father lack to sair,  
And his mother of low degree.

But he is on to fair England,  
To sair for meat an fee,  
And all was for Dame Oliphant,  
A woman of great beauty.



He hadna been in fair England  
 A month but barely ane,  
 Ere he dreamd that fair Dame Oliphant  
 Gied him a gay gold ring.  
 He had not been in fair England  
 A month but barely four,  
 Ere he dreamd that fair Dame Oliphant  
 Gied him a red rose flower.  
 Well set about with white lillies,  
 Like to the paramour.

212. 9. A popular passage the like of which is found in many of our ballads: as No. 63, A 2, 3; No. 102, A 4; also in many foreign ballads. 212. 13, 14. Cf. B (Buchan MSS.):—

But she's taen a web of the scarlet,  
 And she tare it fine an sma,  
 And even into Willie's arms  
 She leapt the castle-wa;  
 And Willie was wight and well able,  
 And he kept her frae a fa.  
 But the cocks they crew, and the horns blew,  
 And the lions took the hill,  
 And Willie's ladie followed him,  
 And the tears did twinkle still.

Cf. also C (Kinloch MSS.):—

The cocks do crow, and the day does daw,  
 And the wild fowl bodes on hill;  
 The lassie she followed her Sweet William,  
 And let the tears down fall.

### 102

Three versions.

214. 3. The Earl of Huntingdon has no place in the ancient traditional ballads of Robin Hood, but is of later literary invention. A 17, B 1, and C 1, may, however, very well have belonged to some Robin Hood ballad.

### 103

Three versions.

219. 59. The concluding stanza of C (Kinloch's Ballads) shows how No. 103 was fitted to the *dramatis personae* of the Robin Hood cycle:—

The tane was wedded to Robin Hood,  
 And the tither to Little John;  
 And it was a' owing to their stepmother,  
 That garrd them leave their hame.

### 104

Two versions.

### 105

220. Brooksby printed 1672-95; J. Walter, 1690-1720 (Chappell).

### 106

221. a was "printed for J. Hose" (1660-75); b for "W. Thackeray [1660-89] and T. Passinger [1670-82]."

221. 4. The Dean of Derry communicated to Percy in 1776 the following stanzas, which he wrote down from the recitation of his mother, Mrs Barnard, wife of the Bishop of Derry:—

My mother showd me a deadly spight;  
 She sent three thieves at darksome night;  
 They put my servants all to flight,  
 They robd my bower, and they slew my knight.

They could not do me much more harm,  
 But they slew my baby on my arm;  
 They left me nothing to wrap it in  
 But the bloody, bloody sheet that it lay in.

They left me nothing to make a grave  
 But the bloody sword that slew my babe;  
 All alone the grave I made,  
 And all alone salt tears I shed.

All alone the bell I rung,  
 And all alone sweet psalms I sung;  
 I leant my head against a block,  
 And there I cut my lovely locks.

I cut my locks, and chang'd my name  
 From Fair Eleanore to Sweet William.

Scott inserted in his *Border Minstrelsy*, III, 80, 1803, seven stanzas under the title of 'The Lament of the Border Widow,' which show broader traces of the sheet-ballad and agreements with 'The Three Ravens' (No. 26). This fragment was given to Scott by the Ettrick Shepherd. It is here given from the MS. at Abbotsford.

My love he built me a bonny bowr,  
 An cled it a' wi lily-flour;  
 A brawer bowr ye neer did see  
 Than my true-love he built to me.

There came a man by middle day,  
 He spy'd his sport an went away,  
 An brought the king that very night,  
 Who brak my bowr, an slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear;  
 He slew my knight, an poind his gear;  
 My servants all for life did flee,  
 An left me in extremity.

I sewd his sheet, making my moan;  
 I watchd the corpse, mysel alone;  
 I watchd his body night and day;  
 No living creature came that way.

I took the corpse then on my back,  
 And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;  
 I digd a grave, and laid him in,  
 And hapd him wi the sod sae green.

But thinkna ye my heart was sair  
 When I laid the mool on his yellow hair?  
 O thinkna ye my heart was wae  
 When I turnd about, away to gae?

Nae langer there I could remain  
 Since that my lovely knight was slain;

: : : : : : : :

### 107

Two versions.

### 109

Three versions.

230. 6. In B (broadside of 1677):—

For I have a lover true of mine own,  
 A serving-man of low degree,  
 One Tommy Pots it is his name,  
 My first love and last that ever shall be.

230. 12. In *B* : —

With that the lady began to weep;  
 She knew not well then what to say,  
 How she might Lord Phenix deny,  
 And escape from marriage quite away.

232. 54. Two stanzas in *B* : —

O master, yet it is unknown;  
 Within these two days well try'd it must be;  
 He is a lord, I am but a serving-man,  
 I fear I shall lose her with poverty.  
 I prethee, Tom Potts, get thee on thy feet;  
 My former promises kept shall be;  
 As I am a lord in Scotland fair,  
 Thou 'st never lose her with poverty.'

## 110

teen versions.

235. *a* was "printed for William Gilbert-  
 " (1640-63); *b* "for A. M[ilbourne], W.  
 nley], and T. Thackeray" about 1680.

237. 18. *C* (Kinloch's MSS.) has: a knight  
 e the High College.

237. 10. *C* has : —

'Jump on behind, ye weill-faurd may,  
 Or do ye chuse to ride?'  
 'No, thank ye, sir,' the lady said,  
 'I rather chuse to wade';  
 And afore that he was mid-water,  
 She was at the ither side.

'Turn back, turn back, ye weill-faurd may,  
 My heart will brak in three.'  
 'And sae did mine in yon bonny hill-side,  
 Whan ye wad [na] lat me be.'

'Whare gat ye that gay claithing  
 This day I see on thee?'  
 My mither was a gude milk-nurse,  
 And a gude nourice was she;  
 She nursd the Earl of Stockford's daughter,  
 And gat aw this to me.'

237. 17. *C* has : —

Then out bespak the queen hersel,  
 Wha sat by the king's knee:  
 There's na a knight in aw our court  
 Wad hae dune that to thee,  
 Unless it war my brither, Earl Richard,  
 And forbid it it war he!

Wad ye ken your love,  
 Amang a hunder men?  
 'I wad,' said the bonnie ladie,  
 'Amang five hunder and ten.'

238. 26. *C* has : —

Whan she cam to yon nettle-dyke,  
 'An my auld mither she was here,  
 Sae weill as she wad ye pu.  
 'She wad boil ye weill, and butter ye weill,  
 And sup till she war fu,  
 And lay her head upon her dish-doup,  
 And sleep like onie sow.'

238. 29, 30. *C* lacks the mill, but has the  
 following : —

Whan she cam to Earl Richard's house,  
 The sheets war holland fine:  
 'O haud awa thae linen sheets,  
 And bring to me the linsey clouts  
 I hae been best used in.

'Awa, awa wi your siller spoons,  
 Haud them awa frae me;  
 It would set me better to feed my flocks  
 Wi the brose-cap on my knee:  
 Sae bring to me the gude ram's horn,  
 The spoons I've been used wi.'

238. 33. In *C* and some other versions, as  
 in Chaucer, the bridegroom is unwilling to turn  
 about and make much of his wife. Cf. *C*, sts.  
 29-30 : —

'Ye 'll turn about, Earl Richard,  
 And mak some mair o me;  
 An ye mak me lady o ae puir plow,  
 I can mak ye laird o three.'  
 'If ye be the Earl of Stockford's dochter,  
 As I've taen some thoughts ye be,  
 Aft hae I waited at your father's yett,  
 But your face I could never see.'

In *F* (Buchan's Ballads) and some other ver-  
 sions, the Billy Blin (see note on p. 8, st. 24)  
 reveals the lady's parentage (sts. 60, 61) : —

It's out then spake the Billy-Blin,  
 Says, I speak nane out of time;  
 If ye make her lady o nine cities,  
 She 'll make you lord o ten.  
 Out it spake the Billy-Blin,  
 Says, The one may serve the other;  
 The King of Gosford's ae daughter,  
 And the Queen of Scotland's brother.

## 112

Five versions.

## 114

Thirteen versions.

241. 19. Cf. *G* (Harris MS.), st. 11 : —

The firsten shot that Johnnie shot,  
 He shot them a' but ane,  
 An he flang him owre a milk-white steed,  
 Bade him bear tidings hame.

241. 20. *Boy* is evidently a corruption of  
*bird*. Cf. *B* 13, and note, and *K*.

242. 13. Cf. *F* (Scott's compounded ver-  
 sion), sts. 19, 20 : —

'O is there na a bonnie bird  
 Can sing as I can say,  
 Could flee away to my mother's bower,  
 And tell to fetch Johnnie away?'  
 The starling flew to his mother's window-stane,  
 It whistled and it sang,  
 And aye the ower-word o the tune  
 Was, Johnnie tarries lang!

In *L*, a fragment of one stanza from the Harris  
 MS., information is given in a different way : —

But aye at ilka ae mile's end  
 She fand a cat o clay,  
 An written upon the back o it  
 'Tak your son Johnnie Brod away.'

244. 19. Evidently corrupt. See note on  
 A 19.

## 116

246. The text is made up as follows: 1-53<sup>2</sup>  
 from *c*; 53<sup>3</sup>-111<sup>3</sup> from *b*; 111<sup>4</sup>-113<sup>3</sup> from *c*; 113<sup>4</sup>-  
 120<sup>2</sup> from *a*; 120<sup>3</sup>-121 from *c*; 122-128<sup>2</sup> from *a*;

128<sup>3</sup>-161<sup>1</sup> from *c*; 161<sup>2</sup>-170 from *a*. That is, *a* and *b* are used for that part of the ballad which they contain and the rest is taken from *c*. Minor defects in *a* and *b* are supplied (within brackets) from *c*, except 100<sup>3</sup>, which is from *d*, *e*. Full collations will be found in Professor Child's collection. For 'The Second Part of Adam Bell,' which is not a traditional ballad, see Child, III, 34.

## 117

256. The text is made up as follows: 1-83<sup>3</sup> from *a*; 83<sup>4</sup>-118<sup>3</sup> from *b*; 118<sup>4</sup>-124<sup>1</sup> from *a*; 124<sup>2</sup>-127<sup>3</sup> from *b*; 127<sup>4</sup>-133<sup>2</sup> from *a*; 133<sup>3</sup>-136<sup>3</sup> from *b*; 136<sup>4</sup>-208<sup>3</sup> from *a*; 208<sup>4</sup>-314<sup>1</sup> from *b*; 314<sup>2</sup>-349<sup>3</sup> from *a*; 349<sup>4</sup>-456 from *b*. Minor deficiencies in *a* are in general supplied from *b*; in *c*, from other copies. A full collation will be found in Child.

273. 338<sup>4</sup>. The proude shirife than sayd she. *f*.

## 119

282. 1, 2. Cf. the beginning of Nos. 116, 121, 148.

283. 30<sup>1</sup>. Skeat's reading. The line is almost illegible, but the first word is *Robyn*.

283. 30<sup>2</sup>. A gap here between two pages, and there are commonly six stanzas to a page.

285. 77<sup>4</sup>. *b* has *Quit me* (perhaps better).

## 120

286, 287. 1-7. Cf. No. 119, sts. 6-12.

287. 4<sup>3</sup>, 4. This probably means that Scarlet, seeing his master is wroth, will say no more. It might mean something stronger, but it is unlikely that Will is so touchy as to throw up fealty for a testy word from a sick man.

288. 23<sup>1</sup>. For 'give me mood' Child suggests 'give me my God,' i. e. the host.

289. 14<sup>2</sup>. In *b*: thou begs.

289. 19. In a two poor stanzas follow, to introduce the epitaph, which, however, does not follow; *b* has two different stanzas (quite as bad) and the epitaph. For the epitaph, see p. 361. The transitional stanzas in *a* are as follows:—

Thus he that never feared bow nor spear  
Was murdered by letting blood;  
And so, loving friends, the story it ends  
Of valiant Robin Hood.

There's nothing remains but his epitaph now,  
Which, reader, here you have,  
To this very day which read you may,  
As it is upon his grave.  
Hey down a derry derry down

## 121

290. 25. St. 29 is wrongly put here in the MS.

291. 28. The order of lines in the MS. is 3, 2, 1, 4.

291. 37<sup>2</sup>. In the MS.: Gere amarsey seyde sche ser(?) than.

292. 50<sup>2</sup>. And [thow]? The scribe may have meant *potte* (i. e. put) rather than *polle*.

292. 55<sup>3</sup>, 4. In the MS.: You may cart y the bow pat Robyn gaffe me.

293. 74<sup>1</sup>, 2. Ought perhaps to be dropped. The scribe, having got the second verse wrong, may have begun the stanza again.

## 122

294. 9<sup>2</sup>. Half a page gone, as also after st. 17 and st. 25.

296. *B a* was "printed for F. Grove" (1620-55); *d* "for I. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger" (1670-86?).

## 123

297. 1, 2. Cf. the opening verses of Nos. 118, 119, and others. St. 1 has been corrupted and st. 2 also, one would think, as there is no apparent reason for maids weeping and young men wringing hands in the merry month of May. In 1<sup>3</sup> the MS. has: 13 in May. In 1<sup>3</sup>, 4 *moon* might be changed to *moon*, to justify *thirteen* in the second, and to accord with *moon* in the third. For *in May* in l. 2, we may read *I say* or *man say*. Cf. No. 140, B 1.

297. 3<sup>4</sup>. *Curted* can mean only 'short-frocked,' which would make the friar a Franciscan. Fountains Abbey was a Cistercian monastery. The friar in the play has a "long cote." *Curtal* in *B* seems to be the proper word. It appears to be simply *curtilarius* (Eng. *curtiler*) and to be applied to the friar and the dogs because they had the care and keeping of the vegetable garden (*curtile*) of the monastery.

298. 7<sup>1</sup>. For *wet weary* read probably *wearry*.

298. 21. Cf. *B*, sts. 38-40. We must infer that Robin's offer is accepted; but the Curtiler plays no part in Robin Hood story out of his own ballad.

298. *B b* was "printed at London for I. Gosson" (1607-41); *d* was "printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, W. Gilbertson" (1640-80?); *e* was "printed for W. Thackeray, J. Millet, and J. Milbourn" (1680-97?); *f* was "printed for J. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright" (1655-80).

## 124

301. *A a* was "printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson" (F. Coles, 1646-74; T. Vere, 1648-80; W. Gilbertson, 1640-63); *d* was "printed by and for Alex. Milbourn" (1670-97).

301. 1. Thus quoted in Munday and Chettle's *Life and Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*:—

O there dwelleth a jolly pinder  
At Wakefield all on the green.

301. 3. *Witty* is a corruption for *wight*.

301. 9. Thus quoted in Munday's *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*:—

At Michaelmas cometh my covenant out,  
My master gives me my fee;  
Then, Robin, I'll wear thy Kendall green,  
And wend to the greenwood with thee.

## 126

305. *A* and *b* were "printed for W. Gilbert-on (1640-63); *d* "for J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger" (1670-82?).

305. 8<sup>3</sup>. *Another* seems to be corrupt (cf. 2<sup>3</sup>). In 13<sup>3</sup> the word makes sense.

## 127

307. *a* was "printed for F. Grove, dwelling in Snowhill" (1620-55); *b* "for I. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger" (1670-86?); *c* by J. Hodges," not in black letter.

## 128

309. *a* and *b* were "printed for Richard Bur-on" (1641-74); *e* "for J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger" (1670-82?).

311. 25. Followed in all the copies by seven *tanzas* which belong to another ballad (No. 130 *l*).

## 129

311. *a* was "printed by and for W. O[nley]" (1650-1702); *b* "for A. M[ilbourne], W. O[nley], and T. Thackeray" (1670-89?).

## 130

Two versions.

314. *A*. For the printer, etc., see note to No. 128.

## 132

Two versions.

## 133

318. *a* was printed at London, "for Francis Grove" (1620-55); *d* was "printed for I. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger" (1670-86).

## 135

324. *c* was "printed for John Andrews" (1660); *d* "for William Thackeray" (1689).

## 136

326. *a* was "printed for John Andrews" (1660); *d* "for William Thackeray" (1689).

## 138

329. *a* was "printed for F. Cole, T. Vere, J. Wright and J. Clarke" (Cole, Vere, and Wright, 1655-80; J. Clarke, 1650-82); *b* "for Alex. Milbourn" (1670-97).

## 139

331. *a* was "printed for Fran. Grove" (1620-55); *b* "for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright" (1655-80); *e* "for J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger" (1670-82?).

## 140

Three versions.

333. *B* 3. In *C* the squires are expressly said to be the three sons of the lady (so she is called, and not "a silly old woman"). *C* occurs in several editions of Robin Hood's Garland (*C* *a* was printed about 1753).

334. *B* 19 ff. *C* ends thus:—

'One boon, one boon,' says jolly Robin,  
'One boon I beg on my knee;  
That, as for the deaths of these three squires,  
Their hangman I may be.'  
'Soon granted, soon granted,' says great master  
sheriff,  
'Soon granted unto thee;  
And you shall have all their gay cloathing,  
Aye, and all their white money.'  
'O I will have none of their gay cloathing,  
Nor none of their white money,  
But I'll have three blasts on my bugle-horn,  
That their souls to heaven may flee.'  
Then Robin Hood mounted the gallows so high,  
Where he blew loud and shrill,  
Till an hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men  
They came marching all down the green hill.  
'Whose men are they all these?' says great  
master sheriff,  
'Whose men are they? tell unto me: '  
'O they are mine, but none of thine,  
And they're come for the squires all three.'  
'O take them, O take them,' says great master  
sheriff,  
'O take them along with thee;  
For there's never a man in all Nottingham  
Can do the like of thee.'

## 141

334. *a* was "printed for F. Grove" (1620-55); *d* "for J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger" (1670-86?).

## 142

Two versions.

337. *B* *a* was "printed for William Gilbert[t]son" (1640-63); *B* *d* "for J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger" (1670-86?).

## 143

338. *a* was "printed for F. Grove" (1620-55); *e* "by and for W. O[nley]" (1650-1702).

## 144

Two versions.

340. *A* *b* was "published April 7th, 1791, by C. Sheppard," London.



## 145

Three versions.

343. *A* 22. Sir Richard Lee is known to us already in the Gest.

344. *B* *a* was "printed for F. Grove" (1620-55); *b* "for Francis Grove"; *e* "for F. Coles, T. Vere & J. Wright" (1655-80); *f* "for J. W[right], J. C[larke], W. T[hackeray], and T. P[assinger]" (1670-86?).

## 146

346. *d* was "printed for William Thackeray" (1689).

## 147

347. *a* was "printed for F. Grove" (whose dates, according to Chappell, were 1620-55). Ritson says that the ballad was entered in the Stationers' book by Francis Grove, 2d June, 1656. *d* was "printed for William Thackeray" (1689).

## 148

349. *a* was "printed for F. Coles" (1631?); *b* "for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson" (1648-63?); *e* "for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke" (1650-80?); *f* "for Alex. Milbourn, Will. Ownley, Tho. Thackeray" (after 1670); *g* "for I. Wright, I. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger" (1670-86?).

## 149

350. *a* was "printed for W. O[nley]" (1650-1702); *b* "for I. Wright, I. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger" (1670-86?); *c* "by and for Alex. Milbourn" (1670-97).

351. 2. Robin Hood assumes the name of Loxley (Locksley) in No. 145. It appears that there is a Loxley Chase in Yorkshire, and a Loxley River too (Gutch, Robin Hood, i, 75).

353. 46. Arthur a Bradley is printed by Ritson, Robin Hood, 1795, II, 210.

## 151

357. 29. By "the clergyman" is meant the Prior of York, who in Munday's play, The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington, procures his outlawry. The forcing of the sheriff to give the king a supper may be the beggarly author's own invention.

357. 30<sup>3</sup>, 4. Supplied from Robin Hood's Garland, York, Thomas Wilson & Son, 1811. The lines are wanting in *a b c d*.

## 152

360. 28<sup>3</sup>, 4. Supplied from the garland just mentioned; wanting in *a b c*.

## 153

361. 18<sup>4</sup>. *day* is found in *b*, wanting in *a c*.

## 154

362. The mutilated parts of the title are supplied, to a slight extent, from a copy in the Bodleian Library (L. 78, Art., 5th tract); the rest from an edition printed for J. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger, 1686.

## 155

Twenty-one versions.

369. *A* 7. *E* (Motherwell's Minstrelsy) has

She laid him on a dressing-table,  
She dresd him like a swine;  
Says, Lie ye there, my bonnie Sir Hugh,  
Wi yere apples red and green!

369. *A* 9. *E* has next:—

A schoolboy walking in the garden  
Did grievously hear him moan;  
He ran away to the deep draw-well,  
And fell down on his knee.

Says, Bonnie Sir Hugh, and pretty Sir Hugh,  
I pray you speak to me!  
If you speak to any body in this world,  
I pray you speak to me.

369. *A* 14. In *E* this stanza precedes, spoke by Sir Hugh's schoolfellow:—

'Lady Helen, if ye want your son,  
I'll tell ye where to seek;  
Lady Helen, if ye want your son,  
He's in the well sae deep.'

370. *B* 1. *Mirry-land toune* is probably a corruption of *merry Lincoln* (*A* 16, 17).

370. *B* 12. After this *E* has:—

'But lift me out o this deep draw-well,  
And bury me in yon churchyard;

.....  
'Put a Bible at my head,' he says,  
'And a Testament at my feet,  
And pen and ink at every side,  
And I'll lie still and sleep.

'And go to the back of Maitland town,  
Bring me my winding sheet;  
For it's at the back of Maitland town  
That you and I shall meet.'

O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
The broom that makes full sore,  
A woman's mercy is very little,  
But a man's mercy is more.

A request like that in *E* 20 occurs in some other versions.

## 156

Seven versions.

373. 8. *E* (Kinloch's Ballads) has:—

'O fathers, O fathers, I'm very, very sick,  
I'm sick, and like to dee;  
Some ghostly comfort to my poor soul  
O tell if ye can gie!'

'Confess, confess,' Earl Marshall cried,  
'And you shall pardoned be.'  
'Confess, confess,' the King replied,  
'And we shall comfort gie.'



374. *B 4*. In *G* (MS. at Abbotsford) and some other versions, Earl Marshal gets an oath of immunity. Thus in *G* :—

But I will swear by my septer and crown,  
And by the seas so free,  
I will swear by my septer and crown,  
Earl Marshall, thow's no dee.

## 157

Nine versions.

375. 28. In *D* (Kinloch's papers), a pretty, pretty maid; in *F* (Buchan's Gleanings), a well-fared maid.

## 158

Three versions.

378. 1. In *C*, from Aberdeenshire, Hugh is naturally turned into a Scotsman :—

It fell about the Martinmas time  
The wind blew loud and cauld,  
And all the knights of fair Scotland  
They drew them to sum hald.

Unless it was him young Sir Hugh,  
And he beet to sail the sea,  
Wi a letter between twa kings, to see an they wald  
let down the wars,  
And live and lat them be.

381. 23. In *C* :—

The nexten steed that he drew out  
He was the raven-black;  
His een was glancin in his head  
Like wild-fire in a slack;  
'Get here a boy,' says young Sir Hugh,  
'Cast on the saddle on that.'

## 159

383. 11. The Earl of Angus was really on the other side.

383. 13. *Vaughan* : i. e. Baughan or Buchan. It is very doubtful whether there was an Earl of Buchan in 1346.

386. 64. Crécy was fought 26 Aug., 1346; Poitiers, 19 Sept., 1356.

## 161

Six versions.

387. 3. Hoppertope hyll, says Percy, is a corruption for Ottercap Hill (now Ottercaps Hill) in the parish of Kirk Whelpington, Tyne-dale Ward, Northumberland. Rodelyffe Cragge (now Rothley Crags) is a cliff near Rodeley, a small village in the parish of Hartburn, in Morpeth Ward, south-east of Ottercap; and Green Leyton, corruptly Green Lynton, is another small village, south-east of Rodeley, in the same parish.

387. 34. Percy's emendation. The MSS. have "Many a styrande (stirande) stage."

388. 26. *Mentaye*: Menteith. The earldom of Huntley was created in 1449.

391. 11. In *b* (Scott's copy) :—

Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,  
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;  
But yield thee to the bracken-bush,  
That grows upon yon lilye lee.

391. 12, 13. *B* agrees with Froissart in making a Montgomery the captor of Percy, whereas *A* represents that Montgomery was taken prisoner and exchanged for Percy. In No. 162 Sir Hugh Montgomery kills Percy, and in return is shot by a Northumberland archer.

391. 14. Douglas was buried at Melrose Abbey, where his tomb may still be seen.

391. *C\**. Scott's text (*C*) is given below as it stands in the *Minstrelsy*, 1833, i, 345. There are a few slight variations from the form in which Scott first printed it (in the second edition, 1803, i, 27). Hogg's two copies, which furnished the greater part of *C*, were complementary, — the first copy containing twenty-nine stanzas (1–24, 35–38, 40), the second copy, eleven (25–34, 39).

- 1 It fell about the Lammas tide,  
When the mul-men win their hay,  
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride  
Into England, to drive a prey.
- 2 He chose the Gordons and the Græmes,  
With them the Lindesays, light and gay;  
But the Jardines wald not with him ride,  
And they rue it to this day.
- 3 And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,  
And part of Bambrough shire,  
And three good towers on Reidswire fells,  
He left them all on fire.
- 4 And he march'd up to Newcastle,  
And rode it round about :  
'O wha's the lord of this castle?  
Or wha's the lady o't?'
- 5 But up spake proud Lord Percy then,  
And O but he spake hie !  
I am the lord of this castle,  
My wife's the lady gay.
- 6 'If thou'rt the lord of this castle,  
Sae weel it pleases me,  
For, ere I cross the Border fells,  
The tane of us shall die.'
- 7 He took a lang spear in his hand,  
Shod with the metal free,  
And for to meet the Douglas there  
He rode right furiously.
- 8 But O how pale his lady look'd,  
Frae aff the castle-wa,  
When down before the Scottish spear  
She saw proud Percy fa.
- 9 'Had we twa been upon the green,  
And never an eye to see,  
I wad hae had you, flesh and fell;  
But your sword sail gae wi me.'
- 10 'But gae ye up to Otterbourne,  
And, wait there dayis three,  
And, if I come not ere three dayis end,  
A fause knight ca ye me.'
- 11 'The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn;  
'Tis pleasant there to be:  
But there is nought at Otterbourne  
To feed my men and me.
- 12 'The deer rins wild on hill and dale,  
The birds fly wild from tree to tree;  
But there is neither bread nor kale  
To fend my men and me.
- 13 'Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,  
Where you shall welcome be;

- And, if ye come not at three dayis end,  
A fause lord I'll ca thee.'
- 14 'Thither will I come,' proud Percy said,  
'By the might of Our Ladye;'  
'There will I bide thee,' said the Douglas,  
'My troth I plight to thee.'
- 15 They lighted high on Otterbourne,  
Upon the bent sae brown;  
They lighted high on Otterbourne,  
And threw their pallions down.
- 16 And he that had a bonnie boy,  
Sent out his horse to grass;  
And he that had not a bonnie boy,  
His ain servant he was.
- 17 But up then spake a little page,  
Before the peep of dawn:  
'O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,  
For Percy's hard at hand.'
- 18 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!  
Sae loud I hear ye lie:  
For Percy had not men yestreen  
To dight my men and me.
- 19 'But I have dreamd a dreary dream,  
Beyond the Isle of Sky;  
I saw a dead man win a fight,  
And I think that man was I.'
- 20 He belted on his guid braid sword,  
And to the field he ran,  
But he forgot the helmet good,  
That should have kept his brain.
- 21 When Percy wi the Douglas met,  
I wat he was fu fain;  
They swakked their swords, till sair they  
swat,  
And the blood ran down like rain.
- 22 But Percy with his good broad sword,  
That could so sharply wound,  
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,  
Till he fell to the ground.
- 23 Then he calld on his little foot-page,  
And said, Run speedille,  
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,  
Sir Hugh Montgomery.
- 24 'My nephew good,' the Douglas said,  
'What recks the death of ane!  
Last night I dreamd a dreary dream,  
And I ken the day's thy ain.
- 25 'My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;  
Take thou the vanguard of the three,  
And hide me by the braken-bush,  
That grows on yonder lilye lee.
- 26 'O bury me by the braken-bush,  
Beneath the blooming brier;  
Let never living mortal ken  
That ere a kindly Scot lies here.'
- 27 He lifted up that noble lord,  
Wi the saut tear in his ee;  
He hid him in the braken-bush,  
That his merrie men might not see.
- 28 The moon was clear, the day drew near,  
The spears in flinders flew,  
But mony a gallant Englishman  
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.
- 29 The Gordons good, in English blood  
They steepd their hose and shoon;  
The Lindsays flew like fire about,  
Till all the fray was done.

- 30 The Percy and Montgomery met,  
That either of other were fain;  
They swapp'd swords, and they twa swat,  
And aye the blood ran down between.
- 31 'Now yield thee, yield thee, Percy,' he said,  
'Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!'  
'To whom must I yield,' quoth Earl Percy,  
'Now that I see it must be so?'
- 32 'Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,  
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;  
But yield thee to the braken-bush,  
That grows upon yon lilye lee.'
- 33 'I will not yield to a braken-bush,  
Nor yet will I yield to a brier;  
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,  
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were  
here.'
- 34 As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,  
He struck his sword's point in the gronde;  
The Montgomery was a courteous knight,  
And quickly took him by the honde.
- 35 This deed was done at the Otterbourne,  
About the breaking of the day;  
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken-bush  
And the Percy led captive away.

## 162

Two versions.

394. 15. *Cheviot Chase* becomes *Chevy Chase* by the same process by which *Teviotdale* becomes *Tividale*.

397. 652. Doubtless corrupt. Skeat's suggestion of a proverb, meaning "That tear, or pull, brought about this kick" is improbable. Perhaps a lamentation: "That ear (ever) begane this spurn!" or possibly *that tear* is for *there*, meaning simply 'there.'

397. *B b* was "printed for M. G.," perhaps an error for H. G., i.e. Henry Gosson (1607-41); *c* was "printed for F. Coles, T. Vere and J. Wright" (1655-80?); *d* "for F. Coles, T. Vere and W. Gilbertson" (1648-61?); *e* "by and for W. Onley" (1650-1702?); *f* was probably printed about the beginning of the 18th century.

## 163

Two versions.

401. 73, 4. In *b*:—

So we'd best cry in our merry men,  
And turn our horses' heeds.

## 164

402. 2. Here *g* has:—

O then calld he his lovely page,  
His lovely page then called he,  
Who, when he came before the king,  
Lo, he fell down on his bended knee.

'Welcome, welcome, thou lovely page,  
Welcome, welcome art thou here;  
Go sped thee now to the king of France,  
And greet us well to him so dear.

'And when thou comst to the king of France,  
And hast greeted us to him so dear,  
Thou then shall ask for the tribute due,  
That has not been paid for many a year.'

403. 8. After this *g* has:—

O then in wroth rose our noble king,  
In anger great then up rose he:  
'I'll send such balls to the king in France  
As Frenchmen ne'er before did see.'

## 167

Three versions.

407. The variants noted below are from a sixteenth-century MS. in York Minster Library (see Child, iv, 502 ff.). There are many other differences.

407. A 1.

It fell against a midsomer moneth,  
When birds soonge well in every tree,  
Our worthie prence, Kinge Henrye,  
He roode untoe a chelvellrye.

407. A 3.

Ye are welcome home, my rich merchantes,  
The best salers in Christentie!  
We thanke yowe; by the rood, we are salers  
good,  
But rich merchantes we cannot be.'

<sup>2</sup> is pared away in the Percy MS. The line in the text is from the Reliques.

407. A 6.

The merchantes answered, soore they sight,  
With a woefull harte to the kinge againe,  
He is one that robes us of our right,  
Were we twentie shippes and he but one.'

407. A 74.

Der take yon robber upon the sea?

409. A 35.

Will yowe lend me sexe peece of ordenance, my lord,

To carry into my shippe with mee?

Toe morrowe by seven a clocke, and souner,  
In the morne yowe shall Sir Andrewe see.

Fore I will set yowe a glasse, my lord,  
That yowe shall saille forth all this night;  
Toe morrowe be seven a clocke, and souner,  
Yow 's se Sir Andrewe Barton, knight.'

Nowe will we leave talkinge of Harry Hunt;  
The worthy Howwarde tooke to the sea;  
By the morne, by seven a clocke, and souner,  
My lord hee did Sir Andrewe see.

A Iarborde, wher Sir Andrewe laye,  
They saide he tould his gold in the light;  
Nowe, by my faith,' saide my lord Charles How-  
warde,

'I se yonne Scootte, a worthē wight!

'All our greatt ordenance wee 'll take in;  
Fetch downe my streamers,' then saide hee,  
'And hange me forth a white willowe-wande,  
'As a marche-mante-man that sailles by the sea.'

409. A 39. After this:—

Once I met with the Portingailles,  
Yea, I met with them, ye, I indeed  
I salted thirtie of thier heades,  
And sent them home to eate with breade.

410. A 51. After this:—

Yet feare no English dogges,' said Sir Andrew Barton,  
'Nor fore ther forse stand ye [In] no awe;  
My hands shall hange them all my selfe,  
Froee once I let my beames downe fawe.'

## 168

413. 12. 'Jack with a feather' is said in contempt of the Scottish king's levity or fool-hardiness. Dead bodies were sometimes sewn up in a hide before (or instead of) being "lapped in lead."

## 169

Three versions.

415. *B* *a* and *b* are signed "T. R."

416. *C*. The substance, or at least the hint of *C* 21<sup>3</sup>, 4, 17<sup>3</sup>, 4, 26, 15, 22<sup>3</sup>, 4, 23, 24<sup>1</sup>, 2, is to be found in the narrative of Lindsay of Pittscottie, *Chronicles of Scotland*, ed. Dalrymple, II, 341 ff.

## 170

Nine versions.

419. 3<sup>1</sup>, 5<sup>3</sup>. *do* is to be pronounced *dee*.

## 172

420. 24. *horne* may be the reading of the MS., instead of *turne*.

## 173

Twenty-eight versions (including fragments).

421. 1. Cf. *U* (MS. at Abbotsford):—

But word is up, and word is down,  
Among the ladies a',  
That Marie 's born a babe sin yestreen,  
That babe it is awa.

421. 3. Before this some versions have a stanza corresponding to the following (*D*, Motherwell's MS.):—

She 's gane to the garden gay  
To pu of the savin tree;  
But for a' that she could say or do,  
The babie it would not die.

In *U*, the corresponding stanza (st. 13) mentions an apothecary as Mary's lover:—

My love he was a pottinger,  
Mony drink he gae me,  
And a' to put back that bonnie babe,  
But alas! it wad na do.

421. 7. *U* has:—

Slowly, slowly, gat she up,  
And slowly pat she on,  
And slowly went she to that milk-steed,  
To ride to Edinbrough town.

421. 13, 14. *C* (Motherwell's MS.) has:—

'O all you gallant sailors,  
That sail upon the sea,  
Let neither my father nor mother know  
The death I am to die!

'O all you gallant sailors,  
That sail upon the faem,  
Let neither my father nor mother know  
But I am coming hame.'

422. 16. *C* has:—

Little did my father know,  
When he held up my head,  
What lands I was to travel in,  
What was to be my deld.

422. 18. The best-known form of this famous stanza is the following, which it bears in Scott's version (*I*) and several others:—

Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
The night she 'll hae but three;  
There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,  
And Marie Carmichael, and me.

422. 1, 2. *C* begins:—

There lived a lord into the west,  
And he had dochters three,  
And the youngest o them is to the king's court,  
To learn some courtesie.

She was not in the king's court  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
Till she was neither able to sit nor gang,  
Wi the gaining o some play.

*U* reads:—

My father was the Duke of York,  
My mother a gay ladye,  
And I myself a dainty dame;  
The queen she sent for me.  
(And the king desired me. *P*)

But the queen's meat it was sae sweet,  
And her clothing was sae rare,  
It made me long for a young man's bed,  
And I rued it evermair.

*Cf. J* (Harris MS.), st. 2:—

Queen Marie's bread it was sae sweet,  
An her wine it was sae fine,  
That I hae lien in a young man's arms,  
An I rued it aye sysyne.

422. 17. *I* (MS. at Abbotsford) ends:—

O if my father now but kend  
The death that I'm to die,  
O muckle, muckle wad be the red gowd  
That he wad gie for me.  
An if my brothers kend the death  
That I am now to die,  
O muckle, muckle wad be the red blood  
That wad be shed for me.

423. Scott's composite version of No. 173 (*I*) is here printed (Minstrelsy, 1833, III, 294):—

- 1 Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,  
Wi ribbons in her hair;  
The king thought mair o Marie Hamilton  
Than ony that were there.
- 2 Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,  
Wi ribbons on her breast;  
The king thought mair o Marie Hamilton  
Than he listend to the priest.
- 3 Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,  
Wi gloves upon her hands;  
The king thought mair o Marie Hamilton,  
Than the queen and a' her lands.
- 4 She hadna been about the king's court  
A month, but barely one,  
Till she was beloved by a' the king's court,  
And the king the only man.
- 5 She hadna been about the king's court  
A month, but barely three,  
Till frae the king's court Marie Hamilton,  
Marie Hamilton durstna be.
- 6 The king is to the Abbey gane,  
To pu the Abbey-tree,  
To scale the babe frae Marie's heart,  
But the thing it wadna be,

7 O she has rowd it in her apron,  
And set it on the sea:  
'Gae sink ye, or swim ye, bonny babe!  
Ye's get nae mair o me.'

8 Word is to the kitchen gane,  
And word is to the ha,  
And word is to the noble room,  
Among the ladies a',  
That Marie Hamilton's brought to bed,  
And the bonny babe's mist and awa.

9 Scarcely had she lain down again,  
And scarcely fa'en asleep,  
When up then started our gude queen,  
Just at her bed-feet,  
Saying, Marie Hamilton, where's your babe?  
For I am sure I heard it greet.

10 'O no, O no, my noble queen,  
Think no such thing to be!  
'T was but a stitch into my side,  
And sair it troubles me.'

11 'Get up, get up, Marie Hamilton,  
Get up and follow me;  
For I am going to Edinburgh town,  
A rich wedding for to see.'

12 O slowly, slowly raise she up,  
And slowly put she on,  
And slowly rode she out the way,  
Wi mony a weary groan.

13 The queen was clad in scarlet,  
Her merry maids all in green,  
And every town that they cam to,  
They took Marie for the queen.

14 'Ride hooly, hooly, gentlemen,  
Ride hooly now wi me!  
For never, I am sure, a wearier burd  
Rade in your cumpanie.'

15 But little wist Marie Hamilton,  
When she rade on the brown,  
That she was gaen to Edinburgh town,  
And a' to be put down.

16 'Why weep ye so, ye burgess-wives,  
Why look ye so on me?  
O I am going to Edinburgh town  
A rich wedding for to see!'

17 When she gaed up the Tolbooth stairs,  
The corks frae her heels did flee;  
And lang or eer she cam down again  
She was condemn'd to die.

18 When she cam to the Netherbow Port,  
She laughed loud laughters three;  
But when she cam to the gallows-foot,  
The tears blinded her ee.

19 'Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
The night she 'll hae but three;  
There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton  
And Marie Carmichael, and me.

20 'O often have I dresd my queen,  
And put gold upon her hair;  
But now I've gotten for my reward  
The gallows to be my share.

21 'Often have I dresd my queen,  
And often made her bed;  
But now I've gotten for my reward  
The gallows-tree to tread.

22 'I charge ye all, ye mariners,  
When ye sail ower the faem,  
Let neither my father nor mother get wlt  
But that I'm coming hame!



23 'I charge ye all, ye mariners,  
That sail upon the sea,  
Let neither my father nor mother get wit  
This dog's death I'm to die!

24 'For if my father and mother got wit,  
And my bold brethren three,  
O mickle wad be the gude red blude  
This day wad be spilt for me!

25 'O little did my mother ken,  
That day she cradled me,  
The lands I was to travel in,  
Or the death I was to die!

## 177

432. 44<sup>1</sup>. *Ciuvill* is Seville.

433. 55<sup>3</sup>. *All that* is perhaps an error for  
*All they* or *All these*.

## 178

Nine versions.

435. A 21. (F 5.) Cf. D (Foulis, 1755): —

'And ein wae worth ye, Jock my man!  
I paid ye weil your fee;  
Why pow ye out my ground-wa-stane,  
Lets in the reek to me?

'And ein wae worth ye, Jock my man!  
For I paid you weil your hire;  
Why pow ye out my ground-wa-stane,  
To me lets in the fire?"

'Ye paid me weil my hire, lady,  
Ye paid me weil my fee,  
But now I'm Edom o Gordon's man,  
Maun either do or die.'

So in G (Motherwell's MS.), sts. 13-14: —

'O wae be to thee, Carmichael,' she said,  
'And an ill death may ye die!  
For ye hae lifted the pavement-stane,  
And loot up the lowe to me.

'Seven years ye war about my house,  
And received both meat and fee:'

'And now I'm Adam o Gordon's man,  
I maun either do or dee.'

## 179

439. 6<sup>4</sup>. Ritson's emendations are indicated  
by '. They have of necessity been allowed to  
stand.

440. 9<sup>3</sup>. *Corbyl*. Perhaps for *Corbyt*, which  
is a Northern name.

441. 30. Rowland Emerson was perhaps a  
kinsman of the bailiff. The family of Emerson  
of Eastgate long exercised the offices of bailiff of  
Walsingham (the chief borough of Weardale),  
forester, etc.

## 180

442. 10. Half a page is torn away, and  
about nine stanzas are lost. Douglas offers  
Brown his daughter in marriage to betray the  
king.

443. 28. John Hamilton, Archbishop of St  
Andrews, must be the person whom Brown  
slays for an attempt to poison the young king.  
He was, however, hanged by his political ene-  
mies, April 7, 1571.

## 181

Two versions.

444. A 5. According to Sir James Balfour,  
"the queen, more rashly than wisely, some few  
days before had commended" Murray, "in the  
king's hearing, with too many epithets of a  
proper and gallant man." Balfour may have  
had gossip, or he may have had a ballad, for his  
authority; the suggestion deserves no attention.

444. B 1. Here the Countess of Murray is  
treated as Huntly's sister.

## 182

Six versions.

## 183

Two versions.

446. A. After st. 4 b has the following  
stanza (which ends the ballad): —

Light was the mirk hour  
At the day-dawing,  
For Auchindoun was in flames  
Ere the cock-crawing.

## 184

448. 8. After this Scott inserts: —

For the Galliard, and the gay Galliard's men,  
They neer saw a horse but they made it their ain.  
The Galliard to Nithside is gane,  
To steal Sim Crichton's winsome dun.

448. 21<sup>1</sup>. In the margin of the MS.: Will of  
Kirkhill.

## 185

450. 10. Probably meant for Henry Lord  
Seroop of Bolton, who was warden of the West  
Marches for thirty years from 1563.

450. 14. Harriebe was the place of execu-  
tion at Carlisle.

450. 18. The Laird's Jock, in the opinion  
of Mr. R. B. Armstrong, was a son of Thomas  
of Mangerton, the elder brother of Gilnockie  
(cf. No. 169).

452. 47<sup>2</sup>. The MS. has "steal the Laird  
Jock horse" erroneously repeated from the line  
above. Corrected from Caw (b).

452. 51<sup>3</sup>, 4. Wanting in a. Supplied from b.

## 187

Four versions.

459. 2. C (Percy Papers, as "collected from  
the memory of an old person . . . in 1775")  
has: —

Now Downy's down the water gone,  
With all her cots unto her arms,  
And she gave never over swift running  
Untill she came to Mengertown.

## 188

Seven versions.

461. 6<sup>2</sup> (cf. 14<sup>2</sup>, 16<sup>2</sup>). Explained by B 10<sup>2</sup>:  
he bragged for lower Liddesdale, was from  
lower Liddesdale.



464. *B.* The following are the stanzas used by Scott (see p. 461, above) in his second version:—

- 2 'An ye wad be blythe an ye wad be sad,  
What better wad billie Archie be,  
Unless I had thirty men to mysell,  
And a' to ride in our companie?
- 3 'Ten to had the horses' heads,  
And other ten to walk alee,  
And ten to break up the strang prision  
Where billie Archie he does lie.'
- 4 Up bespak him mettled John Hall,  
The luv o Teviotdale ay was he;  
'An I had eleven men to mysell,  
It's ay the twalt man I wad be.'
- 5 Up bespak him coarse Ca'field,  
I wat and little gude worth was he  
'Thirty men is few enow,  
And a' to ride in our companie.'
- 12 'There lives a smith on the water-side,  
Sae has he done thirty years and three:  
.....
- 13 'O I have a crown in my pocket,  
And I'll give it every groat to thee  
Gin thou shoe my little black mare for me.'
- 14 'The night is mirk, and vera pit-mirk,  
And wi candle-light I canna weel see;  
The night is mirk, and vera pit-mirk,  
And there 'll never a nail ca right for me.'
- 15 'Shame fa you and your trade baith,  
Canna beet a gude fallow by your mysterie!  
But lees me on thee, my little black mare,  
Thou's worth thy weight o gowd to me.'
- 19 'My mare is young, and vera young,  
And in o the weel she will drown me;'  
'But ye 'll take mine, and I'll take thine,  
And soon thro the water we sall be.'
- 20 Then up bespak him coarse Ca'field,  
I wate and little gude worth was he;  
'We had better lose aye than lose a' the lave,  
We 'll leave the prisoner, we 'll gae free.'
- 21 'Shame fa you and your lands baith,  
Wad ye een your lands to your born billie?  
But hey! bear up, my little black mare,  
And yet thro the water we sall be.'

Of these stanzas, 12-15 are indifferent modern stuff.

464. 16<sup>4</sup>. 'And that was her gold-twist to be' is an emendation of Scott's, *gold-twist* meaning "the small gilded chains drawn about the chest of a war-horse."

## 191

Nine versions.

470. 2. *Screw*: Scroope. The second line is corrupt: read probably *crime for scime*.

470. 9. *Garlard* for *Carlisle*.

470. 11<sup>4</sup>. Corrupt.

470. 13<sup>2</sup>. *Rumary*: corrupt.

## 192

Five versions.

472. 4<sup>4</sup>. *her* should doubtless be *him* (so Scott). Similarly in 13<sup>4</sup>, 18<sup>4</sup>.

## 193

Two versions.

473. 2. After this in *B* (letter at Abbotsford):—

And Crozier says he will do warse,  
He will do warse if warse can be;  
For he'll make the bairns a' fatherless,  
And then the land it may lie lea.

473. 5. In *B*:—

They've taen frae him his powther-bag,  
And they've put water i his lang gun;  
They've put the sword into the sheathe  
That out again it 'll never come.

474. 11. In *B*:—

O turn, O turn, O Johny Ha,  
O turn now, man, and fight wi me;  
If ever ye come to Troughend again,  
A good black I will gie to thee;  
He cost me twenty pounds o gowd  
Atween my brother John and me.

474. A 16 ff. *B* ends thus:—

O fare ye weel, my married wife!  
And fare ye weel, my brother John!  
That sits into the Troughend ha  
With heart as black as any stone.

O fare ye weel, my married wife!  
And fare ye weel now, my sons five!  
For had ye been wi me this day  
I surely had been man alive.

O fare ye weel, my married wife!  
And fare ye weel now, my sons five!  
And fare ye weel, my daughter Jean!  
I loved ye best ye were born alive.

O some do ca me Parcy Reed,  
And some do ca me Laird Troughend,  
But it's nae matter what they ca me,  
My faes have made me ill to ken.

The laird o Clennel wears my bow,  
The laird o Brandon wears my brand;  
Whae ever rides i the Border-side  
Will mind the laird o the Troughend.

## 194

Three versions.

475. *B* 9<sup>4</sup>. This is quite wrong as to the duration of their married life. Jean Livingston was but twenty-one years old when she was executed.

## 195

Two versions.

476. A 12. For *house* read *place*? Cf. *B* 11.

476. A 3. John, the eighth Lord Maxwell, was killed in a battle between the Maxwells and the Johnstones in 1593.

476. 9, 10. Douglas of Drumlanrig, Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, and Grierson of Lag fought on the side of Lord Maxwell in the battle of Dryfe Sands (mentioned above), and fled in the *saave qui peut* with which it ended.

476. 11. *Robin*, etc.: properly Sir Robert Maxwell of Orchardton (cf. *B* 1), the speaker's cousin; but it is obvious that Lord John's brother Robert is meant.

476. 14. Maxwell's wife was no longer living.

## 196

Five versions.

478. 7. Cf. C 8. A fragment in the Kinloch MSS. (E) has :—

Now wake, now wake you, Rothiemay!  
I dread you sleep oer soun;  
The bed is burnin us about  
And the curtain 's faain down.

479. 26. This stanza involves an error. The third line corresponds to nothing that is known of the relations between John Gordon (Viscount Aboyne) and his wife (Sophia Hay). Perhaps the stanza comes from some other ballad.

479. 12. Chalmers really escaped, though lodged in the third story; Colin Ivat (here called Irving) was burnt.

480. C 21. This recalls the fragment "Edinburgh castle, towne, and tower," etc. (p. 637).

## 197

Two versions.

481. 2. Sir Walter Scott (Sharpe's Ballad Book, 1880, p. 145) remarks: "I conceive Balandaloch, being admitted by Grant, set upon him, and that there should be asterisks between the fourth line [the second stanza] and those which follow."

## 198

Two versions.

482. A 12. B (Buchan's Ballads) ends as follows :—

Then they rade on, and further on,  
Till they came to the Crabestane,  
And Craigievar, he had a mind  
To burn a' Aberdeen.

Out it speaks the gallant Montrose,  
Grace on his fair body!

\* We winna burn the bonny burgh,  
We 'll even laet it be.'

Then out it speaks the gallant Montrose,  
' Your purpose I will break;  
We winna burn the bonny burgh,  
We 'll never build its make.

\* I see the women and their children  
Climbing the craigs sae hie;

We 'll sleep this night in the bonny burgh,  
And even lat it be.'

## 199

Four versions and a fragment.

## 200

Twelve versions and a fragment.

## 201

485. 3<sup>a</sup>. b has *Dornoch-haugh*. *Dranoch haugh* is the right reading.

## 203

Five versions.

## 204

Fifteen versions.

490. The song referred to in the Introduction is as follows :—

## WALY, WALY, GIN LOVE BE BONY

a. Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, the second volume, published before 1727; here from the Dublin edition of 1729, p. 176. b. Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius, second edition, 1733, i, 71; four stanzas in the first edition, 1725, No. 34.

O WALY, waly up the bank!  
And waly, waly, down the brae!

And waly, waly yon burn-side,  
Where I and my love went to gae!

I leand my back unto an aik,  
I thought it was a trusty tree;  
But first it bowd, and syne it brak,  
Sae my true-love did lightly me.

O waly, waly! but love be bony  
A little time, while it is new;  
But when 't is auld, it waxeth cauld,  
And fades away like morning dew.

O wherefore shoud I busk my head?  
Or wherefore shoud I kame my hair?  
For my true-love has me forsook,  
And says he 'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed,  
The sheets shall neer be fy'd by me;  
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,  
Since my true-love has forsaken me.

Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
And shake the green leaves off the tree?  
O gentle death, when wilt thou come?  
For of my life I am weary.

'T is not the frost that freezes fell,  
Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;  
'T is not sic cauld that makes me cry,  
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

When we came in by Glasgow town,  
We were a comely sight to see;  
My love was cled in the black velvet,  
And I my sell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kissd,  
That love had been sae ill to win,  
I 'd lockd my heart in a case of gold,  
And pin'd it with a silver pin.

Oh, oh, if my young babe were born,  
And set upon the nurse's knee,  
And I my sell were dead and gane!  
For a maid again I 'll never be.

490. 12. After this B (Kinloch MSS.) continues thus to the end :—

' What 's needs me value you, Jamie Douglas,  
More than you do value me?  
The Earl of Mar is my father,  
The Duke of York is my brother gay.

' But when my father gets word o this,  
I trow a sorry man he 'll be:  
He 'll send four score o his soldiers brave  
To tak me hame to my ain countrie.'

As I lay owre my castell-wa,  
I beheld my father comin for me,  
Wi trumpets sounding on every side;  
But they werena music at a' for me.

' And fare ye weel now, Jamie Douglas!  
And fare ye weel, my children three!

And fare ye weel, my own good lord!  
For my face again ye shall never see.

'And fare ye weel now, Jamie Douglas!  
'And fare ye weel, my children three!  
And fare ye weel now, Jamie Douglas!  
But my youngest son shall gae wi me.'

'What ails ye at yer youngest son,  
Sits smilin at the nurse's knee?  
I'm sure he never knew any harm,  
Except it was from his nurse or thee.'

And when I was into my coaches set,  
He made his trumpets a' to soun.

I've heard it said, and it's oft times seen,  
The hawk that flies far frae her nest;  
And a' the world shall plainly see  
It's Jamie Douglas that I love best.

I've heard it said, and [it's] oft times seen,  
The hawk that flies from tree to tree;  
And a' the world shall plainly see  
It's for Jamie Douglas I maun die.

## 205

491. 6. The cornet was Robert Graham, the "nephew" of Claverhouse, of whom so much is made in *Old Mortality*. There is no evidence beyond the name to show that he was a near kinsman of his captain. Cf. No. 206, st. 12.

## 206

492. 1-9. William Gordon of Earlston, a hot Covenanter, while on his way to join the insurgents, fell in with some dragoons who were pursuing his already routed copartisans, and, resisting their attempt to make him prisoner, was killed. His son Alexander, a man of more temperate views, was at Bothwell Bridge, and escaped. Although Earlston in st. 4 is represented as bidding farewell to his father, the narrative with which the ballad begins can be understood only of the father. The last half of st. 9 must be spoken by Monmouth.

492. 12. For the cornet, see No. 205.

## 207

Four versions.

## 208

Ten versions.

494. 2. Here Derwentwater seems to be taken for a Scot. The name Derwentwater is preserved in most versions.

494. 8. Other versions show other omens. Thus in *D* (Kinloch MSS.), st. 6:—

He set his ae fit on the ground,  
The tither on the steed;  
The ring upon his finger burst,  
And his nose began to bleed.

495. A 10. After this we have in some versions a stanza like the following (*B*):—

O then stood up an old gray-headed man,  
With a pole-axe in his hand:

'Tis your head, 'tis your head, Lord Derwent-  
water,  
'Tis your head that I demand.'

## 209

Fourteen versions.

496. A 3. Cf. *C* (MS. at Abbotsford):—

'What news, what news, my bonny boy?  
What news hae ye frae Geordie?'  
'He bids ye sew his linen shirts,  
For he's sure he'll no need many.'

496. 5. After this *B* (MS. at Abbotsford) has:—

When she cam to the water-side,  
The cobles war na ready;  
She's turn'd her horse's head about,  
An in by the Queen's Ferry.

When she cam to the West Port,  
There war poor folks many;  
She dealt crowns an the ducatdowns,  
And bade them pray for Geordie.

When she cam to the Parliament Closs,  
There amang our nobles many,  
Cravats an caps war standing there,  
But low, low lay her Geordie.

When she gaed up the tolbooth-stairs,  
Amang our nobles manie,  
The napkin's tyed oer Geordie's face,  
And the gallows makin ready.

## 210

Four versions.

## 212

Six versions.

## 214

Nineteen versions.

505. A 6. Cf. *E* 1. In some versions the subject of the dispute is who is the Rose of Yarrow. Thus in *D*, communicated to Percy by Robert Lambe, Norham, 1768:—

There were three lords drinking of wine  
On the bonny braes of Yarrow;  
There fell a combat them between,  
Wha was the rose of Yarrow.

Up then spak a noble lord,  
And I wot it was bot sorrow:  
I have as fair a flower, he said,  
'As ever sprang on Yarrow.'

505. 82. The words in ' are so distinguished in the MS., and are of course emendations.

505. 10. Versions differ as to who it is that stabs the hero in the back. The preponderance of tradition, however, is to the effect that he was treacherously slain by his wife's (love's) brother.

505. 111. *Now Douglas* is taken from Hamilton's ballad.

505. 143. *wiped*: probably substituted for *drank* (cf. *E* 123, etc.).

505. 153. *her*: probably substituted for *his*.

## 215

ight versions.

506. *A* 2. This stanza probably does not belong to the ballad.

507. 4. *E* (Buchan's Ballads) has:—

On Wednesday, that fatal day,  
The people were convening;  
Besides all this, threescore and ten,  
To gang to the bride-steel wi him.

507. 9. *E* has:—

Then they rode on, and further on,  
Till they came to the kirk o Gamery;  
And every one on high horse sat,  
But Willie's horse rade toomly.

507. 10. *E* has:—

Then out it speaks the bride hersell,  
Says, What means a' this mourning?  
Where is the man amo them a'  
That shoud gie me fair wedding?

## 216

three versions.

508. 18. Read, of course, as in 9:—

He raid in, an forder in,  
Till he came to the chin;  
And he raid in, and forder in,  
Bat never mare came out agen.

508. 13. Here should follow something like *B* 15. Sts. 14, 15 would come in better after 18, and that arrangement is supported by (Buchan's Ballads):—

The very hour this young man sank  
Into the pot sae deep,  
Up it wakend his love Meggie  
Out o her drowsy sleep.

'Come here, come here, my mither dear,  
And read this dreary dream;  
I dreamd my love was at our gates,  
And nane wad let him in.'

'Lye still, lye still now, my Meggie,  
Lye still and tak your rest;  
Sin your true-love was at your yates,  
It's but twa quarters past.'

St. 16 seems to be adapted from No. 76 (*D* 26). It hardly fits the situation. Possibly all three stanzas (14-16) belong to that ballad.

## 217

fourteen versions.

510. 6. After this in *D* (Motherwell's MS.) and some other versions:—

He put his fut into the stirrup  
And rade after his men,  
And a' that his men said or did  
Was, Kind maister, ye've taiglit lang.

'I hae rade east, I hae rade wast,  
And I hae rade ower the knowes,  
But the bonniest lassie that I ever saw  
Was in the yowe-buchts, milkand her yowes.'

## 218

two versions.

## 219

two versions.

## 220

Two versions.

## 221

Twelve versions.

515. *A* 8 ff. Cf. *D* (MS. at Abbotsford) 14-16:—

'I came not here for sport,' he says,  
'Nor came I here for play;  
But an I had ae word of your bride,  
I'll horse and gae my way.'

The first time that he calld on her,  
Her answer was him Nay;  
But the next time that he calld on her,  
She was not slow to gae.

He took her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,  
He's pulld her on behind him,  
At the bridegroom speard nae leave.

515. *B* 9. Cf. *I* (Motherwell's MS.):—

Then rose up the young bridegroom,  
And an angry man was he:  
'Lo, art thou come to fight, young man?  
Indeed I'll fight wi thee.'

'O I am not come to fight,' he sayd,  
'But good fellowship to hae,  
And for to drink the wine sae red,  
And then I'll go away.'

## 222

Six versions.

## 225

Twelve versions.

521. *A* 6. We have the complete stanza in *D* (MS. at Abbotsford) and elsewhere:—

As they gaed oer yon high hill,  
The ladie often fainted;  
'Oh, wae be to my gold,' she said,  
'This road for me invented!'

## 226

Nine versions.

## 227

524. 1. Version *h* begins as follows:—

As I came in by Carron sid,  
An in nou by Dumbblain,  
Ther I mett we Dugall Grame:  
He said he wad see me hame.  
'My bonny Lisey Ballie,' etc.

## 228

Seven versions.

526. 1. *B* (Kinloch's Ballads) begins:—

The Lawland lads think they are fine,  
But the Hieland lads are brisk and gaucy,  
And they are awa, near Glasgow toun,  
To steal awa a bonnie lassie.

526. 3. In *B* the suitor retorts:—

'I have got cows and ewes anew,  
I've got gowd and gear already;



Sae I dinna want your cows nor ewes,  
But I will hae your bonnie Peggy.'

And Peggy adds:—

'I'll follow you oure moss and muir,  
I'll follow you oure mountains many,  
I'll follow you through frost and snaw,  
I'll stay na langer wi my daddie.'

527. 13. *B* ends thus:—

'See ye no a' yon castles and towrs?  
The sun sheens owre them a sae bonnie;  
I am Donald, the Lord of Skye,  
I think I'll mak ye as blythe as onie.'

A' that Peggy left behind

Was a cothouse and a wee kail-yardie;  
Now I think she is better by far  
Than tho she had got a Lawland lairdie.

## 229

Two versions.

527. 2 ff. Cf. *B* (Buchan's Ballads), sts. 2-5:—

When we had been married for some time,  
We walked in our garden green,  
And aye he clapped his young son's head,  
And aye he made sae much o him.

I turnd me right and round about,  
And aye the blythe blink in my ee:

'Ye think as much o your young son  
As ye do o my fair body.

'What need ye clap your young son's head?  
What need ye make so much o him?

What need ye clap your young son's head?  
I'm sure ye gotna him your lane.'

'O if I gotna him my lane,  
Show me the man that helped me;  
And for these words your ain mouth spoke  
Heir o my land he neer shall be.'

527. 4<sup>4</sup>, 5, 6. Wanting in *a*; supplied from *b*.

527. 13. The reply of the boy is found in *b*:

O here am I, a bonny boy,  
That's willin to win meat and fee,  
That will go on to Earl Crawford's,  
And see an's hairt be faen to thee.

In *B* Lady Crawford rides to her husband's castle in person to see if the earl will pity her. He shuts his gates and steeks his doors, and will neither come down to speak with her himself nor send his man. She retires weeping. The earl in turn now goes to the castle where his lady is lying, to see if she will pity him. She shuts the gates and steeks the doors, and will neither come down to speak with him nor send her waiting-maid. Not the less she takes to her bed, both she and Crawford die before morning, and both are buried in one tomb.

## 230

528. 2<sup>4</sup>. *James* is an alternative reading for *John*.

528. 3. Cowdenknows is perhaps Sir John Home of Cowdenknows, named as one of the curators of James Haitlie (a minor in 1607). Earlstoun is not determinate. Bemerside is an

alternative reading for Earlstoun, and the lair of Bemerside at the date of the slaughter was the turbulent James Haig.

## 231

Eight versions.

529. 11. *B* (the Old Lady's MS.) has the following instead of sts. 1-10 of *A*:—

Earell is a bonny place,  
Itt stands upon yon plain;  
The greatest faut about the toun,  
Earell's na a man.  
For fat ye caa the danton o'tt,  
According as ye ken,  
For the pearting . . . . .  
Lady Earel lays her lean.

Eearel is a bonny place,  
It stans upon yon plain;  
The rosses they grou read an whit,  
An the apples they grou green.

## 232

Nine versions.

531. *A* 11. *F* (Sharpe's version) and *G* (Kinloch MSS.) are not satisfied with this conclusion. The footman is really a lord in disguise, the Earl of Hume or of Cumbernauld. Thus in *F*

Cumbernauld is mine, Annie,  
Cumbernauld is mine, Annie;  
And a' that's mine, it shall be thine,  
As we sit at the wine, Annie.

## 233

Three versions.

532. 19, 20. In *B* (Jamieson, II, 382, from a stall copy):—

My sister stands at her bower-door,  
And she full sore does mock me,  
And when she hears the trumpet sound, —  
'Your cow is lowing, Nanny!'

'O be still, my sister Jane,  
And leave off all your folly;  
For I'd rather hear that cow low  
Than all the kye in Fyvie.'

## 234

Two versions.

534. *B* (Buchan's version) completes the story thus (sts. 17-20):—

'O farewell now, Helen, I'll bid you adieu;  
Is this a' the comfort I'm getting frae you?  
'It was never my intention ye should be the waur;  
My heavy heart light on Whitehouse o Cromar  
'For you I hae travelled full mony lang mile,  
Awa to Kinadie, far frae the West Isle.  
'But now ye are married, and I am the waur;  
My heavy heart light on Whitehouse o Cromar!

## 235

Fourteen versions.

534. 1. *C\** (the Old Lady's MS.) begins:—

The Earl of Aboyn he's carrlis an kind,  
An he is nou come frae Lonon;  
He sent his man him befor,  
To tell of his hame-coming.



535. 19, 20. *B* (Buchan's Gleanings) ends thus:—

'My nobles all, ye 'll turn your steeds,  
That comely face [I] may see then;  
Frae the horse to the hat, a' must be black,  
And mourn for bonny Peggy Irvine.'

When they came near to the place,  
They heard the dead-bell knellin,  
And aye the turnin o the bell  
Said, Come bury bonny Peggy Irvine.

\* ends with this stanza:—

We must go to the North, to burry her corps,  
Aless for our hear coming!  
I rather I had lost a' the lands of Aboyn  
Or I had lost bonny Marg[ra]t Irvien!

## 236

ix versions.

536. 12. After this *D* (Buchan's Ballads) as:—

When they had eaten and well drunken,  
And all men bound for bed,  
The Laird o Drum and his lady gay  
In ae bed they were laid.

'Gin ye had been o high renown,  
As ye are o low degree,  
We might hae baith gane down the streets  
Amang gude companie.'

'I tauld you ere we were wed  
You were far abeen my degree;  
But now I'm married, in your bed laid,  
And just as gude as ye.

'Gin ye were dead, and I were dead,  
And baith in grave had lain,  
Ere seven years were at an end,  
They'd not ken your dust frae mine.'

## 238

ine versions.

538. 1. *B* (Sharpe's Ballad Book) begins thus:—

our and twenty nobles sits in the king's ha,  
Bonnie Glenlogie is the flower among them a'.

Then came Lady Jean, skipping on the floor,  
And she has chosen Glenlogie 'mong a' that was there.

He turned to his footman, and thus she did say:  
'h, what is his name? and where does he stay?  
His name is Glenlogie, when he is from home;  
He is of the gay Gordons, his name it is John.'

538. 7, 10. This uncalled-for language seems to have slipped in by a mere trick of memory from No. 65.

## 239

two versions.

540. 2. See note on No. 238, *A* 7.

540. 3. In *B* c (Old Lady's MS.) we have:—

Achalnace Gordon is a pritty man,  
At Achchanace Gordon has na free land;  
For his land is laying wast, an his castell faen  
doun,  
O ye man take Salton, latt Achennecy be.

## 240

Four versions.

541. 8. *A* b prefixes the following manufactured lines:—

His face it reddened like a flame,  
He grasped his sword sae massy.

In *C* (Laing's Thistle of Scotland) the stanza runs:—

Who are they dare be so bold  
To cruelly use my lassie?  
But I'll take her to bonny Aboyne,  
Where oft she did caress me.

## 241

Three versions.

## 243

Eight versions.

## 244

Three versions.

546. 12. The king was from home but lately b; The king from home he chanced to be c.

547. 5. After this *b* has:—

Up then spak the king himsel,  
And an angry man I wot was he:  
'For stealin o my jewels rare,  
Hatlie shall oer the barriers die.'

547. 13<sup>1</sup>. 2. Two half-stanzas are wanting. They may be supplied from *b*:—

For this is spillin o noble blude,  
And shamein of my noble kin.

'Hold up, hold up,' Sir Fenwick he said,  
'Hold up, and ye sal justified be.'

In *B* (MS. at Abbotsford) we have:—

O hold your hand, my little pretty prince,  
And let my breath go out and in,  
For spilling of my noble blood  
And shaming of my noble kin.

O hold your hand, my little pretty prince,  
And let my breath go out and in,  
And there's the key of my coffer,  
And you 'll find the king's jewels lying therein.

## 245

Five versions.

548. 11, 12. Cf. *D* (Murison MS.), sts. 3, 4:—

Whar will I get a bonnie wee boy  
That'll tak my helm in han, O  
Till I gang up to my high topmast  
An look oot for some dry lan?

He'll get half o my gowd, an half o my gear,  
An the third pairt o my lan,  
An gin he row me safe on shore  
He shall hae my daughter Ann.

548. 19. In *D*:—

O where is he, the bonnie wee boy  
That took my helm in han  
Till I gied up to my high topmast  
An lookd oot for some dry lan?

## 246

Three versions.

## 248

551. 1. Probably suggested by No. 77.

551. 6. An imitation, or a corruption, of the bribe offered to the parrot in some versions of No. 4, or in No. 68, *A* 10, etc.

## 250

Five versions.

## 252

Five versions.

557. 8. Cf. No. 70, *B* 8; No. 71, 13.

558. 22. In *B* (Buchan's Ballads):—

Now Willie's taen a gay gold ring,  
And gave her presentlie;  
Says, Take ye that, ye lady fair,  
A love-token from me.

558. 36. In *B*:—

Fine silk it was his sailing-clothes,  
Gold yellow was his hair;  
It would hae made a hale heart bleed  
To see him lying there.

558. 38. In *D* (Harris MS.):—

'A priest, a priest,' the lady she cried,  
'To marry my love an me;'  
'A clerk, a clerk,' her father cried,  
'To sign her tocher free.'

## 254

Three versions.

## 257

Three versions.

563. 2. St. 2 of Buchan's version (*B*) may be quoted as a stop-gap:—

Thus I speak by Burd Isbel;  
She was a maid sae fair,  
She laid her love on Sir Patrick,  
She'll rue it for evermair.

564. 10. Cf. *B*:—

He's done him down thro ha, thro ha,  
Sae has he in thro bower;  
The tears ran frae his twa grey eyes,  
And loot them fast down pour.

564. 20. A stanza may be supplied from *C* (Sharpe's papers):—

Now she got frowning throw the closs,  
And frowning on the floor,  
And she has styled him, Patrick,  
And he her, aunty dear.

564. 23. *B* has (st. 40):—

'O how is this, Burd Isbel,' he said,  
'So ill ye've used me?  
What gart you anger my gude grand-aunt,  
That I did send to thee?'

## 258

565. 11. After this *b* has:—

The Highland hills are high, high hills,  
The Highland hills are high;  
They're no like the pleasant banks o Tay,  
Nor the bonnie town o Dundee.

## 260

Two versions.

## 265

573. 2<sup>d</sup>. For *monie* read perhaps *men*  
'retinue.'

## 266

Two versions.

575. 15<sup>l</sup>. Two months, Buchan; but  
st. 8.

## 267

Two versions.

576. For 'The Drunkard's Legacy'  
Child, v, 19 f.

576. 3<sup>d</sup>. There is probably a gap after the  
line.

## 269

Five versions.

583. 3<sup>d</sup>. He was an unwelcom gast. *B*.

583. 4. In *B* (the Old Lady's MS.) there  
is a longer dialogue, in which the king says  
'Fra yer face the couller is gane,' and asks:

'O have ye loved? or have ye lang-sought?  
'Or die ye goo we barn?'  
'It's all for you, fair father,  
That ye stayed so long in Spain.'

583. 6. *B* continues and ends:—

It's the morn befor I eat or drink  
His heart-blude I sall see.'

He's tean Bold Robien by the hand  
Lead him across the green;

His hear was leak the very threeds of goud,  
His face shone leak the moon.

He's tane out this bonny boy's hear[t]  
Into a cupe of gold,

Had it to Lady Dayesë's bour,  
Says, No[u], Dayesë, behold!

'O welcom to me my heart's delight!  
Nou welcom to me my joy!

Ye have dayed for me, an I'll day for ye,  
Tho ye be but the kitchen-boy.'

She has tean out the coup of gold,  
Lead it belou her head,

An she wish it we the tears ran doun fra her ea  
An or midnight she was dead.

She has tean out the coup of gold,  
Laid it belou her hear,

An she wish it we the tears ran don fra her ea  
An alas! spak never mare.

## 271

Two versions.

586. The first stanzas of *B* may be given  
since they are somewhat clearer:—

It was a worthy Lord of Lorn,  
He was a lord of high degree,  
He sent [his son] unto the schoole,  
To learn some civility.

He learned more learning in one day  
Then other children did in three:  
And then bespake the schoolmaster  
Unto him tenderly,

'In faith thou art the honestest boy  
That ere I blinkt on with mine eye;  
I hope thou art some easterling born,  
The Holy Ghost is with thee.'

He said he was no easterling born,  
The child thus answered courteously;  
My father is the Lord of Lorn,  
And I his son, perdye.

The schoolmaster turned round about,  
His angry mood he could not swage;  
He marvelled the child could speak so wise,  
He being of so tender age.

586. 9. *B* adds:—

'There's nere a doctor in all this realm,  
For all he goes in rich array,  
I can write him a lesson soon  
To learn in seven years day.'

## 272

593. *a* was "printed for W. Thackery and  
T. Passenger;" *b* "by and for A. M[il-  
bourne]." The date of *a* is added by Wood.

## 273

595. *a* was "printed for F. Coles, T. Vere,  
and W. Gilbertson;" *b* "for F. Coles, T. Vere,  
and J. Wright;" *c* "by A. M[ilbourne]" (1670-  
97).

## 274

Two versions.

## 275

Three versions.

601. 5. *C* (contributed to Johnson's Mu-  
seum by Robert Burns) has:—

Three travellers that had tint their gate,  
As thro the hills they foot,  
They airted by the line o light  
Fu straught to Johnnie Blunt's door.

## 276

Two versions.

601. *a* was "printed for F. Coles, T. Vere,  
and J. Wright;" *b* "for W. Thackeray and  
T. Passinger."

## 277

Seven versions.

## 278

Two versions.

## 280

Five versions.

606. 3. *B* (Murison MS.) has:—

O I can love ye manyfold,  
As Jacob loved Rachel of old,  
And as Jessie loved the cups o gold;  
My dear, can ye believe me?  
As Jessie, etc.

*C* (Motherwell's MS.) has:—

As Judas loved a piece of gold,  
As Jacob loved Rachel of old,  
As Jacob loved Rachel of old,  
O laddie, I do love thee.

606. 8. In *B*:—

When they cam to yon grassy hill,  
Where spotted flocks do feed their fill,  
'I'll sit me doon an I'll greet a while,  
For the followin o my laddie.'

'It's ye'll tak aff yer beggin-weed,  
An ye'll pit on the goons o red,  
An ye'll gang back the road ye cam,  
For I canna bide yer greetin.'

'Betide me weel, betide me woe,  
It's wi the beggar an I'll go,  
An I'll follow him through frost an snow.  
An I'll be the beggar's dawtie.'

606. 11, 12. In *B*:—

When they cam to yonder ha,  
He knockit loud an sair did ca;  
She says, My dear, we'll be foun in fa  
For knockin here sae loudly.

606. 15. *B* ends as follows:—

The streen ye was the beggar's bride,  
An noo this nicht ye'll lie by my side,  
Come weel, come woe, whateer betide,  
An ye'll be aye my dawtie.

*D* (Christie's Ballad Airs) ends thus:—

Yestreen she was the begger's bride,  
As his wife she now stood by his side,  
And for a' the lassie's ill misguide,  
She's now the young knight's lady.

## 283

Six copies (*a-f*) of a single version.

608. *c-f*, the traditional copies, were derived  
originally from print; *c* is from *a*; *d-f* are from  
another edition, not recovered, resembling *b*; *b*  
was printed in The Manchester Songster, 1792.

## 285

610. *b* was "printed for F. Coles, T. Vere  
and J. Wright" (1655-80); *c* "for F. Coles,  
J. Wright, Tho. Vere, and W. Gilbertson" (the  
earliest known ballad by the four together is  
dated 1655).

610. 62. *aboard*; probably, 'alongside.'

610. 7. 'Amain' is strike (sails) in sign of  
surrender. The French use the word derived  
from their own language; the English say,  
strike.

## 286

Three versions.

612. *B*. The different copies show many  
variations.

## 287

613. "Printed by and for W. Onley." Dated  
at the British Museum 1680 at the earliest.

Three versions. **288**

Six versions. **289**

**292**

618. 20<sup>8</sup>. The word *leaves* is in all copies, but seems doubtful.

Four versions. **293**

Two versions. **294**

620. 6. Cf. *B* 9<sup>4</sup>, 10<sup>4</sup>, 11<sup>2</sup>.

Two versions. **295**

**305**

Three versions.

632. 1<sup>4</sup>. Cf. 16<sup>2</sup>, 29<sup>4</sup>. *b* has "wilde beastes."

632. 4<sup>1</sup>. *ae* is supplied from 19<sup>1</sup> and *b*. *S* in 32<sup>1</sup>.

633. 34. In *b*:

'Gar warn me Perthshire and Angus baith,

Fife up and down and the Louthlans three,

And graith my horse,' said the nobil king,

'For to Ettricke Foreste hie will I me.'

634. 41<sup>8</sup>, 4. Supplied from the copy in Herd's

Scottish Songs. *b* has the same.

635. 72<sup>1</sup>, 2. Scott has:—

And I have native steeds to me,

The Newark lee and Hangingshaw.

## SOURCES OF THE TEXTS





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### MANUSCRIPTS

MS. B. 14. 39, Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, 13th century. (No. 23.)

Rawlinson MS. D. 328, 15th century (before 1445). Bodleian Library. (No. 1.)

MS. F. f. 5. 48, Library of the University of Cambridge, c. 1450. (No. 119 a.)

One leaf of MS. in Bagford Ballads, vol. i., art. 6, British Museum, c. 1450. (No. 119 b.)

Sloane MS. 2593, British Museum, c. 1450. (Nos. 22, 115.)

MS. E. e. 4. 35, Library of the University of Cambridge, c. 1500. (No. 121.)

Rawlinson MS. C. 813, beginning of the 16th century. Bodleian Library. (No. 111.)

Cotton MS. Cleopatra, C. iv., British Museum, c. 1550. (No. 161 A a.)

MS. Ashmole 48, Bodleian Library, Oxford, 1550, or later. (No. 162.)

MS. in York Minster Library, 16th century. (No. 167 C.)

Cotton MS. Vespasian, A. xxv, British Museum, end of 16th century. (No. 178.)

Harleian MS. 293, leaf 52, British Museum, about 1620. (No. 161 A b.)

Percy MSS., British Museum, Additional MSS., 27879, c. 1650.

Philiphaugh MS. of No. 305, Edinburgh, 1689-1708 (?). Not now accessible: printed by Aytoun. A supposed transcript extant among the Philiphaugh papers is not older than 1848.

Fly-leaf of a volume printed at Edinburgh, 1670.

Laing MSS., Div. II, 358, Library of the University of Edinburgh. (Fragment, p. 637.)

Elizabeth Cochrane's Songbook, Collection of Songs English and Scots, 1730 (?). Harvard College Library.

Mrs Cockburn's MS. of No. 305, used by Scott, and described by him as "apparently of considerable antiquity." Edinburgh. Not now accessible.

Bishop Percy's papers. MS. copies of ballads from Rev. P. Parsons of Wye. Miss Fisher of Carlisle, Principal Robertson of Edinburgh, the Dean of Derry, George Paton of Edinburgh, Rev. Robert Lambe of Norham, Roger Halt, the Duchess Dowager of Portland, and others. In all about 33. 1766-80. Harvard College Library.

David Herd's MSS., two volumes folio, the second volume duplicating a portion of the first. 1776. British Museum. Additional MSS., 22311-12. (See Mr H. L. D. Ward's Catalogue of Romances, I, 531.)

MSS. of Mrs Brown of Falkland. 1783-1801.

(1) Jamieson-Brown MS., mostly taken down from the mouth of Mrs Brown by Professor

Scott of Aberdeen about 1783. Laing MSS., Library of the University of Edinburgh.

(2) William Tytler's Brown MS. Fifteen ballads, with the airs: thirteen being revisions of pieces in (1). Presented by Mrs Brown to W. Tytler in 1783. Described by Anderson in a letter to Percy, Nichols's Illustrations, VII, 176 ff. The MS. has disappeared, but, excepting one, all the pieces it contained are substantially known from (1) or other sources.

(3) Alexander Fraser Tytler's Brown MS. Nine ballads sent A. F. T. by Mrs Brown in 1800; with the airs. Anderson, as above, VII, 179 f. Aldourie Castle, Inverness-shire. Sir Walter Scott's collection, Abbotsford. 1783-1830.

(1) Small folio without title, Library, L 2 (Catalogue, p. 57). Two fragments.

(2) 'Scottish Songs,' 1795. Library, N 3 (Catalogue, p. 104). Seven ballads with airs and three fragments. All the ballads appear to be Mrs Brown's copies altered.

(3) Letters addressed to Sir Walter Scott, 1796-1831. Ballads enclosed have in most cases been removed, but some seven remain.

(4) 'Scotch Ballads, Materials for Border Minstrelsy,' a folio volume made up at a recent date from detached pieces to the number of above eighty.

(5) 'North Country Ballads' in a quarto volume with the title 'Miscellanea Curiosa,' Library B 5 (Catalogue, p. 15).

(6) 'Miscellanies,' a folio with one ballad and a fragment.

Glenriddell MS., 1791. In volume XI of Robert Riddell's collection of Scottish Antiquities. (There is an earlier transcript of one of the ballads in vol. VIII.) Library of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.

MS. described by Scott as the 'collection of an old lady's complete set of ballads.' In two portions, the first in 53 pages, on paper of 1805-6-7; the second in 10 pages, on paper of 1818. Contains thirty-two popular ballads and gives the titles of others known to the compiler. Obtained by Skene of Rubislaw in the north of Scotland (but obviously not so early as 1802-3 as endorsed by Scott on the cover of the Skene MS.), turned over to Scott by Skene, and in 1823 by Scott to C. K. Sharpe. In the possession of Mr Macmath.

Skene MS., nine separate quires, amounting in all to 125 pages, and containing thirty-six pieces. Almost all of these are found in the Old Lady's Collection, from which they appear to have been transcribed, but with misreadings and changes. 118 pages in the pos-

- session of Mr Alexander Allardyce of Edinburgh; the remainder in the possession of Mr Macmath.
- Pitcairn's MSS., 1817-25. Three volumes in the writing of Robert Pitcairn; partly from printed sources. In the possession of the representatives of Mr James L. Mansfield, Edinburgh.
- Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's Collection (besides the Old Lady's MS. and the Skene MS.). (1) 'Songs,' 12mo, in Sharpe's handwriting. (2) MS. of 32 pages, small 4to, on paper of 1822, not in Sharpe's hand. (3) MS. of 12 pages, on paper of 1820, not in Sharpe's hand. (4) An independent transcript by Sharpe. of the pieces entitled by Scott 'North Country Ballads.' (5) Letters from Motherwell to Sharpe, enclosing ballads. (6) Single copies of ballads, not in Sharpe's hand. All in possession of Mr Macmath.
- Motherwell's MS., 1825 and after. A folio, almost entirely in Motherwell's hand, containing, besides some pieces not indexed, 228 indexed ballads. Most of these are from the West of Scotland, but not a few were given Motherwell by Buchan and are duplicates of copies which occur in Buchan's MSS. In the possession of Mr Malcolm Colquhoun Thomson, Glasgow.
- Motherwell's Note-Book, c. 1826-27. A small octavo containing various memoranda referring to ballads, including the whole, or a portion, of several copies. Formerly in the possession of Mr J. Wylie Guild.
- Kinloch MSS., 1826 and after. Seven volumes, the fourth being an interleaved (printed) copy of Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads with additions and variations. Vols. I, II, III, VII, are almost wholly in Kinloch's hand; V, VI, are mostly in the writing of James Beattie, John Hill Burton, and Joseph Robertson. Harvard College Library.
- Peter Buchan's MSS., about 1828. Two volumes, folio. British Museum, Additional MSS., 29408-9. For a description, see Mr Ward's Catalogue of Romances, etc., I, 537.
- Mr David Scott of Peterhead possessed a volume entirely in Buchan's writing "which contains all [the ballads] that Buchan ever collected except some 'high-kilted' ones in another volume." These two volumes are now in the Child Memorial Library of Harvard University. The "high-kilted" volume is entitled 'Secret Songs of Silence,' and its contents are not properly called ballads.
- Joseph Robertson's MSS., 1829-32. Four small note-books, one entitled 'Journal of Excursions;' another, 'Adversaria'; also an annotated copy of The New Deeside Guide [1832]. In the possession of Dr Robertson's representatives.
- John Hill Burton's MSS., 1829-30. Mostly in the Kinloch collection, but his daughter, Mrs Rodger, Aberdeen, has a small volume containing portions of two ballads.
- Alexander Laing of Brechin's MS., 1829-35. 'Ancient Ballads and Songs, etc., etc., from the recitation of old people; never published 1829.' Three ballads and a fragment. Harvard College Library.
- Robert White's Papers, 1829 and after. Ballads selected from his *collectanea* by M. White of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Harvard College Library.
- British Museum, Additional MSS., 20094. 1823 (No. 4.)
- Campbell MSS., 1830 or earlier. 'Old Scottish Songs collected in the counties of Berwick Roxburgh, Selkirk and Peebles.' 2 volumes. Collector unknown. At Marchmont House, Berwickshire.
- 'Scottish Songs and Ballads,' copied probably before 1890, by a granddaughter of Lord Woodhouselee, mostly from print or from A. F. Tytler's Brown MS., but containing two or three versions of popular ballads not found elsewhere.
- Harris MS. Ballads learned by Amelia Harris in her childhood from an old nurse in Perthshire (the last years of the 18th century) taken down by her daughter, who has added a few of her own collecting. With an appendix of airs. Harvard College Library.
- Joseph Robertson. An interleaved and annotated copy of The New Deeside Guide [1832] (of which J. R. was the author).
- Gibb MS., 1860. Twenty-one ballads written down from the recitation of his mother by M. James Gibb of Joppa, representing the form in which ballads were recited about the beginning of the century in Angus and Mearns. Harvard College Library.
- David Loudon's MS., 1873. Contains four popular ballads derived from reciters in Haddingtonshire. Harvard College Library.
- Murison MS., about 1873. Some forty pieces collected by Mrs A. F. Murison in Old Deer, among which there are several traditional popular ballads. Harvard College Library.
- A few detached ballads collected by Dr Alexander Laing of Newburgh-on-Tay. About 1873.
- Findlay MSS. Two volumes, the first (only) containing several ballads and many fragments gathered from recitation by Rev. William Findlay, of Saline, Fifeshire, 1865-83. In the hands of the collector.
- Macmath MS. Ballads and songs recently collected by Mr Macmath. In the possession of the collector.
- "Common Place Book filled with a collection of Old Ballads of the 17th century," a MS. formerly belonging to J. Payne Collier, now in the British Museum. Contains thirty ballads written in a forged hand of the 19th century, some of the pieces being also spurious. Nos. 8 C, 137, 168 are in this MS.
- Communications, noted in their places, of single ballad or of several ballads, taken down or remembered by friends or correspondents in Europe and America. and several taken down by Professor Child himself. Child MSS. Harvard College Library.

## PRINTED SOURCES

- A Gest of Robyn Hode.** Fragment without printer's name or date, but of the end of the 15th or beginning of the 16th century: the eleventh and last piece in a volume the other contents of which are nine pieces printed by Walter Chepman and Andrew Myllar — three of these purporting to be printed at Edinburgh in 1508 — and one other piece the printer of which is also unascertained. Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.
- A Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode, etc.** Wynken de Worde, London, n. d. (1492-1534). Library of the University of Cambridge.
- Three fragments (one of which was attributed to Wynken de Worde by Ritson). Douce, Bodleian Library.
- A Mery Geste of Robyn Hode, etc.** London, Wyllyam Copland, n. d. (1549-69). British Museum.
- A Merry Iest of Robin Hood, etc.** London, Printed for Edward White, n. d. (1577-1612). Bodleian Library.
- The sources of the later Robin Hood ballads may more conveniently be entered here, than in regular course. Articles n. d. may of course not be in strict chronological order.
- Broadside copies in the Wood, Pepys, Douce, Roxburghe, and Rawlinson collections.
- Martin Parker, A True Tale of Robbin Hood.** London, 1634 (?). British Museum, C. 39, a. 52. — The same. By Clark, Thackeray, and Passinger. London, 1686. Bodleian Library.
- Robin Hoods Garland; or Delightful Songs,** Shewing the Noble Exploits of Robin Hood, and his Yeomendrie. With new Editions and Emendations. London, Printed for W. Gilbertson, at the Bible in Giltspur-street, without Newgate, 1663. (17 ballads.) Wood, Bodleian Library.
- Robin Hoods Garland.** Containing his merry Exploits, and the several Fights which he, Little John, and Will. Scarlet had, upon several occasions. Some of them never before Printed. [London,] Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright. 1670. (16 Ballads.) Douce, Bodleian Library.
- Robin Hood's Garland.** Printed by C. Dicey in Bow Church Yard, n. d. (before 1741).<sup>1</sup>
- Robin Hood's Garland,** without place or printer. 1749. Percy Papers, Harvard College Library.
- Robin Hood's Garland.** Printed by W. & C. Dicey, in St Mary Aldermay Church Yard, Bow Lane, Cheap-side, and sold at the Warehouse in Northampton, n. d. (c. 1753).<sup>1</sup>
- The English Archer . . . Robin Hood.** Paisley, printed by John Neilson for George Caldwell, Bookseller, near the Cross, 1786.<sup>1</sup>
- The English Archer, or . . . Robin Hood.** York, printed by N. Nickson in Feasegate, n. d.<sup>1</sup>
- Robin Hood's Garland.** Printed by L. How in Peticot Lane, n. d.<sup>1</sup>
- Robin Hood's Garland.** London, J. Marshall & Co., Aldermay Churchyard, n. d. Harvard College Library.
- Robin Hood's Garland.** London. R. Marshall, in Aldermay Church Yard, Bow Lane, n. d. Harvard College Library.
- Captain Delany's Garland.** In a collection of folio sheet-ballads mostly dated 1775. Edinburgh (?). British Museum, 1346. m. 7. (9.)
- Robin Hood's Garland.** York, T. Wilson and R. Spence, n. d.<sup>1</sup>
- Robin Hood's Garland.** Preston, Printed and sold by W. Sergeant, n. d.<sup>1</sup>
- Robin Hood's Garland.** Wolverhampton, Printed and sold by J. Smart, n. d.<sup>1</sup>
- Adventures of . . . Robin Hood.** Falkirk, Printed and sold by T. Johnston, 1808.<sup>1</sup>
- The History of Robin Hood and the Beggar.** Aberdeen. A. Keith (1810-35).<sup>1</sup>
- 
- Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly.** Two fragments of an edition by John Byddell. London, 1536. Library of the University of Cambridge.
- A fragment by a printer not identified, formerly in the possession of J. Payne Collier.** (No. 116.)
- Adambel, Clym of the cloughe, and Wyllyam of cloudesle.** William Copeland, London, n. d. (1562-69. See Arber, Transcript, v, 25). British Museum.
- Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and William of Cloudesle.** London, Printed by James Roberts, 1605.<sup>1</sup>
- [Thomas Ravenscroft,] **Deuteromelia, or, The Second Part of Musicks Melodie or Melodius Musicke, etc.** London, 1609.
- [Thomas Ravenscroft,] **Melismata, Musicall Phansies, fitting the Court, Citty, and Countrey Humours.** London, 1611.
- Thomas Deloney. Pleasant History of John Winchcomb, in his younger years called Jacke of Newberie:** reprint of the 9th edition, of London, 1633, by J. O. Halliwell. London, 1859.
- The History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus, written by Master David Hume of Godscroft.** Edinburgh, 1644.
- Broadsides:** mostly of the second half of the 17th century.
- Wood, Rawlinson, Douce collections. Bodleian Library. Here from the originals.
- Pepys collection, Magdalen College Library, Cambridge. Mostly from the originals.
- Roxburghe collection, British Museum. Here sometimes from originals, sometimes from The Roxburghe Ballads, Ballad Society. Vols. i, ii, edited by William Chappell, London, 1871-80. Vols. iv-vii, edited by J. W. Ebsworth, 1883-93.
- Bagford Collection.** British Museum. Here from the Bagford Ballads, Ballad Society, edited by J. W. Ebsworth, 2 vols. Hertford, 1878.
- Osterley Park Library, British Museum, c. 39, k. 6 (60). 1690 (?)**

<sup>1</sup> Bodleian Library, Oxford.



- Laing (Scottish) Broad-sides, c. 1700. In the possession of Lord Rosebery.
- A Scottish Broad-side formerly in the possession of J. Maidment, c. 1700. (No. 162.) Harvard College Library.
- "Ballard's Collection" (so cited by Percy).
- Pepys Penny Merriments. Magdalen College Library, Cambridge.
- The King's Pamphlets. British Museum, 669, f. 20, 55. 1657.
- Wit Restord, in several select poems not formerly publish'd. London, 1658 (in *Facetiæ, Musarum Deliciæ*, 1656, Wit Restord, 1658, and *Wits Recreations*, 1640. 2 vols. London, 1817).
- Wit and Drollery, Jovial Poems. Corrected and amended, with New Additions. London, 1682.
- Wit and Mirth, or, Pills to Purge Melancholy, being a collection of the best Merry Ballads and Songs, etc., [with airs]. London. [Ed. by Henry Playford,] four editions, London, 1699-1714, 5 vols.; [ed. by T. D'Urfey,] 6 vols. London, i-v, 1719, vi, 1720.
- True Love Requited, or, The Bayliff's Daughter of Islington. Printed and sold in Aldermar Churchyard, Bow Lane, "1700 or a little later."
- A Collection of Old Ballads, corrected from the best and most ancient copies extant. With introductions historical, critical, or humorous. 3 vols. London, i, ii, 1723; iii, 1725.
- Allan Ramsay. The Ever Green, being a collection of Scots Poems, wrote by the ingenious before 1600. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1724.
- Allan Ramsay. The Tea-Table Miscellany, or a collection of Choice Songs, Scots and English. (Vol. i, Edinburgh, 1724; vol. ii, 172-2; vol. iii, 1727. 3 vols in one, Dublin, 1729; London, 1733. 9th edition, enlarged with a fourth volume, London, 1740. 11th edition, four volumes in one, London, 1750. David Laing's notes in the Musical Museum, ed. 1853, pp. 108\* f., 382\*, 393\* f.) London, 1733, 3 vols in one; 1763, 4 vols in one.
- W. Thomson. Orpheus Caledonius, or, a Collection of the best Scotch Songs. [London, 1725.] 1 vol. fol. Orpheus Caledonius, or, a Collection of Scots Songs. 2 vols, 8°, London, 1733.
- Gill Morrice. An Ancient Scottish Poem, 2d ed. Robert & Andrew Foulis, 1755.
- Young Waters. An Ancient Scottish Poem, never before printed. Robert & Andrew Foulis, Glasgow, 1755.
- Edom of Gordon. An Ancient Scottish Poem, never before printed. Robert & Andrew Foulis, Glasgow, 1755.
- Letter of Thomas Gray, June, 1757? (Gray's Works, ed. Gosse, ii, 316. London, 1884.)
- Thomas Percy. Reliques of Ancient English Poetry: consisting of Old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and other pieces of our Earlier Poets, together with some few of later date. 3 vols. London, 1765, 1767, 1775. 4th ed., 1794, ostensibly edited by Percy's nephew, with restoration of some original readings.
- Garlands, etc., of the second half of the 18th century:
- The Brown Girl's Garland. British Museum. 11621 c. 3. (10.)
- The Duke of Gordon's Garland. British Museum. 11621 c. 2. (15.) Also, Harvard College Library.
- The Glasgow Lassies Garland. British Museum. 11621 c. 3. (68.)
- The Jovial Rake's Garland. (No. 104.) Bodleian Library.
- Lord Roslin's Daughter's Garland. (No. 46.)
- Lovely Jenny's Garland. (No. 91.)
- Sir James the Rose's Garland. Harvard College Library.
- The Rambler's Garland. B. M. 11621 c. 4. (57.)
- A chap-book of Four New Songs and a Prophecy. 1745? (Here from The Scots Musical Museum, 1853, iv, 458.)
- The Merry Cuckold and Kind Wife. Broad-side. Printed and Sold at the Printing Office in Bow Church-Yard, London.
- Five Excellent New Songs. Edinburgh, 1766. B. M. 11621. b. 6. (8.)
- The Duke of Gordon's Daughter, 1775, in a collection of folio ballads. B. M. 1346, m. 8.
- Sir James the Rose, stall-tract of about 1780. Abbotsford Library.
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## GLOSSARY





# GLOSSARY

[References are to page and stanza.]

## A

- a', aa, aw, all.  
a', every.  
a, abridgment of *have*.  
a, I, in the phrase, *a wat* (a wait, a wite, a wot, etc.), I know, verily, assuredly. a's, I's, I shall, will.  
a, of.  
a, on, as in a *grefe*, a *blode*.  
a, one.  
a, ae, one single, as in a *warst*.  
a, to.  
a be, (with *let*) be.  
abeen, abeene, aboon, abone, etc., above.  
his hose abeen his sheen, his stockings ungartered, falling above, over his shoes.  
abide, stop, wait, withstand.  
*pret.* abode, waited, endured.  
*p. p.* abiden, abyden, awaited.  
able, suitable.  
ablins, siblins, perhaps.  
aboard, alongside; or, *laid us aboard* may be *boarded us*.  
aboone, aboun, abown. See *abune*.  
about, been, been engaged in.  
abowthe, about.  
abune, aboone, aboon, abon, abone, abown, aboun, abeen, above (above them).  
abyde. See *abide*.  
abyden. See *abide*.  
Acaron, 312, 32, being the oath of a Turk, may be taken as *Alcoran*.  
acward, ackward stroke, described as a back-handed stroke. See *aukward*.  
aduisse, observe.  
ae, one, single.  
ae, aye, always.  
aevery, voracious, very hungry.  
af, aff, off.  
affronted, confronted, opposed.  
aft, oft.  
after, after (the way), along, on. after me, according to me, my advice.  
agast of him, alarmed about him (the consequences to him).  
agsyn(e), ageyn, against. a-geyn eun, towards evening.  
agree, bring to agreement.  
a-3on: comyn a-3on, came upon, encountered.  
ahind, abint, ahin, behind, over and above.  
aiblins, ablins, perhaps.  
aileth at. See *at*.  
air, ayre, by air, by ayre, early, betimes.  
airn, ern, iron.  
airt, art, quarter of the heavens, point of the compass.  
aith, oath.  
a' kin, a' kin kind, all kind, every.  
'al, al, 'ull, wull, will.  
al: al so mote I the, absolutely.  
alane, alone. See *lane*.  
alang, along.  
alean, alone.  
allelladay, exclamation of grief.  
alive. See *born alive*.  
allacing, repeating of *alace* (alas).  
alld, old.  
allther, representing the ancient genitive plural of *all*, allther moste, allther best, best of all, etc.  
along of, owing to.  
alow, below.  
alsua, also.  
althocht, although.  
amain(e), with force; at once, quickly.  
amain (Fr. *amener*), lower, strike.  
a-married, married.  
amense, amends.  
amo, among.  
an, one.  
-an, -ane, -and, -en, etc., annexed to the definite form of the superlative of the adjective (preceded by *the*, *her*, etc.), or to numerals, or following separately, seems to be *an*, *one*: the firstan, nextan, firsten, nexten, that samen. The history of this usage has not been made out.  
an, and, if.  
ance, anse, once.  
ancient, ancyent, ensign.  
and, *superfluous*, as in "when that I was and a tiny little boy," and two other songs in *Shakspeare*. The same usage in German, Swedish, and especially Dutch ballads.  
and, if.  
aneath, aneth, beneath. aneath the sun, sheltering the eyes with the hand.  
anent, over against, in the face of.  
anew, enough, enow.  
angel(1), a gold coin, of value varying from 6s. 8d. to 10s.  
angrily, angrily.  
ankir, recluse, hermit.  
anse, once..  
answere your quarrel, be responsible for, take on me to settle, your difference.  
ant, and.  
ape: lead an ape in hell, penance for old maids.  
applied, plied.  
ar, or, before.  
archborde, 408, 23; 409, 29, may be a misspelling of *hachebord*. Barton grappled the ship to

his archborde, from which we should infer that the word meant the side of the ship, as *hatch-bord* would naturally signify at p. 411, 70. But *archborde* might of itself mean the stern of the ship, a timber at the stern being still so called, and German *hackbord* meaning the upper part of the stern of a ship.

archery, collected archers.

armorie, seems to be employed in the sense of *armament, men at arms.*

armorye, armor.

art. See airt.

asay, p. p., tried [read *asayed* ?]

asking, asken, askend, askent, boon, request.

assoyled, absolved.

aste, east.

astoned, astonied, astonished, amazed.

at, from: reade must rise at, 113, 34, 35. ails ye at, aileth thee at, with (what ail comes to you from me). I was at thee, (apud) with.

at, with ellipsis of *the door*, rappit at.

at, att, *pron.* and *conj.*, that.

a ta, at all.

attoure, outowr, over and above.

atweel, I wot well, assuredly.

atween, between. atween hands, meanwhile.

aucht, aught: wha's aucht? who is it owns? whose is (are)?

aught, v.: suld ha'e come and aught a bairn to me, had a (child by).

aukeward, awkward (stroke), backhanded. See acward.

auld son, without regard to absolute age. So auld dochter, auld son, of child just born and the only one, sometimes called young son immediately after.

aull, auld, old.

ava, of all, at all.

avayle, put down, doff.

avow, consent, own, confess.

avowe, n., vow.

avowē, avower, patron, protector.

avoyd, begone.

aw, all.

awaite, awayte, lie in wait for. awayte me scathe, lie in wait to do me harm.

awenden, weened, imagined.

awet, know. Perhaps, await, descry.

awkward stroke, a backhanded stroke. See aukeward.

awsom, awful.

ayenst, against, towards, about.

ayon, ayont, beyond, over against, in the face of.

ayre, eare, ere, heir.

## B

baa, ball.

bacheeleere, young knight devoted to the service of a lady.

bad, bade, ordered, offered.

bad, bade, baed, abode, stopped, waited for.

badgers, pedlars.

baed. See bad.

baefled, thwarted (perhaps, made a fool of), affronted, insulted, or disgraced.

bailie, municipal officer, alderman. See baylye.

bairn, barn, bern, child.

baked, backed.

bald, boldly, fiercely.

bale, ill, trouble, mischief, harm, calamity, destruction. See balys.

ballup, front or flap of breeches.

balow, lullaby, sing a lullaby to.

ban, bound (*pret.*)

ban, band, hinge, band.

ban, band, bande, bond, band, bond.

ban, bann, v., curse.

band(e), bond, compact.

band-dogs, bandoggs, dogs that are kept chained (on account of their fierceness).

bane, destruction, death.

bangsters, people violent and regardless of law.

banis, slayers, murderers.

bargain, brawl, fight.

barm, lap.

barn, barne, bairn, child; (A. S. bearn) child; (A. S. beorn) man, fighting man.

barn-well, 196, 8, the well has no sense, and has probably been caught from 9, at the far well-washing.

baron, often simply knight.

barrine, bairn.

bassonet, basnet, basnit, a light helmet, shaped like a skull-cap.

bat, bet, but.

bath, both.

batit, bated.

batts, blows: burden of batts, all the blows (beating) he can bear.

baube, babe.

baubee, bawbee, halfpenny.

baucheld sheen, shoes twisted out of shape or down at the heels.

bay, by, in comparison with.

baylleful, destructive, deadly.

bayls, misfortunes, troubles. See bale.

baylye, bailiff, sheriff's officer (to execute writs, etc.); chief magistrate, mayor. See bailie.

bayne, perdition.

be, by.

beager, beggar.

bean, bone.

bear, bier.

bear, beer.

bear, barley.

beare (as the lawes will thee beare), have (mercy) for (as in *bear malice*, etc.).

beare, *pret.*, bare.

beared, buried.

bearing arrow, perhaps a very long arrow, such as required to be carried in the hand.

Mr C. J. Longman suggests that a bearing arrow was probably what is now called a flight-arrow, — a thin, light arrow with a tapering point for long shooting.

bear-seed, barley; bear-seed time seems to refer to barley-harvest.

became his courtesie, that is, his courtesy became him (as in Shakspeare's "youth becomes the livery that it wears"). See become.

because, in order that.  
 become them well, look well in them (i. e., they became him well). See became.  
 bed, offered. See bede.  
 bed-head, the top of the box or case of a Scottish bed.  
 bedone, worked, ornamented.  
 bed-stock, the outer side of a bed, that farther from the wall.  
 bedyls, beadles, under-bailiffs, summoners.  
 beads, (that beads) string of beads.  
 beerly, buirdly, (bride) large and well made; stately; (cheer) great. See bierly.  
 beet, kindle, keep up. *p. p.* bett.  
 beette, *pret.* of beat.  
 beforne, before. 116, 15, before (morning).  
 beft, beat, beaten.  
 begane, bigane, overlaid, covered.  
 begeck, begack, give a, play a trick on, make a fool of. (A. S. *geac*, cuckoo, simpleton.)  
 begule, beguile.  
 behad, behold.  
 behear, hear.  
 behote, *pres.*, promise. thou behotē, didst promise.  
 believe, belyfe, b(e)lyue, soon, immediately.  
 belle, bere the, stand foremost, take the lead.  
 bell-groat, groat for ringing bell.  
 belly-, billie-blind. See Billie Blin.  
 belted plaids, "properly twelve yards of tartan cloth worn round the waist, obliquely across the breast and left shoulder, and partly depending backwards, ut in bello gestatur."  
 belyfe, straightway. See believe.  
 belyue. See believe.  
 ben: good ben be here, God's (or good) benison(?). Probably corrupt.  
 ben, towards the inner apartment or parlor of the house, in, within.  
 benbow, bende bowe, bent bow, bow, simply, the bow being frequently not in actual use.  
 bend, where the way turned (?).  
 bended, bounded.  
 bent the way, took her course over.  
 bent, a coarse, reedy grass.  
 bent, bents, field, fields covered with bent grass.  
 ber, *pret.* of bear.  
 bern, barn, bairn (A. S. *bearn*), child.  
 berne (A. S. *beorn*, fighting man, brave, etc.), man.  
 be's, (it be's) shall be.  
 bescro, beshrew, curse.  
 beside, in addition to.  
 bespeak: *pret.* bespa(c)ke, bespoke, bespake him, spake.  
 bespoke. See well-bespoke.  
 bestand, help, avail.  
 bested, bestead, circumstanced, ferre and frembde bested, in the position of one from a distance and a stranger.  
 bet, but.  
 bet, boot.  
 betaken, made over.  
 bete, better, second, relieve.  
 be took, took (simply).  
 bett, *pret.* of beet, kindle.

better (he rade and better rade), longer, farther still.  
 beuk, book.  
 bide, byde, stay. bide (a doulfou day), await, look for. bide it whoso may, await the result(?).  
 bidene, bydene, bydeene, successively, one after another; together; simultaneously, or *en masse*.  
 biek, bask.  
 bier, cry, lamentation.  
 bierly, beerly (bride), portly, stately. See buirdly.  
 big, bigg, build. *p. p.* buggin, bugn.  
 biggeall, beguile.  
 bigging, biggin, building, house, "properly of a large size, as opposed to a cottage."  
 bigly (Icelandic, *byggiligr*, habitable), com-mo-dious, pleasant to live in, frequent epithet of bower. of a bier: handsomely wrought.  
 bill, a paper. sworne into my bill, sworn in writing.  
 bill, bull.  
 billaments, habiliments (of head-gear).  
 billie, billy, comrade, brother; "a term expressive of affection and familiarity." See bully.  
 Billie Blin, Bellie Blind, a serviceable household demon.  
 binna, be not.  
 bird (burd), maid, lady.  
 birk, birch.  
 birl, berl, drink, ply with drink.  
 birnande, burning.  
 birtled, cut up.  
 bit, but. bit and, and also.  
 bitaihte, committed to.  
 bitten, taken in, cheated.  
 blabring, babbling.  
 bla 'd, bla it, blow it.  
 blaewort, corn bluebottle.  
 blan, blane, blanne, *pret.* of blin, stop, cease.  
 blate, dumfounded, abashed, silly.  
 blaw, blow. *pret.* blow, *pres. p.* blawn (blaw-ing).  
 blee, color, complexion.  
 bleed, blood.  
 bleeze, blaze.  
 blin, blind.  
 blin, blyn, blinne (belin), cease, stop. *pret.* blan.  
 blink, n., look, glance. of the moon, gleam.  
 blink, to look; glance, emit, throw a glance, shine, glitter. blinkin ee, shining, twinkling. wha is this that blinks in Willie's ee? sends brightness into, whose brightness is reflected from.  
 blint, blinded.  
 bliss, bless.  
 block, exchange, bargain. lost the better block, had the worse in a bargain or dealing.  
 blood, blude, man (disrespectfully), fellow.  
 blow, *pret.*, blew.  
 blowe, blossom.  
 blowe (wynde), give vent to.  
 blowe (boste), give breath to, utter.

blude, bluid, blood. See blood.  
 blue, blew.  
 bluid is gude, good to dream of.  
 blume, bloom.  
 blutter, dirty.  
 blyue, belyfe, belive, quickly, immediately.  
 board-floor, 144, 5, 6: should probably be  
 bower-floor, as in 142, 6, 9.  
 bocht, bought.  
 bocking, vomiting, belching.  
 boddom, bottom.  
 bode, *n.*, offer.  
 bodé, *p. p.*, bidden, invited.  
 bode-words, messages.  
 body: faith, faikine, of my body, truth of my  
 body, either by my personal faith, or, by my  
 body.  
 bokin, bodkin.  
 bold, bauld (of fire), sharp, brisk.  
 boldly (understand), freely, confidently, fully  
 (*verbiage*).  
 bolts, rods, bars (to make a petticoat stand out).  
 bon, bone, boune, on the way, going. See  
 boun.  
 bone, boon.  
 bone. See royal-bone.  
 bonie, bony, bonnie.  
 bonnetie, *dimin.* of bonnet.  
 boor, bore.  
 booting, making of boot or booty.  
 born alive: 'That I love best that's born alive,'  
 i. e. of all that are born.  
 borough-town, borrow's toun, borroustoun,  
 etc. See borrows-town.  
 borowe, borrow, *n.*, security, sponsor, vindi-  
 cator.  
 borowe, borrow, *v.*, set free, deliver, ransom.  
 borowehode, securityship.  
 borrows-town, borroustoun, borough-town,  
 borough, corporate town.  
 boskyd, busked, made ready. See busk.  
 bot, but. bot and: see but and.  
 bot, without. See but.  
 bote, boote, boot, help, use, advantage.  
 both, be (old plural).  
 bottle: be my bottle, 624, 1, hold my own, bear  
 my full part, in drinking (?). Probably cor-  
 rupt.  
 bottys, butts.  
 bouk, trunk, body.  
 boun, bowne, bune, bound, bownd, bowynd,  
 bounded, *v.*, make ready, go. bounded, set  
 out, went. bound him to his brand, went,  
 betook himself. was boon, boun, bound, go-  
 ing on the way. how she is bune, going on.  
 boun, bon, bowne, bowen, bowyn, *adj.*  
 (*búinn*, *p. p.* of Icelandic *búa*, to make ready):  
 bound, ready. See boun, *v.*  
 bountieth, bounty, alms.  
 bourde, *v.*, jest.  
 boustrouslie, boisterously, roughly.  
 bouted, bolted.  
 bow, bough.  
 bower, chamber.  
 bower, house, home. Often indistinguishable  
 from the above.  
 bower-yett, house-gate.

bowne, bownd, bowyn. See boun.  
 boyt, both.  
 bra, braw, brave, fine, handsome. See braw.  
 bracken, braken, brachan, breckin, breaken,  
 breckan, brecken, breachan, fern, brake.  
 brae, bra, bray, hillside, hill, river-bank.  
 "Conjoined with a name, it denotes the upper  
 part of a country, as the Braes of Angus."  
 Jamieson.  
 brae, brow.  
 braid, breadth. *Adj.*, broad.  
 braid (broad) letter, either a letter on a broad  
 sheet or a long letter.  
 brain, mad.  
 brake, break, cause to break off, correct, cure.  
 braken, fern. See bracken.  
 branded (bull), of a brindled reddish brown  
 color.  
 brank, *n.*, caper, prance, gallop.  
 branken, branking, galloping.  
 branks, a sort of bridle; a halter with two  
 pieces of wood, instead of a leathern strap or  
 a cord, over the nose, the whole resembling a  
 muzzle.  
 brash, sickness.  
 brast, burst, broke, broken.  
 branches, brooches. But perhaps *branches*, the  
 clothes embroidered with rings and sprigs.  
 braw, fine, handsome, finely dressed; (of a  
 meeting) pleasant. See bra and brows.  
 brawn, calf of the leg.  
 bray, brae, hillside, hill.  
 brayde, breyde: at a brayde, in a moment, of a  
 sudden.  
 breachan. See bracken.  
 bread, breadth.  
 bread, broad.  
 break, brake, cause to break off, correct, cure.  
 break, (till five minutes break) expire.  
 broken. See bracken.  
 breast, in a, in one voice; in a breast (Scottish),  
 sometimes, abreast, side by side.  
 breast, *v.*: breast a steed, mount, by bringing  
 the breast to it.  
 breastplate, some part of a woman's attire, said  
 here to be of steel instead of gold. Possibly  
 a stomacher. "Curet, breastplate, or stom-  
 ager." Huloet, 1552. "Torace, also a  
 placket, a stomacher, or brest plate for the  
 body." Florio.  
 breathed, 110, unto, 21, on, 22: does not seem  
 to be the right word. Possibly *brevet*, gave  
 information to (but the word is antique for  
 the text, and *on* in 22 would not suit).  
 brecham, a straw collar for a horse, also a pack-  
 saddle made of straw, so more probably here,  
 carts not being used.  
 brechan, brichan, (Gael. *breacan*) plaid.  
 breckan, -en, -in. See bracken.  
 brede, 41, 7, to have the whims attributed to  
 breeding women. Perhaps a corruption for  
*wede*, go mad.  
 bree, brie, brow, eyebrow.  
 bree, broth. See broo.  
 breek-thigh, thigh of his breeches.  
 breeme, fierce.  
 breist. See breast.



bren, brenn, brenne, burn. *p. p.* brent.  
 brent (brow), high and straight. Also, smooth, unwrinkled.  
 brest. See breast.  
 brest, burst.  
 brether, bretheren, brethern, bretherne, brothren, brethen, brothers, brethren.  
 bretther o degs: with a b. of d. ye 'll clear up my nags (the reading may be *brethler . . . clean*): corrupt. "brathay an degs would mean with old cloth and torn rags: brathay (obsolete) worn out brats or clothes." W. Forbes.  
 breyde, *n.*: with abreyde, with a rush, in haste.  
 breyde, *v.*, rushed, bounded.  
 brid-stall, bride-stool, seat in church where the bridegroom and bride sat before the beginning of the service.  
 brie, brow. See bree.  
 bried, bride.  
 brig, bridge.  
 bright, bryghte, sheen, beautiful.  
 brim, sea. In, fa oure the brim, the brim of a precipice may be meant.  
 bring hame, give birth to.  
 brither, brother.  
 broad (brode arrow, brod arwe (aro)), an arrow with a forked or barbed head.  
 broad letter. See braid letter.  
 broad sow, a sow that has a litter (brod=breed).  
 brodinge, shooting up, sprouting.  
 broke, brook, enjoy.  
 broked cow, a cow that has black spots or streaks mixed with white in her face.  
 broken, bankrupt, ruined.  
 broken men, men under sentence of outlawry, or who lived as vagabonds and public depredators, or were separated from their clans in consequence of crimes. Jamieson.  
 broo, brue, bree, brie, brow.  
 broo, water in which something has been boiled.  
 brook, broke, bruik, enjoy.  
 broom-cow, branch of broom.  
 brough, borough, town.  
 brought hame. See bring hame.  
 browjt, browt, browthe, brought.  
 browne sword, possibly, gleaming; or artificially browned to prevent rust.  
 browst, brewage.  
 browt, browthe, brought.  
 bruik, enjoy, possess. See brook.  
 brume, broom.  
 brunt, burnt.  
 brusten, burst.  
 bryde, young woman.  
 bryk, breeches, hose.  
 bryng yow on your way, take, accompany.  
 brytlyng, bryttlynge, (breaking) cutting up.  
 bucht, bught, bought, *n.*, a small pen, usually put up in the corner of the field, into which it was customary to drive the ewes when they were to be milked. Jamieson.  
 bugge, buy.  
 buggin, bugn, *p. p.* of big, build.  
 buik, buke, book.  
 buik, *pret.* of bake.

builded, *pret.*, sheltered, hid. (A. S. byldan, Scot. bield.)  
 buirdly, buirlic, beerly, bierly (bride), portly, stately, large and well made.  
 buke, buik, book.  
 build, build, built.  
 bully, billy, brother, fellow, mate. See billie.  
 bullyship, comradeship.  
 burd, bird, damsel, maid, lady.  
 burd-alone, solitary, by himself.  
 burlow-beanie, Billy Blin, which see.  
 burn, brook.  
 burn-brae, hillside with a brook at the bottom.  
 burnysht, shining, made bright.  
 busk, buss, 1. make ready. 2. dress, deck. 3. betake oneself, go.  
 buske, bush.  
 busker: corrupt; *testament* in other copies.  
 buss, bush.  
 bussument, ambushade.  
 but, *prep.*, without.  
 but, towards the outer apartment or kitchen, without, out. but it speaks, 621, 6, perhaps a corruption for out.  
 but and, bot and, but an, bat an, and also.  
 by, be, bay, about, concerning (as, by a knight I say my song); in comparison with, on comparing. kend thy friend by thy foe, in distinction from. by than, by the time that. by yere, distributively, a year. do them by, do without. ca'd by Andrew Lammie, called by the name of.  
 by and by, directly, immediately.  
 by, aby, pay for, atone for.  
 byekarte, *pret.* of bicker, attacked (the deer).  
 byd, must, am under necessity.  
 byddys, abides.  
 byde, wait.  
 bydene. See bidene.  
 bye fell, a rocky hill or piece of high land lying off or aside of the way.  
 bygane, gone by.  
 byre, cow-house.  
 bystode: hard bystode, hard pressed.

## C

ca, caw, call, drive, strike.  
 ca'd by, called by the name of.  
 caddie. See cadie.  
 cadger, cauger, an itinerant huckster.  
 cadie, caddie, a young fellow who does errands, or any inferior kind of work.  
 cakars. See cawker.  
 call, cold.  
 call, *v.*, address.  
 cam, *pret.* of come.  
 cammer, cambric.  
 camovine, camomile.  
 camric, cambric.  
 can, knows.  
 can, cann, auxiliary of the past tense, did. (Probably a corruption of gan.) cold, colde, could, cowde, did. cold be, were, was. cold see, saw, have seen. (An extension of the use of can, gan.)  
 cankerdly, crossly.

cankred, ill-humored, complaining, crabbed ;  
or possibly, crooked.  
cannas, cannis, canies, canvas, coarse cloth.  
cannel, candle.  
canny, *adj.*, gentle, safe, cautious, clever, expert.  
canny, *cannie, cannillie, adv.*, cautiously, attentively, carefully, expertly, gently, slowly, softly.  
cantie, canty, merry.  
capull-hyde, horse-hide.  
care, car, cart.  
care, *v.*, mind, object.  
care-bed, almost, or quite, sick-bed.  
carefull, full of care, sorrowful.  
carket, carknet, necklace.  
carl, carle, carel, carril, cerl, fellow, man of low condition, peasant.  
carlin, carline, old woman ; of a wealthy woman, low-born woman, peasant woman.  
carlish, churlish, uncivilized.  
carnal, crow.  
carp, carpe, talk. In, harp and (or) carp, carp seems to mean tell tales, probably sing or chant tales (ballads) to the harp.  
carping, talk, tale.  
carrils, careless.  
case : in case that, against the chance that, lest.  
casey, cassie, causeway.  
cast, *n.*, venture.  
cast : *pret.*, coost, koost, cust, cuist, keist, kiest, kyst, kest. *p. p.* casten, castin, coosten, custan, cuisten.  
cast, project, intend. cast on sleepe, thrown into a sleep, fallen asleep.  
casten, castin, *p. p.* of cast.  
cauger. See cadger.  
cavil, lot.  
caw, cawd. See ca' .  
cawker, calkin, the turned-down part of a horseshoe.  
cawte, wary.  
cerl. See carl.  
cerstyn, Christian.  
certyl, kirtle (man's garment).  
césererá, intended for an imitation of the sound of bells.  
chaffare, ware, merchandise.  
chafths, chaps, jaws.  
chalmer, chammer, chaumer, chamber.  
chamber (thy words), restrain, suppress, be chary of.  
channerin, fretting, petulant.  
chap, knock, rap, tap.  
chaperine, 169, 10, would make some sense as chapel, but the form is unaccountable except as a popular diminutive.  
chartre of peace, grant of pardon, paper condoning past offences.  
chase, follow up, hunt down. chase the wine, follow, keep up, like *follow strong drink*.  
chaunter, 92, 6, usually, tube of the bagpipe, which would not be expected here. A book of chants would suit.  
chays, hunting-ground.  
chear. See chere.  
chear, well to, have good cheer at.

cheepe. See chepe.  
cheeped, chipped, broken.  
chepe, cheepe, *n.*, bargain. better chepe, more cheaply. gret chepe ! great bargain !  
chepe, *v.*, cheapen, bargain for, or buy.  
chere, cheer, cheir, chier, chear, face, countenance, state of mind, bearing, behavior ; entertainment, repast.  
cherish, *v.*, cheer.  
chess, jess, strap ; properly, leather strap for a hawk's leg.  
chess, chiss of farie, corrupt ; read, cheese o Fyvie.  
cheue, *v.*, end.  
cheverons, gloves.  
cheys, choose.  
child, chiel, chil, cheel, child, young fellow ; as an appellation. *pl.* chylderin.  
childer, children.  
chimly, chimney.  
chin, chappit at the chin, gin, that is, pin. See gin, pin.  
chine, chin.  
chiss, chess, cheese.  
chiven, play the, 310, 8 : "run away precipitately," Nares ; chiven, chivin, chub, or any shy fish. Cf. chivie, fearful.  
choised, chosen.  
chossen, *p. p.*, chosen.  
christendom, christendame, christendoun, christening.  
christentie, cristendie, christendom.  
chrystall, rock-crystal, a variety of quartz.  
church-style, the gate of the enclosure round a church.  
chylderin. See child.  
clade, clead, cleed, clad.  
claes, claise, clothes.  
claiding, cleadin, etc., clothing.  
claiith, garment.  
clam, *pret.* of climb.  
clap, pat, fondle, embrace.  
clarry, claret.  
clead, cleed, cleid, clied, clothe. *pret.* cled. *p. p.* clead.  
cleadin, cleeding, cleiding, clieden, cliding, *n.*, clothing.  
cleare, bright.  
cleathe, clothe.  
clecked, clekit, *pret.*, *p. p.*, hatched.  
cleek, *n.* and *v.*, hook.  
clef, *pret.* of cleave.  
cleffe, cleave.  
cleiding, clieden, clothing. See cleadin.  
cleugh, clough, a hollow between steep banks, narrow glen or valley, high rocky bank.  
clied. See clead.  
clifting, clift, cleft, fissure.  
clintin, crevice, fissure.  
cloathe, garment.  
clock, limper, hobbler.  
clocken-hen, sitting hen.  
Clootie, a name for the devil, from cloat, the half-hoof of a cloven-footed beast.  
close, closs, enclosure, yard, and, before a house, courtyard. close parler, 435, 22 : securely enclosed, or fastened (?) 23 ; you are in

- close: one (not trustworthy) transcript has to *chose*, which would make easier sense. Saint Eyron's closs, cloister (?)
- closs. See close.
- cloth and fee, clothing and wage. holde with cloth and fee, retained by presents of clothes and money.
- clout-leather, clouting-leather, leather for mending, patching.
- clouty, patched.
- clunkers, clunkerts, clots of dirt.
- clutt, clouted.
- co, quo, quoth.
- coad. See cod.
- coate-armor, surcoat or tabard, embroidered with armorial bearings, worn over the armor as a personal distinction, and for identification, the face being concealed.
- coble, boat (yaw), flat-bottomed boat).
- cockward, old cock, fool.
- cod, coad, pillow.
- coffer, trunk or box, for clothes and valuables.
- coft, bought.
- cog, coug, boat, vessel.
- coif, quouif, cap.
- coil (of hay), cock.
- cold, could, coud, understood.
- cold, could, coud, did. See can.
- cole, cowl, monk's hood, also frock, which last is intended here, for the king wears a broad hat and puts on a green garment when he casts off his cowl.
- coled (high coled). See colld.
- coll, cold.
- collaine, collayne, collen, of Cologne steel.
- colld, coled, cut, shaped, fashioned.
- collen, of Cologne. See collaine.
- com, come, *pret.* of come.
- comd, *pret.* and *p. p.* of come.
- come, *pret.* cam, com, come, coom, comd, *pret. pl.* come, *ptc. pres.* coomin, *p. p.* comen, commen, coom, comd.
- come by (life), get, obtain, gain.
- comen, commen, *p. p.* of come.
- comfort, *p. p.* of comfort.
- commanded theym agayne: *come* has perhaps dropped out; later editions, them to come.
- compted, 277, 437, emendation for *commytted*.
- comt, count.
- comunye, communing.
- comyn-bell, town bell.
- conquess, conquer.
- convay. See convoy.
- conve, convoy, escort.
- convenient, suitable.
- convey. See convoy.
- convoy, convay, *n.*, escort.
- convoy, convey, *v.*, convey, escort, accompany part of the way homeward, or on a journey, see a friend off, a young woman home.
- coot, queet, ankle.
- cop, coppe, head.
- corbie, raven.
- cordain, cordevine, Cordovan leather.
- cordin, cording, cord (and not whangs of leather).
- corduant, *adj.*, of Spanish, Cordovan leather.
- core, corrie, a hollow in a hill. Penman's Core, 634, 51, described as a hollow on the top of a high ridge of hills, might possibly be Penman score (score, a deep, narrow, ragged indentation on the side of a hill, South of Scotland).
- coresed (hors), 261, 100, bodied (?) (later texts, coresse, corse).
- corn, 125, 18, in Scotland, unground oats. (Here distinguished from white meal, which is usually oat-meal.)
- corn-caugers, cadgers, hucksters, in corn.
- corp, a vulgar singular of the supposed plural, corpse.
- cors, curse.
- corser, 269, 256, should probably be forser, coffer (text *g* has coffer).
- cote of pie, corruption of courtepi, short cloak or gown.
- couchd, lay, leaned.
- coug, cog, boat.
- could, did. See can.
- councill, counsell, secret.
- coup, cupe, cup.
- courting, demonstration of affection, embracing.
- courtrie, belonging to a court, courtiers.
- couth, sound, word.
- couent, convent.
- cow, branch. See broom-cow, heather-cow, kow.
- cowing, eating.
- cowte, colt.
- crabby (crabbed), provoking.
- crack, crak, talk, brag. crackd (the Border-side), defied, challenged.
- crack, crak, a moment of time.
- crack fingers, in grief or perplexity.
- crak. See crack.
- cramoisie, cramasie, crimson.
- crap, crop, top.
- crap, *pret.* of creep.
- crawen, crawn, *p. p.* of crawl, crow.
- cray, cry.
- creel, basket.
- Cristiantē, Cristinty, Cristendie, Christendom.
- croche, crouch.
- croodlin, cooing.
- cropped (knee), crooked.
- cross, *v.*, oppose. *p. p.*, (the sheriff was) crost, balked.
- crouse, crouselie, crously, briskly, merrily, jubilantly. See crowse.
- crowen, *p. p.* of crow.
- crowse, audacious. See crouse.
- crowt, draw together, pucker up.
- cruds, *n.*, curds.
- cry, crye, proclaim, proclamation.
- cry on, upo, call upon, summon. cryed out on Robyn Hode, cried out against, or, simply, cried out "R. H."
- cryance, cowardice, faintheartedness (disposition to succumb).
- cum, become.
- cum, *pret.* of come,
- cumand, *ptc.*, coming.

cumber, oppress, torment.  
 cumbruk, cambric.  
 cunnes: nones cunnes, of no kind. enes  
 cunnes, of any kind.  
 cun thanke, am, feel, grateful.  
 curch, curche, kerchief, woman's head cover-  
 ing.  
 curn, quantity, parcel, pack.  
 curstlye, fiercely, savagely.  
 curst turne, malignant, spiteful, ferocious job,  
 piece of work, feat.  
 curtal, having charge of, attached to, the vege-  
 table garden of a monastery.  
 cust, *pret.* of cast.  
 custan, *p. p.* of cast.  
 cutted (friar), short-frocked (but apparently a  
 corruption of curtal).  
 cutters, bravos, robbers.

## D

'd (for 't), it.  
 dag-durk, dagger.  
 daggie, drizzling (dag, a slight rain).  
 daghter, daughter.  
 dail (dool), the grief, the ill consequences.  
 daily dight, beautifully adorned.  
 dale, dole.  
 damasee, damson plum.  
 dandoo, dun doe (?).  
 dane, done. dane him to, betaken himself.  
 See do to.  
 dang, *pret.* of ding, beat, struck, knocked,  
 thrust, shoved.  
 danger, (do danger) exercise of the power of a  
 superior (?); violence (?).  
 dather, daughter.  
 daut, daut, fondle, caress, make much of, pet.  
 daw, *v.*, dawn. *p. p.* dawen.  
 dawtie, darling.  
 day, dayed, die, died.  
 daily. See daily.  
 dea, die.  
 dead, deed, *n.*, death.  
 deak, deck.  
 dean, done.  
 dearsome, costly.  
 dear vow, interjection of surprise or commiseration.  
 deas, pew (stone seat at the door of the church.  
 Chambers). Same word as dais. See dice.  
 debate, quarrel.  
 deck-board, deck-buird, oer (over), over-  
 board.  
 dee, do, be allowed, borne; avail.  
 dee, deei, do.  
 dee, deei, die.  
 deed, death. See dead.  
 deed, indeed.  
 deed-thraw, death-throe.  
 deei, do, avail; die.  
 deerlye (dight), expensively (ornamented).  
 deft, neat, nice-looking.  
 degree, rank, sort. served him in his ain de-  
 gree, rendered him respect accordant with his  
 rank. wee shall beare no degree, shall have  
 no position, standing.  
 delit, delight.

demean, treat, maltreat; treat as he deserves.  
 demed, judged.  
 den, small valley, glen, dingle.  
 den, done.  
 deputed, consigned, handed or delivered over  
 (used of a fugitive carried back for trial).  
 dere, dear(e), injury.  
 dere-worthy, precious, dear.  
 derf (blowes), powerful.  
 dernë, secret, hidden, privy, obscure.  
 dey, dairy-woman.  
 deythe, dyth, dight, prepared.  
 di, do.  
 dice, deas, pew in a church.  
 did, 14, 3, 4, used for *should*.  
 did him to. See do to.  
 did of. See do of.  
 die, do, din, dien, done.  
 dien. See den, die.  
 dight, dicht, dycht, deight, dyght, pre-  
 pared. (dedys) dyght, done. dight (shoon),  
 clean. dighted (wounds), dressed. (deerlye)  
 dight, fitted out. dill was dight, grief was  
 ordained.  
 dight, *adv.*: bird sang fu dight, readily, freely  
 (strange use of the word).  
 dill, dule, grief.  
 din, dien, done.  
 dine, dinner, meal.  
 ding, beat, knock. ding down, lay low, over-  
 throw. *pret.* dang, dung. *p. p.* dung, dang.  
 dinna, do not.  
 dinne, (noise), ado, trouble.  
 dis, does.  
 discreue, 115, 3, should be *disceue*, dis-  
 kevere, discover, reveal.  
 disers, desires.  
 disgrate, unfortunate, out of fortune's favor.  
 disna, does not.  
 dip, deep.  
 dive, do.  
 diuel's mouth. He could not finde a priuy  
 place, for all lay in the diuel's mouth, 239, 4:  
 as the devil's mouth is depicted wide open in  
 painted windows, etc., Professor Skeat has  
 suggested that meaning for the phrase.  
 do. See doo.  
 do, doe (mee thy hawkes), give, deliver.  
 do adowne, put down.  
 do away, have done with, stop.  
 do gladly, make yourself happy.  
 do (doe) of, off, put off.  
 do on, put on, don.  
 do to, do till, with reflexive pronoun, betake.  
 dois, does.  
 doited, stupid, doting.  
 döl, dule, grief.  
 don, down.  
 done upon, put on.  
 doo, dou, dow, dove.  
 dool, doll, dule, grief. See dail.  
 dorn, (sheets of) dornic, table-linen, ordinarily,  
 from Dornick, the Dutch name for Tournay.  
 dou, dove. See doo.  
 dou, dow, can (of physical ability). (with neg-  
 ative) am unable from aversion, want of re-  
 solution, etc. dought, *pret.*, was able, could.



he neere dought good day, 90, 32, he never was good for anything a good day. But we should expect *him*: never a good day profited him.

double-horsed, with horse carrying double.

doubt, doute, dout, *n.* and *v.*, fear.

douce, staid and sober.

douë, douey, dowie, dreary, melancholy.

doughetë, doughty man.

dought. See *dou*.

doulfou, doleful.

dounae. See *dou*.

dout, doute. See *doubt*.

dow, dou, doo, dove.

dow, do.

dow, downa, *v.* See *dou*.

dowie, dowy, sad, doleful, melancholy, wretched.

downcome of Robin Hood, with the, 377, 30, knocked down in R. Hood's fashion (?).

doyn, done.

doyt, doth (plural).

draff, refuse, dirt.

draps, drops.

draw, move.

draw till, draw on.

draw up wi, take up with, enter into intimacy, relations of love, with.

dray, dry.

dreaded, suspected.

drede, *n.*, doubt.

dre(e), dri, drie, drye, suffer, undergo, hold out, stand, be able. drie to feel, be compelled, come to feel.

dreel, gie a, stir up, put into a flurry, make scud.

dri. See *dree*.

drie, dri. See *dree*.

driep, drop.

drifts, droves.

droop and drowsie (of blood), 515, 13: droop might be the Old English *drup*, sad, piteous, but a word indicating the quality or condition of the blood would be expected (as in German *trübe*, thick, muddy). The nearest is *drubly*, turbid, muddy. See *drousie*.

drooped, drooped.

drousie: droop and drowsie, 515, 13, sluggish, perhaps slowly dripping.

drowsie. See *drousie*.

drucken, drucken, *p. p.*, drunk, imbibed.

drumlie, -ly, perturbed, gloomy.

drunken, *p. p.* of drink. drunken was, had drunken.

drunklie, 465, 25, merrily (as being tipsy with pleasure?).

drussie, drowsy.

drye. See *dree*.

drywyng, driving.

dub, pool.

dubby, dirty, having many small pools.

duck, douk, dive.

duckers, doukers, divers.

dujty, doughty, valiant.

dule, dool, grief.

dumps, dumps, in the modern sense, but not inelegant.

dune out, worn out, used up.

dung, *pret.* of ding, beat, knock, strike. *p. p.*, beaten, worsted, overpowered, put down.

dung over, knocked over.

dwine, pine, waste.

dyde adowne, put down.

dyd him to, betook himself.

dyght, (dedes that here be dyght) prepared, concerted.

dyght (to the deth), done, brought.

dyghtande, making ready (but seems to be intended for a past participle).

dyke, wall.

dyke, ditch.

dyne: garre me ones to dyne, give me my dinner, my fill, beat thoroughly.

dynt(e), dint, stroke, hit, lunge, shot (of spear, arrow).

dyssheryte, dispossessed.

dyspyse, cause to be despised.

## E

e, ae, only.

eaght, the, the eighth.

ean, eyes. See *ee*.

ear, eer, ever.

eare, ere, ayre, heir.

eare, *v.*, plough.

eased (of horses), cared for, attended to.

eather, other.

ee, eye. *Pl.* een, een. See *ean*, *eyen*.

ee (of a cup), may be eye, top, brim.

ee-bree, eyebrow.

een, one.

een, even.

eerie, eiry, weird, exciting superstitious dread.

eftsones, hereafter, another time.

eie, awe.

eight, eighth.

eihte, possession, valuable thing.

eild, age.

eiry. See *eerie*.

eke, also.

eke a, each (one).

eldern, eldren, eldrin, old.

eldrige, elridge (hill, king), elvish.

element, air, sky.

elephant, a species of scabious is so called, according to Halliwell.

Elfan, fairy-land.

elfin, elphin, elphan, *n.* and *adj.*, elf, elvish.

Elfins, the, fairy-land.

elfyn, of the elves.

Elizium, Elysian.

ell, ill, ull, *v.*, will.

elphan, elphin, *n.* and *adj.* See *elfin*.

eme, uncle. emys, uncle's.

end, en, end.

eneuch, anew, enough.

enter plea att my iollye, 380, 32, unintelligible: iollye should probably be iollytë. The king will have the head to serve some inscrutable purpose when he is making merry.

enterprise, *v.*, undertake.

entertain, take into service.

envye, ill-will, hostility, spite.

ere, eare, ayre, *n.*, heir.

ere, *v.*, heir.



ere, till.  
ermeline, ermine.  
esk, newt.  
even cloth, smooth, with the nap well shorn.  
even down, flat to the ground.  
euery syde, each side of.  
euerych, euereichone, euerechone, eueril-  
kon, everlike ane, each, each one.  
euyne, evening.  
evyll, *adv.*, ill. euyll go, ill walk.  
ew-bught. See bucht.  
examine, put you to test.  
eyen, eyn, eyne, eyes.  
eylde het the, yield, requite thee for it.  
eylyt, aileth.  
eyre, *pl.*, years.

## F

f, in northern Scotch, often for wh; as, *fa, faa*,  
who; *fan*, when; *far, faer*, where.  
fa, fae, from.  
fa, fall.  
face, with a, with effrontery, boldness.  
fache, fetch.  
fact, offence, crime.  
fadge: fat fadge, a lusty and clumsy woman.  
fae, fay, fey, fee, fie, destined to die.  
fae, frae, from.  
faein, faen, fawn, fallen.  
faem, fame, foam, sea.  
foikine, faith.  
fail, feall, fell, turf.  
fain(e), fayn(e), glad, pleased, eager. for faine,  
for glad, for gladness.  
fainly, joyfully, blithely.  
fair, far.  
fairlie, farlie, ferlie, wonder.  
fait, faitt, fett, white.  
faith and troth, to be, to be in the relation of  
men who have taken the engagement of mu-  
tual fidelity, sworn-brethren.  
fald, fall, fauld, *n.*, fold.  
fall, suit, become. well falls me, my luck is  
good.  
fallow's deed, 93, 7-10, deed of a bad fellow  
seems unlikely. Possibly felloun's, or farlie,  
strange.  
falsh, false.  
falyf, fallow.  
fame, faem, foam, sea.  
fa'n, fallen.  
fan, fand, found.  
fan, when.  
fand, found.  
fang, fastening. Perhaps North Scotch for  
whang.  
far, fair.  
fare, go. I fare you well, I bid you fare well.  
*pret.*, for. *p. p.*, for.  
fare, go on, comport oneself.  
fare, *n.*, going on, procedure. (in the modern  
sense) fortune, experience.  
fared, favored. well-fared, well-(weel)-fard,  
weel-fart, well-(weel)-faired, weil-faurit, weil-  
(weel)-faurd, well-fard, well-favored, hand-  
some.

farer, further.  
farest, fairest.  
farlies, farleys, ferlies, wonders, novelties.  
far sought, was, required long to reach.  
fas, false.  
fa's, fall, 1st *per. sing. pres.*  
fash, *n.* and *v.*, trouble.  
fast, strenuously, intently, (weep) copiously  
fast unto, close down to.  
fat, fatt, what.  
fate they could na fa, from it (fae it, frae it)  
they could not desist.  
faun, fallen.  
faund, found.  
faurit, faurd. See fared.  
fause, false.  
fause fa thee, may treachery befall thee, be  
thy lot!  
fave, five.  
fawn, fallen.  
fay, *adj.*. See fae.  
fay, faith.  
fayne, glad, fond of, pleased with.  
fe, feea, wage, etc. See fee.  
feall. See fail.  
fear, frighten.  
fearder, feardest. See feart.  
feare, in, together. See fere.  
feart, feert, frightened. fearder, more fright-  
ened. feardest, most frightened.  
feathern, feathers.  
fecht, fecht, *v.*, fight.  
fedred, ifedred fre, feathered liberally, hand-  
somerly.  
fee, fie, wealth, possessions, property, having,  
pay, wages, reward. gentylman of clothyng  
and of fee, entitled to a regular stipend.  
knights fee, land of the value of £20 per  
annum (under Edward I, II). penny-fie, gift.  
See foster of the fe.  
fee, *v.*, hire.  
fee, fey, doomed. See fae.  
feed, feid, feud.  
feed, fode, food, child, man.  
feel, fell, very.  
feere, fere, feire, feer, mate, consort (fere);  
fellow (contemptuously). See feires.  
feert. See feart.  
feght, fight. See fecht.  
feid, feud. See feed.  
feires, feiries, comrades, consorts. See feere.  
felaushyp, abstract for concrete, our fellows.  
felischepe, fellowship.  
fell. See fail.  
fell, high land, fit only for pastures, a wild hill.  
fell (yard), severe, cutting; strange, prodigious;  
considerable.  
fell, *v.*, kill.  
fell, feel, very.  
fells, befalls. well fells me, good for me!  
felon (the kynggis), traitor, rebel.  
fences: cock shall crow fences three, 100, 10, 11,  
evidently bouts, *coups*; but this usage has not  
been found elsewhere.  
fend, *v.*, provision.  
fend, defence.  
fende, defend.

- fer dayes, far on in the day.  
 ferd, fear.  
 ferder, farther.  
 fere (fere love), fair.  
 fere, feere, mate, consort.  
 fere, in, on, in company, together. See *feare*.  
 ferly, ferlie, ferley, farlie, marvel, wonder, news.  
 ferly, *adj.* (ferly strife), strange, extraordinary.  
 fesh, fess, fetch.  
 fet. See *fett*.  
 fett, fetch. *pret.*, fet, fette.  
 fey, destined to death. See *fae*.  
 ffend: that ffend I Godys fforbod, 293, 72, seems to be a double expression for deprecation, — I inhibit, protest, God forbid (see *forbode*).  
 ffettle, make ready.  
 ffeyt, faith.  
 ffooder, tun.  
 fforefend, avert, forbid.  
 ffarley, *adj.*, strange.  
 ficht, fecht, fecht, *v.*, fight. *pret.*, focht, foucht. *p. p.*, foughten, feughten.  
 fe. See *fee*.  
 fie, doomed. See *fae*.  
 fieldert, fieldward, away (from where they were).  
 fill, full.  
 fill, follow, pursue.  
 fltt, *p. p.*, filed.  
 fin, find.  
 finikin, fine, handsomely dressed.  
 firlot, the fourth part of a fou, which is a dry measure varying from two to six Winchester bushels (a Winchester bushel being of a slightly less capacity than the present imperial bushel).  
 fit, fitt, fyt, fytt, song, division of a song.  
 fit, foot, feet.  
 fit, ready.  
 fitches (of deer), fitches, sides.  
 fitt, foot.  
 fitted, footed.  
 fitted, ready, disposed.  
 fivesome, five together.  
 flattering (tounge), fluttering, waggling.  
 flaugh, flaw, *pret.* of fly.  
 flaw, (tell me without a flaw) lie.  
 flay, frighten. See *fley*.  
 flay, fly. *pret.*, flaw, flaugh.  
 fear, fleer, floor.  
 fee, fly.  
 fleed, flood.  
 fleer, floor.  
 fleet, flute.  
 fley, flay, frighten. *pret.* fleed, fled.  
 fleece, fleece.  
 flinters, flinders, fragments.  
 flo, arrow.  
 flotterd, floated.  
 flow, moss with a spring in it, morass.  
 flud, flood.  
 focht, *pret.* of fecht, ficht, fight.  
 fode. See *feed*.  
 folde, *pret.*, folded.  
 folle, foal.
- fond: fond to see him sleep, 180, 26, doted, was foolishly happy (?). (But probably corrupt: *E* has, fondly seen thee sleep.)  
 food, man. See *feed*.  
 foote, goe two foote, 337, 6, corrupt for fold.  
 for, ffor, (ye, i. e. yes, for God, nay, for God), by, for, where.  
 for no, phrase of refusal, obscurely elliptical, after the manner of *why, no*; or corruptly for *fy, no*.  
 forbode, forbott, ouer Goddes, God forbid, against God's prohibition. Elliptically, God's forbod; see *ffend*.  
 forbye, forebye, near by. apart, aside.  
 forbye, forebye, forby, besides.  
 force, no, no matter.  
 forces: for a' her father's forces, 620, 11, in spite of all her father could do (?).  
 forder, further.  
 fordoo, destroy.  
 forebye. See *forbye*.  
 forehammer, sledge-hammer, the large hammer, which strikes before the smaller.  
 foremost man, apparently the bridegroom's "best man."  
 forenent, fornent, over against, in the face of.  
 foret, forward.  
 forfaulted, forfeited.  
 forfoughen, tired out with fighting.  
 forgone, forgo.  
 foriete, forgotten.  
 forl, whorl, fly of a spinning-rock.  
 for-lee: she'll come in att your formast an gee out att yer forlee, she'll cross your bows and sail round you, coming out at your fore-lee or lee-bow.  
 forlorn, lost. (has him) forlorn, causatively, destroyed, killed; destitute, deserted.  
 forren, foreign.  
 forsake, let go, part with, give up, renounce.  
 forsake (that I haue promised), withdraw from. forsake this sorowe, decline to have to do with this sad matter.  
 forth, (in find forth, choose forth) out.  
 forthynketh, repenteth.  
 fortune be my chance, my hap it were.  
 forward, van.  
 foster of the fe, "a person who had for some service to the crown a perpetual right of hunting in a forest on paying to the crown a certain rent for the same." Halliwell.  
 fothe, foot.  
 fou. See *firlot*.  
 fou, how.  
 fou, fow, full, drunken.  
 foucht, *pret.*, fought. *p. p.*, foughten.  
 found, provided for.  
 foure-eared foole, as denoting a double ass (?).  
 fow, fou, full.  
 f wk, folk.  
 fra, free.  
 fraa, frae, fray, from. be frae, remain away from.  
 frame, succeed. sae weel we frame, we are doing, or beginning so well.  
 frayers, friars.  
 free, *adj.*, is used in a great variety of senses,

and is often indefinite and hardly more than a rhyme word: bounteous, gracious, of noble birth or rank, independent, unrestricted, exempt, spirited, valorous, beautiful, precious, excellent in any way. The danger will be in assigning too positive a meaning to the word.

free, *adv.*: (arowes ifedred) fre, in handsome style.

freely, *adj.*: freely feed, of noble birth, or beautiful.

freke, freck, freake, freyke, bold man, man, frem, foreign.

frembde, *adv.*: frembde bested, in the position of a stranger (other readings, frend, friend).

fresse: fresse your, our, bowes of ewe, 267, 215; seems to be corrupt. The interpretation in Donaldson's Supplement to Jamieson, where "to fresse a bow" (cited as if a phrase in full use) is said to mean unbend, slack, would be entirely inappropriate here, since three men are to make a desperate attack on two hundred and fifty (bende your bowes, st. 218). f g have, bend we, the required sense. Chese will not do; they have but one bow each. leese, loose is possible, or dress, or even, free.

frichtit, frightened.

frienged, fringed, gray, referring to mane and fetlocks, or perhaps to long fetlocks only.

frith, firthe, enclosed land, wood.

fue, few.

fue, full.

fule, fowl.

full, proud.

fun, fune, whun, whin, furze.

fur, furrow.

fute, whute, *v.*, whistle.

fynde, 395, 24, Professor Skeat would read fyne, end.

fynly, goodly.

fyt, fytt, fytt. See fit.

## G

ga, gaa, gaw, gall.

ga, gaa, go. See gang, gae.

ga, gaa, gave.

gabber reel, evidently a sprightly air. The root may be Icelandic *gabb*, mockery. Perhaps simply gabber, jabber.

gad, gaud, bar.

gae, gai, gay, ga, gaa, gee, gie, go. *pret.*, gaed, gade, gad, gaid, gied, gid, ged, good, gude.

*p. p.*, gaen, gain, gane, gaed. *pres. p.*, gain, gan, gaen, gane, gawn, etc. See gang.

gae, *pret.* of gie, gave.

gae, gay, gey, *adv.*, (gay) pretty, rather.

gaed, gade, gad, gaid, *pret.* of gae, go.

gaed, *p. p.*, gone.

gaen, gain, gane, *p. p.* of gae, gone.

gaen, gain, *p. p.* of gie, give.

gaeng. See gang.

gai. See gae.

gaid. See gaed.

gain. See gaen.

gain, gaine, gaing, gan, gaen, gane, gaun,

gawn, gawen, *pres. p.* of gae, ga, go.

gain (with ellipsis of will), serve, suffice. 205, 15: suit my case.

gaing. See gain, *pres. p.*

gair (of clothes). See gare.

gait, way, road. See gate.

Galiard, *sobriquet* of a freebooter of a gay (perhaps dissipated) character.

gallaly, galalie, galley, prolonged for metrical convenience.

gallows-pin. See pin.

gam, game.

gamon, amuse himself.

gan, gane. See gain, *pres. p.*

gan, gon, with infinitive, began, did.

gane, *p. p.* of gae, go.

gane, *p. p.* of gae, give.

gang, gange, gaeng, gieng, go, walk. *pret.*,

yede, yeede, yeed, yed, zede, yode, yod,

youd. *p. p.*, gaen, gain, gane, gaed, gade,

gad, gaid, gude, good. *inf.* also, gon, gone.

See gae.

gang, gae, go down: like the Scottish *be put down*, be hanged.

gantrees, barrel-stands.

gar, gaur, make do, cause.

garded, looked at.

gare, gair, gore, properly, a triangular piece of cloth inserted in a garment to give width at that part; in Old English often coat or gown. low down by his (her) gare, is a frequently recurring expression which may be taken literally, down by that part of a garment where the gore would be, low by his knee, she hung't (cup of wine) low down by her gare, 205, 10 (recklessly and absurdly; the cup is in her hand in the next stanza). In, frae my sark ye shear a gare, gare must be a strip large enough to make a bandage for the head.

zare, ready.

garl, gravel (suspicious word).

garlande, rose-garlonde, a circular wreath, apparently hung upon a wand or rod. In 280, 31, this can be nothing more than an extemporized circlet of twigs.

garrett, watch-tower, look-out.

gars, garse, grass.

garthes, girths.

gast, guest.

gat, got.

gate, gait, get, way, road; 457, 11, 15 (ford). water-gate, 468, 12, round by the water.

tuke the gate, started, departed.

gaud. See gad.

gaule, of the color of gall; or gules, red.

gaun, gawn, gawen, going.

gaur, gar, make.

gaw. See ga.

gawen, gawn. See ga, and gaun.

gay. See gae.

gay, gae, gey, *adv.*, pretty, rather.

ge, ye.

ge, give. See gie.

gear, geare, geere, geir, gier, goods, property, often cattle; fighting equipments; business, affair; (silken) gear, clothes.

geat. See get.

gecks, gien the, made a fool of.

gee, give. See *gie*.  
 gee, *gie*, *pret.*, gied, gid, ged. See *gae*.  
 geere. See *gear*.  
 geid, *pret.* of *gie*, give.  
 gein, *p. p.* of *gie*.  
 geir. See *gear*.  
 general, with the, people in general (in public).  
 genty, elegant of form or dress, but here refers to gentleness of disposition.  
 gereamarsey, gramercy.  
 gerss, grass.  
 gay, *adv.*, pretty, rather. See *gay*.  
 ghesting, guesting, lodging.  
 gie, go. See *gae*.  
 gie, gi, ge, gee, gae, geve, give. *pret.*, gae, ga, gaa, gaed, geed, geid, gied. *p. p.*, gin, gine, geen, gein, gien, gen, gane, gaen. gies over, is past.  
 gied, gid, ged, *pret.* of *gae*, *gie*, go.  
 gied, geed, geid, *pret.* of *gie*, give.  
 gien, gine, gin, gein, geen, gen, *p. p.* of *gie*, give. given (a blow) to.  
 gier. See *gear*.  
 gif, giff, if.  
 gill, a steep, narrow glen.  
 Gilliecrankie, a Gilliecrankie woman, a Highlander.  
 gillore, galore, in plenty.  
 gilt, money.  
 gimp, jimp, slender.  
 gin, gine, ginne, a contrivance, specially, the apparatus for fastening a door, the lever for raising the latch.  
 gin, (of time) against, towards, by the time that.  
 gin, *conj.*, if.  
 gin, gine, given.  
 gine, ginne, *n.* See *gin*.  
 girded out, guirded, cracked, let.  
 girdle, griddle.  
 girds, hoops.  
 girth was the gold-twist to be, 464, 16, girth should probably be *graith*, but admitting this, the sense is not clear, and further corruption may be suspected. We may understand, perhaps, that after the rescue the mare was to have a caparison of gilded chains. Or we may read, her *graith* was used the gold-twist to be.  
 gladdyng, gladdening.  
 glam, glamour, glamourie, glaumry, a charm deluding the eye.  
 glashet, darted, flashed.  
 glasse, lantern, ship-light.  
 glaue, a cutting weapon fixed to the end of a pole.  
 glaumry. See *glam*.  
 glazen, of glass.  
 glede, gleed(e), glowing coal, fire.  
 glee (glue), glove.  
 glent, glanced, went (perhaps, darted).  
 glister, shine.  
 gloamin, twilight, evening.  
 gloom, frown, morose look.  
 glove tee. See *tee*.  
 glue, glove.  
 go, goe, goo, gone, walk. goe vpon his death, pass upon the question of.

god, godde, property, goods.  
 God, often, the second person in the Trinity.  
 God a marsey, God amercy, God have mercy, gramercy, much thanks.  
 God's peny, an earnest-penny, to bind a bargain.  
 gogled, joggled, waggled.  
 golett of 3e hode, throat, part covering the throat.  
 gon, gone, *inf.* of go.  
 gone, *subj.* of gon, go.  
 good, *pret.* of go.  
 Good-ben, 375, 10. If *ben* is to stand, it must be *benison* abridged. Good *benison* be here, quoth he, makes a satisfactory line.  
 good-brother, brother-in-law.  
 good b'w'ye, God be wi you, good-bye.  
 goodman, master of a house.  
 good-mother, mother-in-law.  
 good-son, son-in-law.  
 goodwife, mistress of a house, housewife.  
 gorgett, defence for the neck, here a part of a jack.  
 gorgett, a neckerchief.  
 gorney, journey.  
 goud, gowd, *n.* and *adj.*, gold.  
 gouden, gowden, golden.  
 gouernor, director, guardian.  
 gould, gold.  
 gowans, daisies.  
 gowany, covered with daisies.  
 gowd. See *goud*.  
 gowk, cuckoo, fool.  
 goy, joy.  
 graid, great.  
 grain, fork or branch of a tree.  
 grait, great.  
 graith, *v.*, make ready. *p. p.*, graithed, equipped in defensive armor, gowden-graithed before and siller-shod behind, 200, 4, properly, harnessed, but as the horse is silver-shod before and gold behind, shod seems to be meant here.  
 graithing (gowd), harness or caparison, behind horse. But see *graith*, *v.*  
 grammarye, grammeree, grammar, learning. 113, 36, 41, magic.  
 grat, *pret.* of greet, weep.  
 grat(e), great.  
 graved green, 142, 1, a green with gravel walks (?) Probably corrupt.  
 greaf, grave.  
 greahondes, grehoundis, greyhounds.  
 grece, a fat hart.  
 gree: made the gree, paid my dues.  
 gree, prize, superiority.  
 greeme, (groom) young fellow. See *grome*.  
 greet, greit, weep, cry. *pret.*, grat.  
 greete, grit, gravel, sand.  
 greeting, weeping.  
 grefe, offence, displeasure. a-grefe, in displeasure.  
 grehoundis, greyhounds.  
 greit, greet, weep, cry.  
 gret, *pret.* of greet, address.  
 grett wurdas, high, haughty words.  
 grevis, groves. See *grief*.  
 grew, grow.



grew hound, grew(e)hund, Dr. J. A. H. Murray says Greek hound; "still called in Scotland a grewe, which was the older Scotch for Greek." Grew, Greek, is well known in Middle English, and *greyhound* (Icelandic *greyhundr*) may have been changed to *grewhound* under its influence.

grey (meal), barley-(bere)-meal, as distinguished from oat-meal (white meal).

griesly, grizly, frightful.

grievd, *pret.*, injured.

grimlie, grimly, grim, terrible.

grind, an apparent corruption for *graith*, *grathed*, accoutre, adorn.

grisel, grissell, gray horse.

grit, grite, gryte, great.

grith, (peace) remission of hostility, "charter of peace."

grizly, frightful.

grome, groom, greem, man, young fellow.

gross, big, burly.

ground, (the grounds o my pouches) bottom.

growende, growynd, ground.

grue, grew.

grumly, (of a seal) fierce-looking.

grun, ground.

gryming, sprinkling, thin covering.

grype, griffon (also vulture).

grysely, frightfully.

gude, guid, gueed(e), good.

gudemother, mother-in-law.

gudeson, stepson, son-in-law.

guid, good.

guide, gyde, *n.*, one who has charge, etc., custodian, escort, convoy. this sword shall be thy guide, shall settle thy case.

guide, *v.*, treat, use.

guilt, all of gilt, of gilding or gilt metal, all begilt.

gull, a fool.

gunies, guineas.

gurious (same as gruons, grugous), grim, grisly (or, ugly).

gurly, (sea) grim, surly, growling.

gyde, be þe munkis, take charge of the monk. See guide.

gyff, gif, if.

gyll, 238, 4, opprobrious term for woman, here referring to levity.

gyrde, *pret.*, girt.

gyst, gettest.

hare, ready.

zates, zatis, gates.

3e, yea.

3ede, went.

3elpe, brag.

3eman, 3oman, yeoman.

3ete, ate.

3eue, give. 3ounyn, given.

3one, yon.

## H

ha, hae, hay, have. See haet.

ha, haa, hall, house, manor-house.

hachebord, hatchbord, 409, 36, 411, 70, would most naturally be interpreted gunwale, or

side of the ship, and so archborde, 408, 23. But in 36 Sir Andrew lies at the hache-bord (which is hached with gold), and stern would be a better meaning for hachebord in that place, the high stern of the old ship being a conspicuous place for a captain to lie. See archborde.

hached: the hache-bord is hached with gold, gilt (possibly inlaid).

haches, deck; properly a frame of crossbars laid over an opening in a ship's deck.

had, haad, hold. See haud.

hadden, *p.*, held.

hadno, had not.

hae, have. See ha.

haely. See haly.

haet, hayt, hath.

ha-house, manor-house.

haik ye up, keep you in suspense, "bear in hand," delude with false hopes (?).

hail. See hale.

hailing, denoting rapid motion, driving, rushing. See hailing.

hailing at the ba', playing foot-ball. Hail the ba is, specifically, drive the ball to or beyond goal.

haill. See hale.

hair, hire.

halch, halch vpon, salute, bestow a salutation on.

hald. See hauld, hold.

hale, haill, hail, hayle, hell, whole, in sound condition; wholly.

halfendell, the half part.

halke, corner, hiding-place.

hall, house, manor-house. See ha.

hall, (either in archbord or in hall, he wold ouercome you, 409, 29) hull (?).

hall, hold.

halld. See hauld.

halled, hailed, saluted.

halling, come halling to the town. See hailing.

hallow, holy.

Hallowday, saints' day, All Saints.

hallow-seat, saint's place.

hals-bane, hass-bane, hause-bane, hase-bane, neck-bone.

haly, haely, hallow, holy.

halyde, hauled.

hame, bring hame, bear a child. See bring.

hand, att hand of, nearly, about.

hand for hand, in a fair match?

hand, lokyde at his hand, probably, shading his eyes with his hand; possibly, looked aside.

hand, on the upper side, uppermost.

hand, out of, 440, 25: forthwith (?). The line seems to be corrupted; without resource, unable to help themselves, *hors de combat*, would give an easier sense if allowable. Should we read: as many as was, out of hand?

hang, *pret.* of hing, to hang.

hanging well, draw-well of which the bucket is raised and lowered by a pole or beam turning on an upright post (?). By some understood as, a well near the place of execution.

hankit, tied tight.



hansell: haffe hansell for the mare, 291, 32: have a present, the more you buy (?); have the first purchase (which was thought lucky) for the larger part of the ware) (?). (Doubtful.) 383, 10: reward.

hap, happening, cover, coverlet.

hap, *v.*, cover, wrap.

happer, hopper.

happing. See hap.

harbengers, harbingers, officers who preceded the king in a progress to provide accommodation for the court.

harnessed (men), equipped.

harried, haryed, *pret.* and *p. p.*, plundered.

harte of gre(e)ce, a fat hart.

hart-roote, term of affection.

has, hase, halls.

hase, hass, neck, throat. See hause.

hase-bane, hass-bane. See hause-bane.

hastely, hastilye, immediately, soon, promptly.

hat, *pret.* of hit.

haud, had, hawd, howd, hold, keep. *p. p.*, hadden.

haugh, low ground, properly on the border of a river.

hauld, hald, halld, hall, hold, place of shelter, stronghold, quarters. See hold.

hauld, gang by the, walk by taking hold of things.

hause, hase, hass, neck, throat.

hause-bane, hase-bane, hass-bane, hals-bane, neck-bone.

have in, had him in, had him in my possession.

hawd. See haud.

hay, for hae, has.

hay, went forth to view the hay, to see how the hay was coming on, as a way of taking the air.

haylle, whole, entire. See hale.

hayt, hath.

he, they.

he, hee, high.

header, heather.

heal, healle, hail, conceal.

healy, hooly, *adj.*, gentle.

healy, heely, hooly, slowly, gently.

heans, hens.

hear, here.

heathen (child), unbaptized.

heathennest, heathendom.

heavē, heavy.

hee. See he.

heely, slowly. See healy.

heght, promised.

heihte, hight, hette, was, is, called.

heir, heire. See hear.

hele, heal, conceal.

hell, whole, staunch, tight. See hale.

hell, heel.

hend, hendē, heynd, hind, hindy, noble, gracious; friendly, kindly; civil. See hind.

hende, hind, young fellow.

hent, caught, took.

hepe, hip, berry of the wild rose.

herkens, imperative plural, harken.

herowed, harried, despoiled. See harried, herry.

herry, harry, pillage, rob.

he se. See -s as sign of future.

het, eat.

het, hot.

hett, bid.

hette, is called. See heihte.

heuch, heugh, steep hill or bank, glen with steep overhanging sides.

heved, head.

hey, interjection of pleasure, displeasure, pain, excitation.

heynd, friendly, kindly. See hend, hind.

heynt war howte! heynt! is a well-known call to horses (get up!), and war-oute is a term used in driving.

hi, have.

hich, high.

hie, hye, *n.*, haste.

hie: she smiled hie, with a smile not confined to her mouth, but mounting higher.

hiean, hying.

hight, is, was, called.

hight, I promise. *pret.* heght, hight.

hilt, flayed.

hin-chill. See hind and child.

hind, hinde, hindy, hynde, *adj.*, courteous, gracious, gentle, kindly. See hend.

hind, hynde, *n.*, youth, chiel, callant, seems often to be used as an epithet, young (but this may possibly be hind, kindly courteous, etc., in some cases).

hindy. See hind.

hing, hang. *pret.* hang, hanget. *p. p.* hanged, hangit.

hingers, hangings.

hinnie, hinny, honey, term of affection.

hinnie-mark, honey-mark, mole?

hired your han, 520, 14, if right, must mean, she would have paid you to do it. Other copies, kissed.

ho, who.

hoky-gren (burnt like), 140, 27: hoakie, "a fire that has been covered up with cinders, when all the fuel has become red." Jamieson. A branch or stem in such a fire (?) or good to make such a fire with (?) Scott has, hollins grene.

hold, holde, hauld, housing, quarters, place of shelter, lodging. thirty horsres in one hold, perhaps place of keeping.

hold, holde, *v.*, wager.

holde, retain (legally).

hollan, hollin, holland, linen.

Hollan, Hollans, boats, Dutch boats. Dutch fishing-luggers are to be seen in great numbers on the Scottish coast in summer.

hollen, hollin, holly.

hollin, holland.

holm, holme, houn, howm, low ground on a river-bank.

holpe, *pret.* of help.

holtes, woods.

holydame, by my, halidom. Originally halidom in oaths meant reliques of saints; my halidom seems to be used in the sense of sacred oath.

hom, them.

hondert, hondreth, hondrith, hundred.

honey, term of endearment. See *hinny*.  
 hooding. See *huddin*.  
 hooly, hoolie, hollie, huly, slowly, softly. See *healy*.  
 hope, houp, sloping hollow between two hills.  
 hope, expect, think.  
 hore, hoar, gray.  
 hose, embrace, hug.  
 hosen, hose, stockings (not breeches).  
 hosens, stockings without feet.  
 hostler, innkeeper.  
 hou, how.  
 houk, dig, *pret.* and *p. p.* houked, houket, houkit, howket, etc.  
 houn, howm, holm, level low ground on a river-bank.  
 houp. See *hope*.  
 hour, whore.  
 housen, house (*sing.*).  
 housle, houzle, give the sacrament.  
 houzle, communion.  
 hoved, hung about, tarried.  
 how, howe, *n.*, hollow, sometimes, plain.  
 how, *adj.*, hollow.  
 howd, hold. See *haud*.  
 howk, howked, etc. See *houk*.  
 howm. See *houn*.  
 howyn, own.  
 huddle, (hide) cover, protect (*Scot.* *hiddle*, *hide*).  
 huggell, hug, or, perhaps, a variety of huddle.  
 huly, hooly, healy, slowly, softly.  
 humming, heady, strong, as causing a hum in the head.  
 hunder, hundre, hunner, huner, hundredth, hundred.  
 hunger, hungre, *v.*, starve.  
 hunt's ha, hunting-house or lodge.  
 husbände, husbonde, farmer, husbandman; economist, manager.  
 hussyfskap, husseyskep, housewifery, 600, 3 (she was making puddings).  
 hy, hye, *hyght*, on, vpon, in a loud voice. on hy, hye, on high, up, erect. on *hyght*, on high.  
 hye, hie, *n.*, haste.  
*hyghte*, promise. *hyght*, *p. p.*, promised; vowed.  
*hynd-chiel*. See *hind*, *adj.*  
*hynde*, *n.* See *hind*, *n.*  
*hynde*, *adj.*, gentle, or the like. See *hind*, *adj.*  
 hyne, (up) behind.  
 hyne, hence, away.  
 hypped, hopped.

## I

(See also under J, Y.)

I, ay.  
*i*, abridgment of *in*.  
*i*, abridgment of *with*.  
*i-bouht*, bought.  
*i-dyght*, *y-dyght*, furnished, adjusted; made ready.  
*i-fedred*, feathered.  
*i-flawe*, flayed.

ilk, ilke, same. of that ilk, having a title the same as the surname: as, Wemys of Wemys. in that ilke, in that same; at that same moment.  
 ilk, ilka, each, either. ilkone, each one.  
 ilkone. See *ilk*.  
 ill, ell, ull, will.  
 ill-bukled, badly run down at the heel. See *baucheld*. (Unless *ill* be for *old*.)  
 ill-far'd, ill-favored.  
 im, am.  
 imy, in my.  
 in, an, and, if.  
 in one, anon, at once.  
 inclen, incline.  
 in-fere, together. See *fere*.  
 ingle, fire.  
 inn, inne, lodging.  
 i-nocked, knocked, notched.  
 inowe, enough.  
 instiled, styled, intitled.  
 intil, intill, into, in.  
 into, in. into (his age), at, of.  
 intoxicate, *pret.*, intoxicated.  
 i-pyght, put.  
 ir, are.  
 ire, thro, 212, 17: seems to mean, as resenting the covering (not ballad-like).  
 irke with, tired, weary of.  
 is, has.  
 I'se, I shall. See *s*, *se*.  
 it, its.  
 ith, in the.  
 'ith, with.  
 ither, other; one another.  
 I wat, a wat, I wot, I wad, surely.  
 I wis, I wiss, assuredly.  
 i-wis, i-wisse, i-wys, surely, indeed.  
 I wist, for iwis, indeed.  
 iyen, iyn, eyen, eyes.

## J

Jack, insolent fellow.

iacke, 411, 64: (here) coat of mail, cf. 58, 59, 60.

An ordinary soldier's jack consisted of two folds of stout canvas, or some quilted material, with small pieces of metal enclosed. Fairholt.

iapis, japes, jests, waggery, trifling.

jaw, jawe, wave.

jelly (jolly), handsome, pleasant, jovial.

ietted, moved in state or with pride.

jimp, gimp, jump, *adj.*, slender, slim.

jo, sweetheart.

jobbing (of faces), billing (like doves).

iollye, should probably be *iollytä*. See *enter* plea.

joukd, lunched forward.

jow (of bell), stroke.

jule, jewel.

jully-flowers, gilly-flowers.

jumbling, mudding, fouling.

justie, joust, tilt.

justler, joustier, tilter.

justling, jousting.

## K

kail, kale, colewort; broth made of greens, especially of coleworts.  
 kaim, kame, keem, comb.  
 kaivle, lot.  
 kale. See kail.  
 kame, keem, comb.  
 kamen, combing.  
 kavit, kaivle, kevel, cavit, lot.  
 kay, key, kine.  
 keames, combs.  
 kebbuck, cheese.  
 keem, kem, kemb, kame, comb.  
 keen, *v.*, ken, know.  
 keen(e), bold.  
 keep, catch. See kep.  
 keepit (a bower), frequented, lived in.  
 keepit, heeded, observed.  
 keist, kiest, kest, kyst, *pret.* of cast.  
 kell, a cap of network for women's hair.  
 kem, kemb, comb.  
 kemp, kempe, kempy, champion, fighting-man.  
 kemperry(e), company of fighting men (or, if adjective, fighting).  
 kempy. See kemp.  
 ken, know. 375, 4, to make known.  
 kene, (cawte and kene) wise, shrewd, or, perhaps, brave.  
 kennna, know not.  
 kep, keep, cap, cape, catch, stop, intercept. she keppit him (received him) on a penknife (as he leaned over to her). *pret.* kept, kepd, kepped, kepit, keppit.  
 kepe I be, care I to be.  
 keeping, 535, 20, meeting. The meaning is that he went to meet (*come* should be *came*) the body which was lying at the gates. There was no procession towards him.  
 keeping, keeping.  
 kerches, kerchiefs.  
 kest, keste, *pret.* of cast.  
 kettrin, cateran, Highland marauder.  
 kevel, kevil, lot.  
 key, kye, cows.  
 keys, (rang the keys) keys of her spinnet.  
 kickle, 365, 59, not easily managed, unsteady, Scot. kittle. (But perhaps we should read *kick*, since a verb would be expected.)  
 kilt, a skirt worn by Highlanders, reaching from the belly to the knees.  
 kilt, kelt, tuck up. *p. p.* kilt.  
 kin: a' kin kind, a' kin, all kind, equivalent to every.  
 kin, ken.  
 kind, kindly, kindred, native. kindly cockward, natural (born) fool.  
 king's felon, kynggis felon, kings ffelon, traitor, or rebel, to the king.  
 kinnen, coney, rabbit.  
 kintra, country.  
 kipeng, keeping.  
 kipple, couple, rafter.  
 kirk-shot, the fishings on the water where nets are shot, belonging to, or adjacent to, the kirk.

kirk-style, the gate of the enclosure round a church, or, the stile in the church-yard wall.  
 kirtle, kirtell, kyrtell, part of a man's dress, perhaps waistcoat; name given to a variety of articles of female attire, explained as jacket, corsage or waist, upper petticoat, a loose upper garment, tunic or short mantle, etc.  
 kist, chest, coffin.  
 kithe, a, of kith, of the same country, region, people.  
 knack fingers (in sign of grief), crack the finger-joints.  
 knaue, servant.  
 knave-bairn, male child.  
 knell, *v.*, ring.  
 knet, *pret.* of knit, knitted, knotted.  
 knoe. See know.  
 knoke, knock.  
 knoppis, knobs.  
 know(e), knoe, knoll, hillock.  
 kod, kuod, quoth.  
 kow, bunch of twigs.  
 ky, kye, kyne, cows.  
 kyrtell. See kirtle.  
 kyst, cast.  
 kyth (and kin), home, country, people. See kithe.  
 kythe, be manifest, appear.

## L

laa, law.  
 lack, lake, *n.* (think, hae, lack), reproach, discredit. what other ladies would think lack (but here lack may = laigh, and mean *beneath them*). tooke a lake, incurred a reproach or blame (?). of his friends he had no lack, corrupted from, of him his friends they had no lack (or the like).  
 lad-bairn, boy.  
 lad, *pret.* of lead.  
 lade, led, taken.  
 ladd, lady.  
 laek, *v.*, like.  
 laid about, invested.  
 laid: laid her bye, lay down by her.  
 laidley, laily, laylè, layely, etc., loathly, loathsome.  
 laigh, low, mean.  
 laigh, leugh, *n.*, low ground, lower part.  
 laily, lailly, layle, layly, layelly. See laidley.  
 lain, laine, leane, lene, len, conceal.  
 lain, alone. See lane.  
 laine, *p. p.*, laid.  
 lair, lear, instruction.  
 lair, lear, lying-in.  
 laird, a landholder, under the degree of knight; the proprietor of a house, or of more houses than one.  
 laised, laced.  
 lait, late.  
 laith, loath. See leath.  
 lake, *n.* See lack.  
 lake, pit, cavity.  
 lake, laigh, of mean position.  
 lake-wake, leak-wake, lyke-wake, watching of a dead body.

lamar, lamer, lammer, amber.  
 land, country (opposed to town).  
 land-serg(e)ant, officer of the gendarmerie of the Borders, lieutenant.  
 landsman, land owner.  
 lane, lain, leen, lean, lone, alane, alone, annexed to the dative or genitive of the personal pronoun (as in Old Eng. him ane, hire ane), my, mine, thy, our, your, her, his, him, its : I alone, by myself, etc.  
 lap, lappe, wrap, roll.  
 lap, *pret.* of loup, leap.  
 lappen, *p. p.* of loup, leap.  
 lass-bairn, lassie-bairn, girl.  
 lassed, laced.  
 lat, let.  
 late, *pret.* of let, allow.  
 latten, *p. p.* of let.  
 lau, low.  
 lauch, *n.*, laugh.  
 lauch, lawhe, *v.*, laugh. *pret.* laugh, laughe, leuch, leugh, luke, lough, low, lowe, lowhe, laucht, lought.  
 laue, law.  
 launde, lawnde, plain ground in a forest ; " a small park within a forest, enclosed in order to take the deer more readily, or to produce fatter venison by confining them for a time."  
 launsgay, a kind of lance, javelin.  
 lave, leve, rest, remainder.  
 lauede ablode, swam in blood.  
 lav(e)rock, lark.  
 law, (Biddess-law) hill.  
 lawin(g), tavern-reckoning.  
 lawing, lying (reclining).  
 lawnde. See launde.  
 lax, relief.  
 lay, law, faith.  
 lay, land not under cultivation, grass, sward.  
 lays, fields, plains, ground.  
 lay, *v.*, lie.  
 lay bay, put aside or behind, outsail.  
 layelly, loathsome. See laidley.  
 lay-land, lea land, untilled land ; simply plain, ground.  
 laylê, loathsome. See laidley.  
 layn (withouten), lie (*i. e.*, truly).  
 layne, *v.*, lie.  
 layne, *v.*, lean.  
 lazar, -er, leper.  
 lea, lee, lie, loe, loi, loie, loy, loo, low, lue, *v.*, love.  
 lea, lee, lie, *mentiri*.  
 lea, leave.  
 lea, *n.*. See lee.  
 leace, (withouten leace) falsehood.  
 lead, 448, 26: lead their horses (P).  
 lead, led.  
 lead, laid.  
 lead(e), vat, boiler.  
 leaf, loaf.  
 leak, *adj.*, like.  
 leak, *v.*, like.  
 leal, leel, leil, liel, loyal, faithful, true; virginal, chaste, veracious; upright, honest.  
 lean, leane, lene, len, *v.*, conceal; lie. See lain.

lear, instruction, learning, information. S  
 lair.  
 leard, laird.  
 lease, leash, 177, 19, a thong or string (as if f  
 bringing back the deer he should kill?).  
 leash (of hounds), pack. a leash (of bucks  
 three.  
 leasing(e), leasyng, lesyng, leasin, fals  
 hood.  
 leath, laith, loath.  
 leaugh, leugh, leugh, leiugh, lieugh, low.  
 leave: gie them a' thier leave, take leave  
 them all.  
 leave, leeve, dear.  
 leave, live.  
 lede, leading, conduct.  
 ledës-man, lodesman, guide.  
 ledyt, *old imperative plural*: lead.  
 lee, lea, untilled ground, grass land, open plain  
 ground.  
 lee, *adj.*, the (this, a) lee-lang, lief-lang da  
 livelong. So lee, le, lei, ley, licht o the moo  
 as in die liebe sonne, der liebe mond, rege  
 wind, and other formulas in great variety.  
 lee, *v.*, lie, *mentiri*.  
 lee, *v.*, love. See lea, love.  
 leech, 566, 11, meant for leash, and so spelt  
 another copy.  
 leed, laid.  
 leedginge, leeching, doctoring.  
 leeft, *pret.*, lived.  
 lee-lang. See lee.  
 leems, 87, 7, gleams; but *langs*, belongs, is th  
 word required.  
 leen, lean, her, your leen, him leen, lone. S  
 lane.  
 lees, leeze, me on thee, commend me to (origi  
 nally leeve is me, dear is to me).  
 leese, lose.  
 leesome, lovely, pleasing; pleasantly.  
 leeve, leve, leave, lefe, lieve, live, *ad*  
 lovely, dear, pleasant. *comp.* leifer, leuc  
 (whether he were) loth or lefe (properly, hi  
 were), disagreeable or agreeable, unwilling  
 or willing.  
 leeve, believe.  
 leeve, grant.  
 leeze. See lees.  
 lefe, pleasing, agreeable; pleased.  
 leffe, remain.  
 leg, highwayman.  
 legg, league.  
 lei, ley, lei light o the moon. See lee, *adj*.  
 leil. See leal.  
 leiugh, low. See leaugh.  
 leman, lemman, beloved (of both sexes)  
 lover, paramour; love, mistress, loose w  
 man.  
 lemanry, illicit love.  
 len, *v.*, lean. See lend.  
 len, lene, conceal. See lain.  
 lend, grant, give.  
 lende, dwell.  
 lene, conceal. See len.  
 lenger, lengre, longer.  
 lenght, length.  
 lere, cheek, face.

- ere, learn.  
 esse, leese, lose.  
 esse, false, falsehood.  
 esynge, falsehood. See *leasing(e)*.  
 et, lat, allow, leave; omit, fail. *pret.* late,  
 loot, lute, lett. *p. p.* latten, letten, lotten,  
 looten, loot (?).  
 et, lette, hinder.  
 etten, *p. p.* of let, allowed; left.  
 etters, letturs, letter.  
 eugh, luke, *pret.* of laugh.  
 eugh, *n.*, lower part.  
 eugh, *pret.* of laugh.  
 eutye, lewtè, loyalty, faith.  
 eve, lave, *n.*, rest.  
 eue, *v.*, permit, grant.  
 even, lawn, glade, open ground in a forest.  
 See *launde*.  
 euer, leifer, pleasanter, preferable, rather.  
 See *leeve*.  
 ewde (lye), base, vile.  
 ewgh, low. See *leagh*.  
 ewte. See *leutye*.  
 ey, lea, lee, land not under cultivation, simply  
 land, plain, field; lands and ley, arable land  
 and pasture.  
 ey-land, land lying lea, not under cultivation.  
 See *lay-land*.  
 ey licht. See *lee*.  
 eythe, light.  
 ian, lying.  
 icht, alight.  
 ichter, delivered. See *lighter*.  
 ichtlie, lichtly, lightly, make light of, treat,  
 or speak of, with disrespect.  
 ick, take for one's self.  
 idder, lither, lazy.  
 ie, ly, lye, reside, live.  
 ie, lee, lea, love. See *lea*.  
 ief-lang. See *lee-lang*, under *lee*.  
 ierachie, hubbub.  
 iough, low. See *leagh*.  
 ife, leaf.  
 ief: man of life, man alive.  
 ift, air, sky.  
 ig, ligge, lygge, lie.  
 ight, *pret.*, lighted, alighted. See *lyght*.  
 ight, 318, 1: corruption of lith, listen.  
 ighter, of a bairn, delivered.  
 ightly, lightlie, lyghtly(e), quickly.  
 ightly, lichtlie, -ly, treat with disrespect.  
 ike, liken, (like to be dead or to dee), in a  
 condition, in a fair way, or likely.  
 ikesome, pleasing.  
 ilt, to sing cheerfully.  
 ily, lilly, lilye, lillie, liley, lillie, (lea, lee, lie,  
 leven) explained as "overspread with lilies  
 or flowers," but clearly from A. S. *léoflic*,  
 Old Eng. *lefly*, etc., lovely, charming.  
 immer, a term of opprobrium, or simply of  
 dislike; wretch (*m. or f.*), rascal; of a woman,  
 jade.  
 in. See *linn*.  
 lin, linn, Linne, Lyne, a stock ballad-  
 locality (like *Linkum*).  
 lin, stop.  
 lin'd, beat.  
 ling, lyng, a species of rush, or thin long grass,  
 bent grass, Scotland; in England, heath,  
 furze.  
 lingcan, lichame, body.  
 Linkem. See *Linkum*.  
 linkin, linken, tripping, walking with a light  
 step; light of movement.  
 Linkum, an indefinite ballad-locality.  
 linn, lin, lynn(e), water-course, torrent, river,  
 pool in a river.  
 linsey, linsey-woolsey.  
 lint, linen, linen mutch or cap.  
 lish, leash.  
 list, *n.*, inclination.  
 list, *v.*, desire, be disposed. *pret.* list. *imper-*  
*sonal*, me list.  
 lith, lyth, member, joint.  
 lith, lithe, lythe, hearken.  
 lither, bad. See *litter*.  
 live, leave.  
 live best, are the best of those living.  
 lively, alive.  
 liuer, *adj.*, deliver, agile.  
 luerance, payment for delivering.  
 livery-man, servant.  
 liues, 'lieves, believes.  
 liuor, deliver, hand over, surrender.  
 load, loaded (with liquor).  
 locked, lockit (in a glove), fastened.  
 lodesman. See *ledsman*.  
 lodging-maill, rent for lodging.  
 lodly, loathly, disgusting.  
 lodomy, laudanum.  
 loe, loie, loy, lou, *v.*, love. See *lea*.  
 loie, loy, love. See *loe*.  
 loke, look.  
 lome, lame man.  
 lone, a common, any free or uncultivated spot  
 where children can play or people meet, even  
 the free spaces about a house.  
 long, tall.  
 long of, owing to, the fault of.  
 loo, love, *pret.* lood.  
 lood, loud.  
 loof, loof, lufe, luve, palm of the hand.  
 looke, look up.  
 loon. See *loun*.  
 loord. See *lourd*.  
 loot, bend. See *lout*.  
 loot, *pret.* and *p. p.* of let, allowed, allowed to  
 come.  
 looten, *p. p.* of let, allowed (to come).  
 lope, *pret.* of loup, leaped.  
 lord nor loun. In 143, 26, lord is a wrong read-  
 ing; rogue nor loun, or the like, is required.  
 lordane, lurdan, dolt, clodpoll, etc.  
 lore, lorne, lost.  
 loset, loosed, delivered.  
 loss, lose.  
 lotten, *p. p.* of let, allowed.  
 loudly, loud.  
 lough, loughie, *pret.* of laugh.  
 lought, *pret.* of laugh.  
 louk, look.  
 loukyng, expectation, hope deferred.  
 loun, lown, lowne, loon, a person of low rank;  
 rogue; often a mere term of general dispar-



agement (as in, English loun); naughty girl;  
mistress, concubine, etc.  
loup, leap. *pret.* lap, leap, leepe, lope, loup,  
loupéd. *p. p.* loupén, luppen.  
loup, *pret.* of loup.  
loupén, loupéd, *p. p.* of loup.  
lourd, loord, *pret.* and *p. p.* of lour, prefer; verb  
made from lever, rather.  
lout, loot, bow, bend, lean. *pret.* louted, looted.  
*p. p.* louted, lootit, loutén.  
loutén, *p. p.* of lout, bent.  
love-clapped, embraced lovingly, caressed.  
loverd, lord.  
lousesome, lovely.  
lov(e)ly, louelie, epithet of London. See leeve.  
low, lowe, hill.  
low, lowe, flame.  
low, lowe, *pret.* of laugh.  
lowe, (doggs) bite soe, a phrase for, take mean  
advantages.  
lowse, loose, free.  
lucettes, lues, pikes.  
luc, loe, loo, lou, loie, lea, lee, lie, *v.*, love.  
See lea.  
lufe, luve, leuve, loof, palm of the hand.  
lugs, ears.  
luid, loved.  
luppen, *p. p.* of loup, leap.  
lust, inclination, disposition.  
luve, palm of the hand. See loof.  
ly, lye, live, dwell. *pret.* lyed.  
lyand, lying.  
lybertye, (apoint) a place of, 231, 39; a place  
where the two can fight freely, without risk  
of interruption (?).  
lye. See ly.  
lyed, lay, lived. See ly.  
lygge, lay. See lig.  
lyghte, lyght, alighted.  
lyghtly(e). See lightly.  
lyke, please.  
lyke-wake, watch of a dead body.  
lynnde, lyne, linden, tree.  
lyne. See lin.  
lyng, heath. See ling.  
lynne. See linn.  
lyste, me lyste, it would please me, I should  
like.  
lyth, lithe, hearken.  
lyth, member. See lith.  
lyueray, present of clothes; purveyance of  
drink.

## M

ma, 464, 15; 465, 27, 29; bit, whit.  
Mable, booke of, some book of predictions, like  
Thomas Rymer's.  
machr(e)l(l), mackerel.  
made (men), raised.  
mae, more.  
maen, mane, meen, *n.*, moan.  
magger of, in the, in spite of, maugre.  
maick, make, mate.  
maid, may, used loosely of a young wife. So  
*κόρη, παρθένος*, in Homer, of a young wife, and  
*puella* of a married woman often.

maik. See make.  
mail, rent; black-mail.  
mair, mare, more, bigger.  
maist, almost.  
make, maik, maicke, mate, consort; match  
like.  
male, trunk. male-hors, pack-horse.  
malcen, mallasin, malison.  
man, mane, maun, mun, must.  
mane, maen, main(e), meane, meen, moan.  
complaint, lament; often nothing more than  
utterance, enunciation.  
maney, meny, followers.  
manhood, manhead, manheed, men (man)  
your, men to your, i. e. if you are men (man)  
of true valor, willing to fight one by one  
manly deed, exploit demanding courage.  
manie, mennie, maunna, must not, may not.  
mansworn, perjured.  
manten, maintain.  
marchandise, dealing.  
march-man, one who lives on the march, on  
border.  
March-parti, Marche-partes, Border-part  
Border-parts, Border, Borders.  
mare, more.  
marie, mare.  
marie. See mary.  
mark, murky.  
marke, merk, two thirds of a pound.  
marke hym, commit himself by signing the  
cross.  
marrow, (of man or woman) mate, husband  
wife; match, equal in rank, equal antagon  
nist.  
mary, marie, marrie, marry, a queen's lady  
maid-of-honor, maid (like abigail).  
mary mild, marigold.  
masar, maser, a drinking-vessel of wood  
especially of knotty-grained maple, often  
mounted with bands or rings of precious  
metals.  
mass: in the frequent formula, when bells were  
rung and mass was sung and a' men bound  
to bed, a domestic religious service at the end  
of the day.  
mast, maste, mayst.  
master-man, captain of a ship; chief.  
masteryes, make, do feats of skill.  
mat, matt, (mat he, ye, dee! wae mat fa, mat  
worth!) mot, in the sense of may.  
maught, maugt, might.  
maugre: maugre in theyr teethe, in spite of.  
maun, must.  
maunna, must not.  
maw, sea-maw, sea-mew, gull.  
maw, *v.*, mow.  
may, mey, maid.  
may, *optative*, frequently put after the subject  
as, Christ thy speed may bee! thou mayst sun  
be! I may be dead ere morn!  
may be, is, like *can be*.  
mayne, strength.  
maystry, mastery.  
me, men, French on.  
meal, bag.  
mean, man of: meaning uncertain.

nean, meane, meen, *v.*, moan, lament; be-  
moan, lament the state of. not to mean, not  
to be pitied. See mane.  
nean, *n.*, moan. See meen.  
neany, troop. See menë.  
neat and fee, food and wages.  
neaten, meeten, measured.  
neatrif, abounding in food.  
need, mood, heart, state of feeling.  
need, world's meed, 15, 14: seems to be cor-  
rupted from mate (make).  
neen, *v.*, moan, lament.  
neen, mean, lamentation.  
neen, moon.  
neet, meete, even, equal; scant, close.  
neeten, meaten, measured, by measure. See  
met.  
neiht, mayst.  
neikle, meickle, mickle, muckle, much,  
great.  
neisseine, spanker, or perhaps, Fr. misaine,  
foresail.  
nell, mall, wooden hammer, beetle.  
nell, meddle.  
nenë, meany, meynë, maney, monie, fol-  
lowers, band.  
nenement, amendment.  
nennie, manie, maunna, must not, may not.  
nenye, menyie, household, retinue, people.  
See menë.  
neri. See mery.  
nerk, marke, two thirds of a pound.  
nerk. See merkes.  
nerk, *v.*, mark. merked them one, took their  
aim at.  
nerkes, distances between the bounds.  
nerlion, merlyon, merlin, the smallest of Brit-  
ish falcons.  
nerrilye, in good or valiant fashion.  
nerry (men). See mery.  
nery, meri, merry, merrie, myrri, myrry  
men, a standing phrase for followers, com-  
panions in arms.  
Ness, an epithet said to be contemptuous for a  
priest or parish minister (as one who says, or  
said, mass).  
net, mat, may. See mat.  
net, *pret.* of mete, measured: *p. p.* met, mete.  
nethe, meat.  
nett, meet.  
net-yard, measuring-rod.  
ney. See may.  
ney, my.  
neynë, retinue, suite, household, company,  
body of people. See menë.  
neythe, might.  
nicht, *v.*, might.  
nicht 'll, might well.  
nickle, great, much. See meikle.  
nidder, mideer, mider, mother.  
niddle-earth, earth (conceived as being the  
middle of the universe).  
niddle stream, middle of the stream.  
nild, (maidens) meek, gentle, demure. myld(e)  
Mary, of the Virgin, lenient, compassionate.  
nillaine, of Milan steel.  
nin, mind, recollection.

mind o, on, remember. *pret.* mind, remind of.  
minde: for the maydens loue that I haue most  
minde, 115, 5: elliptical or corrupt. Com-  
paring 116, 21 (where the MS. reads, wrongly,  
most meed) we see that *for* is not to be taken  
with *minde*. We must understand *most in*  
*mind* or *most mind to or of*, or, possibly, *minde*  
may be (from minnen, remember) *had in*  
*mind*.  
minge, utter. minged, didst name the name  
of, mention (or, perhaps, only bore in mind).  
minion, dainty.  
minnie, minny, mother, dam.  
mint to, put out the hand towards, move  
towards. minted as, took a direction as if,  
made as if.  
mire, myre, swamp, bog.  
Mirry-land toune, probably a corruption of  
*merry Lincoln*.  
miscarry me, get me into trouble; fail, disap-  
point me (?).  
misgae, misgave.  
misgiding, ill treatment.  
misguide, misgiding, ill treatment.  
miss(e), *v.*, omit, fail.  
mister, myster, need, requirement, an exi-  
gency. misters, sorts of.  
mith, mithe, *v.*, might. mith slain, might  
[have] slain.  
mold, molde, earth; land, country; ground.  
Moll Sym's, a well-known dance tune of the  
sixteenth century.  
mome, dolt.  
monand, *n.*, moaning.  
monie, menie, company, suite. See menë.  
monny, many.  
montenans. See mountnaunce.  
mood, giue me, 288, 23: though *give me my God*  
(i. e. the consecrated host) looks like a bold  
change, it is not improbable.  
mool, mools. See moul.  
moody-hill, moudie-hill, mould-hill, mole-  
hill.  
morn, morrow. the morn, to-morrow.  
morning, mourning.  
mornin's gift, morning gift, gift made the  
morning after marriage.  
mort, note on the horn to announce the death  
of deer.  
moss, muss, mose, bog.  
mot, mote, may.  
mote, meeting.  
moten, molten.  
mother-in-law, stepmother.  
mothly, motley.  
motion, proposal.  
mou, moue, mow, mouth.  
moudie-hill. See moody-hill.  
mought, mote, may.  
moul, mools, mool, mools, mould, dust, ashes  
(of the dead); earth of a grave.  
mould-hill. See moody-hill.  
mould-warpe, mole.  
mountnaunce, montenans, amount.  
mow, 313, 34: seems to be meant for mouth  
(lip). But perhaps we may understand grimace  
(for a tyrant to make faces at). See mou.

mucell. See muckle.

muck, dung.

muck the byre, carry out dung from the cow-house.

muckle, mukle, mucell, meikle, big, much.

muir, moor.

mullertd, miller.

mun, maun, man, must.

mune, moon.

muntit, *p. p.* of munt, mount.

muss, moss, bog. See moss.

myght neuer no tyme to sleepe, 277, 441: probably corrupt, and to be read, no tymē slepe; but the construction is not unknown.

myld, mylde. See mild.

myle: two myle way, the time it takes to go two miles.

myllan, Milan steel.

mylner, miller.

myneyeple, 395, 30: corruption of manople, a gauntlet protecting the hand and the whole forearm (?). Skeat.

myre. See mire.

myrke, mirk, mark, dark.

myrri, myrry. See mery.

myrthes can, knows pleasant stories.

mysaunter, mischance.

myster, need, occasion. See mister.

## N

n, carried on from preceding word to following.

noo nother, no noder, none other. a nother nether, an other. a naughtless, noughtless, an aughtless, good for nought. a noke, an oke. they nere, they nee, theyn ere, thyn ee. So, his nawn, her nain (nen), yer nane, as if from hisn, hern, yern. See nane.

na, nae, no, not. Frequently united with the preceding verb: hadna.

naesaid, refused.

nagie, nagy, little nag.

nags, notches, nicks.

nain, own. See n.

nan, none.

nane, nen, yer nane, my nane; etc.: own (n, originally, carried on from mine). See n.

nane, neen, none; adverbially, not, not at all. See none.

napkin (-ken, -kain), pocket handkerchief.

napskape, head-piece.

nar, nor. with comparative, for *than*. See nor.

nas, ne was, was not.

naught, naughtiness.

naw, na, no.

naw, nay.

nawn, own. See n.

naye: withowghten naye, undeniably, truly.

ne, no, not.

needs, needs.

nean, none.

near, neare, ner, nere, nearer.

near, 15, 14: corrupt, as the repetition from the second verse shows; *while* (till) *my days are near* (to an end) would be extremely forced, in any case.

near, neer, never.

near-hand, *adj.*, near, short. *adv.* (near-han), near, almost.

neast, neist, nist, nest, next.

neathing, nothing.

neave, fist.

nee, nigh.

needle-steik, needle-stitch, fastening or stitch with a needle.

neen, none. See nane.

neerice, nurse. See nourice.

neigh, *v.*, (nigh) approach.

neist, niest, next.

ner, nere, nearer. See near.

nere, were [it] not.

nere: they nere, theyn ere, thine ear.

neshe, of delicate quality.

nest, next. See neast.

new-fa'n, new-fallen.

new-fangle, fond of novelties, capricious, inconstant.

next, nighest.

nicher, nicker, *n.* and *v.*, neigh.

nicht, the, to-night.

nicked him of naye, nickd them wi nae, refused with nay.

nicker. See nicher.

nie, neigh.

nie, neigh, nigh.

niest, next, nearest.

night-coif, night-cap.

ning, nine.

nip, bit.

nires, norice, nurse. See nourice.

nist, nest, neast, next.

nit, knit, fasten.

nit, nut.

nit-broun, nut-brown.

no, not.

noble, nobellys, a gold coin of the value of one third of a pound.

noder, noo nother, none other. See n.

noghte, not.

nolt, nout, neat, neat cattle.

noo, now.

noorice. See nourice.

nor, nar, after a comparative, than.

nother. See noder.

noumbles, nowmbles: noumbles of the dere, of a do, frequently defined entrails; Palsgrave, praecordia, the numbles, as the heart, the splene, the lunges, and lyver. At least a part of the noumbles are the two muscles of the interior of the thighs of a deer.

nourice, nourrice, noorice, nourry, nurice, nury, nurse.

nout, nolt, neat cattle.

nouthur, neither.

noy, grief.

nul, nule, will not.

nurice. See nourice.

nury. See nourice.

nyll, will not.

## O

o, of. diel o there, devil (i. e. not a bit) of anything in that way (?).

o, on.  
 perword, refrain.  
 of, on. In, seruyd (q. v.) him of bred, *for* is required, and *of*, which would signify *with*, cannot stand.  
 okerer, usurer.  
 old, auld, old son. See auld son.  
 on, of.  
 on, one.  
 on: wedded on, 22, 24, on the strength of (to have as a dowry).  
 on fere, in company.  
 on o, on.  
 one, a.  
 one, on.  
 onë, ony, onie, any.  
 ones, onys, once.  
 onfowghten, unfought, without fighting.  
 ony, onie, onë, any.  
 or, before. or eir, or or (doubling of before).  
 or, over.  
 order, ordre, rule of an order.  
 orders, prepares.  
 ordeyn, give order for, levy.  
 orghie, orgeis, a fish, large kind of ling.  
 osterne, austere.  
 other, *pl.* others.  
 ought, am under obligation. *pret.* and *p. p.*, owed.  
 our, owr, ower, over, too.  
 oure, ovr, *prep.*, over. See ower.  
 ousen, owsen, owsn, oxen.  
 out (beat out), out and out.  
 outhorne, a horn blown to call out citizens to the support of the civil authority.  
 outmet, *p. p.*, measured out.  
 out-oor, -our(e), -ower, -owre, -over, over, above, beyond.  
 out of hand, forthwith.  
 outrake, excursion, outing.  
 outspeckle, laughing-stock.  
 outhro, through to the opposite side.  
 outwood, wood outside (of a town?).  
 ouer all, everywhere.  
 ouer goddess forbode, forbott. See forbode.  
 overthrew us, 610, 8, threw us over.  
 ower, owre, oure, ovr, over. ower (a window), over against.  
 ower, owr, our, over, too.  
 owre, or, before.  
 owsn, owsen, ousen, oxen.  
 owthe, out.  
 owtlaw, outlaw.  
 oxe-lig, ox-leg.

## P

pa, paw.  
 pa. See palle.  
 pakets, packets.  
 palle, pale, paule, pa, fine cloth.  
 pallions, pavilions.  
 palmer, pilgrim; tramp, vagabond, beggar.  
 paramour, lover, lady-love. the love was like paramour, 212, 8, like amorous passion (?). In 7, 4, the word should signify something eatable.

pardon, leave of absence.  
 part: God, Christ haue part(e) of the (me), perhaps, make thee an object of his care (as prendre part en, take an interest in); or, take thee for his, number thee among the saved.  
 part, quit, part from.  
 parti: vppone a parti, aside. March-parti, Marche-partes, Border-side.  
 party, be of part with.  
 Pasch, Pasche, Easter.  
 passage, occurrence, incident, adventure.  
 passe vppone, pass, go, on.  
 passe, 273, 357, extent (?).  
 pass for, care for.  
 pat, pot.  
 pat, patt, *pret.* of pit, put.  
 pavag, pauge, pawage, pavage, road-tax.  
 paw, a slight motion. neer played paw, never stirred again.  
 pay, *n.*, satisfaction.  
 pay, paye, *v.*, satisfy, please.  
 pay, beat.  
 peak, pick.  
 peak, peck.  
 peak-staff, pike-staff.  
 pearling, pearlin, lace.  
 pearting, parting, separation.  
 pecis, vessels (of silver), probably cups.  
 peel, pool.  
 peel, a tower, stronghold.  
 peeped, spoke faintly, whined.  
 peers, pears.  
 peit, a peat carried to school as a contribution to the firing.  
 pellettes, bullets.  
 penny-fee, -fie, gift of a penny, largess, pour-boire.  
 peny: shete a peny, shoot for a penny.  
 pestilett, pistolet.  
 phat, what.  
 philabeg, kilt, skirt worn by Highlanders, reaching from belly to knee.  
 pick: pick a mill, sharpen the surface of a mill-stone when worn smooth by friction. picked a stane, dressed with a pick.  
 pick, *n.*, pitch.  
 pickle, a grain.  
 pickle, pick, collect.  
 picklory, name of a cloth.  
 pickman, pikeman.  
 pin, pinn, an implement for raising the fastening of a door. "The pin was always inside, hung by a latch, or leather point, the end of which was drawn through a small hole in the door to the outside. During the day-time, the pin was attached to a bar or sneek in such a way that when the latch was pulled the door was free to open. But at night the pin was disconnected from the door-fastening and hung loose, so that when the latch was pulled the pin rattled." W. Forbes. (See tired.) knocked upon a pin, is probably corrupted from knocked at the ring; if not, the meaning must be, knocked at the door at the place of the latch. that so priuilye knows the pinn, implies that there was some secret connected with the pin which it is difficult to conceive



in an arrangement so simple as that described above; but it is probable that complications were employed by the cautious. See *gin*.

**pin**, gallows-pin, gallou-pine, the projecting or horizontal beam of the gallows(?). Any projection upon which a rope could be fastened.

**pinder**, **pindar**, **pinner**, **pounder**.

**pine**, **pyne**, suffering, pain. (Goddës, Creystys) *pyne*, suffering, distress, passion.

**piner-pig**, an earthen vessel for keeping money.

**pinner**. See **pinder**.

**pint**, point.

**pistol-pece**, **pistol**.

**pit**, **put**. *pit mee down*, be my death. *pret. pat. p. p. pitten*, *putten*.

**pith**, hammer o the, 208, B 2: sounds like nonsense. The smith's anvil being of gold and his bellows-cords of silk, his hammer should be of some precious material. To say his hammer was wielded with force would be out of keeping, and very flat at best.

**pitt**, **put**.

**pitten**, *p. p.* of **pit**, **put**.

**place**: in place, 434, 76, there.

**plaid**. See **belted**.

**plaiden**, coarse woollen cloth diagonally woven.

**plain fields**, open fields.

**plat**, *pret.* of **plet**: plaited, interfolded.

**plate-jack**, defensive upper garment laid with plates.

**platen**, **plates**, **pieces**.

**play-feres**, **play-fellows**.

**plea**, **quarrel**.

**plea**, *enter plea att my iolbye*. See **enter**.

**plead**, **contend**.

**plett**, **plait**.

**plewed**, **feathers plewed with gold**, 225, 49: not understood.

**plight I lay**, 570, 21, the pledge I did lay(?), condition in which I should lie(?). (Very obscurely expressed stanza.)

**plight**, *pret.*, **plighted**.

**plooky**, **pimpled**.

**plough**, **pleugh**, **pleuch**, **plow** (of land), as much land as one plough will till in a year.

**plucke-buffet**, they shote, 277, 424, taking and giving a buffet for missing. (This supposes **pluck** = take, get; it may be the noun **pluck**, blow.)

**plummet**, of swords, **pommel**.

**pock**, **bag**.

**poll**: lighter than the poll, 571, 1, boll, lint-bow, the seed-pod of flax(?). Not probable.

**poorly**, feebly, faint-heartedly.

**portly**, of imposing appearance.

**pot**, deep place or pool in a river.

**potewer**, 47, 6: read **potener**, **pouch**, **purse**.

**powder**, **dust**.

**powther**, **powder**.

**prece**, **prese**, **preses**, **press**, **crowd**; thick of a conflict.

**preen**, *v.*, **pin**. See **prin**.

**preses**, **prese**. See **prece**.

**preke**, *n.* See **pricke**.

**preke**, *v.* See **prekyd**.

**prese**. See **prece**.

**present**, **represent**, act as representatives of.

**presenting** (wine), holding out the cup or glass towards the person saluted.

**president**, **precedent**.

**prest**, **ready**, in haste. (*berdys sang*) **prest** freely, *con amore*.

**prestly**, **quickly**.

**prevayle**, **avail**.

**prick(e)**, **pry(c)ke**, **preke**, **rod** or **wand**, used a mark in shooting, **pricke-wand**; a mark o butt generally.

**pricked**, *pret.*, **stuck**.

**pricke-wande**, a rod set up for a mark.

**prime**, **pryme**, the first canonical hour.

**prin**, *n.* and *v.*, **pin**.

**process**, occurrences, story of occurrences.

**prossed**, **proceed**.

**prowed**, **proud**.

**pryce**, **prize**.

**prycke**, *n.* See **pricke**.

**prycked**, **sped**.

**pryckyng**, **spurring**, riding briskly. In 267, 22 should probably be **rakyng**; the yeomen a on foot.

**pryke**, *n.* See **pricke**.

**pryme**, **prime**, the first canonical hour, first hour of the day.

**pu**, **pow**, **pull**.

**pudding-pricks**, wooden skewers to fasten the end of a gut containing a pudding.

**puggish**, 221, 6, in a later copy, ragged. M Ebsworth suggests the meaning, **tramper** (Cf. **puggard**, thief; **pugging**, thieving.)

**puir**, **pure**, **poor**.

**pusin**, *n.* and *v.*, **poison**. *pret.* **pusned**.

**put down**. See **putten down**.

**putten**, **putn**, *p. p.* of **put**.

**putten**, **put**, **down**, **hanged**.

**pyght**, **pitched** (fixed in the ground the pole of)

**pyke**, **pick**.

**pyne**: (Goddës, Creystys) **pyne**, passion. See **pine**.

## Q

**quarrelld**, *p. p.*, **quarrelled with**, **found fault with**.

**quarterer**, **lodger**.

**queen**, **quean**, **queyne**, **quen**, **quien**, **woman**, **concubine**.

**queer**, **quir**, **choir**.

**queet**, **weet**, **ankle**.

**quequer**, **quiver**.

**querry**, **quyrry**, **quarry**, **dead game**.

**quest**, **inquest**.

**questry-men**, another, 470, 13, men constituting a quest, inquest; but another raises doubt whether we should not read *quest* as in 12 (-ry being caught from jury, above).

**queyt**, **quit**, **requite**.

**quien**. See **queen**.

**quin**, **queen**.

**quite**, **requite**.

**quite**, **free**, **clear**, **unpunished**.

**quoif**, **coif**, **cap**.

**quyrry**, **quarry**, the slaughtered game.

**quyte pe**, **acquit thyself**, **square the account**.



## R

race, course in justing.  
 race: castle-race, course in the castle-grounds, or contour of the castle (?).  
 rack, ford. "A very shallow ford, of considerable breadth: Teviotdale." Jamieson.  
 rad, afraid.  
 rader, rider.  
 radly, quickly.  
 raged, ragged.  
 raid, read, rede, *pret.* of ride.  
 raik, See rake.  
 rair, roar.  
 rair, rare.  
 rais, raise, rase, *pret.*, of rise.  
 rake, raik, reek, walk, move. raking on a rowe, advancing in a line; on a rowte, in a company.  
 rang, wrong.  
 rank, rawnke, wild, bold (turbulent), strong, violent; rude, boisterous; of spirit and courage, sturdy. rank robber, one who robs with violence, "strong thief."  
 ranshakled, ransacked.  
 rantan, ranten, rantin, making noisy merriment. See ranting, *adj.*  
 ranting, *n.*, raking.  
 ranting, rantin, rantan, ranten (laird, laddie), *adj.*, jovial, dissipated, wanton, rakish, "fast."  
 rap, *pret.* rapped, rappit, rappet, at, with clippis of the door.  
 rap, (of tears) to fall in quick succession.  
 rape, rope.  
 rase, *pret.* of rise. See rais.  
 rash, *n.*, rush.  
 rau, row. See rawe.  
 raught, reached, delivered.  
 rauked, searched, rummaged.  
 rawe, rewe, *n.*, row.  
 rawnke. See rank.  
 rawstye by the roote, 281, 56, rusty, soiled, foul, (with blood) at the end (?).  
 ray, *n.* and *v.*, array; make ready, saddle.  
 ray, *n.*, track.  
 raye, striped cloth.  
 raysse, riding, raid.  
 reacheles on, reckless of, heedless about.  
 read, *pret.* of ride.  
 read, rehearse, tell.  
 read (of dreams), interpret, give an issue to.  
 read, reade, rede, red, redd, *n.*, advice.  
 read, reade, red, *v.* advise. See riddle.  
 ready, direct; indubitable, certain.  
 reak, smoke. See reek.  
 rean, rin, run.  
 reap, ripe, search, rummage.  
 reapen, *p. p.* of reap.  
 rear, rare.  
 reas, praise. See roos.  
 reas, ryse, rouse.  
 reast, reest, roost.  
 reaths, quarters of a year.  
 reave, rave, rive, *pret.* of rive.  
 reavel l d, ravelled, disordered (of hair).  
 reaver, rever, riever, robber.

record, sma, little note.  
 red, redd, rede, *n.*, counsel, talk, tale. See read.  
 red, redd, rede, reid, *v.* advise.  
 red, to rid, clear out. red (the question), clear up, settle.  
 red river comb, 162, 19, 21: corrupted, as are other versions in this passage. See river.  
 redding-kaim, reeding-comb, comb (for disentangling).  
 rede. See red.  
 rede, *p. p.*, read, divined, discerned.  
 rede, *pret.* of ride; reden, they rode.  
 redly, quickly.  
 reeding-comb. See redding-kaim.  
 reef-tree, roof-tree, beam in the angle of a roof.  
 reek, reak, reik, *n.*, smoke.  
 reekit, smoked, smoky.  
 reest, reast, roost.  
 reet, root.  
 reign, 100, 1, (for rhyme) range (?) or rein (?).  
 reik, smoke. See reek.  
 reill, reel.  
 reiver, rever, riever, robber.  
 remeid, remedy.  
 remorse, compassion.  
 remoued, agitated.  
 renisht: renisht them to ride of twoe good renisht steeds, 111, 8; 113, 42 (42 emended from, on tow good renish, in conformity with 8): should have some such meaning as accounted, but a derivation is not to be made out. Qy. [ha]renisht, harnessed?  
 renown (spake wi renown); force of authority (of prestige), or, with the air of a person of repute.  
 require, ask for. (Other texts, inquire.)  
 rest, *pret.* of rest.  
 restore, restore, because the morning-gift would revert to the father and be at his disposition, no son having been born.  
 reues, bailiffs.  
 rewe: be rewe, in a row, one after another, each of the whole class.  
 rewth, pity.  
 rid, ried, red.  
 riddle, resolve. riddle my riddle, resolve my dilemma.  
 ried, ride.  
 rien, riven.  
 riever, reiver, rever, robber.  
 rig, rigg, riggin, ridge.  
 rig-length, furlong?  
 riggin, ridge.  
 rigland, land under the plough, and so in rigs, ridges. rigland shire, a shire of such land.  
 rin, run.  
 ring (knocked at the, with the, ring, tinkled at the), the hammer of a door-knocker. But, perhaps, in the case of tinkling, the ring may have been gently drawn up and down or struck against the projecting bow or rod of a door-handle (often wound with a spiral), an operation which, when vigorously performed, is described as riscing or rasping.  
 ring (game): to ride at the ring, to attempt,

while at full gallop, to carry off, on the point of a rod, a ring suspended on a cross-beam resting on two upright posts. (Jamieson.)  
 ring and the ba, a game in which a ring was thrown up, and a ball was to be thrown through before the ring fell. (Dr W. Gregor.)  
 ripe, reap, rype, search, rummage, clear or clean out, rifle.  
 rise, branch.  
 rise, raise, *pret.* rose. See ryse.  
 rise, *pret.* of rise.  
 rive, rave, reave, *pret.* of rive, tear.  
 riued, arrived, travelled.  
 river-comb, red, 162, 19, 21: is river a corruption of *ivory*?  
 road, rode.  
 rock, roke, distaff.  
 rod, rode.  
 roddins, rowans, berries of mountain ash.  
 rode, rood.  
 roke, reek, vapor.  
 rood, rod (a measure).  
 rood, four and thirty stripes comen beside the rood, 116, 29: referring to the scourging of Jesus (?).  
 room ye roun, move round so as to make room.  
 roos, rous, *v.*, to praise, laud, boast.  
 roosing, rosin, rousing, *n.*, praising, boasting, bragging.  
 rose-garlonde, 275, 398: a "garland" appears to have been attached to the yerdes (397), and every shot outside of the garland was accounted a failure.  
 rosin, boasting. See roosing.  
 rosses, roses.  
 rottens, rottons, rats.  
 roudes, haggard (*subst.*, an old wrinkled woman).  
 roun, rown, round, whisper.  
 round: so it went round, 499, 7, so much it came to (?).  
 roundlie, at a good pace.  
 round tables, a game.  
 rounin(g), *n.*, whispering.  
 rous, roos, reas, boast of.  
 rousing, *n.*, boasting. See roosing.  
 rout, *n.*, blow.  
 rout, *v.*, roar, bellow.  
 route, rowte, rowght, company, band, crowd.  
 In 388, 33, perhaps *mêlée*, affray.  
 routh, plenty.  
 row, rough.  
 row, rowe, roll. *pret.* and *p. p.* rowed, rowd, rowit, rowt, rolled, wound.  
 rowe, on a, in a line, file.  
 row-footed, rough-footed.  
 rowght, company. ryall in rowght, 388, 33, kingly among men. See route.  
 rowght, wrought.  
 rowte. See route.  
 rowynde, round.  
 royal bone: uncertain, perhaps *ivory*.  
 royaltie, splendid display, or the like.  
 rub-chadler, rub-chandler, rubbish-barrel.  
 rudd, *n.*, (redness) complexion, face.  
 rudely, sturdily.

rue, cause to rue.

rugge, back.

rule, going on, taking on, noisy bewailing.

run: red run's i the rain, 191, 4, gives no sense.

rung, staff, pike-staff.

rung (of the noise of a cannon), *n.*, 482, 14.

ring; appears to have been altered, for rhyme.

from ring, which is in two other copies.

ryall. See rowght.

ryght, straight, directly.

rynde: be rynde and rent, 389, 42, flayed.

(But rynde should perhaps be *riven*.)

rype, *v.* See ripe.

ryse, rouse.

rysyt, riseth (old *imperat. pl.*), rise.

## S

s, se, in I 'se, thou 's, etc.; as a sign of the future tense. Properly a fragment of *shall*.

saa, *pret.*, saw.

sackless, sakeless, saikless, innocent.

sad, steadfast, firm, stanch.

sae, so.

safe, save.

safeguard, riding-skirt.

safly, softly.

saft, (of sleep) lightly.

saikless. See sackless.

saint, blest.

St Mary knot(t), a triple knot.

sair, sore.

sair, sare, sear, sere, serve.

sait, set.

sakeless. See sackless.

sall, shall. *pret.* sould.

sally rod, sallow, willow.

salued, greeted.

san, sane, sayn, syne, since.

sana. See sanna.

sanchopis of his bryk, 245, 13, apparently the fork of the breeches.

sanna, shall not.

sarbit, exclamation of sorrow.

sare, serve. See sair.

sark, shirt, shift.

sarsenent, sarcenet.

sarving, serving.

sat, saut, salt.

saugh, willow.

saul, soul.

saut, sat, salt.

sauyour: see (saw) my sauyour, attended mass or, took the sacrament.

saw, *v.*, sow.

sawe, *p. p.* of see.

sawe, speech.

sawten, *v.*, 3 *pl.*, assault, attack.

say, try.

say, saye, *pret.* of see.

sayn, san, sane, syne, since, then.

sayne, strong participle of say. In, I yow sayn

389, 46, an auxiliary, *do* or *can*, must

omitted, or else we must read *saye*, as in

34, 62, 65.

scaith, skaith, soath, *n.* and *v.*, hurt.

saes, discs worn as ornaments on the head.  
 sarsoun, scarcely up to.  
 scath, scaith, *n.*, harm.  
 scathe : awayte me scathe, lie in wait, seek an opportunity to do me harm.  
 scaur (Braidscaur), a bare and broken place on a steep hill ; also, cliff, precipice.  
 scere-thorsday, Maundy Thursday, Thursday before Easter.  
 shane, *pret.*, shone.  
 shele, scheel, school.  
 shet, schette, *pret.* of schote, shoot.  
 shill. See shill.  
 sho, she.  
 shoote (his horsse) away, froo, discarded, sent off.  
 shrowde (arrow), accursed, pernicious, baneful.  
 skill, reason, judgment. See skill.  
 cope, gag.  
 core. See core.  
 corn, skorne, shame, humiliation, mortification. give the, this, a, scorn, put to shame, subject to humiliation (especially, by showing a preference as to marriage, or by slighting a woman). So, playd you the scorn, get the scorn.  
 coup, *v.*, move hastily from one place to another, fly.  
 couth, room, range.  
 cray, 294, 4, as to form suggests *scrag*, *scrog* ; but the meaning required is, branches, *branchage*, or even spray.  
 cread, shred, bit, piece.  
 crefé, screffé, shryvè, sheriff.  
 crime, 470, 2 : seems to be corrupt ; possibly, crime ; pursuing the crime for pursuing the criminal.  
 croggs, scroggs, stunted bushes, or perhaps trees ; underwood.  
 cug, shade, screen ; expiate.  
 e, sign of the future tense. See s.  
 e, *pret.* of see.  
 ea-ground, bottom of the sea.  
 ea-maw, gull.  
 eal, happiness, blessing.  
 eale, sail.  
 ear, serve. See sair.  
 eck, sack.  
 ecurly, surely.  
 ee (*videre*), *pret.* say, saye, sey, se, see, seed.  
*p. p. se.*  
 ee : save and se(e), protect.  
 ee, well mot ye fare and see, 375, 3 : as here used, *see* well would have to mean, *see* prosperity ; but apparently there is a confusion of *well may you fare* and *God see you*, protect you (as in, save and see). well may you sit and see. lady, well may you sit and say, 187, 15 : (corrupted) nonsense.  
 ee (sigh and see), apparently a doublet of sigh, as *ne* of *neigh* and *nigh*, *he* of *high*.  
 eed, *pret.* of see.  
 seek, seke, search, ask. *pret.* socht, asked for. *partic.* seekand, seeking.  
 seek, sick.  
 seeke to, unto, resort to.

seely, happy. seely court, fairy court.  
 seen, soon.  
 seen, syne, afterwards.  
 seene, I seene, ellipsis of have.  
 seke, search. See seek.  
 seke, to, at a loss.  
 seker, firm, resolute.  
 seld, sold.  
 sealer, the monk who has charge of the provisioning of a convent.  
 selkie, silkie, seal.  
 sell, self.  
 semblant, semblaunce, semblaunte, semblaunt, mien, look.  
 sembled, met.  
 sen, send, sent.  
 sen, since.  
 sent, sendeth.  
 sent (sent I me), assent.  
 sentence past, order given.  
 septer, scepter.  
 sere, serve. See sair.  
 serre, 116, 29, sair, sore ? (MS. serrett).  
 seruyd him of bred and cloth, 40, 1 : *for* would make an easier reading than *of*, which will have to be understood, on terms of (receiving food and clothing).  
 set, sit, become, suit. See beccme.  
 set her brest (and swom), brought her breast to a level with the water.  
 set (the monke to-fore the brest), assailed, shot at.  
 set (sete, and wrongly sat) a dynt on, vppon, of, inflicted a blow, stroke.  
 set by, lay aside, cease, let be.  
 sete, *n.*, suit, dress.  
 sett, take aim.  
 settle by, set you aside (?).  
 settled (gun), levelled, adjusted.  
 several, variously.  
 seyn, syen, syne, then, afterwards.  
 shadow, reflection (of the color of).  
 shaft their arrows on the wa, 466, 16 : so in both copies, unintelligible ; corrected by Scott to sharp.  
 shaftmont, shathmont, the measure from the top of the extended thumb to the extremity of the palm, six inches.  
 shame, the, euphemism for the Devil. shame a ma, devil a bit.  
 shames death, death of shame, shameful death.  
 shank, the projecting point of a hill, joining it with the plain.  
 share, cutting, portion.  
 shathmont. See shaftmont.  
 shaw, shawe, wood, thicket. See wode shawe.  
 In Teviotdale, shawe is "a piece of ground which becomes suddenly flat at the bottom of a hill or steep bank." Jamieson.  
 shaw, sha, show.  
 she, 401, 4 ; spurious Highland dialect, representing *I*, *you*, *he*, *they*, and even *Highlander*, for which *she*, *her*, *hernanesell* have become a nickname. (The Gaelic having no word for the neuter it, the *masc. e* and *fem. i* do duty for the absent form. *i* in some Highland dis-

tricts is largely used in speaking of sexless objects.)  
**sheaf**, **shefe**, of arrows, bundle of twenty-four.  
**shealin**, **shiel**, **shielin**, **shielen**, **shieling**, shield, herdsman's hut.  
**shear**, several. (Scot. seir.)  
**sheave**, **shive**, *n.*, slice.  
**shed**, a piece of ground on which corn grows, so called as being separate from adjacent land.  
**shed by** (hair), parted, threw off from the face on both sides.  
**shedd**, *pret.* See **sheede**.  
**shee**, **shie**, shoe.  
**sheed**, sheet.  
**sheede**, **shed**, spill.  
**sheen**, **sheene**, **sheyne**, **shining**, bright, beautiful. In, **shawes** been **sheene**, shadows **sheene**, we must take **sheene** in the secondary sense, beautiful.  
**sheen**, **shene**, shoes.  
**sheene**, *n.*, brightness, splendor.  
**shefe**. See **sheaf**.  
**shend**, put to shame, injure, destroy.  
**shent**(e), *p. p.*, hurt.  
**sheppd**, shipped.  
**shete**, shoot. **shete** a peny, shoot for a penny-stake. *pret.* **shet**, **shyt**.  
**sheugh**, trench, ditch, furrow.  
**sheyne**. See **sheen**.  
**shie**, shoe. See **shee**.  
**shiel**, **shielen**, **shieling**, **shield**. See **shealin**.  
**shill**, **schill**, shrill.  
**shimmerd**, glittered.  
**shin'd**, *pret.* of shine.  
**shirife**, **shirife**, **shirife**, **sheriff**. See **screfē**.  
**shirrs**, shears.  
**shogged**, moved away.  
**shon**, **schon**, **shone**, **shoon**(e), **shoun**, shoes.  
**shooled**, shovelled.  
**shoon**(e), **shoun**, shoes. See **shon**.  
**shoon**, **shoun**, soon.  
**shoot at sun and moon**: they wish to have no mark measured, are ready to take any distance.  
**shope**, created.  
**shortlye** and **anone**, speedily.  
**shortsome**, *v.*, divert, while away the time, (opposed to langsum).  
**shot**, reckoning.  
**shot**, reckoning. See **shot**.  
**shot-window**: the shot-window of recent times is one turning on a hinge, above, and extensible at various angles by means of a perforated bar fitting into a peg or tooth. Donaldson, Jamieson's Dictionary, 1882, notes that in the west of Scotland a bow-window is called an out-shot window. A bow-window would be more convenient in some of the instances.  
**shoulder-bane**. See **shoulder**.  
**shouir**, **shower**, throe, pang. See **showr**.  
**shoulder**, looked over the left, apparently a gesture of vexation or of indignant perplexity.  
**shoun**, **shun**, shoes. See **shon**.  
**shoun**, soon.

**shour**, sure.  
**shouther**, **showther**, **shuder**, **shoulder**.  
**shower**. See **showr**.  
**showing-horne**, 227, 73: shoeing-horn, a pun on the beggar's horn, whether as a means of sponging liquor, or of helping one to take it drink.  
**showr**, **shower**, **shouir**, throe, paroxysm of pain.  
**shradds**, coppices.  
**shrewde**, **shrewed**, a term of vituperation; originally, cursed. thou art a shrewed dettoul; thou arte a shrewde hynde, perhaps ironically (devilish pretty). **shrewde** wyle, clever.  
**shroggs**, rods, wands (serving for pricked marks).  
**shryuē**, **sheriff**. See **screfē**.  
**shun**, **shoun**, shoes.  
**shyt**, *pret.*, shot.  
**shyt**, imperative, shut.  
**si**, so.  
**siccan**, **sic**, **sick**, **sicke**, **sicken**, **such**, **such a**.  
**siccer**, **sicker**, securely, safely.  
**sich**, **sick**, *n.*, sigh.  
**sich**, **sick**, *v.*, sigh. *pres. p.* **sichand**, **sichan**, **sichin**.  
**sicht**, sight.  
**sick**, **sicke**, **sicken**, **sicken-like**, **such**.  
**sicker**. See **siccer**.  
**sickles** of ice, icicles.  
**side** (keeping her flocks on yon side): ellipsis of hill, river, or the like.  
**side**, *adj.*, long, wide.  
**side be** (mother-in-law side be), 120, 11: seem to mean, side by, by his side. Possibly, **side** should be.  
**sighan**, **sighend**, *pres. p.* of sigh.  
**signots**, ornaments, whether seals or not, attached to the ears by "grips." Three syng nets hang at a gold ring, 476, 13, which taken off, and was, therefore, a finger-ring.  
**sike**, **syke**, ditch, trench, water-course, marsh bottom with a stream in it.  
**sikt**, sighed.  
**silkie**, **selkie**, seal.  
**silly**: silly sisters, harmless, innocent (?). silly old man, silly old woman, etc., of a "pud body," palmer, beggar. In 608, 1, of a supposedly simple old man who turns out to be a shrewd.  
**summer**, **summer**. **summer-dale**, 175, 8, 9 (?).  
**simple**, poor, scant.  
**sin**, sun.  
**sin**, **sine**, **syne**, since (temporal and causal then).  
**sinder**, **sunder**.  
**sindle**, seldom.  
**sindry**, several, sundry (people).  
**sine**, then, since. See **sin** and **syne**.  
**single liverie**, dress of a private soldier.  
**sir**, title of parson.  
**sitt**, *p. p.*, seated.  
**skaith**, **skaeth**, *n.*, harm.  
**skaith**, *v.*, harm.  
**skerry**, rocky.  
**skerry**, **skerrie**, a rock or rocky islet in the sea.

kill, skill, skille, reason, discernment, knowledge. (a baron) of skill, reasonable, of good judgment, etc. (that's but) skill, reason, something right and proper.  
 kinkled, sparkled.  
 korne, disgrace, humiliation. See scorn.  
 kyllle. See skill.  
 lack, a gap or narrow pass between two hills; low ground, a morass.  
 lade, a valley, ravine, plain. Cf. slack.  
 lae, sloe.  
 lawe, *p. p.* of slay. See slo.  
 lee, sly.  
 leste, slist, sliced, split.  
 let, *pret.* of slit.  
 lichteing, slighting.  
 light, demolish. (we'll fecht them) we'll slight them, 489, 5, make light of (?).  
 lipe, sleep.  
 list, sliced, split.  
 lo, sloe, sloo, slon, slay. *pret.* sloughe. *p. p.* slo, slowe, slone, slawe, y-slaw.  
 lode, *pret.* of slide, split.  
 loe, sloo, slay. *pret.* sloughe. *p. p.* slowe, slone. See slo.  
 logan, war-cry, gathering word of a clan.  
 loken, slooken, quench.  
 lough-hounds, sleuth-hounds, blood-hounds.  
 loughe, *pret.* of slo, slay.  
 lowe, *p. p.* of slo, slay.  
 luma, small. of linen, of fine texture.  
 meek, smoke.  
 mirkling (smile), suppressed.  
 smoldereth, smothereth.  
 smooth, pass lightly over. smooth the breast for swimming, see breast.  
 snack, quick.  
 ned, cut, lop.  
 sneed, snood, fillet for a maiden's hair.  
 sneer, snort.  
 snell, of weather, wind, frost, sharp, keen. of a blast of a horn, shrill.  
 snoded, tied with a snood.  
 snood, a fillet with which a maiden's hair was bound up. See sneed.  
 soberly, quietly, making no noise.  
 socht, sought, *pret.*, asked for.  
 sodde, *pret.*, seethed, boiled.  
 soir, sore.  
 solaces, merry-makings, diversions.  
 soldan, sultan, any pagan king; hence, giant. See soudan.  
 some, with *singular*, some clean white sheet.  
 somers, sumpter-horses, pack-horses.  
 sone, at once.  
 sone so, as soon as.  
 sounsie, plump.  
 soom, soum, sume, swoom, swim.  
 soon, early.  
 sore, as, they mighten a had, on whatever hard terms.  
 sorowe, sorrow, sorry, sorrowful, sad.  
 sorraye, sorrow.  
 sorrowful, sorry, pitiful.  
 soud, sude, should.  
 soudan, sowdan, souden, soldan, sultan.  
 Soudron, Southron.

Soudronie, Southronry.  
 sough, sound.  
 sould, should.  
 soum, soom, sume, swim.  
 soun, sound.  
 soun (lead the bridle soun), steadily, so as not to cause a jolt by jerking it.  
 southern, southin, southern.  
 sowdan. See soudan.  
 sowens, flummery; "oat-meal sowr'd amongst water for some time, then boiled to a consistency, and eaten with milk or butter." Herd.  
 sowt, sought, peered, scanned.  
 sowt, south.  
 soyt, sooth.  
 spait, flood.  
 spald. See spaul.  
 spare, opening in a gown or petticoat.  
 sparred, shut.  
 spaul, spauld, spald, spole, shoulder.  
 spayed, spied.  
 spear, *v.*, spare.  
 speer, speer, speir, sper, ask. See spyrr.  
 speed, prosperity, help.  
 speen, spoon.  
 speer, inquire. See spyrr.  
 speere, 577, 20; "a hole in the wall of the house, through which the family received and answered the inquiries of strangers." Ritson. This may be conjectural. Speere, a screen (wall) between fire and door to keep off the wind is well known both in England and Scotland. But the Heir seems to be outside and could not look up at this speere.  
 speir, ask. See spyrr.  
 spendyd, a spear, spanned; hence, got ready, placed in rest.  
 spin, gar your blood, spirt.  
 spird, spurred.  
 spite, spital, hospital.  
 spleen, *v.*, regard with spleen, hatred.  
 spleene, *n.*, animosity.  
 splent (splint), armor of overlapping plates.  
 splinters, splinters.  
 spole, shoulder. See spaul.  
 sporne, *v.*, kick.  
 spreckl(e)d, speckled.  
 sprente, sprang, spurted.  
 spring, quick tune.  
 sprunks, fine, showily dressed women?  
 spulyie, spuiye, spuilzie, *v.*, despoil.  
 spurn(e), *n.*, 397, 65, 66, kick. The word, though protected by rhyme and by occurring twice, is suspicious. If spurn could be taken as clash, encounter, collision, it might stand, but such a sense is forced. See note.  
 spurtle, stick for stirring porridge.  
 spyrr, spire, spier, speir, speer, spear, sper, ask, inquire, request.  
 squar, squer, squire.  
 squier, swire, neck.  
 st, as sign of the future. I'st, thoust, thon'st, shee'st, she'st, you'st. (Only in English ballads.)  
 sta, *pret.* of steal.  
 sta, stall.



staen, stolen.  
 stage, at a, 284, 39, from a floor, story (?).  
 stage, stag.  
 stalle: in strete and stalle, 286, 89, station;  
 from the contrast with street, we may infer  
 the meaning to be, when in movement (on  
 the road) and when stationary, or housed.  
 stand, (of a court) sit.  
 stand out, stickle, scruple.  
 stand, na, ne, no(e), awe, stand not in awe.  
 stand, ditch.  
 stap, *n.* and *v.*, step.  
 stap, stape, stop, stay, reside. will stap (to die),  
 shrink, hesitate.  
 stap, stuff, cram.  
 stare (of hair), stand up.  
 stark, strong, stark and stoor, in a moral  
 sense, wanting in delicacy, rude, violent, or  
 indecent.  
 starn, stern, star.  
 start, spring, jump; recoil, flinch, recede.  
*pret.* start, stert, sprang. See stert.  
 stawn, *p. p.* of steal.  
 stead, steed.  
 stead(e), steed(e). See stede.  
 steal, *pret.* sta, staw. *p. p.* stawn, stowen,  
 stown, stoun, steld.  
 stean: Marie's stean, a stone seat at the door of  
 St Mary's Church.  
 stear, steer, stir, commotion.  
 steck. See steek.  
 stede, steed(e), stead(e), place, dwelling-  
 place.  
 steed, stood.  
 steek, steck, steik, stick, shut, fasten.  
 steek, steik, *n.*, stitch with the needle.  
 steer, steir, rudder.  
 steer, stear, disturbance.  
 steer, strong, robust.  
 steer, stir, move.  
 steik, *n.*, stitch. See steek.  
 steik, *v.*, shut. See steek.  
 steir, *n.*, rudder. See steer.  
 stell, steel.  
 steld, *pret.* of steal.  
 steld, placed, planted.  
 stende: me stende, that people should stone.  
 sterne, stern (men).  
 stert, start, *pret.* of start, sallied, rushed.  
 steuen, voice. vnsett steven, time not pre-  
 viously fixed.  
 stiffe, unyielding, stanch.  
 still: had your still, hold your peace.  
 stime, styme, glimpse, ray, particle of light.  
 stint, stinte, stop.  
 stirred, 322, 49: should probably be stirted  
 (shrank, flinched). The other text has, started.  
 stirt, stirred.  
 stock, the outer side of a bed, opposite the wall  
 (the bed, an enclosed box, being enterable at  
 this side only).  
 stock (term of disparagement), a person want-  
 ing in vitality, sensibility, youth, or what not.  
 stonde, while, time. See stound(e).  
 stonyt, stoneth, *old plural of the imperative.*  
 stood him upon, was incumbent on. See stand.  
 stoode (my need stooede), existed.

stook, put into shocks.  
 stoor: stark and stoor, in a moral sense, rud-  
 brutal.  
 store (buffets store), in plenty.  
 store (purse of gold and store), treasure. carry  
 the store (of constancy), the totality.  
 stoun, *p. p.* of steal.  
 stound(e), stonde, time; point, moment  
 time.  
 stoup, pitcher, can, bucket.  
 stour, stoure, stowre, tumult, brawl, fight.  
 stour (of thy hand), turbulence, destructiv-  
 ness.  
 stout(e), haughty, high-mettled, bold, sturdy  
 (traitor) audacious, unflinching.  
 stowen, stown, *p. p.* of steal. See stoun.  
 stowre, *n.* See stour.  
 stowre, *adj.*, (originally, big) strong.  
 strack, struck.  
 strae, stray, stro, straw.  
 straik, streak, streak, stroke. (a sword) o-  
 (on) a strae (strow), pass it over a straw  
 give it an edge. straik (streek) wi a (th)  
 wan(d), of a measure, to even at the top b-  
 passing a stick over.  
 strait (a rope), straighten, stretch, tighten.  
 strand, stream. Sometimes hardly more than  
 a rhyme-word. In, Scotland's strands, 186.  
 strand appears to be put for country, bounds  
 and for nothing more definite than way, road  
 in he gaed in the strand, etc.  
 strang, strong.  
 strang, strange.  
 strange, backward, diffident.  
 stratlins, straddlings, stridings.  
 straucht, straight, *adj.* and *adv.*, straight.  
 stray. See strae.  
 streak, straik, of whetting a sword by passin-  
 it over a straw. See stroak, strike, strip.  
 streek, streak, stretch. *p. p.* streeket, streeki-  
 strickit, stretched, laid out, as dead.  
 streen, the streen, yestreen, yester-night.  
 strickit. See streek.  
 strike, of whetting a sword, etc., on a straw,  
 the ground. See stroak, streak, strip.  
 strinkled, sprinkled.  
 strip, of whetting a sword by passing it acro-  
 straw, a stone, the ground; replaced  
 stroak, streak, strike, draw. See stroak  
 etc.  
 stro, strow, strae, stray, straw.  
 stroak, stroke, of whetting a sword by passin-  
 it over a straw. See strip, streak, strai-  
 strike.  
 stroke. See stroak.  
 stroke, 332, 13: probably corrupt; read *streek*  
 stretch (?).  
 stronge th(i)efe, strong thief, a thief usin-  
 violence.  
 strook, *pret.* of strike.  
 strucken, *p. p.* of strike.  
 stubborn, truculent, fierce.  
 stude, stede, place.  
 study, studie, studdy, stithy, anvil.  
 sturdy (sturdy steel), stiff, rigid.  
 styre, pen, den; a smaller thoroughfare, alley  
 styrande, stirring, dislodging.

uan, swain.  
 uar, sure, trusty.  
 uar(e), *pret.*, swore.  
 uch an a, such a.  
 ud, soud, suld, should.  
 udne, should not.  
 uet, suit, sweat.  
 ugar-sops, defined in dictionaries as sugar-plums. Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, ii, 3, "Dandle her upon my knee, and give her sugar-sops." By analogy, bits of bread or cake dipped in sugar juice.  
 uit, sweet.  
 ulle, sell.  
 une, *adj.*, sound.  
 swack, nimble.  
 swads, swades: "swad in the North is a peccod-shell: thence used for an empty shallow-headed fellow." Also, a cant term for soldier.  
 swak. See swap.  
 swap, swak (swords, with swords), smite.  
 swarmd, climbed. (swarm, to climb a tree that has no side branches to help one.)  
 swarued, climbed.  
 swat, *pret.* of swe(a)t, swett(e).  
 swathed, swaddled (as it were) in blood.  
 sway: howsoever this geere will sway, whatever turn this business may take, however this affair may turn out.  
 swear, *pret.*, swore.  
 sweauen, sweuen, dream.  
 sweer, reluctant (to part with money).  
 sweater, quest of, jurors.  
 swet, swett, swette, *pret.* of swe(a)t. See swat.  
 sweven, sweauen, dream.  
 swick, blame.  
 swikele, deceptive, treacherous.  
 swilled, tossed about or shook, as in rinsing (but in this case to effect a mixture).  
 swimd, swimmied, *pret.* of swim.  
 swinke, labor.  
 swire, swyre, neck. "The declination of a mountain or hill, near the summit." (Jamieson.)  
 swith, quickly.  
 swoond, swound, *n.*, swoon.  
 syde, of a horn worn low. See side.  
 sygnets. See signots.  
 syke, sike, ditch, trench.  
 syne, sayn, san, sane, then, afterwards, since.  
 synsyne, since.  
 sypress, crape (veil).  
 syt, old contracted form of sitteth.

## T

table, take vp the, take away: the tables were laid on trestles and easily handled, removed, and, as we often see in ballads, kicked over.  
 tack, took.  
 tacken, taiken, token.  
 tae, too.  
 tae, the tae, ae, one. See tane.  
 taen, tain, tane, tean, teyne, *p. p.*, taken.

taiken, tacken, token.  
 tain, taken.  
 tait. See tate.  
 take, talk.  
 take, hand over, give; deliver a blow, strike.  
 take sworn, take an oath of, put under oath.  
 take truce, take trewes, pledges of good faith, for suspension of hostility. take peace, perhaps formed upon take truce.  
 take up (the table), clear away (remove the boards); see table. take up (dogs), stop, restrain, call off (?).  
 take with, take up with, put up with, submit to.  
 takle, takyll, arrow.  
 talbott, a species of hound.  
 talents. In 112, 17, talents probably refers to the weight or value of gold worn in massive ornaments. It is not likely that the lady wore coins.  
 tane, the tane, the tither, tother, the one, the other.  
 tane, taen, tean, teyne, *p. p.*, taken. tane sworn (I am), of one who has taken an oath.  
 targats, targits, tassels.  
 targe, charter, document.  
 tate, tait, teet, tet, tette, lock (of hair, of mane).  
 taucher, toucher, tocher, dowry. See toucher.  
 tauchy, greasy.  
 taul, tauld, told.  
 tay, tie.  
 teall, tale.  
 tean, taken.  
 tear begane this spurn, 397, 65. See note.  
 tee, tie.  
 tee, ti, to, too.  
 teem, toom, empty.  
 teemed, allowed.  
 teen, teene, tithe. See teind.  
 teene, tene, injury, wrath, vexation, annoyance, grief, trouble.  
 teet. See tate.  
 teind, teein, tiend, tene, teen, tithe.  
 teindings, tithings.  
 tell, till, to.  
 tempeng, tempen, tempting.  
 tene, *v.*, do harm to.  
 tene, *n.* See teene.  
 tenements, holdings (either of lands or houses).  
 tent, *n.*, heed.  
 tent, *v.*, take care of, guard, watch.  
 tet, tette. See tate.  
 tha, then. See tho.  
 thae, they, them, those, these.  
 that, *imperative particle*, anone that you tell me! no peny that I se! no ferther that thou gone!  
 that, *plur.*, that two lords.  
 the, thé, they.  
 the, thé, thee.  
 the day, to-day.  
 the morn, to-morrow.  
 the night, the nicht, to-night.  
 the streen, yestreen.  
 the, thee, then, thye, *v.*, thrive, prosper.  
 theek, *pret.* and *p. p.*, theekit, theekd; thatched, roofed.  
 thegither, thegithar, thegether, together.

their. See *thir*.

then, *v*. See *the, v*.

there: the diel o there, 462, 26, seems to mean of that; but we have, devil be there, in 43, as an equivalent phrase.

there, there is, there are.

there down, downwards, down.

theretoo, besides.

thes, thus. See *this*.

they, the (frequent in Percy MS.).

thimber, heavy, massive.

think, think, seem. me thinke, me thynke, methink, methinketh, methinks.

think lang (A. S. lang thyncean, seem long). In Scottish, personal, with substitution of *think* for *seem*. think lang, find the time wearisome, suffer from ennui. I think lang, long for. I'll never think lang, shall never be discontented.

thir, their, these, those.

this, *pl.*, this twa.

this, thes, thys, thus.

tho, then.

thoe, 384, 33: those, they (possibly, then).

thole, thoule, bear, suffer. (472, 2: like dree, be capable of.)

thother, the, tother, other.

thou, though.

thought lang. See *think lang*.

thoule, suffer, put up with. See *thole*.

thra, thrae, dialectic variety of fra, frae, from.

thrae, through.

thrall, bondage.

thrastr, *pret.*, pressed.

thraw, twist, contort. *pret.* threw. *p. p.*

thrawen, thrawin, thrawn.

thrawn, twisted. See *thraw*.

threefold oer a tree. See *twofold*.

threesome, three together.

threty, thirty.

threw, *pret.* of *thraw*, twisted, intertwined.

Robin he lope, Robin he threw: may be, threw himself about, or twisted, twirled, showing his suppleness.

thrien, thrice.

thriid vpon (a pinn), tirlid, rattled. See *pin*.

thrill, pierce, penetrate.

thristle-cock, throstle, thrush.

throlly, strenuously, doggedly.

throng, pressed, made his way.

throw, *intrans.* (fyer out of his eyen did throw), dart, shoot.

throwe, space of time.

prumme, the extremity of a weaver's warp, from six to nine inches long, serving to hold arrows.

thryfte, thyre, thyfte, ill thriving, ill speed, bad luck.

thye, thigh.

thye, thrive. See *the, v*.

ti, to, too.

tidding, tidings.

tide, tyde, time. into the tide, by the tide, at the time, now.

tiend, tithe. See *teind*.

tift, puff, whiff.

till, to.

till, *v.*, entice.

timmer, timber, wooden.

tine, tyne, tayen, lose; to be lost, perished.

*pret.* and *p. p.* tint, lost.

tinye, *n.* (a little tinye), bit.

tip, tippet (of horse's mane), tate, lock.

tirl at the pin, trill, rattle, at that part of the

door-fastening which lifts the latch. See *pin*.

titthyngus, tidings.

to, two.

to, till.

tobreke, *subj.*, break, burst (apart). *p. p.* to

broke, broken up.

tocher, toucher, tougher, taucher, *n.* So

toucher.

tod, fox.

to-hande, two-hand, two-handed.

tolbooth, tolbuith, tollbooth, prison, jail.

tolde, counted.

ton, tone, the, the one.

tooke, put. See *take*.

tooken vpon one part, engaged, enlisted, on the same side.

toom, teem, empty.

topcastle, top.

topps. "Among seamen tops are taken for

those round frames of board that lye upon the

cross-trees, near the heads of the masts, where

they get up to furl or loose the topsails.

Phillips.

tor (of saddle), pommel.

tor, tore, projection or knob at the corner of

old-fashioned cradles (as also, ornament).

balls surmounting the backs of chairs).

torne, turn, bout.

tortyll-tre, 292, 56, corruptly for trystell-tre.

to t', to the.

to-towe, too-too, a strong too.

toucher, tougher, taucher, *n.*, tocher, dowry

toucher, *v.*, pay a dowry to.

toun, town, a farmer's steading or place (or, small collection of houses).

toung, tongue.

touting, blowing.

tow, rope.

tow, let down by a rope.

towbooth. See *tolbooth*.

town. See *toun*.

trace, track, path, way.

trachled, tired out.

train, company.

traitorye, treachery.

trankled, travelled.

trapand, *p. p.*, (of horse) treacherously dealt with.

tray, tre, injury, suffering, grief, vexation.

tray, try.

tread, tred, *pret.* and *p. p.* of tread.

tree, tre, wood; the cross; staff, straight piece

of rough wood; crooked tree, bow. of (

myghttē tre, of strong wood. a trusti tre

396, 40, perhaps shaft; but the *a* is likely

be of and the meaning, of trusty wood. horn

of tree, bridge, or, at least, tree-trunk.

tree. See *tray*.

trenchen tree, truncheon, cudgel, staff.

trew, true, trow, believe.

trews, trues, trousers.  
 treyffe, thrive.  
 triest, trist. See *tryst*.  
 trickle, trickle.  
 tristil-tre. See *trystell-tre*.  
 trou, true.  
 trow, trew, true, believe, suppose.  
 trowt, trowet, truth.  
 true-love, lover, betrothed lover (often not to be distinguished from true love).  
 trues, trousers.  
 truff, turf.  
 trust, trow, believe, suppose (of the things one would rather not believe).  
 truste, trusty.  
 trusty tree, an obvious corruption of *trystill-tree*, a tree appointed for a meeting or assemblage. (Trusty also in later copies of Adam Bell and the Gest for *trysty*, *trystell*, which see).  
 trusy'd, trussed, bound up.  
 tryst, *tryste*, *n.*, appointment to meet.  
 tryst, tri(e)st, *v.*, engage, induce, entice, to come, go with; prepare a way for coming, cause to come.  
 trystell-tree, trysty-tre, trystyll-tre, tristil-tre, a tree serving for a meeting-place (of Robin Hood's band).  
 trysty tre, tree fixed upon for rendezvous (trusty, trustie in later copies).  
 tua, two. But *two* part, 548, 20, seems to mean second part, half, that is, it is more likely that an equal share should be offered.  
 tul, til, to. *tu* *a*, to have.  
 twa, two, *two* part, see *tua*.  
 twafald (-fold), oer a tree, staff, bent double over a stick. See *twofold*.  
 twain, *v.*, part. See *twin*.  
 twal, twelve.  
 twalmon, twalmonth, twelvemonth.  
 twalt, twelt, twelfth.  
 twan, *pret.* of *twine*.  
 twaw, two.  
 twig, twitch, pull.  
 twin, twine, twyne, deprive; part with; separate; part, *intrans.*  
 twine, coarse linen, duck, crash; texture, yarn; towel.  
 twinkle, sprinkle, trickle.  
 twinn, *v.* See *twin*.  
 twinn: part in twinn, in twain, in two.  
 twofold oer a staff, threefold oer a tree, 375, 9: the body being bent double over the staff, the whole presentation is, with the staff (tree), threefold. Corruptly, 337, 6, *two foote* on a staffe, the third *vpon* a tree. See also *twafald*.  
 tydand, tidings.  
 tyde. See *tide*.  
 tyndes, tyne, antlers.  
 tyne, *v.*, to lose, to perish. See *time*.  
 tyte, quickly. his backe did from his belly  
 tyte, 379, 17: a verb of the sense *fall away* may have dropped out after *did*, and is at any rate to be understood, unless *tyte* had that sense. A Scottish *tyte*, to totter, fall (tyte oer, fall over), is noted by Jamieson.

## U

ugsome, exciting disgust or abhorrence.  
 ull, I ull, will.  
 unbeen: my barn's unbeen, 498, A 4, not thoroughly closed in or made tight (?). (been, well-provided, warm, dry and snug. A bein cask, water-tight, Jamieson.) a house is beind when thoroughly dried.  
 vnbehtought him, behtought himself of.  
 unbigger, unbuilt.  
 unco, *adj.*, unknown, strange. unco squire, stranger. unco (lair, lear), extraordinary.  
 unco, *adv.*, unusually, very.  
 uncouth, vnkowth, vnkuth, vnketh, unknown, strange.  
 vndergoe, undertake.  
 vnder hand, shott it vnder hand. Dr Furnivall and Mr C. J. Longman suggest, putting the bow horizontally, in which case you shoot with the arrow under the left hand, instead of beside it, as in shooting with the bow vertical. Dr W. Hand Browne, of Johns Hopkins University, cites Ascham: "Men doubt yet, in looking at the mark, what way is best, above or beneth hys hand"; "a byg brested shafte for hym that shoteth *under hande*, bycause it will hobble;" and remarks, "As he is here speaking only of taking aim, underhand shooting would seem to be done when the archer raised his bow high, and looked at the mark under the arrow-hand."  
 under night, in the night.  
 unkent, unknown.  
 vnketh, vnkouth, vnkuth, uncouth, unknown, stranger.  
 vnmackley, misshapen.  
 vnneth, unneath, with difficulty, scarcely.  
 unright(e), wrong.  
 unruly, 549, 1, unlucky, should probably be unseally.  
 unshemly, unseemly.  
 unthought, unthocht, onthought lang, haud, keep, keep from thinking long, wearying, from *ennui*. See *think lang*.  
 until, untill, unto, to.  
 unto, into, in.  
 vnto the same, after the same fashion.  
 vntyll, gates shut them vntyll, to, against.  
 vp chance, on, for, the chance.  
 up, (came) up.  
 upgive, avow, acknowledge, own up.  
 vpon, vppon, on.  
 upper hand, upper tier, above.  
 upstart, sprang up.

## V

va(l)low, *v.*: vallow not the feed, value, care not for the feud which will ensue.  
 value (of an hour), amount.  
 vaward, vanward, vanguard, van.  
 veiwe, vew, vewe, yew.  
 venison, hunting (prerogative of).  
 vepan, weapon.  
 verament, truly.



vessell, *pl.*, vessels.  
 vew, vewe, veiwe, yew.  
 vild, vile.  
 virgus, verjuice, a kind of vinegar (green juice).  
 virr, vigor.  
 vo, vou, woe.  
 vouch it safe, grant, bestow (safe corrected from halfe).  
 voued, *pret.*, vowed.  
 voyded, made off.  
 vyld, wild.

## W

wad, *n.*, pledge, in security; forfeit.  
 wad, wade, would.  
 wad, wade, *v.*, wager; engage (to fight).  
 wadded, of woad color, blue.  
 wadding, wadin, wedding.  
 wade, wad, *pret.* of wide, wade.  
 wadin. See wadding.  
 wae, wa, wo.  
 wae, *adj.*, unhappy.  
 waefou, woful.  
 wael, choice. See wale.  
 waft, weft, woof.  
 wafu, woful.  
 wair. See war.  
 wait, I wait, a wait, wate, I wot, know, indeed.  
 See *v.*, and *a* = I.  
 wait, wayte, watch, lie in wait, seek an opportunity, to do.  
 waitmen, waiting-men (or possibly, wight men, strong men).  
 wake, watch (people set to watch me).  
 wake, *v.*, walk.  
 waken, waking.  
 wald, would.  
 wale, wael, walle, choice.  
 wale, weil, wile, wyle, choose.  
 walker, fuller.  
 wall, well, spring.  
 wall: green wall sea, green wall wave, apparently wave, despite tautology.  
 walle, wale, choice. See wale.  
 wallourt, wallowt, drooped, grew pallid.  
 wall-wight, waled wight, picked strong men (?).  
 Perhaps for well-wight.  
 wallwood (swine), wild-wood.  
 walting, welting, edging.  
 waly, wallie, wally, exclamation of admiration.  
 waly, wally, interjection of lamentation.  
 wamb(e), wame, womb.  
 wan, one.  
 wan, dark-colored, pallid, colorless, white.  
 wan, wane, *pret.* of win.  
 wan, *p. p.* of win.  
 wan, wand, (willow) twigs.  
 wane, habitation. in my bower there is a wane, 14, 5; wane, says Jamieson, denotes not only a dwelling (Old Eng. wone), but "different apartments in the same habitation;" if so, in my house there is a room, is the sense here.  
 wane, 395, 36, "quantity, multitude; a single arrow out of a vast quantity." Skeat (quantity as in Chaucer's wone). This is unsatis-

factory, but no better interpretation has been suggested. Wain, in the sense of a vehicle for a missile, ballista, catapult, would be what is wanted.  
 wanna, did not win, go.  
 wanneld, was unsteady, staggered.  
 wanny, small wand, rod.  
 want, do without, dispense with. sae soon as we've wanted him, had to do without.  
 wanton, free and easy, frolicsome.  
 wantonlie, -ly, gaily, merrily; in easy, spirited style.  
 wap: horse will gie his head a wap, throw, toss.  
 wap, *v.*, wrap, lap. wap (halter oer horse's nose), lap, twine, perhaps throw.  
 wap, *v.*, throw. wappit (wings), beat, flapped.  
 war, ware: be war, ware, a, of, on, be aware, have a sight of.  
 war, waur, worse.  
 war, waur, were.  
 war, ware, expend, bestow. ware my dame's cauf's skin on thee, apply, use, my wife's (mother's) whip.  
 waran, warran, warrand, warraner, warrant, sponsor for, security; safeguard.  
 ward, warde, prison, confinement.  
 warden pies, made of large pears called wardenens.  
 wardle, world. wardle's make, see warld.  
 ware, sea-weed, alga marina (used for manure).  
 ware, were.  
 ware. See war.  
 warison, waryson, reward.  
 warld, world. warld's make, wordlye make, world's, earthly, mate, consort.  
 warldly. See warld.  
 warlock, wizard.  
 warn, surety, safeguard.  
 warn, *p. p.*, warned.  
 warran, warrand. See waran.  
 warraner. See waran.  
 warsle, *n.*, wrestle.  
 warsle, warsel, *v.*, wrestle. warsled, wrestled, struggled, bestirred himself.  
 waryson. See warison.  
 wa's, ways.  
 was. See wash.  
 wash, *pres.* was; *pret.* wush; *p. p.* washen, wushen, which see.  
 wast, west.  
 wat, wate, wait, watt, weet, wet, wit, wite, wyte, wis, wot, know. I wat, wate, a wat, a wite, etc., frequently nothing more than assuredly, indeed. *pret.* wist. *p. p.* wist, west.  
 wat, *pret.* and *p. p.* of weet, weit, to wet.  
 water, water-side, "the banks of a river, in the mountainous districts of Scotland the only inhabitable parts." Scott.  
 water-gate, street leading to the water, way along the water.  
 water-side. See water.  
 water-stoups, water-buckets or pitchers.  
 watt, know. See wat.  
 waught, draught.  
 wauk, walk.  
 wauk, watch, be awake.



wauken, waken.  
 waur, war, worse.  
 waur, were.  
 wavers wi the wind, is as restless, change-  
 able (?).  
 way, the Milky Way.  
 waylawaye, alas.  
 wayte, wait, look out for; watch, lie in wait,  
 seek an opportunity, to do. *pret.* wayted, lay  
 in wait for.  
 we, wee, with.  
 we, wee, little.  
 wea, woe.  
 wead, would.  
 weal, 397, 60, "clench so as to leave marks,  
 mark with wales" (?). "Perhaps read wringe  
 and wayle." Skeat.  
 wean, little one, child.  
 Wearie, the Devil.  
 weary, wearie, sad, unhappy, distressed; vex-  
 atious, hateful, horrid, cursed.  
 weate, 410, 47, corrupt. Possibly, I weate,  
 wit, know.  
 wed, wedd(e), wad, pledge, fine, forfeit. sette  
 to wedde, put in pledge.  
 wed, proudest wed, proudest dressed (from  
 wede).  
 wede, weed, clothing, garment.  
 wee, little; short time.  
 weed. See wede.  
 weel, well. See well.  
 weel, well: weel fa! good luck befall. for my  
 weel, well, advantage. Euphemism for God:  
 weel met thee save! etc.  
 weel-fared, weel-fart, weil-faurit, etc., well-  
 favored.  
 ween, whimper, whine, lament.  
 weer, war. See weir.  
 weat, *n.*, rain, shower of rain.  
 weete, weit, *v.*, wet.  
 weetie, rainy.  
 weil, wile, wale, choose. See wale.  
 weil, well, very. See well.  
 weir, wecr, war.  
 weird, wierd, weer, *n.*, fate, fortune, des-  
 tiny.  
 weird her a grit sin, destined, put her in the  
 way of, a great sin.  
 welde, would.  
 well, euphemism for God. See weel.  
 well, will.  
 well, weel, weil, very, right, very good.  
 well and wellscome, should probably be wae  
 and waesome (sad and woful).  
 well-a-woo, a variety of well-a-way.  
 well-bespoke, well spoken.  
 well-wight, very strong, sturdy, stalwart; but,  
 sometimes, brave.  
 welt, *pret.* of wield, disposed of.  
 welth(e), 277, 436, either, simply, his money,  
 or, more probably, his well-being, his palmy  
 days; (rich) booty.  
 weme (of ring), belly, hollow. See wamb(e).  
 wen, win, get, go. *pret.* of win.  
 wenking, winking.  
 were, vulgar English, was.  
 werne, were.

werryed, worried.  
 werschepyd, showed respect to.  
 west, *p. p.*, wist.  
 westlin, westryn, western.  
 wet, wete, know.  
 wether (perhaps, whether), whither.  
 weynde, wend, go.  
 wha, whae, who.  
 wha's (whae's) aught. See aucht.  
 whall: white as whall, that is, whale's bone.  
 whang, thong.  
 whas, whose.  
 what an a, whaten a, whatna, whattna,  
 whatten, what sort? what (in particular)?  
 what a! So, what for a? what like a?  
 wheder, whither.  
 whether, which of the two.  
 whether, whither.  
 whew, whue, whute, whistle.  
 whidderand, (of arrows) whizzing, moving  
 with a whiz.  
 whight. See wight.  
 while, the other, the remaining time, hence-  
 forth (?).  
 while, for a while.  
 while, whyll(e), till.  
 whiles, at times.  
 whiles, whilest, whileste, whilst, whylls,  
 the whyles, while.  
 whilk, which.  
 whin, whun, fun, furze.  
 white bread, wheat bread.  
 white-fish (fait fish), haddock, cod, ling, etc.,  
 as distinguished from gray-fish, coal-fish; in  
 Banff, as opposed to salmon, trout, herring.  
 white-fisher, one who fishes for haddock, cod,  
 etc. (as distinguished from salmon).  
 white-land, wheat-land.  
 white meal and gray, oat-meal as distinguished  
 from barley-meal. But white meal, 124, 17;  
 125, 18, being contrasted with corn (oats),  
 must there be wheat.  
 white money, monie, silver.  
 who would, if one would.  
 whue. See whute.  
 whummil, whimble, gimlet.  
 whun, fun, whin, furze.  
 whute, fute, whue, whew, *n.* and *v.*, whistle.  
 whyles, the whyles, while.  
 whyll(e), till. See while.  
 whylls, while.  
 wiald, wield.  
 wicht. See wight.  
 wicker, wigger, willow.  
 wicker, twist.  
 wide, wade. *pret.* wade, wad.  
 widifu, widdifu, widifau, widdefu, one  
 qualified to fill a widdie or halter.  
 widna, widne, would not.  
 wie, with.  
 wiell, well.  
 wierd. See weird.  
 wigger. See wicker.  
 wight, wyght, wicht, whight, strong; but  
 also denoting bodily activity, brisk, sturdy.  
 See well-wight.  
 wightdom, weight.

wightlye, with vigor, or briskness.  
 wight-men, waith-men, hunters.  
 wightsmen, wechtsmen, winnowers. wecht is  
 "an instrument for winnowing corn, made of  
 sheep's skin, in the form of a sieve, but with-  
 out holes."  
 wighty, wight, strong. See wight.  
 wild-wood swine, steer, drunk as; a popular  
 comparison like, drunk as a dog.  
 wile, vile.  
 wilfull, 280, 24: wilfull of my way, astray, lost;  
*and of my morning tyde* may be that he does  
 not know the hour, or, he has lost his time as  
 well as his road.  
 wile, wyle, weil, wale, choose.  
 will, *pret.* wald, walde, wad, wade, wild, wid,  
 wud.  
 will, bewildered, at a loss what to do.  
 willingly, at will, freely.  
 willy, willow.  
 win, wyne, won, wonne (hay), dry by airing.  
 win, wine, wyne, wen, won, make your way,  
 arrive; get, go. *pret.* wan. *p. p.* wone, wan,  
 win, wine, wen.  
 win your love aff me, detach your love from  
 me.  
 wine, win, won.  
 winding sheet, winding-sheet.  
 winn, in your barn, do harvest work generally,  
 dry corn, etc., by exposing to the air. (unless  
 meant for winna, winnow.)  
 winna, winnē, will not.  
 winter, wynter, year(s).  
 wir, our.  
 wire-window, probably a window grated with  
 bars.  
 wis, us.  
 wis, you wis, know.  
 wis, was.  
 wiss, *n.*, wish.  
 wiss, wis, *v.*, wish.  
 wiss, I wiss, perhaps for I wot (not i-wiss),  
 wist, know.  
 wist, *pret.* of wiss, wish. See wiss.  
 wiste, wist, *pret.* of wat, etc. *p. p.* west.  
 wit, witt, *n.*, knowledge, information.  
 wit, wite, wyte, know.  
 wite, I wite, I know, indeed. See wat, wyte.  
 wite, wyte, *n.*, blame.  
 wite, wyte, *v.*, blame.  
 with, wyth, by.  
 wither, wather, wether.  
 withouten, withowghten, without.  
 with that, on condition that.  
 witt, knowledge. See wit.  
 witted, minded.  
 wittering, information, indication.  
 witty, 301, 3, corruption of wight, wighty.  
 wo, woo, woe, sad, unhappy.  
 wod, would.  
 wod, wode, mad. See wood.  
 wode shawe: grene-wode shawe, greenwood  
 shaw, thicket of the wood.  
 woe. See wo.  
 wolwarde, with skin against wool, that is,  
 wearing a\*woolen fleece directly against the  
 skin.

won, dwell.  
 won, win, get, go, come, arrive; gain, earn.  
 won, wone, one.  
 won, wonne, win (hay), dry by airing.  
 wonder, 426, 2, bewilderment, or disaster (?).  
 wone, number, plenty.  
 wonyng, winning, dwelling.  
 woo, wool.  
 woo. See wo.  
 wood, woode, wode, wod, mad.  
 woodcock(e), tropically, fool, (from the bird's  
 reputation for folly).  
 woodweele, wodewale, 279, 2 (MS. wood-  
 weete), woodwale, woodlark (?). Generally ex-  
 plained as woodpecker; sometimes as thrush,  
 red-breast.  
 woon, won, *v.*, dwell.  
 woore, wore.  
 word, att a, in short.  
 wordlye make, earthly mate, consort. See  
 ward.  
 worrie, worry, *v.*, (of smoke, flame) choke.  
 worth: wo the worth, worth the! come, be, to  
 thee. wae mat worth, may wo come to.  
 wou, how.  
 wouche, evil, harm.  
 wound, *pret.*, wounded.  
 wow, exclamation of distress, admiration, or  
 sorrowful surprise.  
 wrack, ruin.  
 wraith, wroth.  
 wrak. See wrack.  
 wreck, sea-wreck, whatever is thrown up by  
 the sea.  
 wreke, *p. p.*, avenged.  
 wrist, ankle, instep.  
 writer, writter, attorney (?).  
 writhe of, (*pret.* of writhe, twist) twisted off.  
 writs (things written), papers.  
 writter. See writer.  
 wrocht, wrought.  
 wrocken, wroken, *p. p.*, avenged.  
 wrongeous, unjust.  
 wrought, *p. p.*, rought, recked.  
 wrought, *pret.*, raught, reached.  
 wrthe, worthe.  
 wruched, thrown up (ruck, a heap, to gather  
 in heaps); perhaps, thrown ashore as wrack.  
 wud, mad. See wood.  
 wud, would.  
 wush, *pret.* of wash.  
 wyght, *adj.*, strong, sturdy, active. See wight.  
 wyld, 394, 6, deer; or, perhaps, an adjective  
 with noun to be supplied, of which there are  
 several cases in the ballad.  
 wyle, choose. See wile.  
 wylie, wily.  
 wynd, alley, lane.  
 wynke, shut the eyes.  
 wyne, joy, pleasure.  
 wyne, *v.* See win.  
 wynter, winter, year(s).  
 wystly, observingly, thoughtfully.  
 wyte: I wyte, (I know) indeed, assuredly. See  
 wit, wite.  
 wyte, *n.* and *v.*, blame. See wite.  
 wyth, with, by.

wythowtten drede, without, beyond doubt.  
 withowghten naye, beyond denial. wy-  
 thowghten (withouten) stryffe (strife), be-  
 yond contestation.

## X

xal, shall.  
 xalt, shalt.  
 xul, *sing.* and *pl.*, shall.

## Y

(See also under 3, at the end of G and I.)

y, first y, ae, one. See a, ae. \*  
 yae, only, one. See a, ae.  
 yard, yerde, rod, stick.  
 yare, 3are, ready.  
 yate, yeat, yett, gate. 3ates, 3atis, gates.  
 ychon, each one.  
 ydyght, idyght, prepared, made, fabricated,  
 adjusted; made ready.  
 yea, ye, you.  
 yeaman. See yeman.  
 yeard-fast, yird-fast, fixed firmly in the earth.  
 yebent, bent.  
 yede, yeede, yeed, yed, 3ede, yode, yod, *pret.*  
 of gang, gae, go, went.  
 yee, eye.  
 ye feth, i faith.  
 yeffell, evil, ill.  
 yeffor. See yeuer.  
 yeft, gift.  
 yeldyde, surrendered.

yellow-fit, yellow-foot[ed].  
 yeman, yeaman, yeoman.  
 yemanr(e)y, yemenrey, yeomanry, yeoman-  
 dree, yeomandrie, yeomendry, class or com-  
 pany of yeomen; what is in accordance with  
 a yeoman's principles, idea or character.  
 yend, yond, yon.  
 yenoughe, enough.  
 yeomanry, yeomandrie, etc. See yeman-  
 r(e)y.  
 yer, yere, your.  
 ye'r, ye are.  
 yerde. See yard.  
 yerl, yerle, yerlle, earl.  
 yerly, early.  
 ye'se, ye shall. See s.  
 yestreen, yesterday even, yesternight. See  
 streen.  
 yet, yett, gate.  
 yeuer, yeffor, ever.  
 yield, grant, concede.  
 yill, ale.  
 yird-fast. See yeard-fast.  
 ylke, same. See ilk.  
 yll: with grete yll, in much distress.  
 ynowe, enough.  
 yode, yod, youd, *pret.* of gang, gae, go, went.  
 See yede.  
 yon, that.  
 yonders, yonder.  
 yont, beyond. (lie) yond, yont, further off.  
 youd, went. See yode.  
 young son, of a babe just born; sometimes  
 called auld son, being the oldest because the  
 only one, 29, 3, 8, 9. See auld son, old son.  
 yowe-bucht. See bucht.  
 y-slaw, p. p. of slay.



## INDEX





## INDEX

- Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and William  
 of Cloudesly (No. 116), 245.  
 Alison and Willie (No. 256), 562.  
 Allison Gross (No. 35), 61.  
 Andrew Lammie (No. 233), 531.  
 Archie o Cawfield (No. 188), 461.  
 Auld Matrons (No. 249), 552.  
 Babylon, or, The Bonnie Banks o Fordie (No.  
 14), 26.  
 The Baffled Knight (No. 112), 239.  
 The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington (No. 105),  
 220.  
 The Baron of Brackley (No. 203), 487.  
 The Baron o Leys (No. 241), 541.  
 The Battle of Harlaw (No. 163), 400.  
 The Battle of Otterburn (No. 161), 386.  
 The Battle of Philiphaugh (No. 202), 486.  
 The Beggar-Laddie (No. 280), 606.  
 The Bent sae Brown (No. 71), 148.  
 Bessy Bell and Mary Gray (No. 201), 485.  
 Bewick and Graham (No. 211), 498.  
 Blancheflour and Jellyflourie (No. 300), 625.  
 The Bold Pedlar and Robin Hood (No. 132),  
 316.  
 Bonnie Annie (No. 24), 42.  
 Bonny Baby Livingston (No. 222), 517.  
 The Bonny Banks o Fordie (No. 14), 26.  
 Bonny Barbara Allan (No. 84), 180.  
 Bonny Bee Hom (No. 92), 195.  
 The Bonny Birdy (No. 82), 174.  
 The Bonny Earl of Murray (No. 181), 443.  
 The Bonny Hind (No. 50), 92.  
 The Bonnie House o Airlie (No. 199), 482.  
 Bonnie James Campbell (No. 210), 497.  
 Bonny John Seton (No. 198), 481.  
 The Bonny Lass of Anglesey (No. 220), 513.  
 Bonnie Lizie Baillie (No. 227), 524.  
 Bothwell Bridge (No. 206), 492.  
 The Boy and the Mantle (No. 29), 46.  
 The Braes o Yarrow (No. 214), 504.  
 The Broom of Cowdenknows (No. 217), 509.  
 The Broomfield Hill (No. 43), 76.  
 Broughty Wa's (No. 258), 565.  
 Brown Adam (No. 98), 207.  
 The Brown Girl (No. 295), 621.  
 Brown Robin (No. 97), 205.  
 Brown Robyn's Confession (No. 57), 102.  
 Burd Ellen and Young Tamlane (No. 28), 46.  
 Burd Isabel and Earl Patrick (No. 257), 563.  
 Captain Car, or, Edom o Gordon (No. 178), 434.  
 Captain Ward and the Rainbow (No. 287), 613.  
 Captain Wedderburn's Courtship (No. 46), 83.  
 The Carnal and the Crane (No. 55), 100.  
 Charlie MacPherson (No. 234), 533.  
 The Cherry-Tree Carol (No. 54), 98.  
 Child Maurice (No. 83), 175.  
 Child Owlet (No. 291), 617.  
 Child Waters (No. 63), 122.  
 Christopher White (No. 108), 228.  
 Clerk Colvill (No. 42), 74.  
 Clerk Saunders (No. 69), 142.  
 The Clerk's Twa Sons o Owsenford (No. 72),  
 150.  
 Clyde's (Clide's) Water (= The Mother's Mali-  
 son) (No. 216), 507.  
 The Coble o Cargill (No. 242), 542.  
 The Crafty Farmer (No. 283), 608.  
 Crow and Pie (No. 111), 238.  
 The Cruel Brother (No. 11), 20.  
 The Cruel Mother (No. 20), 37.  
 The Daemon Lover (No. 243), 543.  
 The Death of Percy Reed (No. 193), 473.  
 The Death of Queen Jane (No. 170), 418.  
 Dick o the Cow (No. 185), 449.  
 Dives and Lazarus (No. 56), 101.  
 Drummlog (Loudon Hill) (No. 205), 491.  
 Dugall Quin (No. 294), 620.  
 The Duke of Athole's Nurse (No. 212), 502.  
 The Duke of Gordon's Daughter (No. 237), 536.  
 Durham Field (No. 159), 382.  
 Earl Bothwell (No. 174), 423.  
 Earl Brand (No. 7), 11.  
 Earl Crawford (No. 229), 527.  
 The Earl of Aboyne (No. 235), 534.  
 The Earl of Errol (No. 231), 528.  
 The Earl of Mar's Daughter (No. 270), 584.  
 The Earl of Westmoreland (No. 177), 429.  
 Earl Rothes (No. 297), 624.  
 Edom o Gordon (Captain Car) (No. 178), 434.  
 Edward (No. 13), 24.  
 The Elfin Knight (No. 2), 3.  
 Eppie Morrie (No. 223), 519.  
 Erlinton (No. 8), 14.  
 Fair Annie (No. 62), 117.  
 The Fair Flower of Northumberland (No. 9), 16.  
 Fair Janet (No. 64), 125.  
 Fair Margaret and Sweet William (No. 74), 157.  
 Fair Mary of Wallington (No. 91), 193.  
 The False Knight upon the Road (No. 3), 4.  
 The False Lover Won Back (No. 218), 511.  
 The Famous Flower of Serving-Men (No. 106),  
 221.  
 The Farmer's Curst Wife (No. 278), 605.  
 Fause Foodrage (No. 69), 188.  
 The Fire of Frendraught (No. 196), 477.  
 Flodden Field (No. 168), 412.  
 The Friar in the Well (No. 276), 601.  
 The Gardener (No. 219), 513.  
 The Gay Goshawk (No. 96), 202.  
 Geordie (No. 209), 495.  
 The George Aloe and the Sweepstake (No. 285),  
 610.  
 A Gest of Robyn Hode (No. 117), 254.  
 Get up and Bar the Door (No. 275), 600.  
 Gil Brenton (No. 5), 7.  
 Glasgerion (No. 67), 136.

- Glasgow Peggie (No. 228), 526.  
 Glenlogie, or, Jean o Bethelnie (No. 238), 538.  
 The Golden Vanity; or, The Low Lands Low  
 (The Sweet Trinity) (No. 286), 611.  
 The Great Silkie of Sule Skerry (No. 113), 240.  
 The Grey Cock; or, Saw You My Father?  
 (No. 248), 551.  
 Gude Wallace (No. 157), 374.  
 The Gypsy Laddie (No. 200), 483.  
 The Heir of Linne (No. 267), 576.  
 Henry Martyn (No. 250), 553.  
 Hind Etin (No. 41), 70.  
 Hind Horn (No. 17), 31.  
 Hobie Noble (No. 189), 465.  
 The Holy Nunnery (No. 303), 628.  
 Hugh Spencer's Feats in France (No. 158), 377.  
 Hughie Grame (No. 191), 470.  
 The Hunting of the Cheviot (No. 162), 393.  
 James Grant (No. 197), 480.  
 James Harris (The Daemon Lover) (No. 243),  
 543.  
 James Hatley (No. 244), 546.  
 Jamie Douglas (No. 204), 490.  
 Jamie Telfer in the Fair Dothead (No. 190),  
 467.  
 Jean o Bethelnie (No. 238), 538.  
 Jellon Grame (No. 90), 191.  
 The Jew's Daughter (Sir Hugh) (No. 155), 368.  
 Jock o the Side (No. 187), 456.  
 Jock the Leg and the Merry Merchant (No. 282),  
 607.  
 John Dory (No. 284), 609.  
 John of Hazelgreen (No. 293), 619.  
 John Thomson and the Turk (No. 266), 573.  
 Johnie Armstrong (No. 169), 413.  
 Johnie Cock (No. 114), 240.  
 Johnie Scot (No. 99), 208.  
 The Jolly Pinder of Wakefield (No. 124), 301.  
 Judas (No. 23), 41.  
 Katharine Jaffray (No. 221), 514.  
 Kemp Owyne (No. 34), 59.  
 King Arthur and King Cornwall (No. 30), 49.  
 King Edward the Fourth and a Tanner of Tam-  
 worth (No. 273), 594.  
 King Estmere (No. 60), 111.  
 King Henry (No. 32), 58.  
 King Henry Fifth's Conquest of France (No.  
 164), 402.  
 King James and Brown (No. 180), 441.  
 King John and the Bishop (No. 45), 78.  
 King Orfeo (No. 19), 37.  
 The King's Disguise, and Friendship with Robin  
 Hood (No. 151), 356.  
 The King's Dochter Lady Jean (No. 52), 94.  
 Kinmont Willie (No. 186), 453.  
 The Kitchie-Boy (No. 252), 557.  
 The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter (No. 110),  
 235.  
 The Knight of Liddesdale (No. 160), 386.  
 The Knight's Ghost (No. 265), 572.  
 The Lads of Wamphray (No. 184), 447.  
 Lady Alice (No. 85), 181.  
 Lady Diamond (No. 269), 583.  
 Lady Elspat (No. 247), 550.  
 Lady Isabel (No. 261), 567.  
 Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight (No. 4), 4.  
 Lady Maisry (No. 65), 128.  
 The Lady of Arngosk (No. 224), 520.  
 The Laily Worm and the Machrel of the Sea  
 (No. 36), 62.  
 The Laird o Drum (No. 236), 535.  
 The Laird o Logie (No. 182), 444.  
 The Laird of Wariston (No. 194), 474.  
 Lamkin (No. 93), 196.  
 Lang Johnny More (No. 251), 554.  
 The Lass of Roch Royal (No. 76), 161.  
 Leesome Brand (No. 15), 27.  
 Little John a Begging (No. 142), 336.  
 Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard (No. 81),  
 172.  
 Lizie Lindsay (No. 226), 522.  
 Lizie Wan (No. 51), 93.  
 The Lochmaben Harper (No. 192), 472.  
 Lord Delamere (No. 207), 493.  
 Lord Derwentwater (No. 208), 494.  
 Lord Ingram and Chieftain Wyet (No. 66), 131.  
 Lord Livingston (No. 262), 569.  
 Lord Lovel (No. 75), 159.  
 Lord Lundy (Lord William) (No. 254), 560.  
 Lord Maxwell's Last Goodnight (No. 195), 475.  
 The Lord of Lorn and the False Steward (No.  
 271), 586.  
 Lord Randal (No. 12), 22.  
 Lord Saltoun and Auchanachie (No. 239), 539.  
 Lord Thomas and Fair Annet (No. 73), 152.  
 Lord Thomas and Lady Margaret (No. 260),  
 566.  
 Lord Thomas Stuart (No. 259), 565.  
 Lord William, or, Lord Lundy (No. 254), 560.  
 Loudon Hill, or, Drumclog (No. 205), 491.  
 The Maid and the Palmer (The Samaritan and Wo-  
 man) (No. 21), 39.  
 The Maid Freed from the Gallows (No. 95), 200.  
 The Marriage of Sir Gawain (No. 31), 54.  
 Mary Hamilton (No. 173), 421.  
 The Mermaid (No. 289), 615.  
 The Mother's Malison, or, Clyde's Water (No.  
 216), 507.  
 Musselburgh Field (No. 172), 420.  
 The New Slain Knight (No. 263), 570.  
 The Noble Fisherman, or, Robin Hood's Pre-  
 ferment (No. 148), 349.  
 Northumberland Betrayed by Douglas (No.  
 176), 426.  
 Old Robin of Portingale (No. 80), 170.  
 Our Goodman (No. 274), 597.  
 The Outlaw Murray (No. 305), 631.  
 Prince Heathen (No. 104), 219.  
 Prince Robert (No. 87), 183.  
 Proud Lady Margaret (No. 47), 86.  
 Queen Eleanor's Confession (No. 156), 372.  
 The Queen of Elfan's Nourice (No. 40), 69.  
 The Queen of Scotland (No. 301), 626.  
 The Rantin Laddie (No. 240), 541.  
 Rare Willie Drowned in Yarrow, or, The Water  
 o Gamrie (No. 215), 506.  
 Redesdale and Wise William (No. 246), 549.  
 Richie Story (No. 232), 530.  
 Riddles Wisely Expounded (No. 1), 1.  
 The Rising in the North (No. 175), 424.  
 Rob Roy (No. 225), 520.  
 Robin Hood and Allan a Dale (No. 138), 329.  
 Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne (No. 118), 278.  
 Robin Hood and Little John (No. 125), 302.

- Robin Hood and Maid Marian (No. 150), 354.  
 Robin Hood and Queen Katherine (No. 145), 341.  
 Robin Hood and the Beggar, I (No. 133), 318.  
 Robin Hood and the Beggar, II (No. 134), 319.  
 Robin Hood and the Bishop (No. 143), 338.  
 Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford (No. 144), 340.  
 Robin Hood and the Butcher (No. 122), 293.  
 Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar (No. 123), 297.  
 Robin Hood and the Golden Arrow (No. 152), 358.  
 Robin Hood and the Monk (No. 119), 282.  
 Robin Hood and the Pedlars (No. 137), 327.  
 Robin Hood and the Potter (No. 121), 289.  
 Robin Hood and the Prince of Aragon (No. 129), 311.  
 Robin Hood and the Ranger (No. 131), 315.  
 Robin Hood and the Scotchman (No. 130), 314.  
 Robin Hood and the Shepherd (No. 135), 324.  
 Robin Hood and the Tanner (No. 126), 305.  
 Robin Hood and the Tinker (No. 127), 307.  
 Robin Hood and the Valiant Knight (No. 153), 360.  
 Robin Hood newly Revived (No. 128), 309.  
 Robin Hood rescuing three Squires (No. 140), 332.  
 Robin Hood rescuing Will Stutly (No. 141), 334.  
 Robin Hood's Birth, Breeding, Valor and Marriage (No. 149), 350.  
 Robin Hood's Chase (No. 146), 346.  
 Robin Hood's Death (No. 120), 286.  
 Robin Hood's Delight (No. 136), 325.  
 Robin Hood's Golden Prize (No. 147), 347.  
 Robin Hood's Preferment (The Noble Fisherman) (No. 148), 349.  
 Robin Hood's Progress to Nottingham (No. 139), 330.  
 Robyn and Gandeley (No. 115), 244.  
 Rookhope Ryde (No. 179), 439.  
 The Rose of England (No. 166), 404.  
 Rose the Red and White Lily (No. 103), 215.  
 St. Stephen and Herod (No. 22), 40.  
 The Samaritan Woman (No. 21), 39.  
 Saw You My Father? (No. 248), 551.  
 Sheath and Knife (No. 16), 30.  
 Sir Aldingar (No. 59), 106.  
 Sir Andrew Barton (No. 167), 407.  
 Sir Cawline (No. 61), 114.  
 Sir Hugh, or, The Jew's Daughter (No. 155), 368.  
 Sir James the Rose (No. 213), 503.  
 Sir John Butler (No. 165), 403.  
 Sir Lionel (No. 18), 33.  
 Sir Patrick Spens (No. 58), 103.  
 The Slaughter of the Laird of Mellerstain (No. 230), 528.  
 The Suffolk Miracle (No. 272), 592.  
 The Sweet Trinity (The Golden Vanity) (No. 286), 611.  
 Sweet William's Ghost (No. 77), 164.  
 Tam Lin (No. 39), 66.  
 Thomas Cromwell (No. 171), 419.  
 Thomas o Yonderdale (No. 253), 559.  
 Thomas Rymmer (No. 37), 63.  
 The Three Ravens (No. 26), 45.  
 Tom Potts (No. 109), 229.  
 A True Tale of Robin Hood (No. 154), 362.  
 The Twa Brothers (No. 49), 91.  
 The Twa Corbies, 45.  
 The Twa Knights (No. 268), 580.  
 The Twa Magicians (No. 44), 77.  
 The Twa Sisters (No. 10), 18.  
 The Unquiet Grave (No. 78), 167.  
 Walter Lesly (No. 296), 623.  
 The Water o Gamrie (Gemrie, Gamery) (No. 215), 506.  
 The Wee Wee Man (No. 38), 66.  
 The West Country Damosel's Complaint (No. 292), 617.  
 The White Fisher (No. 264), 571.  
 The Whummil Bore (No. 27), 46.  
 The Wife of Usher's Well (No. 79), 168.  
 The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin (No. 277), 603.  
 Will Stewart and John (No. 107), 222.  
 Willie and Earl Richard's Daughter (No. 102), 213.  
 Willie and Lady Maisry (No. 70), 146.  
 Willie Macintosh (No. 183), 446.  
 Willie o Douglas Dale (No. 101), 211.  
 Willie o Winsbury (No. 100), 210.  
 Willie's Fatal Visit (No. 255), 561.  
 Willie's Lady (No. 6), 9.  
 Willie's Lyke-Wake (No. 25), 44.  
 Young Allan (No. 245), 547.  
 Young Andrew (No. 48), 88.  
 Young Bearwell (No. 302), 627.  
 Young Beichan (No. 53), 95.  
 Young Benjie (No. 86), 183.  
 The Young Earl of Essex's Victory over the Emperor of Germany (No. 288), 614.  
 Young Hunting (No. 68), 139.  
 Young Johnstone (No. 88), 186.  
 Young Peggy (No. 298), 624.  
 Young Ronald (No. 304), 629.  
 Young Waters (No. 94), 199.

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